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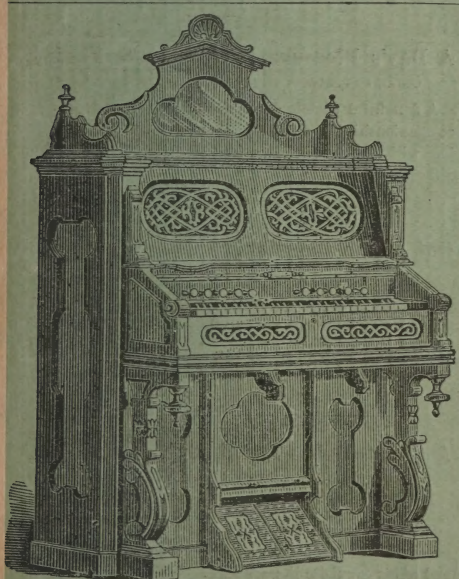

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ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

THE young men of this generation are more conservative than the old. Perhaps they have less enthusiasm, probably less credulity, we fear less devotion to ideals. The youth have come to have the knowing air of those who cannot be imposed on by the shows of this world. They seem to be cooler-headed, if not colder-hearted; less liable to give themselves away in socialistic and humanitarian schemes for the regeneration of mankind. The age passing away was one of uncommon upheaval and tumult; it had its Garibaldis and John Browns as well as its Bismarcks and Louis Napoleons. The age succeeding has already seen some reaction, more indifferentism, a questioning of all fundamental beliefs, a doubt whether any great effort in any direction is worth while. A school of pessimists — men who expect nothing but the worst — has developed in Germany and England; men who possess every luxury of modern civilization, all culture and facilities of travel, city houses, country houses, yachts, libraries, and who wearily ask, "Is life worth living?"

This unusual phenomenon of a conservative youth may be due to want of faith, to the spread of the scientific spirit, to the *ennui* of wealth and culture. Probably it is less marked in America than in Europe. We like to believe that it is less here. For the country in the future is to be not so much what the young men think they will make it — if they trouble themselves with the problem — as what they themselves are.

We cannot believe that the American people are about to succumb to the gospel of indifference. In some Oriental lands man has long ago ceased from much strife with nature or affairs. He began by subduing the earth to his needs; he has ended by suiting his needs to her voluntary bounty or parsimony. He accepts the seasons, the social and political state that may be, the life that is offered. He anticipates neither evil nor good; he limits his disappointments by curtailing his risks. What is to be will be; he has adopted the weary gospel of Solomon. You may see any spring day, outside the walls of Damascus, the daughters of that damp and ancient city seated on the ground by the swift-flowing Abana, veiled and motionless images, wrapped in voluminous mantles, without other occupation (in that land where it is scarcely worth while to be a woman) than to wait hour after hour, in vacuous contemplation, while the stream hurries on, and the sun shines, and the desert wind shakes down the blossoms of the mish-mish. It is a type of the Oriental placidity.

We in America are not yet so weary;

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we are unwilling to surrender. Newcomers in the world, we are aggressive, inquisitive, and belligerent. We have the energy and combativeness of nature herself. In her springtime vigor a certain likeness to our present national condition may be fancied, — vast promise of wealth and material prosperity, with the attendant dangers of luxury and insolence, and misleading standards. It may be worth while, on this suggestion, to consider certain aspects of American life.

Juvenal, the great censor of Roman morals, says in his Tenth Satire, "The prayers that are generally the first put up and best known in all the temples are that riches, that wealth, may increase; that our chest may be the largest in the whole forum." This was the state of devotion in Rome in the first century of our era. We do not suppose it was a new condition, and it is certain it did not pass away with the fall of the empire. We do not to-day pray aloud in our churches that we may have more United States bonds than our fellow-worshipers; but if prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed, we fear that the mighty petition daily going up from the American people was described by Juvenal. If it took the form of a cloud over Wall Street, over State Street, over our manufacturing and mining districts, and over a large portion of our agricultural regions, probably we should not see the sun oftener than once in seven days; perhaps it would be visible only on Sunday, between the hours of half past ten and twelve, through the smoked glass of the church windows.

To be rich is the universal aspiration: it is scarcely necessary to illustrate it, nor to dwell on it further than to mark our national tendency. We may leave moralizing on it to the pulpit and the secular press. As it is the most universal, so it is the earliest desire that seizes us; it largely determines our occupations, our choice of a profession. Society, teaching by example, lays it on us as a duty; it arranges, to a great degree, our marriages, and it is getting to postpone and forbid them. To this necessity we defer everything: we say we cannot afford to marry, we cannot afford to travel, we cannot afford to study, — as if we were to live on indefinitely, and should some time get leisure for our intellectual development. Our very schemes of education commend themselves in proportion as they are practical: the legislature will vote money to an institution if it can be shown that it will increase the material wealth of the state, but upon any question of adding to the intellectual and spiritual wealth there would n't be a quorum. When we ask after the success in life of an acquaintance, and we are told he has done very well, what do we infer from the reply? That he has become a good man, a learned man, a useful man in his town and State; or that he has acquired a handsome property? Is our inquiry, "Whom did he marry?" usually anything more than a euphuism for "How much?" If we were told that she had beauty, all the graces, and a heavenly disposition, would we not burn to ask another question? When we hear that she has made "a good match," the phrase has come to have such a technical meaning that we experience the same satisfaction we have in reading the stock report of a rising market.

It would be unwise to satirize this state of things, or to overdraw it, or to forget the sweet and corrective influences that exist in our society. But we can hardly be mistaken in saying that there is growing in America a passion for wealth, and a serious, not to say conscientious, pursuit of it, more pronounced than ever before in our history. In a part of the country which might be named, a man is ashamed to die unless he can leave behind at least a million; and public opinion sustains him in this. The sad paragraph that chronicles his demise, his personal appearance, his dress and daily habits, the number and character of his relatives, the amount of his life insurance, with the name of the company in which he is insured, is considered incomplete if it does not state how much he was worth.

It should be said, however, that the love of money is not the peculiarity of America, whatever the ostentation of mere wealth may be. The worship of wealth, the talk about money, are more characteristic of Europe than of America. It is natural that where the conditions of acquiring money are harder there should be more anxiety about it; and among the middle and lower classes of England it is the staple of conversation. The same is true in France, in Italy, in Germany. The experience of all observing travelers will confirm this, and in the older countries of the Orient the trait is even more marked. The growth of the money passion *pari passu* with the refinement of civilization is one of the problems for the student of progress. The traveler who has gone abroad with the impression that America is peculiarly the land of the "almighty dollar" is surprised to find everywhere a devotion to money and a talk about cost and prices to which he is unaccustomed at home, and which strike him often as an indelicacy. Since we are speaking of foreign peoples, a slight examination of some of the differences between us and them — largely differences due to external conditions — will lead us further into our subject.

The Frenchman is economical; he is thrifty; whatever his earnings, he puts by a portion of them; he saves, and denies himself expensive indulgences. This universal thrift is largely due to the women, who are the most executive, the clearest-headed, the best managers, in the world, and know better than any others how to get the most pleasure and show out of life at the least cost, how to make home-life comfortable and attractive without extravagance.

The Italians, who most resemble the French, also practice economy, but, especially with the Southern Italians, it is an economy of labor as well as of money. The true Italian, child of the sun, would rather limit his wants than increase his exertions to supply them; he can live on little, but he accumulates nothing.

The German is different from either: he has not the thrift of the Frenchman nor the self-denial of the Italian, but he is industrious, and as fond of money as they. Getting rich, making a lucky stroke, is greatly in his thoughts, although he cannot resist, as the Frenchman does, spending his savings on his personal pleasures. But it is the habit of the three peoples named to live within their incomes.

In England, a little island, where are gathered greater riches than any nation ever before accumulated, we see again some contrasts. The bulk of the people practice a calculated economy, — a necessity where the bulk of the people live on practically fixed incomes; the small economies of life are nowhere else so studied, so dwelt upon in conversation. But the lower classes, the laborers in factories and mines and on farms, have nothing of the French thrift and economy. They do not know how to get the most comfort out of their earnings, nor how to lay by anything. Whatever their wages are, they spend them. A few years ago, when the Welsh miners were getting extraordinary wages, they treated themselves to game-pie and champagne. Their idea of equality with those socially above them is to eat and drink as the others do; that is, "to live like a lord." They are not alone in the notion that costly eating and drinking and expensive clothes and gaudy houses lift people up in the social scale.

The American, of course, resembles the English more than any other European people; but he is without the balance determined by the traditions of a long-established society, or imposed by the necessities of fixed incomes. The American is a spendthrift. He works as hard as any people, and with less relaxation; but he has little thrift and little notion of economy. He has little independence in regard to his expenditure, and regulates it often by what others about him spend rather than by his own income. He is not so solicitous to live within his income as he is to raise his income to cover the extent of his desires and extravagances. The average condition and the happiness of Americans would be much improved if they

expended half as much care upon saving money as they do upon making money. Bankruptcy seems to be a sort of accepted incident in a successful career! We have seen it stated that ninety-nine merchants out of a hundred fail. Brokers and other operators are accused of using failures as stepping-stones to fortune. Very likely, professional people would fail oftener if they had anything to fail on. The poet and the teacher would be lonesome in the bankrupt's court; and it is only here and there that a clergyman has a salary large enough to take him there. The lawyers — exceptions to all rules — are said to live by the failures and latterly by the "wills" of other people. It is said that if a person neglects to make a will he must leave a pretty large estate in order to pay the expenses of finding out how to distribute it by law; and if he makes a will, unless the estate is insignificant, it will disappear before the sense of justice in the legal fraternity and the legal acumen needed to interpret the will.

We have, then, in America the phenomenon of a people passionately devoted to money-making, but with little economy or faculty for keeping it. Money is desired for the position, the luxury it will give to him who has it, and it is lavished for these purposes as eagerly as it is made. Accumulation for the sake of founding a family is rare, and it is discouraged by our peculiar conditions; the advantages of the stability it would give to the country are overbalanced by other considerations. This desire to make money divorced from economy, in America, and attended by a discontent with any settled position in society, is traceable to a certain fundamental political condition here. We refer to what is called "equality." We have established political equality. In theory all men are equal. There is a constant attempt to deduce from this social equality. We do not suppose that this was any more intended by the gentlemen who landed at Plymouth than by the gentlemen who landed at Jamestown. The traditions of grades in society and of social distinctions are in no race stronger than in the Anglo-Saxon. The Latin races have a facility of fusion. There is a greater approach to social equality in France than in America. And even before the Revolution of 1793, there were fewer barriers to warm sympathy, and the expression of it, between the French noble and the French peasant than exist, to-day, between the English upper class and the English lower. We have not the well-marked divisions and grades of the English social structure, but we have something of the traditions of that society, and probably there is as little contact and exchange of sympathy between the different social states in America as anywhere in the world.

Politically we are equal, and it is our boast that we are all equal before the law; whether we are or not they can judge who have noticed the arraignment before a police court of a rich man and a poor man for a similar offense. The English also boast that their laws are impartial and their courts equally open to all, — a fact that is taken at its true value by the wife of the navvy, who has been beaten by her husband till she is more like a jelly than a wife, when she is told by the magistrate that the courts of Westminster are open to her to apply for a judicial separation, and that the cost will be one hundred pounds, when she has not as many pennies.

Yet while it is idle to talk of social equality in America, it is true that the absence here of titles, of definitions of classes, and of inherited privileges creates an appearance of equality which stimulates constant efforts for place and position. The absence of other artificial signs of social rank gives to wealth undue distinction, and it naturally comes that wealth is coveted. Our real approach to equality in America is in opportunity. On the whole, we are less hindered and have a fairer chance for any career we choose than other people. But this equality of opportunity begets discontent with any position in life except the most conspicuous; and so the whole community is on the march to get into what is called society, or to get the supposed luxuries and enjoyments of so-

ciety, through the only gates open to all, that is, by means of money. If we were all social equals, or if we were in the more fixed conditions of the English or the Germans, or if there was that broad sympathy between classes, in spite of birth, which exists in France, there is every probability that, if we did not exhibit less insanity in the pursuit of wealth, there would at least be less living beyond our means. It is certainly an odd result of our equality, political and theoretical, that it should stimulate us to do just that which destroys equality. For we are led further away from the equal distribution of wealth, and this tends to put classes further apart. It is true that mere wealth does not always open the way into what people know so well, and experience so much difficulty in finding (in countries where it is not defined by a court), — the best society, — in America any more than it does in England or Germany, and perhaps not so easily here as there; but wealth can do almost anything, and what it cannot do it can imitate. And so it happens that this condition of ours that we call equality is one of the main causes of our feverish anxiety to get money and make a display with it. It remains to be seen what sort of general society will result from the imposition of political equality and equality of opportunity upon the class tendency of the Anglo-Saxon race. If anything like social equality is ever realized anywhere in the world, it is safe to say that wealth will not be an element in it; that it will neither make it nor prevent it.

The American people, in a struggle to realize its theoretical equality, both at home and abroad, sometimes mistake display for a demonstration of it. This has got the American the reputation of extravagance, and the worse reputation of a vulgar ostentation of wealth. For in old and settled societies one of the signs of consciousness of inferiority of position is the ostentation of money; and seeing how nearly all-powerful money is everywhere, it is natural that the mistake should be made. Money, it is believed, can open the presentation door of almost any court in Europe; can procure a seat in the United States senate, and the most conspicuous pew in the most fashionable church in America; it can do almost anything except purchase the secret respect of those whose respect is alone of permanent value.

It has been necessary to dwell a little upon some of the peculiarities of our situation, because there are signs of a new departure in the way of material development and the accumulation of wealth. During our first century of national existence we have been exceedingly active; but it has been largely a destructive activity. We have run over a vast amount of territory, and, as we say, have subdued it. It would be almost as correct to say, in the language of the agriculturists, that we have skinned it, — a phrase literally true of great portions of our land: we have slashed away the splendid wealth of our forests, destroyed water-powers, exhausted the soil by superficial and ignorant cultivation. We have hastened to snatch wealth by the easiest methods, without regard to the future. We have done an immense amount of work; we have made a great deal of money; and, on the whole, we seem to have spent more than we have made. We have exercised no economy. Everybody has lived as if he had a rich uncle to die every five years and leave him a fortune. At the end of a century of gigantic progress and unprecedented prosperity, the nation has, like most other full-grown nations, accumulated an enormous debt: every city, every town, every county, every State, is in debt; every individual is in debt. For part of this the war is responsible, but not for all of it. Our land is mortgaged; our personal property is pledged as collateral. It is not sure that ground enough could be found in America, uncovered by a mortgage, in which to bury its present inhabitants. The ancient Egyptian mortgaged his family tomb and the mummy of his father. We have not come to that yet; though it is difficult to find any ground outside of a cemetery not mortgaged.

This would be a dark picture if it were the whole statement of our situation, and

if it were not relieved by more encouraging signs. But it must be remembered that in the past hundred years we have accomplished a good deal of permanent work, as the world views it. If we are all in debt, we have built some splendid cities; constructed great bridges; netted the land with railways and telegraph wires; dotted the coasts with light-houses and harbors; built at enormous and sinful expense great public edifices, — most of them ugly and inconvenient; got a steady market for our increasing crops of grain and cotton; and, after a long struggle, established manufactures that compete the world over with our ancient and most skillful rivals. We can sell American cambrics in London because they are better than the products of the Lancashire looms; and the Germans can sell iron-ware in South America and sewing-machines in Italy only by counterfeiting the American trade-marks.

Up to this time the country has been divided sectional-wise on political issues, and political issues that took a strong hold on account of the moral ideas involved. In one way or another, and even when unacknowledged, the slavery question was involved in every other question. But the sectional antagonism arising from this cause is daily dying away. We like to believe it is agreed, South and North, that we shall set our faces as one people in a new direction. Astronomically speaking, while heretofore one part of the country insisted on keeping its eye on the north star, and another on the south star, we now agree to fix our gaze on the temperate zone.

For some time to come the national issues must be material rather than moral. With such diverse climates and productions, it is unavoidable that there should still be sectional rivalries, but these are within the limits of a common national interest. The change taking place is more marked at the South than in the West. In the South, for reasons apparent, there has been little accumulation of wealth. There has been little exercise of economy. What was made was spent, and, American fashion, sometimes before it was made. Its wealth consisted in its laborers, in lands which its system of labor always tended to depreciate, and in the next crop. The system of labor discouraged manufactures, and also the highest agricultural development. What, for other reasons, happened to the soil of New England happened to the South on a larger scale. The early settlers of the New England farms cut away the forests and skinned the thin soil of its virgin wealth, and then were driven into manufacturing and commerce, or to the less easily exhausted lands of the West. Their abandoned farms have been largely taken by foreigners, who apply more economical methods, and are content with less gain for the moment. The South had even less economy and forethought. It exhausted its lands by superficial culture, and did very little to develop the great resources of the country. No one can doubt that there is now a decided change in the South in respect to attention to its material interests. It is beginning vigorously to join the great productive and accumulating movement of the country. The South raises annually more cotton than ever before, and it needs but a few years of economical husbanding of resources to give a solid basis to other industries besides the agricultural.

With lines of communication established over the continent, slavery out of the way, and manufactures fairly rooted, we do not doubt that the country, notwithstanding temporary paralysis from speculation, universal living beyond our means, and debt, is about entering, North and South, upon an era of development of wealth and accumulation. Individual instances of great accumulation already multiply before our eyes. This will go on. Already corporations and institutions, religious and secular, are amassing vast properties. Where are there any signs that this tendency will not increase?

It is a good thing for a country to be rich if there is anything like a fair distribution of wealth; it is a bad thing if the wealth is massed in a few hands. In the one case there is the comfort of all; in the other there is luxury for the few,

and misery for the many. It is a good thing for the country to be rich if the wealth is put to noble uses; it is a disaster if it is devoted to luxury. These are the truisms of history. And in their light the coming great material development of this country is full of anxiety.

The traveler from Philadelphia down the Delaware is impressed with the magnificent opportunities of this region. He is in the heart of the greatest possibilities. Nothing is wanting to the necessities of a dense and thriving population, and an unequaled variety of industries: a fat soil and a smiling land; a climate without great extremes; inexhaustible stores of iron and coal; forests within easy reach; and a superb river, broadening into an arm of the sea, destined erelong to be lined with ship-yards, — to become an improved Mersey and a greater Clyde. This is not an unfair type of the varied capacities of the whole country. Wealth is thrust upon us. How shall we use it? What will be the effect upon us, upon the American people, of the era of material prosperity? We know, historically, what is the result to a people who give themselves up to the temptations of wealth. Is there anything in our character, our situation, or the forces of religion and education, sufficient to save us from a like fate? We shall apprehend the danger by considering what is unfavorable.

As to character, we have spoken of our wasteful and spendthrift propensities; of our eagerness to get money, unaccompanied by economy; of our tendency to display for the sake of position, partly growing out of our theory of equality; of the consequent liability to luxury and self-indulgence. In respect of indulgence, our very seriousness is somewhat against us. The American is sober, taciturn, intent in a grave way. Travelers think us a serious-minded, uncommunicative people. We lack vivacity of manner; have little gayety of temperament; little capacity to enjoy ourselves without excess; not a habit of getting pleasure, like the Italians, the French, the Arabs even, out of simple things. We should hardly think ourselves launched upon a festive evening at a *café* when we had ordered a glass of water, two lumps of sugar, and a lucifer match. We want profusion, and we want things strong. We carry into our pleasures the same serious energy, with no relaxation in it, that we use to build a railway. There is an anecdote of a volunteer soldier who turned up in New York recently to receive the back pensions of thirteen years. It was a little fortune for a prudent man. The next day he landed in the station-house, without a cent in his pocket. He had compressed the delayed enjoyment of thirteen years into one royal night.

There is a notion, prevalent in and out of Congress, that we are somehow a peculiar people, and that our condition, our government, our isolation, exempt us not only from the universal laws of political economy, but from the rules that other nations, by long experience, have found necessary to healthful life; that there is an "American way" for everything, and that it is the best way. Intrenched in this conceit, we are disinclined to learn anything, simply because it is not American, from the English experiments in civil service, from the German organization of education, from the French household economy. The orator always carries his audience with him when he says of anything, "It is not suited to the genius of our people;" as if we had invented a new kind of intellect, and patented a new order of life. We used to hear, years ago, a great deal about an American school of landscape painting. We don't know what has become of it now; perhaps it disappeared at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. It should be said, however, that we make one exception in our exclusiveness: we take the foreign fashions, without regard either to our climate or our means.

One result of this conceit, — that we have not the common liabilities of other peoples, — joined to an ignorance of the history of other nations, has led us into the most fantastic and crude experiments. We suppose it is confidence in the purity of human nature that is re-

ducing our army to the Shaker standard. But it is in the regions of finance that we have specially distinguished ourselves, — in the adoption of theories and expedients that, over and over again, have brought disaster to other peoples. We do not doubt that many people think it is an American invention that you can make a dollar by stamping a piece of metal, "one dollar; in God we trust;" that is, that you can induce people to give a dollar's worth of cloth for it; much as the Christian Commission sought to convert the army of the Potomac by sending the soldiers little biscuits stamped with texts of Scripture. The soldiers took the biscuits willingly; not, however, for the value of the stamp, but according to the grains fine of flour they contained.

If one were asked to name a characteristic of American life which is very prominent, he might say it is the desire to get something rather than to be something. This desire is not by any means confined to Americans, but it is more marked here than elsewhere because of the absence of traditions, and because of our flexible social condition. It constitutes a special danger in view of the coming struggle for material advantage and prosperity. It is a desire which cannot be too seriously considered by those who are getting the elements of their education and preparing for their careers; for it neglects thoroughness in education and preparation for the career. This desire, which is more than a tendency, may be described as a disposition to get place and rank, with little regard to fitness for them. It reverses the natural order, and presupposes that success in life is not due to training and discipline so much as it is to opportunity. Hence our many failures of all sorts, the direct result of our eager assumption of office, of business, of trades, without adequate preparation. The ambitious thought stirring in most young minds is what career they shall choose; not how they shall train themselves for a career. It is the ambition to do something rather than to learn how to do something; as we said, the eagerness to get a place rather than to train one's self for the duties of that place. It is unnecessary to say how opposite this is to the method which has made the Germans strong in every department of human endeavor. The leading idea in gymnasium and university is training, — solid preparation for the chosen career.

A familiar illustration of our self-confidence without preparation is that of the young lady who proposes to go upon the stage with no training, and seeks a manager when she should go to an elocutionist. It is the same in other affairs. The young man's thoughts of business or of an office are not so much in relation to his ability to perform it as to get into it. No doubt all things would be better done — from cabinet-making up to law-making — if people had a habit of getting ready to do things before they began. It is worth while to stop and think to whom it is that we intrust the most delicate duty performed in human society, — the making of our laws. Of course we know that our laws are made by our legislature. And who are the legislators? These law-makers are not the proper result of our political system, but of our political machine. And here again the young man has the precocious wisdom of his generation. If he determines to go into politics, or to enter the civil service of his country, he does not prepare himself for the duties of the one nor for the position coveted in the other; he makes himself an adept in the manipulation of caucuses and the securing of the favor of those who can help him. If he seeks a consulate at Naples, he does not study Italian; he "carries" his ward. Here, again, the American is more eager to get something than to be something; and yet it should be said in respect to the civil service that there is this excuse for the young man: there is no other way to get into it than that named. Our civil service is what the English was fifteen years ago, and it is about the most undemocratic in the world. It is closed to those who are not favored by the accident of political influence. The English service until recently was almost exclusively filled by

the aristocracy; it was the patronage of the Parliament and the ministry. Now, through the door of competitive examination, it is open to the humblest lad in the land if he have talent, and we may be sure that the father of the middle class will never surrender this privilege for his son. Nor will the American people, when they understand the subject, consent that so honorable and profitable a career shall be the object of patronage and the perquisite of successful political manipulation. They will insist that it shall be open to the fair ambition of those willing to fit themselves for it. It will become a legitimate career, like law or medicine; and one advantage of opening it to public competition — and it is not unimportant — is the stimulus it will give to education.

Is it a relief to turn from minor politics to Congress? Perhaps we have never considered why it is that the American Congress stands so high in the opinion of this country and of the world. This is the reason: When a man contemplates the possibility of a congressional career, he sets himself seriously to prepare for that exalted station. He studies geography, especially that of his native land, so that he may not be liable to vote for an appropriation for digging a river where a turnpike would be better; he studies history, and American history thoroughly; he masters American politics; he devotes laborious days and nights to the acquisition of a knowledge of political economy, to a study of the laws of finance and of trade as they are illumined by our own experience and that of other peoples; he makes himself familiar with the course of legislation as it affects the vital interests of the country, for he knows that he is to deal with imperial concerns, and that his votes will have a far-reaching influence in a vast republic. Perhaps he acquires the art of expressing himself concisely, clearly, and readily. When the people see a man thus accomplished, they take him up by a sort of popular movement in the party and send him to Congress. When he is there, he keeps himself in the background at first, studying the situation, and learning the art of parliamentary legislation, — a science in itself. And the congressman so accomplished and so trained the people keep in Congress as long as he continues honest and capable and represents the principles of his district.

Such are some of the present aspects of American life. The topic is fruitful of suggestions, which we have no space to follow, and it is useless to moralize. Long ago the philosophers decided that it is important what a man *is*, not what he *has*. It was an apothegm of Solon that "satiety is generated by wealth, and insolence by satiety;" and again, that members of a community are most effectively deterred from injustice "if those who are not injured feel as much indignation as those who are." Or, to put this in modern phrases, we see the danger of a national habit that estimates success by possession, and not by character, and nurses the delusion of equality without sympathy between classes.

Charles Dudley Warner.

ANCESTORS.

(ON READING A FAMILY HISTORY.)

Open lies the book before me: in a realm obscure as dreams
I can trace the pale blue mazes of innumerable streams,
That from regions lost in distance, vales of shadow far apart,
Meet to blend their mystic forces in the torrents of my heart.

Pensively I turn the pages, pausing, curious and aghast:
What commingled, unknown currents, mighty passions of the past,
In this narrow, pulsing moment through my fragile being pour,
From the mystery behind me, to the mystery before!

I put by the book: in vision rise the gray ancestral ghosts,
Reaching back into the ages, vague, interminable hosts,
From the home of modern culture, to the cave uncouth and dim,
Where — what 's he that gropes? a savage, naked, gibbering, and grim!

I was molded in that far-off time of ignorance and wrong,
When the world was to the crafty, to the ravenous and strong;
Tempered in the fires of struggle, of aggression and resistance:
In the prowler and the slayer I have had a preëxistence!

Wild forefathers, I salute you! Though your times were fierce and rude,
From their rugged husk of evil comes the kernel of our good.
Sweet the righteousness that follows, great the forces that foreran:
'T is the marvel still of marvels that there 's such a thing as man!

Now I see I have exacted too much justice of my race,
Of my own heart too much wisdom, of my brothers too much grace;
Craft and greed our primal dower, wrath and hate our heritage!
Scarcely gleams as yet the crescent of the full-orbed golden age.

Man's great passions are coeval with the vital breath he draws,
Older than all codes of custom, all religions and all laws;
Before prudence was, or justice, they were proved and justified:
We may shame them and deny them, their dominion will abide.

Still the darker age will linger in the slowly brightening present,
Still the old moon's fading phantom in the bosom of the crescent;
The white crown of reason covers the old kingdom of unrest,
And I feel at times the stirring of the savage in my breast.

Wrong and insult find me weaponed for a more heroic strife;
In the sheath of mercy quivers the barbarian's ready knife!
But I blame no more the givers for the rudeness of the dower:
'T was the roughness of the thistle that insured the future flower.

Somehow hidden in the slayer was the singer yet to be,
In the fiercest of my fathers lived the prophecy of me;
But the turbid rivers flowing to my heart were filtered through
Tranquil veins of honest toilers to a more cerulean hue.

O my fathers, in whose bosoms slowly dawned the later light,
In whom grew the thirst for knowledge, in whom burned the love of right,
All my heart goes out to know you! With a yearning near to pain,
I once more take up the volume, but I turn the leaves in vain.

Not a voice, of all your voices, comes to me from out the vast;
Not a thought, of all your thinking, into living form has passed:

As I peer into the darkness, not a being of my name
Stands revealed against the shadows in the beacon-glare of fame.

Yet your presence, O my parents, in my inmost self I find,
Your persistent spectres haunting the dim chambers of the mind:
Old convulsions of the planet in the new earth leave their trace,
And the child's heart is an index to the story of his race.

Each with his unuttered secret down the common road you went,
Winged with hope and exultation, bowed with toil and discontent:
Fear and triumph and bereavement, birth and death and love and strife,
Wove the evanescent vesture of your many-colored life.

Your long-silent generations first in me have found a tongue,
And I bear the mystic burden of a thousand lives unsung:
Hence this love for all that 's human, the strange sympathies I feel,
Subtle memories and emotions which I stammer to reveal.

Now I also, in my season, walk beneath the sun and moon,
Face the hoary storms of winter, breathe the luxury of June:
Here to gaze awhile and wonder, here to weep and laugh and kiss;
Then to join the pale procession sweeping down the dark abyss.

To each little life its moment! We are sparkles of the sea:
Still the interminable billows heave and gleam, — and where are we?
Still forever rising, following, mingling with the mighty roar,
Wave on wave the generations break upon the eternal shore.

Here I joy and sing and suffer, in this moment fleeting fast,
Then become myself a phantom of the far-receding past,
When our modern shall be ancient, and the narrow times expand,
Down through ever-broadening eras, to a future vast and grand.

Clouds of ancestors, ascending from this sublunary coast,
Here am I, enrolled already in your ever-mustering host!
Here and now the rivers blended in my blood once more divide,
In the fair lad leaping yonder, in these darlings by my side.

Children's children, I salute you! From this hour and from this land,
To your far-off generations I uplift the signal hand!
Well contented, I resign you to the vision which I see, —
O fraternity of nations! O republics yet to be!

Yours the full-blown flower of freedom, which in struggle we have sown;
Yours the spiritual science, that shall overarch our own.
You, in turn, will look with wonder, from a more enlightened time,
Upon us, your rude forefathers, in an age of war and crime!

Half our virtues will seem vices by your broader, higher right,
And the brightness of the present will be shadow in that light;
For, behold, our boasted culture is a morning cloud, unfurled
In the dawning of the ages and the twilight of the world!

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE LATEST SONGS OF CHIVALRY.

THE English adjective *chivalrous* has retained a somewhat finer shade of meaning than the corresponding epithet in either of the other chief modern languages. Both *chevaleresque* and *ritterlich* are more restricted, and chevaleresque, at least, is decidedly historical rather than ethical in its associations. But chivalrous describes a type of character, and there are not many isolated words in any tongue suggestive of so many admirable and agreeable human qualities. Hidden, it may be, from the eyes of the "churl in spirit, up or down the scale of ranks," they are entirely familiar to all souls of gentler quality, and subject to little dispute as the last results of selected temper and moral refinement. Valor, veracity, loyalty, self-sacrifice and mildness of manners, the protection of weakness and innocence, and the punishment of wrong were always theoretically enjoined by the laws of the romantic institution — if institution it were — which gave our word its birth; but as planted in different soils, and adopted by different races, the code or system in question assimilated different elements, and took on slightly varying shapes; and it is perhaps only natural that we, who are English born, should regard the English type of chivalry as finer than the Latin on the one hand, or the Teutonic on the other. But if it were indeed, as we fondly fancy, less fantastic and more manly than the one, less rude and vengeful than the other, there is no mystery whatever about the superior dignity of the English derivative term. And that we may see for ourselves what the fruits of the spirit of English knighthood really were, the reader is invited to revisit for an hour the pleasant field of literature where that spirit first found full and untrammeled expression, the smiling garden-ground of old English lyrical poetry. The early chivalric romances, however enthusiastically adopted and nobly edited and amplified by insular writers, were almost all of Continental origin. Sidney, alas, did not live to execute the congenial purpose which Tennyson inherited, and transform his Arcadia into a purely English romance, with Arthur for its hero. But in the songs of the predecessors and compeers of Sidney, as in all song, we have simple and spontaneous emotions, — the loves, hates, hopes, fears, and faiths of him who sings. It is not so much as literary models that we would recur just now to these delightsome lays, — although in the matter of pure and apt expression they have never been surpassed, and they are particularly well worth the study of our own hazy and wordy generation, — but as illustrations of character. We desire to learn from their own lips what manner of men these singers were, in their private rather than their civic relations, as lovers, friends, and mourners; and how they regarded what must ever remain the supreme subjects of human interest, — life and its conduct, love and its delight, and death.

The earliest English songs which have been preserved are obviously echoes or imitations of the Troubadour minstrelsy. In the Harleian manuscripts, which contain the largest number of them, — Nos. 978 and 2253, — some of the poems are written wholly in Romance. Others are macaronics, — Romance with Latin refrains, or English with Romance refrains. Only a few are composed entirely in the then crude and infantine English or semi-Saxon tongue. Of these, the frequently quoted

> "Summer is a-coming in,
> Loudé sing cuckoo," etc.[1]

has been erroneously referred to a considerably earlier period than the rest, but it is probably not older than the twelfth century, — the one great cent-

[1] The spelling of these extracts has been modernized wherever there is no doubt about the modern equivalent of the word.

ury, brief but full, of Provençal song. This side the limits of the same prolific period come other fragments, less familiar than the first, in which the *lilt* of the Romance measures seems to have been fully apprehended, and almost acquired. The themes are still the everlasting two of all the Troubadours and Minnesingers, — love and spring. They seem to have had no confidence in any other chord. But for all the prevailing formality of subject and treatment, there is already a perceptible difference between these rather shrill warblings and the last languid sighs of Languedocian melody, even then, in the earliest years of the thirteenth century, dying away in the distracted South. Our English staves are louder, more buoyant, and at the same time more natural and heartfelt. The first fair day of modern song was done, and shadow and silence were gaining for the time the world over; but we feel as if a fresher breeze had begun to blow after night-fall, scattering foul exhalations, and replacing the sultriness of sensuous passion. Even from the few and fragmentary notes of these "smalle foulés" who

> "maken melody,
> And sleepen all night long with open eye,"

we seem to divine a healthfulness of spirit which no mere heart-sickness can ever undermine, — an impulsive and inexhaustible spring of hope which no accumulation of disappointment can permanently obstruct. Assisted, in short, by the kindred blood in which we rejoice, we already foreknow the sound, gallant, tender type of manhood which is to be in England's greatest age, and which is to be more distinctly indicated by Chaucer: —

> "Dan Chaucer, that first warbler, whose sweet breath
> Preluded those melodious bursts which fill
> The spacious times of great Elizabeth
> With songs that echo still."

But it was yet a hundred years to the date of Chaucer's birth, and long before that interval had elapsed the movement of the Romance measures had seemingly escaped the British memory, and likewise, of course, the trick, never perfectly learned, of their imitation. It is thus that Robert de Brunne, in the year 1300, or thereabouts, describes his ideal of womanhood: —

> "Nothing is to man so dear
> As woman's love in good mannér.
> A good woman is man's bliss
> Where her love right and steadfast is.
> There is no solace under heaven,
> Of all that a man may neven,
> That should a man so much glew
> As a good woman that loveth true;
> Ne dearer is none in God's herd
> Than a chaste woman with lovely word."

This is excruciating to the ear, but suggestive and edifying to the mind. No troubadour, from William of Poitiers down, ever praised a lady in such homely, hobbling lines, but also no troubadour ever praised, for none ever imagined, just such a lady. For this is the typical English wife, — loving, loyal, modest, and soft-spoken, above all pure. Personal beauty is neither allowed nor denied her: she may have it, or she may have it not; it is not an indispensable addition to her charms. The fact that the author of these lines was a monk, and described an ideal helpmeet, does not render his conception less remarkable. Chaucer, with his strong dramatic instincts, and his wide experience of life, saw and appreciated and portrayed many different types of womanhood, but none so fondly as one almost identical with this: —

> "Lo, here, what gentleness these women have,
> If we could know it for our rudeness!
> How busy they be us to help and save,
> Both in our health and also in sickness,
> And alway right sorry for our distress!
> In evéry mannér thus show they ruth
> That in them is all goodness and all truth."

It is in Chaucer, too, in lines which are usually marked as his latest, and which therefore were probably written about the year 1400, that we first find embodied, in a singularly noble hymn, a theory of life, and of the temper in which it is to be both received and resigned, which plainly foreshadows the sane and joyous piety of the Elizabethan time, — a theory which is, in fact, one with the best religion and the best philosophy of every age, as these are identical with one another. We give the last verse only.

'That thee is sent, receive in buxomness;
The wrestling of this world, asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
Forth, pilgrim, forth! O beast, out of thy stall!
Look up on high and thank thy God of all.
Waiveth thy lust and let thy ghost thee lead,
And truth shall thee deliver, 't is no drede."

It is worth while to dwell for a little on the separate features of the fine mood here enjoined; we shall encounter them so many times more, with but slight alterations, before the sturdy spirit of English chivalry comes to its perfect flower in Philip Sidney. First, cheerfulness, hilarity even, not to be blighted by the probability of much disappointment and disaster, but rather firmly based upon an unflinching foreknowledge of the same. Then, a cordial and even grateful recognition of the provisional and temporary character of this earthly state, — this *beastly* state, as the poet warmly calls it; and an emphatic one of the dual nature of man, and the happy ascendency of the divine essence over the carnal accidents. Lastly, a simple profession of unreserved allegiance to the suzerain of our destinies, and a vague but thrilling promise; no specific recompense or flattering delights, but a large deliverance. Serve truth, as thou knowest it, and truth shall make thee free; I know not, neither does it matter, when or how.

No such depths as these are sounded by the gentle James I. of Scotland, whose modest little book, The Kings Quair (Cahier), is however full of the fragrance of a most sweet, romantic, innocent, and at last, as we are glad for once to know, a happy and rewarded love. He was taken prisoner in his early youth when on his way to France, and detained in durance for nearly eighteen years. It was not a very harsh durance; his windows looked into the gardens of Windsor Castle, and what quaint, stiff, and yet winsome gardens they were in the beginning of the fifteenth century he has graphically told us in his gently flowing verse: —

" So thick the boughés and the leavés green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were;
And mids of every arbor might be seen
The sharpé, greené, sweeté juniper,
Growing so fair, with branches here and there,
That as it seeméd to a life without
The boughés spread the arbor all about."

Down these prim alleys he saw his love come walking, the Lady Joanna Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset.

" In her was youth, beauty with humble aport,
Bounty richéss and womanly feature.
God better wot than my pen can report
Wisdom, largéss, estate, and cunning sure
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child advance.

" And when she walkéd had a little throw
Under the sweeté, greené boughés bent
Her fair. sweet face as white as any snow
She turnéd has and forth her wayés went."

The remainder of this artless royal copy-book is full of the Lady Joanna's praise. They gave him her hand after his release, and he had a few years of unclouded happiness with her before his assassination, in 1437. We are too much in the spirit of the time to think of his end as premature. He had lived and loved.

In King James, as in Chaucer and Lydgate, — if it were indeed Lydgate, and not Chaucer, who wrote The Flower and the Leaf, — we find that keen observation of external nature, and that simple and objective joy in its beauty, which differ so widely both from the prescribed flatteries of smiling lands and skies that abound in the troubadour poetry, and from the exaggerated reflections of the poet's own tyrannous mood, — the "pathetic fallacies" of our contemporary singers. The happy mean of this mood, which neither propitiates nature as a monster, nor abuses her as a subject, but allows all her varying tempers, and still warms to her as a friend, is a very noteworthy part of the superb healthfulness of spirit, the disengaged and self-reliant habit, of the men whose better acquaintance we seek. Another and equally infallible mark of health is playfulness; and it is a note never missing out of the chorus of English song, from the days of Skelton to those of the ill-starred and unrivaled Lovelace. Listen to the leaping, laughing strain, so like the dashing of a narrow spring rivulet, in which, in 1520, John Skelton pays his homage to Margaret Hussey: —

" Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,

Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously, so womanly, so maidenly,
Her demeaning;
In everything
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of merry Margaret
As midsummer flower," etc.

It is a scholium or round, and the same twittering refrain recurs again and again. Observe, too, the distinct and perfectly natural type of girlhood here portrayed, — artless and arch, sweet because sound, maidenly and yet womanly, often mirthful, never wild; is it not a perfectly familiar as well as very lovable creature? Skelton's ear is by no means as good as Chaucer's, but Chaucer had been in Italy, where the Romance measures were at home; and Wyatt and Surrey, of whom the latter and junior was eleven years old when Skelton died, enjoyed the same advantage of residence among the Latin races and personal familiarity with their speech. The reverential editor of Tottel's Miscellany speaks in his preface of the "honorable style of the noble Earl of Surrey, and the weightiness of the deep-witted Sir Thomas Wyatt." He could hardly better have expressed the difference in temperament which we always feel between these two whose names are so constantly paired. Surrey's was precisely the gallant, sunshiny spirit which we find specially characteristic of English knighthood; while there was a most rare vein of pensiveness in Wyatt, who never weakly plained, indeed, but who appears to have loved Anne Bullen, and who saw, before his own brief life was ended at thirty-eight, the swift tragedy of her dizzy elevation and ignominious death. Let us first hear Surrey as a lover. Perhaps he fancied original with himself, and perhaps he consciously appropriated out of Ariosto, the conceit which has tickled so many warbling swains since his day, that Nature lost the mold after she had made his mistress: —

"Give place, ye lovers, herebefore
Who spent your boasts and brags in vain!
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candle-light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

"And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith ye may it trust
As it by writing sealéd were;
And virtues hath she many moe
Than I with pen have skill to show.

"I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mold,
The like to whom she could not paint;
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I!"

And now listen to Surrey, the philosopher, and observe how like are his sober aspirations to Chaucer's latest: —

"Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain,
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind;
The equal friend, no grudge, no strife,
No charge of rule or governance;
Without discord, the healthful life,
The household of continuance;

"The mean diet, no delicate fare,
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night dischargéd of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;
The faithful wife without debate,
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might."

He abundantly exemplified the fine equanimity invoked in the last line when he came himself to suffer in the Tower, in 1547. It was the very year in which Henry VIII. died, and he was thus one of the latest victims of the tyrant's jealous caprice. His memory was celebrated by some of the best pens of the succeeding generation. "He was no less valiant than learned," says Sir Walter Raleigh, "*and of excellent hopes.*"

Nor is Wyatt despondent, or ever for a moment demoralized or rendered craven by the sharpness of his wound. He resists the poignant suspicion of his lady's unfaith which *will* visit him. He probes the secret of his pain steadily. He will, if possible, discover something fanciful or fallacious in it. Could anything be more refined and, at the same time, less morbid than this? —

"Lo, now my thought might make me free
Of that perchance it needs not!
Perchance none doubt the dread I see,
I shrink at that I bear not;

But in my heart this word shall sink,
Until the proof shall better be.
I would it were not as I think!
I would I thought it were not!"

Afterwards, when hope is yet fainter, he appeals, but manfully still, never brokenly: —

"And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

"And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!"

"Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant,
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

"Forget not, oh forget not this,
How long ago hath been and is,
The mind that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet!

"Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved;
Forget not this!"

He even muses on the chance that he may love again in lines of more than his wonted grace, — lines which Spenser himself will hardly surpass for beauty of rhythm: —

"A face which should content me wondrous well
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
With gladsome cheer all grief for to expel,
With sober looks so that I would it should
Speak without words such words as none can tell
(The tress also should be of crispéd gold);
With wit and these might chance I might be tied,
And knit again with knot that should not slide."

It was really Wyatt rather than Spenser who finally fixed the scale of English verbal melody, and defined its principal modes. From this time forward the advance in euphony is marvelously rapid. But before quitting for good the pre-Shakespearean days, we must make room for a few anonymous strains of unusual *naïveté* and sweetness. They belong, at latest, to the very first years of the sixteenth century: —

"As I lay sleeping,
In dreams fleeting,
Ever my sweeting
Is in my mind;
She is so goodly,
With looks so lovely,
That no man truly
Such one can find.

"Her beauty so pure,
It doth underlure
My poor heart full sure
In governance;
Therefore now will I
Unto her apply,
And will ever cry
For remembrance.

"Though she me bind,
Yet shall she not find
My poor heart unkind,
Do what she can;
For I will her pray,
While I live a day,
Me to take for aye
For her own man."

"My joy it is from her to hear,
Whom that my mind is ever to see;
And to my heart she is most near,
For I love her and she loveth me.

"Christ wolt the figure of her sweet face
Were picturéd wherever I be,
In every hall, from place to place,
For I love her, and she loveth me."

It is natural to date the singers of the succeeding and culminating period by the correspondence of their careers with Shakespeare's. Of that preëminent group, Spenser, Sidney, Raleigh, Marlowe, Southwell, Daniel, Drayton, Wotton, Lodge, and Donne were within fifteen years of Shakespeare's own age, and therefore in the prime of their manhood with him; Carew, Herrick, Wither, Waller, Suckling, Habington, Browne, Drummond of Hawthornden, Beaumont, and Fletcher, Bishops Corbet and King, were past the years of infancy when the great bard died; while Crashaw was born one year before his death, and Abraham Cowley and Richard Lovelace two years later. Keeping these coincidences in mind, we shall not be careful to preserve a strict chronological order in the rest of our quotations, but take them at random from the authors enumerated, just as they chance to illustrate the phase of character under discussion.

If we look first for the ideal of womanhood seriously cherished by the best minds of this great time we shall find it still, as formerly, a lofty and a spotless

one. We may go to Shakespeare for our key-note: —

" Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfuméd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their maskéd buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made;
And so, of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth."

The grave laureate Samuel Daniel is almost self-reproachful for his own exquisite susceptibility to purely personal charms: —

" Ah, Beauty, siren fair, enchanting good!
Sweet, silent rhetoric of persuading eyes;
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood
More than all words or wisdom of the wise;
Still harmony, whose diapason lies
Within a brow " —

But he farther distinguishes the lady of his choice by one of the loveliest quatrains in all the language: —

" A modest maid decked with the blush of honor,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love;
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her,
Sacred on earth, designed a saint above."

Even the lawless and voluptuous Francis Beaumont has an exacting standard: —

" May I find a woman fair,
And her mind as clean as air!
If her beauty go alone,
'T is to me as if 't were none.

" May I find a woman wise,
And her wisdom not disguise!
Hath she wit as well as will,
Double-armed is she to kill.

" May I find a woman true!
There is beauty's fairest hue;
There is beauty, love, and wit;
Happy he can compass it! "

Listen also to Thomas Carew: —

" He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

" But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes."

And to William Browne: —

" Nature did her so much right
As she scorns the help of art;
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart.
So much good, so truly tried,
Some for less were deified!

" Wit she hath without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath;
Full of pity as may be,
Though, perhaps, not so to me."

And glance at Thomas Lodge's radiant vision of Samela: —

" Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela.

" Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When, washed by Arethusa, faint they lie,
Is fair Samela.

" Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in her show of majesty,
For she 's Samela.

" Pallas in wit, all three, if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela."

Very interesting also are the crowning graces of Crashaw's " not impossible she." After he has paid his tribute to the darling of the age in " Sidnæan showers of soft discourse," he enumerates these higher gifts of the spirit: —

" Days that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

" Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, ' Welcome friend! '

" Soft, silken showers,
Open suns, shady bowers,
'Bove all, — nothing within that lowers."

But it was " rare Ben Jonson," whose fancy so teemed with sensuous imagery — when, as in the exuberant " See, the chariot at hand here of Love! " he gave it loose rein, — who could also, when he collected himself for a more earnest effort, portray a loftier ideal than they all: —

" I meant to make her fair and free and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor shed like influence from his lucent seat;

I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned and a manly soul
I purposed her, that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours."

The reader no doubt remembers the surpassingly graceful turn by which the poet feigns suddenly to discover the personification of his fancy and the reality of his dream in Lucy, Countess of Bedford: —

"These when I thought to feign, and wished to see,
My muse bade Bedford write; and it was she!"

But whether the likeness were exact or no, the picture is of marvelous beauty. Spenser, the courtier, was naturally more lenient to the solemn vice of greatness than Jonson, and he defends it warmly: —

"Rudely thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride.
The thing which I do most in her admire
Is of the world unworthy, most envied;
For in those lofty looks is close implied
Scorn of base things, disdain of foul dishonor,
Threatening rash eyes that gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they ne dare to look upon her:
Such pride is praise, such portliness is honor."

And here, too, room must surely be made for Sir Henry Wotton's eloquent address to the Queen of Bohemia, whose claim to the throne of Germany he made it in some sort his adventure to establish: —

"You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the sun shall rise?

"You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents, what 's your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise?

"You violets that first appear,
By your pure, purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?

"So when my mistress shall be seen,
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice a queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
To eclipse the glory of her kind!"

There is a vein of quiet self-respect running through this piece of profound and yet stately homage, — this distant and restrained adulation of a royal lady. It is in no way unworthy of the man who, in his last years of peaceful retirement at his beautiful manor of Bocton,[1] wrote that admirable hymn, happily never yet suffered to drop out of our memories and hymnals: —

"How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will," etc.

Nevertheless, in the address to the Queen of Bohemia, and to some extent in most of the fragments of personal tribute and appeal thus far cited, there is a certain formality, a touch of the conventionally lowly attitude of the minstrel before the lady, against which, because it savored too much of what was beginning to be felt as the *cant* of chivalry, there was already a very general revolt among the proud-spirited and straightforward men of the day. They have begun to take on a new and more independent tone, — the tone of those who make a careful distinction between service and servitude; who, while ready for any test of voluntary devotion, will resist to the uttermost the surrender of their personal prerogatives, and scorn the thought of actual subjugation, whether to a sovereign or a sentiment, to the caprices of an individual woman or of that unaccountable Dame Fortune for whose favor they were all ready to dare so much. It is the inherent buoyancy of indomitable *pluck*. Pure animal spirits go up to a higher point than they have ever attained before or since in this vexatious world. But let us consider our later knights a little longer in the character of lovers. They challenge affection rather than sue for it, — these lordly creatures. They do not scruple to name conditions. They even utter threats, half laughing and half earnest. They promise briefly, but abundantly; as in the matchless lines often attributed — one wishes it were on more certain authority — to Graham of Montrose: —

[1] Izaak Walton, in his quaint memoir of Wotton, gives a fascinating picture of this ancestral home: "An ancient and goodly structure, beautifying and being beautified by the parish church of Bocton-Malherbe adjoining unto it, both being seated within a fair park of the Wottons, on the brow of such a hill as gives the advantage of a large prospect and of equal pleasure to all beholders."

" My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed in no other way
Than by pure monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I 'll call a synod in my heart
And never love thee more!

" Like Alexander, I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My soul did evermore disdain
A rival to my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all!

" But if no faithless action stain
Thy true and constant word,
I 'll make thee famous by my pen
And glorious by my sword.
I 'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er were known before;
I 'll deck and crown my head with bays,
And love thee more and more!"

Even more striking, if not more captivating, is George Wither's Manly Resolve, whereof we resolutely restrict ourselves to three stanzas: —

" Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman 's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

" 'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

" Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?"

Haughty words, these; but is there not conveyed in the emphatic couplet,

" If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve,"

an assurance which is worth volumes of commonplace protestation? This is not merely the wooing of a man of the highest spirit, but it is the only temper in which a woman of the highest spirit is ever truly won. How well Charlotte Brontë understood this, when she told the story of Shirley! Sometimes this disengaged and defiant mood, this resolute resistance to the slavery of passion, goes so far as to affect a tone of mockery; but it is a mockery wholly without bitterness, so thoroughly merry and debonair that we cannot for a moment question the soundness of the heart it seeks to disguise. The " Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more," of Shakespeare, and the " Why so wan and pale, fond lover?" of Suckling, will at once recur to many memories, but there are scores of lyrics conceived in the same saucy and frolicsome spirit, of which here are some taken almost at random, and not all quoted entire: —

" Once I did breathe another's breath,
And in my mistress move;
Once I was not mine own at all,
And then I was in love!

" Once by my carving true-love knots
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and tears were both our lots,
And then I was in love!

" Once I wore bracelets made of hair,
And colors did approve;
Once were my clothes made out of wax,
And then I was in love!

" Once did I sonnet to my saint,
My soul in numbers move;
Once did I tell a thousand lies,
And then I was in love!

" Once in my ear did dangling hang
A little turtle-dove;
Once — in a word — I was a fool,
And then I was in love!"

" So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, your treasure;
And evermore you sobbed and sighed,
Burning in flames beyond all measure.
Three days endured your love for me,
And it was lost in other three!
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love,
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

" Sure you have made me passing glad
That you your love so soon removéd,
Before that I the leisure had
To choose you for my best belovéd;
For all your love was past and done
Two days before it was begun!
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, adieu Love, adieu Love,
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love."

These are anonymous, and so is " Love me little, love me long," which is rather

more famous than familiar; full of brilliant good sense, yet by no means lacking in tenderness. A woman speaks, and she speaks the thought of many a woman's heart, yet it is hardly to be supposed that a woman wrote it: —

" Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song;
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward or too bold;
Love that lasteth till 't is old
Fadeth not in haste.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song!

" If thou lovest me too much,
It will not prove as true as touch;
Love me little more than such,
For I fear the end.
I am with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent,
To be steadfast, friend.

" Say thou lovest me while thou live!
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive,
While that life endures.
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth
As now, when in my May of youth
This my love assures.

" Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persever;
Give me that, with true endeavor
I will it restore.
A suit of durance let it be
For all weathers, that for me! —
For the land or for the sea
Lasting evermore.

" Winter's cold or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel.
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain,
So to thee farewell!
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song!"

Room must be made for one more specimen in the defiant vein, — Sir John Suckling's rollicking story of the siege of a heart: —

" 'T is now since I sat down before
That foolish fort a heart —
Time strangely spent! — a year and more,
And still I did my part, —

" Made my approaches: from her hand
Unto her lips did rise;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

" Proceeded on with no less art, —
My tongue was engineer, —
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

" When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand, thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not!

" I then resolved to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses;
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses!

" To draw her out and from her strength
I drew all batteries in,
And brought myself to lie, at length,
As if no siege had been.

" When I had done what I could do,
And thought the place my own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smiled at all was done.

" I sent to know from whence and where
These hopes and this relief;
A spy informed Honor was there,
And did command in chief.

" March, march! quoth I, the word straight give
Let 's lose no time but leave her!
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out forever!"

This is manifestly improper, and Sir John Suckling is never to be trusted for good behavior through many stanzas but how enchantingly gay he is! The utter frankness of his hilarity does something toward atoning for its coarseness. We are quite sure that he is never worse than his words, and even suspect that he is not altogether so desperate a rake as he sometimes pretends. If his courtesy seem scant, there is, at all events, no craft lurking beneath it; and so far from hating or discrediting the object of his bold advances because she had repelled them, he treats her with a mixture of petulant astonishment and whimsical respect altogether *naïf* and amusing. Even here, where taste and delicacy are so near being mortally offended, we divine, both in woer and wooed, that which constitutes the peculiar and inalienable virtue of their epoch, — indomitable spirit, the *abandon* of perfect health, the absolute negation and impossibility of the lackadaisical.

From this, its extreme of reckless levity, we may follow the song of the latest chivalric age in its modulation through

all manner of graver and softer keys, and find it always clear and confident in its accent, brave and buoyant up to the end of life, though oftener than otherwise that end is both bitter and untimely. Here is a handful of lays which are purely playful and pretty: —

" Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amid my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest;
Ah, wanton, will you?

" And if I sleep, then peereth he
With pretty slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night;
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if I but sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting;
Ah, wanton, will you?

" Else I, with roses, every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play
For your offense;
I 'll shut my eyes to keep you in,
I 'll make you fast it, for your sin;
I 'll count your power not worth a pin;
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
So he gainsay me?

" What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will gainsay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou softly on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in my eyes, I like of thee!
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee!"
(Thomas Lodge.)

" Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter, too!
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest cares to frown.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

" His flocks are folded; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier, too!
For kings bethink them what the state require,
While shepherds careless carol by the fire.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?"
(Richard Greene.)

" Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee;
The shooting stars defend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire befriend thee!

" No will-o-the-wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

" Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon doth slumber?
The stars of the night
Do lend their light
Like tapers clear, without number.

" Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I 'll pour into thee."
(Robert Herrick.)

" Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

" Bid me despair, and I 'll despair
Under that cypress-tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

" Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee."
(The same.)

There is a touch of earnestness in these last lines of Herrick's which allies them, it may be, a little more closely with the joyous tenderness of Lovelace than with the mere wanton fancies to which they are joined above. It is hard not to embrace any pretext for transcribing in full "Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind," and "When love with unconfinéd wings," and space shall at all events be made for these other lines to Lucasta, less frequently quoted than the first, but, rather in form than in spirit, less beautiful: —

" If to be absent were to be
Away from thee,
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone,
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

. . . . . .

" Though seas and lands between us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls;
Above the highest sphere we meet,
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet."

Lucy Sacheverell married another, on a false report that Richard Lovelace had fallen in foreign war, and he was twice for years in prison, and died miserably at forty; but somehow we cannot think

that the bright essence of the most ideal of English knights, after Sir Philip Sidney, was permanently subdued by adverse fate. Who shall say that the mystical reunion foreshadowed in that last stanza may not actually have taken place far outside of these mundane conditions, which the poet invariably treated with a kind of angelic scorn?

One of the most appreciative critics of Lovelace speaks of the "plaintive sweetness" of the lines To Althea from Prison. To us this adjective seems to be wholly misapplied. *Plaintive*, in the strict sense of the word, the gallant singers of this period never are, and when they are pensive we almost always feel that it is their humor so to be; that they are sad for an hour only, by way of curious luxury and restful relaxation from their wonted high-strung mood, as in the well-known lines of Beaumont: —

"Hence, all ye vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There 's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy."

In this dulcet and exquisite minor, Waller has left us one masterpiece: —

"Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time on me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

"Tell her that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

"Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

"Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare,
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!"

Sighs light as these come usually from a surfeit of content. Before actual pain, even of the sort that cuts deepest, — repulse, injury, or unfaith from the one best loved, — the poets of that time are wont to stand erect and unflinching. Hear Waller again: —

"It is not that I love you less [1]
Than when before your feet I lay,
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love I keep away.
In vain, alas! for everything
Which I have known belongs to you;
Your form does to my fancy cling,
And make my old wounds bleed anew.
But vowed I have, and never must
Your banished servant trouble you;
For if I break you may mistrust
The vow I made to love you, too."

The somewhat stern lines which follow are from a nameless writer, in a manuscript of Elizabethan verse: —

"Change thy mind sith she doth change:
Let not fancy still abuse thee;
Thy untruth cannot seem strange,
Since her falsehood doth excuse thee.
Love is dead, but thou art free;
She doth live, but dead to thee.

"Love no more sith she is gone;
She is gone, and loves another;
Being thus deceived by one,
Crave her love, but love no other.
She was false, bid love adieu;
She was best, but yet untrue."

Finest of all, perhaps, is that celebrated sonnet of Michael Drayton's, where the fiery and magnanimous nature of both lovers is so plainly to be read in the dramatic memorial of their strife: —

"Since there 's no hope, come, let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done. You get no more of me;
And I am glad — yea, glad with all my heart —
That thus so clearly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever! Cancel all our vows!
And when we meet at any time again
Be it not seen, on either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain!
Now, at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover."

Men who hold their lives light, and rule their loves proudly, are less liable than others to be deeply dismayed or sorrowful above measure in the prospect of death. They will scorn to be surprised by the last enemy, or even hastily to conclude that power to be inimical whose onward march their wariest valor cannot possibly avert. It is emphatic-

[1] Observe the echoes out of these and the previous lines in the interludes between the cantoes of the Princess.

ally the case with the virile singers of the last great lyrical age, — the immediate descendants of Surrey and Chaucer. When their lives are fullest of hope and adventure, death is in all their thoughts. They seem resolved upon this intimacy. They will regard the inevitable not with equanimity merely, but with cordiality. They will not even await its advent, but go forth to meet it with the challenge and welcome of a friend, as Crashaw says. In their brightest hours, amidst their most ardent strains, the *memento mori* note may be heard incessantly, like the regular striking of a silver bell. How often it occurs in Shakespeare's sonnets, as at the close of the incomparable seventy-third, "That time of year thou mayst in me behold," etc.

"In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

In a different phase of the same mood, and in smoother, sweeter measures than are usual with him, sings Donne: —

"Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee;
Nor in the hope the world can show
A fitter love for me
But since that I
Must die at last, 't is best
To use myself in jest
Thus by feignéd death to die.

"Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill;
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfill.
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep
They who one another keep
Alive ne'er parted be."

And Henry Lawes: —

"Grieve not, dear love, although we often part,
But know that nature gently doth us sever,
Thereby to train us up with tender art
To brook the day when we must part forever."

And Sir Philip Sidney: —

"Oft have I mused, but now at length I find
Why those that die men say they do depart.
Depart, a word so gentle to my mind,
Weakly did seem to paint Death's ugly dart.
But now the stars with their strange course do bind
Me one to leave with whom I leave my heart;
I hear a cry of spirits, faint and blind,
That parting thus my chiefest part I part."

Very seldom, as in the verse of Lawes above, is separation spoken of, even casually, as eternal. Those were days of unaffected faith and open vision, and none who thought at all thought of our conscious life as ending here below. Nevertheless this friendliness with death, which we find so impressive, seems due quite as much to sanity as to sanctity of spirit; to perfect accord with the past rather than to definite anticipations for the future. We shall find that the dirges, elegies, and epitaphs of the time strengthen and console rather than sadden us.

The note of triumph is audible in almost all the elegies and epitaphs on Sir Philip Sidney: —

"What hath he lost that so great grace hath won?
Young years, for endless years; and hope unsure
Of fortune's gifts, for wealth that well shall dure.
Oh, happy race, with so great praises run!"

This is Spenser's, and the following, where, however, the measure seems almost too rugged and the conceit too labored for so gracious a theme, is usually attributed to Raleigh: —

"England, the Netherlands, the heavens, the arts,
The soldier, and the world have ta'en six parts
Of the noble Sidney, for none may suppose
That a small heap of dust can Sidney inclose!
His body hath England, for she it bred;
Netherlands his blood, in her defense shed;
The heavens his soul, the arts his fame,
All soldiers' tears, and the world his name!"

Even the Countess of Pembroke, in her Lament of Clorinda, can dwell only on the glory of her brother's departure and the brightness of his reward. "Ah, me," she cries, "can so divine a thing be dead?" And then, —

"Ah, no, it is not dead, and cannot be,
But lives for aye in blissful Paradise,
Where, like a new-born babe, it soft doth lie
In bed of lilies wrapped in tender wise,
And compassed all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets, from head to feet."

It would be very interesting to compare, with reference rather to their spirit than their structure, Spenser's Astrophel, Matthew Royden's Elegy, and any others still in being of the two hundred said to have been written on Sidney's death, with the Adonais of Shelley, the Thyrsis of Matthew Arnold, and the in-

finite and impassioned but too often morbid analysis of In Memoriam. There is no room here, however, for so extensive a parallel. We can only stoop to gather, before turning reluctantly away, from the broad and glowing bed of funeral poesy, lying so fair to the sunshine, one more deep-tinted pansy; a modest flower, but unsurpassed for the sweetness of its breath. In the Lament of Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, over the peerless bride of his youth, we find distilled all the rarer and more ethereal qualities which characterize the poetry of his time, — the piety and affectionateness, the quaint and playful fancy, the patience of hope, the quiet, unforced smile at the utmost possibilities of human ill:—

"Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted.
My last good-night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to the dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.

"Stay for me there! I shall not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make or sorrow breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee.
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise, nearer my west
Of life almost by eight hours' sail
Than when sleep breathed her drowsy gale;
Nor labor I to stem the tide
Through which, to thee, I swiftly glide.

"'T is true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! My pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be
I shall, at last, sit down by thee.

"The thought of this bids me go on
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear, forgive
The crime! I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part."

Whoever, for any purpose, begins gleaning amid the treasures of old English verse, will certainly be early smitten by a despairing sense of the inadequacy of any small collection to represent the richness of the whole. The little *recueil* here offered was made with the special and perhaps rather fanciful purpose of illustrating a single phase of human development; the last and most striking which the world saw before mediæval influences finally gave place to the purely modern; and it will seem to some readers extremely arbitrary, and to some, perhaps, extremely trite. But those who know the old English lyrics best will be least likely to object to the reiteration of any of them for any cause; while there are scores, now piping and harping laboriously in the midst of us, who would surely be the better for a greater familiarity with them. Whether the temper of these lays be chivalrous, upon the whole, or their morality tonic, may possibly be thought open to question; but they have qualities of simplicity, lucidity, strength, and gladness which may be unhesitatingly urged on the consideration of the vaguer and more lachrymose minstrels of the period. Every single convert out of the ranks of these, to the mind and methods of the earlier and lustier school, must occasion ample joy in Parnassus, no less than appreciable relief upon earth.

Harriet W. Preston.

THE LADY OF THE AROOSTOOK.

XI.

NOTHING more was said about the musicales, and the afternoon and evening wore away without general talk of any sort. Each seemed willing to keep apart from the rest. Dunham even suffered Lydia to come on deck alone after tea, and Staniford found her there, in her usual place, when he went up some time later. He approached her at once, and said, smiling down into her face, to which the moonlight gave a pale mystery, "Miss Blood, did you think I was very wicked to-day at dinner?"

Lydia looked away, and waited a moment before she spoke. "I don't know," she said. Then, impulsively, "Did you?" she asked.

"No, honestly, I don't think I was," answered Staniford with a laugh. "But I seemed to leave that impression on the company. I felt a little nasty, that was all; and I tried to hurt Mr. Dunham's feelings. But I shall make it right with him before I sleep; he knows that. He 's used to having me repent at leisure. Do you ever walk Sunday night?"

"Yes, sometimes," said Lydia, interrogatively.

"I 'm glad of that. Then I shall not offend against your scruples if I ask you to join me in a little ramble, and you will refuse from purely personal considerations. Will you walk with me?"

"Yes." Lydia rose.

"And will you take my arm?" asked Staniford, a little surprised at her readiness.

"Thank you."

She put her hand upon his arm, confidently enough, and they began to walk up and down the stretch of open deck together.

"Well," said Staniford, "did Mr. Dunham convince you all?"

"I think he talks beautifully about it," replied Lydia, with quaint stiffness.

"I am glad you see what a very good fellow he is. I have a real affection for Dunham."

"Oh, yes, he 's good. At first it surprised me. I mean" —

"No, no," Staniford quickly interrupted, "why did it surprise you to find Dunham good?"

"I don't know. You don't expect person to be serious who is so — so" —

"Handsome?"

"No, — so — I don't know just how to say it: fashionable."

Staniford laughed. "Why, Miss Blood, you 're fashionably dressed yourself, not to go any farther, and you 're serious."

"It 's different with a man," the girl explained.

"Well, then, how about me?" asked Staniford. "Am I too well dressed to be expected to be serious?"

"Mr. Dunham always seems in earnest," Lydia answered, evasively.

"And you think one can't be in earnest without being serious?" Lydia suffered one of those silences to ensue in which Staniford had already found himself helpless. He knew that he should be forced to break it; and he said, with a little spiteful mocking, "I suppose the young men of South Bradfield are both serious and earnest."

"How?" asked Lydia.

"The young men of South Bradfield."

"I told you that there were none. They all go away."

"Well, then, the young men of Springfield, of Keene, of Greenfield."

"I can't tell. I am not acquainted there."

Staniford had begun to have a disagreeable suspicion that her ready consent to walk up and down with a young man in the moonlight might have come from a habit of the kind. But it appeared that her fearlessness was like that of wild birds in those desert islands where man has never come. The discovery gave him pleasure out of keep-

ing with its importance, and he paced back and forth in a silence that no longer chafed. Lydia walked very well, and kept his step with rhythmic unison, as if they were walking to music together. "That 's the time in her pulses," he thought, and then he said: "Then you don't have a great deal of social excitement, I suppose, — dancing, and that kind of thing? Though perhaps you don't approve of dancing?"

"Oh, yes, I like it. Sometimes the summer boarders get up little dances at the hotel."

"Oh, the summer boarders!" Staniford had overlooked them. "The young men get them up, and invite the ladies?" he pursued.

"There are no young men, generally, among the summer boarders. The ladies dance together. Most of the gentlemen are old, or else invalids."

"Oh!" said Staniford.

"At the Mill Village, where I 've taught two winters, they have dances sometimes, — the mill hands do."

"And do you go?"

"No. They are nearly all French Canadians and Irish people."

"Then you like dancing because there are no gentlemen to dance with?"

"There are gentlemen at the picnics."

"The picnics?"

"The teachers' picnics. They have them every summer, in a grove by the pond."

There was, then, a high-browed, dyspeptic high-school principal, and the desert-island theory was probably all wrong. It vexed Staniford, when he had so nearly got the compass of her social life, to find this unexplored corner in it.

"And I suppose you are leaving very agreeable friends among the teachers?"

"Some of them are pleasant. But I don't know them very well. I 've only been to one of the picnics."

Staniford drew a long, silent breath. After all, he knew everything. He mechanically dropped a little the arm on which her hand rested, that it might slip farther within. Her timid remoteness had its charm, and he fell to thinking, with amusement, how she who was so subordinate to him was, in the dimly known sphere in which he had been groping to find her, probably a person of authority and consequence. It satisfied a certain domineering quality in him to have reduced her to this humble attitude, while it increased the protecting tenderness he was beginning to have for her. His mind went off further upon this matter of one's different attitudes toward different persons; he thought of men, and women too, before whom he should instantly feel like a boy, if he could be confronted with them, even in his present lordliness of mood. In a fashion of his when he convicted himself of anything, he laughed aloud. Lydia shrank a little from him, in question. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I was laughing at something I happened to think of. Do you ever find yourself struggling very hard to be what you think people think you are?"

"Oh, yes," replied Lydia. "But I thought no one else did."

"Everybody does the thing that we think no one else does," remarked Staniford, sententiously.

"I don't know whether I quite like it," said Lydia. "It seems like hypocrisy. It used to worry me. Sometimes I wondered if I had any real self. I seemed to be just what people made me, and a different person to each."

"I 'm glad to hear it, Miss Blood. We are companions in hypocrisy. As we are such nonentities we shall not affect each other at all." Lydia laughed. "Don't you think so? What are you laughing at? I told you what I was laughing at!"

"But I did n't ask you."

"You wished to know."

"Yes, I did."

"Then you ought to tell me what I wish to know."

"It 's nothing," said Lydia. "I thought you were mistaken in what you said."

"Oh! Then you believe that there 's enough of you to affect me?"

"No."

"The other way, then?"

She did not answer.

"I'm delighted!" exclaimed Staniford. "I hope I don't exert an uncomfortable influence. I should be very unhappy to think so." Lydia stooped sidewise, away from him, to get a fresh hold of her skirt, which she was carrying in her right hand, and she hung a little more heavily upon his arm. "I hope I make you think better of yourself, — very self-satisfied, very conceited even."

"No," said Lydia.

"You pique my curiosity beyond endurance. Tell me how I make you feel."

She looked quickly round at him, as if to see whether he was in earnest. "Why, it 's nothing," she said. "You made me feel as if you were laughing at everybody."

It flatters a man to be accused of sarcasm by the other sex, and Staniford was not superior to the soft pleasure of the reproach. "Do you think I make other people feel so, too?"

"Mr. Dunham said" —

"Oh! Mr. Dunham has been talking me over with you, has he? What did he tell you of me? There is nobody like a true friend for dealing an underhand blow at one's reputation. Wait till you hear my account of Dunham! What did he say?"

"He said that was only your way of laughing at yourself."

"The traitor! What did you say?"

"I don't know that I said anything."

"You were reserving your opinion for my own hearing?"

"No."

"Why don't you tell me what you thought? It might be of great use to me. I'm in earnest, now; I 'm serious. Will you tell me?"

"Yes, some time," said Lydia, who was both amused and mystified at this persistence.

"When? To-morrow?"

"Oh, that 's too soon. When I get to Venice!"

"Ah! That 's a subterfuge. You know we shall part in Trieste."

"I thought," said Lydia, "you were coming to Venice, too."

"Oh, yes, but I should n't be able to see you there."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Why, because" — He was near telling the young girl who hung upon his arm, and walked up and down with him in the moonlight, that in the wicked Old World towards which they were sailing young people could not meet save in the sight and hearing of their elders, and that a confidential analysis of character would be impossible between them there. The wonder of her being where she was, as she was, returned upon him with a freshness that it had been losing through the custom of the week past. "Because you will be so much taken up with your friends," he said, lamely. He added quickly, "There 's one thing I should like to know, Miss Blood: did you hear what Mr. Dunham and I were saying, last night, when we stood in the gangway and kept you from coming up?"

Lydia waited a moment. Then she said, "Yes. I could n't help hearing it."

"That 's all right. I don't care for your hearing what I said. But — I hope it was n't true?"

"I could n't understand what you meant by it," she answered, evasively, but rather faintly.

"Thanks," said Staniford. "I did n't mean anything. It was merely the guilty consciousness of a generally disagreeable person." They walked up and down many turns without saying anything. She could not have made any direct protest, and it pleased him that she could not frame any flourishing generalities. "Yes," Staniford resumed, "I will try to see you as I pass through Venice. Mr. Dunham and I will call. And we will come to hear you sing when you come out at Milan."

"Come out? At Milan?"

"Why, yes! You are going to study at the conservatory in Milan?"

"How did you know that?" demanded Lydia.

"From hearing you to-day. May

I tell you how much I liked your singing?"

"My aunt thought I ought to cultivate my voice. But I would never go upon the stage. I would rather sing in a church. I should like that better than teaching."

"I think you 're quite right," said Staniford, gravely. "It 's certainly much better to sing in a church than to sing in a theatre. Though I believe the theatre pays best."

"Oh, I don't care for that. All I should want would be to make a living."

The reference to her poverty touched him. It was a confidence, coming from one so reticent, that was of value, and he would not abuse it by seeming to have noticed it. He said, "It 's surprising how well we keep our footing here, is n't it? There 's hardly any swell, but the ship pitches. I think we walk better together than alone."

"Yes," answered Lydia, "I think we do."

"You must n't let me tire you. I 'm indefatigable."

"Oh, I'm not tired. I like it, — walking."

"Do you walk much at home?"

"Not much. It 's a pretty good walk to the school-house."

"Oh! Then you like walking at sea better than you do on shore?"

"It is n't the custom, much. If there were any one else, I should have liked it there. But it 's rather dull, going by yourself."

"Yes, I understand how that is," said Staniford, dropping his teasing tone. "It 's stupid. And I suppose it 's pretty lonesome at South Bradfield every way."

"It is, — winters," admitted Lydia. "In the summer you see people, at any rate, but in winter there are days and days when hardly any one passes. The snow is banked up everywhere."

He felt her give an involuntary shiver; and he began to talk to her about the climate to which she was going. It was all stranger to her than he could have realized, and less intelligible. Her Californian memories were very dim, and she had no experience by which she could compare and adjust his facts. He made her walk up and down more and more swiftly, as he lost himself in the comfort of his own talking and of her listening, and he failed to note the little falterings with which she expressed her weariness. All at once he halted, and said, "Why, you 're out of breath! I beg your pardon. You should have stopped me. Let us sit down." He wished to walk across the deck to where the seats were, but she just perceptibly withstood his motion, and he forbore.

"I think I won't sit down," she said. "I will go down-stairs." And she began withdrawing her hand from his arm. He put his right hand upon hers, and when it came out of his arm it remained in his hand.

"I 'm afraid you won't walk with me again," said Staniford. "I 've tired you shamefully."

"Oh, not at all!"

"And you will?"

"Yes."

"Thanks. You 're very amiable." He still held her hand. He pressed it. The pressure was not returned, but her hand seemed to quiver and throb in his like a bird held there. For the time neither of them spoke, and it seemed a long time. Staniford found himself carrying her hand towards his lips; and she was helplessly, trustingly, letting him.

He dropped her hand, and said, abruptly, "Good-night."

"Good-night," she answered, and ceased from his side like a ghost.

XII.

Staniford sat in the moonlight, and tried to think what the steps were that had brought him to this point; but there were no steps of which he was sensible. He remembered thinking the night before that the conditions were those of flirtation; to-night this had not occurred to him. The talk had been of the dullest commonplaces; yet he had pressed her hand and kept it in his, and had been about to kiss it. He bitterly con-

sidered the disparity between his present attitude and the stand he had taken when he declared to Dunham that it rested with them to guard her peculiar isolation from anything that she could remember with pain or humiliation when she grew wiser in the world. He recalled his rage with Hicks, and the insulting condemnation of his bearing towards him ever since; and could Hicks have done worse? He had done better: he had kept away from her; he had let her alone.

That night Staniford slept badly, and woke with a restless longing to see the girl, and to read in her face whatever her thought of him had been. But Lydia did not come out to breakfast. Thomas reported that she had a headache, and that he had already carried her the tea and toast she wanted.

"Well, it seems kind of lonesome without her," said the captain. "It don't seem as if we could get along."

It seemed desolate to Staniford, who let the talk flag and fail round him without an effort to rescue it. All the morning he lurked about, keeping out of Dunham's way, and fighting hard through a dozen pages of a book, to which he struggled to nail his wandering mind. A headache was a little matter, but it might be even less than a headache. He belated himself purposely at dinner, and entered the cabin just as Lydia issued from her state-room door.

She was pale, and looked heavy-eyed. As she lifted her glance to him, she blushed; and he felt the answering red stain his face. They made a great deal of her return to the table, and the hearty kindness for her that every one felt expressed itself in various homages. The captain patted her on the shoulder with his burly right hand, and said he could not navigate the ship if she got sick. He pressed her to eat of this and that; and when she would not, he said, well, there was no use trying to force an appetite, and that she would be better all the sooner for dieting. Hicks disappeared in his state-room, and came out with a box of guava jelly, from his private stores, and won a triumph enviable in all eyes when Lydia consented to like it with the chicken. Dunham plundered his own and Staniford's common stock of dainties for her dessert; the first officer agreed and applauded right and left; Staniford alone sat taciturn and inoperative, watching her face furtively. Once her eyes wandered to the side of the table where he and Dunham sat; then she colored, and dropped her glance.

He took his book again after dinner, and with his finger between the leaves, at the last-read, unintelligible page, he went out to the bow, and crouched down there to renew the conflict of the morning. It was not long before Dunham followed. He stooped over to lay a hand on either of Staniford's shoulders.

"What makes you avoid me, old man?" he demanded, looking into Staniford's face with his frank, gentle eyes.

"And I avoid you?" asked Staniford.

"Yes; why?"

"Because I feel rather shabby, I suppose. I knew I felt shabby, but I did n't know I was avoiding you."

"Well, no matter. If you feel shabby, it 's all right; but I hate to have you feel shabby." He got his left hand down into Staniford's right, and a tacit reconciliation was transacted between them. Dunham looked about for a seat, and found a stool, which he planted in front of Staniford. "Was n't it pleasant to have our little lady back at table, again?"

"Very," said Staniford.

"I could n't help thinking how droll it was that a person whom we all considered a sort of incumbrance and superfluity at first should really turn out an object of prime importance to us all. Is n't it amusing?"

"Very droll."

"Why, we were quite lost without her, at breakfast. I could n't have imagined her taking such a hold upon us all, in so short a time. But she 's a pretty creature, and as good as she 's pretty."

"I remember agreeing with you on those points before." Staniford feigned to suppress fatigue.

Dunham observed him. "I know you don't take so much interest in her as — as the rest of us do, and I wish you did. You don't know what a lovely nature she is."

"No?"

"No; and I'm sure you'd like her."

"Is it important that I should like her? Don't let your enthusiasm for the sex carry you beyond bounds, Dunham."

"No, no. Not important, but very pleasant. And I think acquaintance with such a girl would give you some new ideas of women."

"Oh, my old ones are good enough. Look here, Dunham," said Staniford, sharply, "what are you after?"

"What makes you think I'm after anything?"

"Because you're not a humbug, and because I am. My depraved spirit instantly recognized the dawning duplicity of yours. But you'd better be honest. You can't make the other thing work. What do you want?"

"I want your advice. I want your help, Staniford."

"I thought so! Coming and forgiving me in that — apostolic manner."

"Don't!"

"Well. What do you want my help for? What have you been doing?" Staniford paused, and suddenly added: "Have you been making love to Lurella?" He said this in his ironical manner, but his smile was rather ghastly.

"For shame, Staniford!" cried Dunham. But he reddened violently.

"Then it is n't with Miss Hibbard that you want my help. I'm glad of that. It would have been awkward. I'm a little afraid of Miss Hibbard. It is n't every one has your courage, my dear fellow."

"I have n't been making love to her," said Dunham, "but — I" —

"But you what?" demanded Staniford sharply again. There had been less tension of voice in his joking about Miss Hibbard.

"Staniford," said his friend, "I don't know whether you noticed her, at dinner, when she looked across to our own side?"

"What did she do?"

"Did you notice that she — well, that she blushed a little?"

Staniford waited a while before he answered, after a gulp, "Yes, I noticed that."

"Well, I don't know how to put it exactly, but I'm afraid that I have unwittingly wronged this young girl."

"Wronged her? What the devil *do* you mean, Dunham?" cried Staniford, with bitter impatience.

"I'm afraid — I'm afraid — Why, it's simply this: that in trying to amuse her, and make the time pass agreeably, and relieve her mind, and all that, don't you know, I've given her the impression that I'm — well — interested in her, and that she may have allowed herself, — insensibly, you know — to look upon me in that light, and that she may have begun to think — that she may have become" —

"Interested in you?" interrupted Staniford rudely.

"Well — ah — well, that is — ah — well — Yes!" cried Dunham, as if bracing himself to sustain a shout of ridicule. But Staniford did not laugh, and Dunham had courage to go on. "Of course, it sounds rather conceited to say so, but the circumstances are so peculiar that I think we ought to recognize even any possibilities of that sort."

"Oh, yes," said Staniford, gravely. "Most women, I believe, are so innocent as to think a man in love when he behaves like a lover. And this one," he added ruefully, "seems more than commonly ignorant of our ways, — of our infernal shilly-shallying, purposeless no-mindedness. She could n't imagine a man — a gentleman — devoting himself to her by the hour, and trying by every art to show his interest and pleasure in her society, without imagining that he wished her to like him, — love him; there's no half-way about it. She could n't suppose him the shallow, dawdling, soulless, senseless ape he really was." Staniford was quite in a heat by this time, and Dunham listened in open astonishment.

"You are hard upon me," he said.

"Of course, I have been to blame; I know that, I acknowledge it. But my motive, as you know well enough, was never to amuse myself with her, but to contribute in any way I could to her enjoyment and happiness. I"—

"*You!*" cried Staniford. "What are you talking about?"

"What are *you* talking about?" demanded Dunham, in his turn.

Staniford recollected himself. "I was speaking of abstract flirtation. I was firing into the air."

"In my case, I don't choose to call it flirtation," returned Dunham. "My purpose, I am bound to say, was thoroughly unselfish and kindly."

"My dear fellow," said Staniford, with a bitter smile, "there can be no unselfishness and no kindliness between us and young girls, unless we mean business, — love-making. You may be sure that they feel it so, if they don't understand it so."

"I don't agree with you. I don't believe it. My own experience is that the sweetest and most generous friendships may exist between us, without a thought of anything else. And as to making love, I must beg you to remember that my love has been made once for all. I never dreamt of showing Miss Blood anything but polite attention."

"Then what are you troubled about?"

"I am troubled"— Dunham stopped helplessly, and Staniford laughed in a challenging, disagreeable way, so that the former perforce resumed: "I'm troubled about — about her possible misinterpretation."

"Oh! Then in this case of sweet and generous friendship the party of the second part may have construed the sentiment quite differently! Well, what do want me to do? Do you want me to take the contract off your hands?"

"You put it grossly," said Dunham.

"And *you* put it offensively!" cried the other. "My regard for the young lady is as reverent as yours. You have no right to miscolor my words."

"Staniford, you are too bad!" said Dunham, hurt even more than angered. "If I've come to you in the wrong moment — if you are vexed at anything, I'll go away, and beg your pardon for boring you."

Staniford was touched; he looked cordially into his friend's face. "I *was* vexed at something, but you never can come to me at the wrong moment, old fellow. I beg *your* pardon. *I* see your difficulty plainly enough, and I think you're quite right in proposing to hold up, — for that's what you mean, I take it?"

"Yes," said Dunham, "it is. And I don't know how she will like it. She will be puzzled and grieved by it. I hadn't thought seriously about the matter till this morning, when she did n't come to breakfast. You know I've been in the habit of asking her to walk with me every night after tea; but Saturday evening you were with her, and last night I felt sore about the affairs of the day, and rather dull, and I did n't ask her. I think she noticed it. I think she was hurt."

"You think so?" said Staniford, peculiarly.

"I might not have thought so," continued Dunham, "merely because she did not come to breakfast; but her blushing when she looked across at dinner really made me uneasy."

"Very possibly you're right." Staniford mused a while before he spoke again. "Well, what do you wish me to do?"

"I must hold up, as you say, and of course she will feel the difference. I wish — I wish at least you would n't *avoid* her, Staniford. That's all. Any little attention from you — I know it bores you — would not only break the loneliness, but it would explain that — that my — attentions, did n't — ah — had n't meant anything."

"Oh!"

"Yes; that it's common to offer them. And she's a girl of so much force of character that when she sees the affair in its true light — I suppose I'm to blame! Yes, I ought to have told her at the beginning that I was engaged. But you can't force a fact of that sort upon a new acquaintance: it looks sil-

ly." Dunham hung his head in self-reproach.

"Well?" asked Staniford.

"Well, that 's all! No, it *is n't* all, either. There 's something else troubles me. Our poor little friend *is* a blackguard, I suppose?"

"Hicks?".

"Yes."

"You have invited him to be the leader of your orchestra, have n't you?"

"Oh, don't, Staniford!" cried Dunham in his helplessness. "I should hate to see her dependent in any degree upon that little cad for society." Cad was the last English word which Dunham had got himself used to. "That was why I hoped that you would n't altogether neglect her. She 's here, and she 's no choice but to remain. We can't leave her to herself without the danger of leaving her to Hicks. You see?"

"Well," said Staniford gloomily, "I 'm not sure that you could n't leave her to a worse cad than Hicks." Dunham looked up in question. "To me, for example."

"Oh, hallo!" cried Dunham.

"I don't see how I 'm to be of any use," continued the other. "I 'm not a squire of dames; I should merely make a mess of it."

"You 're mistaken, Staniford, — I 'm sure you are, — in supposing that she dislikes you," urged his friend.

"Oh, very likely."

"I know that she 's simply afraid of you."

"Don't flatter, Dunham. Why should I care whether she fears me or affects me? No, my dear fellow. This is irretrievably your own affair. I should be glad to help you out if I knew how. But I don't. I refer you to the consolations of religion. In the mean time your duty is plain, whatever happens. You can't overdo the sweet and the generous in this wicked world without paying the penalty."

Staniford smiled at the distress in which Dunham went his way. He knew very well that it was not vanity, but the liveliness of a sensitive conscience, that had made Dunham search his conduct for the offense against the young girl's peace of heart which he believed he had committed, and it was the more amusing because he was so guiltless of harm. Staniford knew who was to blame for the headache and the blush. He knew that Dunham had never gone so far; that his chivalrous pleasure in her society might continue for years free from flirtation. But in spite of this conviction a little poignant doubt made itself felt, and suddenly became his whole consciousness. "Confound him!" he mused. "I wonder if she really could care anything for him!" He shut his book, and rose to his feet with such a burning in his heart that he could not have believed himself capable of the greater rage he felt at what he just then saw. It was Lydia and Hicks seated together in the place where he had sat with her. She leaned with one arm upon the rail, in an attitude that brought all her slim young grace into evidence. She seemed on very good terms with him, and he was talking and making her laugh as Staniford had never heard her laugh before — so freely, so heartily.

XIII.

The atoms that had been tending in Staniford's being toward a certain form suddenly arrested and shaped themselves anew at the vibration imparted by this laughter. He no longer felt himself Hicks's possible inferior, but vastly better in every way, and out of the turmoil of his feelings in regard to Lydia was evolved the distinct sense of having been trifled with. Somehow, an advantage had been taken of his sympathies and purposes, and his forbearance had been treated with contempt.

The conviction was neither increased nor diminished by the events of the evening, when Lydia brought out some music from her state-room, and Hicks appeared, flute in hand, from his, and they began practicing one of the pieces together. It was a pretty enough sight. Hicks had been gradually growing a better-

looking fellow; he had an undeniable picturesqueness, as he bowed his head over the music towards hers; and she, as she held the sheet with one hand for him to see, while she noiselessly accompanied herself on the table with the fingers of the other, and tentatively sang now this passage and now that, was divine. The picture seemed pleasing to neither Staniford nor Dunham; they went on deck together, and sat down to their cigarettes in their wonted place. They did not talk of Lydia, or of any of the things that had formed the basis of their conversation hitherto, but Staniford returned to his Colorado scheme, and explained at length the nature of his purposes and expectations. He had discussed these matters before, but he had never gone into them so fully, nor with such cheerful earnestness. He said he should never marry, — he had made up his mind to that; but he hoped to make money enough to take care of his sister's boy Jim handsomely, as the little chap had been named for him. He had been thinking the matter over, and he believed that he should get back by rail and steamer as soon as he could after they reached Trieste. He was not sorry he had come; but he could not afford to throw away too much time on Italy, just then.

Dunham, on his part, talked a great deal of Miss Hibbard, and of some curious psychological characteristics of her dyspepsia. He asked Staniford whether he had ever shown him the photograph of Miss Hibbard taken by Sarony when she was on to New York the last time: it was a three-quarters view, and Dunham thought it the best she had had done. He spoke of her generous qualities, and of the interest she had always had in the Diet Kitchen, to which, as an invalid, her attention had been particularly directed; and he said that in her last letter she had mentioned a project for establishing a diet kitchen in Rome, on the Boston plan. When their talk grew more impersonal and took a wider range, they gathered suggestion from the situation, and remarked upon the immense solitude of the sea. They agreed that there was something weird in this long continuance of fine weather, and that the moon had a strange look. They spoke of the uncertainty of life. Dunham regretted, as he had often regretted before, that his friend had no fixed religious belief; and Staniford gently accepted his solicitude, and said that he had at least a conviction if not a creed. He then begged Dunham's pardon in set terms for trying to wound his feelings the day before; and in the silent handclasp that followed they renewed all the cordiality of their friendship. From time to time, as they talked, the music from below came up fitfully, and once they had to pause as Lydia sang through the song that she and Hicks were practicing.

Their common interest in the art now brought Hicks and the young girl almost constantly together, and the sound of their concerting often filled the ship. The musicales, less formal than Dunham had intended, and perhaps for that reason a source of rapidly diminishing interest with him, superseded both ring-toss and shuffle-board, and seemed even more acceptable to the ship's company as an entertainment. One evening, when the performers had been giving a piece of rather more than usual excellence and difficulty, one of the sailors, apparently deputed by his mates, came aft, with many clumsy shows of deference, and asked them to give Marching through Georgia. Hicks found this out of his repertory, but Lydia sang it. Then the group at the forecastle shouted with one voice for Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching, and so beguiled her through the whole list of the war-songs. She ended with one unknown to her listeners, but better than all the rest in words and music, and The Flag 's come back to Tennessee was received with the silence and the low murmur that witness the effect of a tender and pathetic song. The spokesman of the sailors came aft again, to thank her for his mates, and to say they would not spoil that last song by asking for anything else. It was a charming little triumph for her, as she sat surrounded by her usual court: the captain was there to countenance

the freedom the sailors had taken, and Dunham and Staniford stood near, but Hicks, at her right hand, held the place of honor.

The next night Staniford found her alone in the waist of the ship, and drew up a stool beside the rail where she sat.

"We all enjoyed your singing so much, last night, Miss Blood. I think Mr. Hicks plays charmingly, but I believe I prefer to hear your voice alone."

"Thank you," said Lydia, looking down, demurely.

"It must be a great satisfaction to feel that you can give so much pleasure."

"I don't know," she said, passing the palm of one hand over the back of the other.

"When you are a *prima donna* you must n't forget your old friends of the Aroostook. We shall all take vast pride in you."

This was not a question, and Lydia answered nothing. Staniford, who had rather obliged himself to this advance, with some dim purpose of showing that nothing had occurred to alienate them since the evening of their promenade, without having proved to himself that it was necessary to do this, felt that he was growing angry. It irritated him to have her sit as unmoved after his words as if he had not spoken, and he found that of all forms of rustic uncouthness this was the most offensive.

"Miss Blood," he said, "I envy you your gift of snubbing people."

Lydia looked at him. "Snubbing people?" she echoed.

"Yes; your power of remaining silent when you wish to put down some one who has been wittingly or unwittingly impertinent."

"I don't know what you mean," she said, in a sort of breathless way.

"And you did n't intend to mark your displeasure at my planning your future?"

"No! We had talked of that. I" —

"And you were not vexed with me for anything? I have been afraid that I — that you" — Staniford found that he was himself getting short of breath. They sat staring into each other's eyes. He had begun with the intention of mystifying her, but matters had suddenly taken another course, and he was really anxious to know whether any disagreeable associations with that night lingered in her mind. With this longing came a natural inability to find the right word. "I was afraid" — he repeated, and then he stopped again. Clearly, he could not tell her that he was afraid he had gone too far; but this was what he meant. "You don't walk with me, any more, Miss Blood," he concluded, with an air of burlesque reproach.

"You have n't asked me — since," she said.

He felt a singular value and significance in this word, since. It showed that her thoughts had been running parallel with his own; it permitted, if it did not signify, that he should resume the mood of that time, where their parting had interrupted it. He enjoyed the fact to the utmost, but he was not sure that he wished to do what he was permitted. "Then I did n't tire you?" he merely asked. He was not sure, now he came to think of it, that he liked her willingness to recur to that time. He liked it, but not quite in the way he would have liked to like it.

"No," she said.

"The fact is," he went on aimlessly, "that I thought I had rather abused your kindness. Besides," he added, veering off, "I was afraid I should be an interruption to the musical exercises."

"Oh, no," said Lydia. "Mr. Dunham has n't arranged anything yet." Staniford thought this uncandid. It was fighting shy of Hicks, who was the person in his own mind; and it reawakened a suspicion which was lurking there. "Mr. Dunham seems to have lost his interest."

This struck Staniford as an expression of pique; it reawakened quite another suspicion. It was evident that she had really cared for Dunham, and that she was hurt at the cessation of his attentions. He was greatly minded to

say that Dunham was a fool, but he ended by saying, with sarcasm, "I suppose he saw that he was superseded."

"Mr. Hicks plays well," said Lydia, judicially, "but he does n't really know so much of music as Mr. Dunham."

"No?" responded Staniford, with irony. "I will tell Dunham. No doubt he 's been suffering the pangs of professional jealousy. That must be the reason why he keeps away."

"Keeps away?" asked Lydia.

"*Now* I 've made an ass of myself!" thought Staniford. "You said that he seemed to have lost his interest," he answered her.

"Oh! Yes!" assented Lydia. And then she remained rather distraught, pulling at the ruffling of her dress.

"Dunham is a very accomplished man," said Staniford, finding the usual satisfaction in pressing his breast against the thorn. "He 's a great favorite in society. He 's up to no end of things." Staniford uttered these praises in a curiously bitter tone. "He 's a capital talker. Don't you think he talks well?"

"I don 't know; I suppose I have n't seen enough people to be a good judge."

"Well, you 've seen enough people to know that he 's very good looking?"

"Yes?"

"You don't mean to say you *don't* think him good looking?"

"No, — oh, no, I mean — that is — I don't know anything about his looks. But he resembles a lady who used to come from Boston, summers. I thought he must be her brother."

"Oh, then you think he looks effeminate!" cried Staniford, with inner joy. "I assure you," he added with solemnity, "Dunham is one of the manliest fellows in the world!"

"Yes?" said Lydia.

Staniford rose. He was smiling gayly as he looked over the broad stretch of empty deck, and down into Lydia's eyes. "Would n't you like to take a turn, now?"

"Yes," she said promptly, rising and arranging her wrap across her shoulders, so as to leave her hands free. She laid one hand in his arm and gathered her skirt with the other, and they swept round together for the start and confronted Hicks.

"Oh!" cried Lydia, with what seemed dismay, "I promised Mr. Hicks to practice a song with him." She did not try to release her hand from Staniford's arm, but was letting it linger there with apparent irresolution.

Staniford dropped his arm, and let her hand fall. He bowed with icy stiffness, and said, with a courtesy so fierce that Mr. Hicks, on whom he glared as he spoke, quailed before it, "I yield to your prior engagement."

XIV.

It was nothing to Staniford that she should have promised Hicks to practice a song with him, and no process of reasoning could have made it otherwise. The imaginary opponent with whom he scornfully argued the matter had not a word for himself. Neither could the young girl answer anything to the cutting speeches which he mentally made her as he sat alone chewing the end of his cigar; and he was not moved by the imploring looks which his fancy painted in her face, when he made believe that she had meekly returned to offer him some sort of reparation. Why should she excuse herself? he asked. It was he who ought to excuse himself for having been in the way. The dialogue went on at length, with every advantage to the inventor.

He was finally aware of some one standing near and looking down at him. It was the second mate, who supported himself in a conversational posture by the hand which he stretched to the shrouds above their heads. "Are you a good sailor, Mr. Staniford?" he inquired. He and Staniford were friends in their way, and had talked together before this.

"Do you mean seasickness? Why?" Staniford looked up at the mate's face.

"Well, we 're going to get it, I guess, before long. We shall soon be off the

Spanish coast. We 've had a great run so far."

"If it comes we must stand it. But I make it a rule never to be seasick beforehand."

"Well, I ain't one to borrow trouble, either. It don't run in the family. Most of us like to chance things. I chanced it for the whole war, and I come out all right. Sometimes it don't work so well."

"Ah?" said Staniford, who knew that this was a leading remark, but forbore, as he knew Mason wished, to follow it up directly.

"One of us chanced it once too often, and of course it was a woman."

"The risk?"

"Not the risk. My oldest sister tried tamin' a tiger. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a tiger won't tame worth a cent. But her pet was such a lamb most of the while that she guessed she 'd chance it. It did n't work. She 's at home with mother now, — three children, of course, — and he 's in hell, I s'pose. He was killed 'long-side o' me at Gettysburg. Ike *was* a good fellow when he was sober. But my souls, the life he led that poor girl! Yes, when a man 's got that tiger in him, there ought to be some quiet little war round for puttin' him out of his misery." Staniford listened silently, waiting for the mate to make the application of his grim allegory. "I s'pose I 'm prejudiced; but I do *hate* a drunkard; and when I see one of 'em makin' up to a girl, I want to go to her, and tell her she 'd better take a real tiger out the show, at once."

The juxtaposition which these words suggested sent a thrill to Staniford's heart, but he continued silent, and the mate went on, with the queer smile, which could be inferred rather than seen, working under his mustache and the humorous twinkle of his eyes evanescently evident under his cap peak.

"I don't go round criticisin' my superior officers, and *I* don't say anything about the responsibility the old man took. The old man 's all right, accordin' to his lights; he ain't had a tiger in the family. But if that young fellow was to fall overboard, — well, I don't know *how* long it would take to lower a boat, if I was to listen to my *conscience*. There ain't really any help for him. He 's begun too young ever to get over it. He won't be ashore at Try-East an hour before he 's drunk. If our men had any spirits amongst 'em that could be begged, bought, or borrowed, he 'd be drunk now, right along. Well, I 'm off watch," said the mate, at the tap of bells. "Guess we 'll get our little gale pretty soon."

"Good-night," said Staniford, who remained pondering, but presently rose, and walked up and down the deck. He could hear Lydia and Hicks trying that song: now the voice, and now the flute; then both together; and presently a burst of laughter. He began to be angry with her ignorance and inexperience. It became intolerable to him that a woman should be going about with no more knowledge of the world than a child, and entangling herself in relations with all sorts of people. It was shocking to think of that little sot, who had now made his infirmity known to all the ship's company, admitted to association with her which looked to common eyes like courtship. From the mate's insinuation that she ought to be warned, it was evident that they thought her interested in Hicks; and the mate had come, like Dunham, to leave the responsibility with Staniford. It only wanted now that Captain Jenness should appear with his appeal, direct or indirect.

While Staniford walked up and down, and scorned and raged at the idea that he had anything to do with the matter, the singing and fluting came to a pause in the cabin; and at the end of the next turn, which brought him to the head of the gangway stairs, he met Lydia emerging. He stopped and spoke to her, having instantly resolved, at sight of her, not to do so.

"Have you come up for breath, like a mermaid?" he asked. "Not that I 'm sure mermaids do."

"Oh, no," said Lydia. "I think I dropped my handkerchief where we were sitting."

Staniford suspected, with a sudden

return to a theory of her which he had already entertained, that she had not done so. But she went lightly by him, where he stood stolid, and picked it up; and now he suspected that she had dropped it there on purpose.

"You have come back to walk with me?"

"No!" said the girl, indignantly. "I have not come back to walk with you!" She waited a moment; then she burst out with, "How dare you say such a thing to me? What right have you to speak to me so? What have I done to make you think that I would come back to" — She stopped.

The fierce vibration in her voice made him know that her eyes were burning upon him and her lips trembling. He shrank before her passion as a man must before the justly provoked wrath of a woman, or even of a small girl.

"I stated a hope, not a fact," he said in meek uncandor. "Don't you think you ought to have done so?"

"I don't — I don't understand you," panted Lydia, arresting her bolts in mid-course, and looking confusedly at him.

Staniford pursued his guilty advantage; it was his only chance. "I gave way to Mr. Hicks when you had an engagement with me. I thought — you would come back to keep your engagement." He was still very meek.

"Excuse me," she said, with self-reproach that would have melted the heart of any one but a man who was in the wrong, and was trying to get out of it at all hazards. "I did n't know what you meant — I" —

"If I had meant what you thought," interrupted Staniford nobly, for he could now afford to be generous, "I should have deserved much more than you said. But I hope you won't punish my awkwardness by refusing to walk with me."

Lydia looked at him earnestly for a moment; then she said, "I must get my shawl and hat."

"Let me go!" he entreated.

"You could n't find them," she answered, as she vanished past him. She returned, and promptly laid her hand in his proffered arm; it was as if she were eager to make him amends for her harshness.

Staniford took her hand out, and held it while he bowed low toward her. "I declare myself satisfied."

"I don't understand," said Lydia, in alarm and mortification.

"When a subject has been personally aggrieved by his sovereign, his honor is restored if they merely cross swords."

The girl laughed her delight in the extravagance. She must have been more or less than woman not to have found his flattery delicious. "But we are republicans!" she said, in evasion.

"To be sure, we are republicans. Well, then, Miss Blood, answer your free and equal one thing: is it a case of conscience?"

"How?" she asked, and Staniford did not recoil at the rusticity. This how for what, and the interrogative yes, still remained. Since their first walk, she had not wanted to know, in however great surprise she found herself.

"Are you going to walk with me because you had promised?"

"Why, of course," faltered Lydia.

"That is n't enough."

"Not enough?"

"Not enough. You must walk with me because you like to do so."

Lydia was silent.

"Do you like to do so?"

"I can't answer you," she said, releasing her hand from him.

"It was not fair to ask you. What I wish to do is to restore the original status. You have kept your engagement to walk with me, and your conscience is clear. Now, Miss Blood, may I have your company for a little stroll over the deck of the Aroostook?" He made her another very low bow.

"What must I say?" asked Lydia, joyously.

"That depends upon whether you consent. If you consent, you must say, 'I shall be very glad.'"

"And if I don't?"

"Oh, I can't put any such decision into words."

Lydia mused a moment. "I shall be

very glad," she said, and put her hand again into the arm he offered.

As happens after such a passage they were at first silent, while they walked up and down.

"If this fine weather holds," said Staniford, "and you continue as obliging as you are to-night, you can say, when people ask you how you went to Europe, that you walked the greater part of the way. Shall you continue so obliging? Will you walk with me every fine night?" pursued Staniford.

"Do you think I'd better say so?" she asked, with the joy still in her voice.

"Oh, I can't decide for you. I merely formulate your decisions after you reach them, — if they 're favorable."

"Well, then, what is this one?"

"Is it favorable?"

"You said you would formulate it." She laughed again, and Staniford started as one does when a nebulous association crystallizes into a distinctly remembered fact.

"What a curious laugh you have!" he said. "It 's like a nun's laugh. Once in France I lodged near the garden of a convent where the nuns kept a girls' school, and I used to hear them laugh. You never happened to be a nun, Miss Blood?"

"No, indeed!" cried Lydia, as if scandalized.

"Oh, I merely meant in some previous existence. Of course, I did n't suppose there was a convent in South Bradfield." He felt that the girl did not quite like the little slight his irony cast upon South Bradfield, or rather upon her for never having been anywhere else. He hastened to say: "I 'm sure that in the life before this you were of the South somewhere."

"Yes?" said Lydia, interested and pleased again, as one must be in romantic talk about one's self. "Why do you think so?"

He bent a little over toward her, so as to look into the face she instinctively averted, while she could not help glancing at him from the corner of her eye. "You have the color and the light of the South," he said. "When you get to Italy, you will live in a perpetual mystification. You will go about in a dream of some self of yours that was native there in other days. You will find yourself retrospectively related to the olive faces and the dark eyes you meet; you will recognize sisters and cousins in the patrician ladies when you see their portraits in the palaces where you used to live in such state."

Staniford spiced his flatteries with open burlesque; the girl entered into his fantastic humor. "But if I was a nun?" she asked, gayly.

"Oh, I forgot. You were a nun. There was a nun in Venice once, about two hundred years ago, when you lived there, and a young English lord who was passing through the town was taken to the convent to hear her sing; for she was not only of 'an admirable beauty,' as he says, but sang 'extremely well.' She sang to him through the grating of the convent, and when she stopped he said, 'Die whensoever you will, you need to change neither voice nor face to be an angel!' Do you think — do you dimly recollect anything that makes you think — it might — Consider carefully: the singing extremely well, and the" — He leant over again, and looked up into her face, which again she could not wholly withdraw.

"No, no!" she said, still in his mood.

"Well, you must allow it was a pretty speech."

"Perhaps," said Lydia, with sudden gravity, in which there seemed to Staniford a tender insinuation of reproach, "he was laughing at her."

"If he was, he was properly punished. He went on to Rome, and when he came back to Venice the beautiful nun was dead. He thought that his words 'seemed fatal.' Do you suppose it would kill you *now* to be jested with?"

"I don't think people like it generally."

"Why, Miss Blood, you are intense!"

"I don't know what you mean by that," said Lydia.

"You like to take things seriously. You can't bear to think that people are

not the least in earnest, even when they least seem so."

"Yes," said the girl, thoughtfully, "perhaps that 's true. Should you like to be made fun of yourself?"

"I should n't mind it, I fancy, though it would depend a great deal upon who made fun of me. I suppose that women always laugh at men, — at their clumsiness, their want of tact, the fit of their clothes."

"I don't know. I should not do that with any one I" —

"You liked? Oh, none of them do!" cried Staniford.

"I was not going to say that," faltered the girl.

"What were you going to say?"

She waited a moment. "Yes, I was going to say that," she assented with a sigh of helpless veracity. "What makes you laugh?" she asked, in distress.

"Something I like. I 'm different from you: I laugh at what I like; I like your truthfulness, — it 's charming."

"I did n't know that truth need be charming."

"It had better be, in women, if it 's to keep even with the other thing." Lydia seemed shocked; she made a faint, involuntary motion to withdraw her hand, but he closed his arm upon it. "Don't condemn me for thinking that fibbing is charming. I should n't like it at all in you. Should you in me?"

"I should n't in any one," said Lydia.

"Then what is it you dislike in me?" he suddenly demanded.

"I did n't say that I disliked anything in you."

"But you have made fun of something in me?"

"No, no!"

"Then it was n't the stirring of a guilty conscience when you asked me whether I should like to be made fun of? I took it for granted you 'd been doing it."

"You are very suspicious."

"Yes? And what else?"

"Oh, you like to know just what every one thinks and feels."

"Go on!" cried Staniford. "Analyze me, formulate me!"

"That 's all."

"All I come to?"

"All I have to say."

"That 's very little. Now, I 'll begin on you. You don't care what people think or feel."

"Oh, yes, I do. I care too much."

"Do you care what I think?"

"Yes."

"Then I think you 're too unsuspicious."

"Ought I to suspect somebody?" she asked, lightly.

"Oh, that 's the way with all your sex. One asks you to be suspicious, and you ask whom you shall suspect. You can do nothing in the abstract. I should like to be suspicious for you. Will you let me?"

"Oh, yes, if you like to be."

"Thanks. I shall be terribly vigilant, — a perfect dragon. And you really invest me with authority?"

"Yes."

"That 's charming." Staniford drew a long breath. After a space of musing, he said, "I thought I should be able to begin by attacking some one else, but I must commence at home, and denounce myself as quite unworthy of walking to and fro, and talking nonsense to you. You must beware of me, Miss Blood."

"Why?" asked the girl.

"I am very narrow-minded and prejudiced, and I have violent antipathies. I should n't be able to do justice to any one I disliked."

"I think that 's the trouble with all of us," said Lydia.

"Oh, but only in degree. I should not allow, if I could help it, a man whom I thought shabby, and coarse at heart, the privilege of speaking to any one I valued, — to my sister, for instance. It would shock me to see her have any taste in common with such a man, or amused by him. Don't you understand?"

"Yes," said Lydia. It seemed to him, as if by some infinitely subtle and unconscious affinition, she relaxed toward him as they walked. This was incomparably sweet and charming to Staniford, — too sweet as recognition of his

protecting friendship to be questioned as anything else. He felt sure that she had taken his meaning, and he rested content from all further trouble in regard to what it would have been impossible to express. Her tacit confidence touched a kindred spring in him, and he began to talk to her of himself: not of his character or opinions, — they had already gone over them, — but of his past life, and his future. Their strangeness to her gave certain well-worn topics novelty, and the familiar project of a pastoral career in the far West invested itself with a color of romance which it had not worn before. She tried to remember, at his urgence, something about her childhood in California; and she told him a great deal more about South Bradfield. She described its characters and customs, and, from no vantage-ground or stand-point but her native feeling of their oddity, made him see them as one might whose life had not been passed among them. Then they began to compare their own traits, and amused themselves to find how many they had in common. Staniford related a singular experience of his on a former voyage to Europe, when he dreamed of a collision, and woke to hear a great trampling and uproar on deck, which afterwards turned out to have been caused by their bare escape from running into an iceberg. She said that she had had strange dreams, too, but mostly when she was a little girl; once she had had a presentiment that troubled her, but it did not come true. They both said they did not believe in such things, and agreed that it was only people's love of mystery that kept them noticed. He permitted himself to help her, with his disengaged hand, to draw her shawl closer about the shoulder that was away from him. He gave the action a philosophical and impersonal character by saying immediately afterwards: "The sea is really the only mystery left us, and that will never be explored. They circumnavigate the whole globe," — here he put the gathered shawl into the fingers which she stretched through his arm to take it, and she said, "Oh, thank you!" — "but they don't describe the sea. War and plague and famine submit to the ameliorations of science," — his mind wandered; he hardly knew what he was saying, — "but the one utterly inexorable calamity — the same now as when the first sail was spread — is a shipwreck."

"Yes," she said, with a deep inspiration. And now they walked back and forth in silence broken only by a casual word or desultory phrase. Once Staniford had thought the conditions of these promenades perilously suggestive of flirtation; another time he had blamed himself for not thinking of this; now he neither thought nor blamed himself for not thinking. The fact justified itself, as if it had been the one perfectly right and wise thing in a world where all else might be questioned.

"Is n't it pretty late?" she asked, at last.

"If you 're tired, we 'll sit down," he said.

"What time is it?" she persisted.

"Must I look?" he pleaded. He took out his watch and sprang the case open. "Look!" he said. "I sacrifice myself on the altar of truth." They bent their heads low together over the watch; it was not easy to make out the time. "It 's nine o'clock," said Staniford.

"It can't be; it was half past when I came up," answered Lydia.

"One hand 's at twelve and the other at nine," he said, conclusively.

"Oh, then it 's a quarter to twelve." She caught away her hand from his arm, and fled to the gangway. "I did n't dream it was so late."

The pleasure which her confession brought to his face faded at sight of Hicks, who was turning the last pages of a novel by the cabin lamp, as he followed Lydia in. It was the book that Staniford had given her.

"Hullo!" said Hicks, with companionable ease, looking up at her. "Been having quite a tramp."

She did not seem troubled by the familiarity of an address that incensed Staniford almost to the point of taking

Hicks from his seat, and tossing him to the other end of the cabin. "Oh, you 've finished my book," she said. "You must tell me how you like it, to-morrow."

"I doubt it," said Hicks. "I 'm going to be seasick to-morrow. The captain 's been shaking his head over the barometer and powwowing with the first officer. Something 's up, and I guess it 's a gale. Good-by; I shan't see you again for a week or so."

He nodded jocosely to Lydia, and dropped his eyes again to his book, ignoring Staniford's presence. The latter stood a moment breathing quick; then he controlled himself and went into his room. His coming roused Dunham, who looked up from his pillow. "What time is it?" he asked, stupidly.

"Twelve," said Staniford.

"Had a pleasant walk?"

"If you still think," said Staniford, savagely, "that she 's painfully interested in you, you can make your mind easy. She does n't care for either of us."

"*Either* of us?" echoed Dunham. He roused himself.

"Oh, go to sleep; *go* to sleep!" cried Staniford.

W. D. Howells.

ROUND THE WORLD AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

"Distinguons, distinguons! Let us make the distinction, gentlemen," says the venal English commissioner at whom the people laugh, going round the world in eighty days with Mr. Phineas Fogg at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre. "It was one thing to break up the ceremony (the suttee of the Hindoo widow), though our gracious government aims to guarantee to all of its subjects the enjoyment of their conscientious religious convictions, and another to shoot the officiating Brahmins."

"Such being the case, as you will observe that we are extremely pressed for time, what will you take to call it square?" says Mr. Phineas Fogg.

"One hundred thousand francs," the commissioner replies. The comic servant ladles the money out of the inexhaustible haversack, and they are off in a twinkling for a shipwreck, a cavern of serpents, and a ballet of nautch girls, in the next act.

There are naturally inaccuracies in this spirited picture of life and geography, attributable to the haste in which it is sketched. Thus it is not possible, in the actual chase of lions in the jungles of Bengal, that the hunter is called upon to enter with a whip and stir them up to jump over hurdles. Nor are the railway carriages on the Central Pacific, which put passengers down at way-stations to be tomahawked by savages, constructed on the European plan, with compartments and side doors and platforms. In the same way the tour of the world, as it can be made at the Exposition, can only be depended upon to give such an impression as might result from the thing itself if it could be supposed to be accomplished in the time usually allotted to it. The exotic buildings on the ground and their arrangement are in concrete form such a troubled dream of the journey as might remain if it had been performed in a lightning-express train at a sitting.

One would conclude, for instance, if he judged from the slopes of the Trocadéro, that the north of Africa was of a preponderating importance much beyond what is really the case. The people of this section, repressed in their peculiar courses towards Europeans at the date of Commodore Decatur and Captain Riley's Narrative, bear no grudge,

all the same. They accept the situation with the greatest readiness. They show a commercial spirit and an adaptability to the ultimate facts of civilization. Not being able for a long time to sell their white neighbors into slavery, they are extremely pleased to come and be with them, and furnish them small trumpery for their entertainment. They choose especially seasons and places of rejoicing. Few summer resorts — certainly not those of America — are free of them. They are likely to recover at Saratoga and Newport alone more than the plunder of all the Barbary corsairs. This is the kind of people who constitute the principal population in costume. Their booths are pitched upon the grounds in great numbers. Shrewd, versatile in languages, impudent and merry and entirely unscrupulous, they sit within, behind heaps of enameled copper jewelry; bracelets in perfumed paste, said to bring good fortune; pipes, inkstands, pen-holders, and paper-cutters, — made for the most part in Paris, and bought to better advantage in the Rue de Rivoli, — and dazzle, cajole, or browbeat the traveling public. The pen-holders contain an infinitesimal magnifying-glass in the handle, with views of the Exposition. The most common type of the out-of-door visitor is a person who holds one of them painfully to his eye, while the other is tight closed, and persuades himself, under the solicitations of the reclaimed Bedouin of the desert, that he can see something.

A department of religious objects — rosaries, crucifixes, articles from Jerusalem, and particularly from the Mount of Olives, for which credence is requested — figures largely in this merchandise. It invests the sellers — for apart from the slightly disguised Parisians there are those whose authenticity is undeniable — with a curious air of cynicism. Is it at this point that uniformity has arrived, — the fusion of all opinions, or the indifference to any? Does Ibn Ben Ibrahim, "exposing for a few days articles from the Holy Land, mother-of-pearl, olive wood, and stone from Dead Sea," know that there were eight crusades, — or was it nine? — extending over two hundred years, with the total loss of six millions of lives, and the entire upheaval and reconstruction of society, that he offers the hated symbols of one of the furiously contending parties, in his bazar of horseshoe arches, under the coquettish crescent of the other? "If you do not think as I do, possibly I think as you do," the merry Ibn Ben Ibrahim, leaning out in his striped gabardine and tasseled red fez from a background of rich carpets, seems to say; "or at any rate, what difference does it make? In the mean time *commandez, choississez, messieurs et mesdames. V'la un beau Christ!* You spik English? Fi francs, fi — How much you give? *Approchez, madame.* Ah, it was easy to see that a person like that had no money."

At Philadelphia there was space and shrubbery to separate the constructions from the remote and strange countries a little from each other. The imagination had an opportunity to work. In passing between them a space of time might be supposed to elapse, as during the fall of the drop-curtain of a theatre. Here nothing elapses. You enter the Persian pavilion, glancing at the Chinese pagoda at the right, and from the windows you overlook Swedish school-houses and the Japanese farm.

It is indeed a Persian house, the property of his majesty the Shah, the only exhibitor from a country where it may be well believed the private initiative has made as yet very slight headway. It is in green with yellow moldings, and a golden lion over the door with a scimitar on his shoulder and a rising sun behind him. The peculiarity is the very deep recessing of the doors and windows in the walls, which appear to be double. Where is Nourmahal? Let us go down and hear the fountain plash in the tile-paved court below. Where is Scheherezade, and the younger sister Dinarzade, dissimulating her tender fears to join in the hazardous plan? "I pray you, sister, if you be yet awake, relate to us one of those agreeable stories in which you so excel, to pass the time till day, which is going to break." And

the redoubtable caliph who pricks up his ears, caught by the artful plot, and the thousand and one days that pass and pass to the seductive drone of the inexhaustible narrative? Are there no bulbuls? and the slaves with pots of jewels on their heads, — where are they? I do not see them. There is a principal chamber entirely in crystal, even to the mantel-piece. The walls are engraved mirrors, the ceiling a mass of stalactites; the furniture is of yellow cashmere, and India shawls are spread upon the floor. Still, there is a thousand leagues to go to equal the upholstery of the imagination. And besides, the other apartments and the miserable, bald little staircase are far from in keeping. This Oriental magnificence, in fact, — it may be doubted whether it ever approached that of the finished Western civilization, which covers every point and makes a scientific comfort its basis. It is gorgeous in detail, but has a common and sordid element. There is no gas or water. The camel pokes his nose into the silken tent, and the sands of the desert are not leveled by contract to the established grade. The Shah's pavilion is surpassed, for average effect, by a dozen houses in every one of the better streets of New York.

The Egyptian house of Cairo is a blockish structure, like one dry-goods box placed upon two others. The lower portion is in bands of red, black, and corn-color; the upper white with a green margin. It has one of the small bay-windows in close-meshed carving attached to it, out of which it is customary to imagine almond-eyed beauties peeping; only there is no one peeping out of this, as the whole interior is a single shop, and there is no way of getting up to it except with a rope and pulley. There is a house of Morocco, a small, square white block of one story, with furniture complete, which with a grave Moor sitting at its door at sunset is quite capable of producing a little illusion. Everything is on the smallest scale. The people are stowed away, for their sleeping accommodations, in strips of chambers surrounding three sides of a court, with a minute fountain, as compactly as in the cabin of a model yacht. It is not a question of swinging a cat; you could not swing a mouse. It is managed to have a very much sculptured and gilded arcade in the central space, small as it is. The curious doors, where there are any instead of curtains, not only open as a whole, but each of the main panels opens separately. I do not see why this is not a good idea for a number of purposes, and capable of saving a good deal of needless slamming.

There is a sign-board near at hand pointing out the approach to the Chinese pagoda in the best vernacular. One of the ingenious florists with whom the Exposition abounds has starred the side of the bank on which it rises with a mammoth device of the *fleur-de-lis*, in natural colors of flowers. The extensive pagoda itself, in black bricks, with its wide, projecting eaves in vermilion and gilt, the turned-up corners terminating in dragons, and the yellow flags flying from the *mâts de cocagne* in front, is extremely cheerful. It bristles with gilded images and blue porcelain, and exhales the odor of sandal-wood. The goods, down to the most inconsiderable, — and this includes the Japanese as well, — have a real value and quaintness, unlike the tawdry stuff of the Moors, which you would not want to take at any price. The salesmen, too, by their quiet manners and definite prices, gain very much from the contrast. Yonder large, well-formed young proprietor, with good features, olive skin, and a becoming dress of two degrees of blue, has nothing but his shaved temples to prevent him from being received as a very dignified and well-favored personage by the most civilized standards. He is one of the kind who never by any chance gets into the Chinese art, singular that it is! It prefers the wizened old man, his clerk, with an oblong head and a few long, straight hairs of moustache and beard like those of a seal. Is the solution that it is all a huge jovial caricature?

If the inclosures of the Japanese farm are usually in an irregularly-oval ring fence like this, it is not a country of

somnolent ease for the surveyors. The ring fence flowers all around with fragrant pea blossoms. It is of bamboo, as in some form is almost everything else of the constructions of the place. A sculptured cock and hen surmount the white-wood entrance gates. There is a patch of maize, with melons creeping about below. The slender bamboo without a branch, but only tender green leaves at the joints, shoots up and waves above the cottages. There are plums, peaches, tobacco. The shrubbery — japonicas, the lemon, and pomegranate among it — is largely of a kind with sharp, thick leaves of glossy dark green. There are arbor vitæ and cedar dwarfed to the dimensions of a flower-pot, yet presenting gnarled trunks and all the phenomena of an ancient growth. Come and see the chickens. They eat out of dishes of green and yellow faïence, in bamboo cages; but they do not differ so much from the bantams that pick up their living from rusty tin pans in New England farm-yards. The hedge of white and lilac pea-blossoms makes a decorative background; it only needs a hideous figure with distorted fingers and toes, and several swords stuck in a wide purple sash, crouching beside it, or under the umbrella-shaped trellis there, to make it quite Japan. But the Japanese merchants will do nothing to realize Japan. They are, for the most part, lively fellows in fashionable European dress, who go about smoking cigarettes, and have more the air of young Cubans. Yonder comes one whistling out of the bazar, with his pen behind his ear, who might be clerk in an importing house in Duane Street. Yesterday I overlooked one reading Corneille, — whose statue on the Ile Lacroix of this prosperous city of Rouen is under my eye as I write, this very minute.

The Egyptian temple is an improvisation in plaster, and patterns from Owen Jones, on the theme of the old remains. It shuts up, like the Algerian mosque, a practical collection exposing the condition of the country, — cotton, gum arabic, a lucid reduction of the Suez Canal. The most notable aspect of both, and the latter particularly, is the modern and scientific look of things: tramways, iron-truss bridges of the most approved pattern; and what think you, at Algiers, of a flourishing literary periodical, the African Review? It has a Rue de Rivoli, furthermore, as an Algérienne, with a perfect London accent, among the booths, informs me, and a boulevard finer than that of the Italiens. There are natives who accumulate great fortunes, and go to the springs as patrons as well as hucksters. The more they make, says the lively shop-keeper, who describes them as penurious and grasping, the more avaricious they become. The government treats very well its military contingent from this important colony. A group of spahis galloped at the head of the Marshal's procession, reviewing the troops at Longchamps, the 20th of June. I see one occasionally stalking about Paris, or riding in the miserable public carriages, in solitary grandeur. He wears red boots, a pointed beard, and a long white burnoose depending from his white and yellow turban.

The French are not so badly off for colonies as we are apt to think. There is Guadaloupe, then Guiana, across to New Caledonia in the Pacific, a section of Cochin China, then home by way of Africa, beginning with Senegal. All of these are quite fully displayed. When the actual inhabitants are not at hand, like the creoles in yellow bandanas who sell orange wine and packets of vanilla of the West Indies under their awning in the Champs de Mars, recourse is had, to show the dress and manners, to costumed dolls. You may see any costume you like, — Tahiti, for instance. It would have been quite a simple matter in the days of Captain Cook, if you remember, but there have been changes since then. All of these colonies, — the Alsace-Lorraine villages in Algeria, the English settlements of Oceanica, and the states of Central America, — which would like to fill their vacant spaces with immigrants, and are liberal with informing prospectuses, draw out a friendly interest. There is an element of faint speculation in our musing before their great

cucumbers, the crude and realistic paintings of the wild scenery, and the photographs of the native women with rings in their noses, as if there were latent possibilities of life and careers not wholly disconnected even from us.

The Scandinavians erect school-houses and a bell tower among the Orientalism in a solid architecture of unpainted wood, which is a sort of union of the Swiss chalet to the open timber houses of the Middle Ages. On the way to the corner of Algeria an extensive settlement presents the manner of French farm buildings as you see them in the remote interior. Here is no coquettish bamboo-work, but solid trunks and boughs framed in rustic fashion with the bark on, filled in with rough cast plaster, and heavily thatched. These heavy granges have a damp and gloomy look even amid the apple orchards of Normandy. I much prefer the cheery New England barn. One of them contains an exposition of insects, noxious and useful, — principally useful. There is the silk-worm in all his stages, with skeins of the beautiful, shining floss; and the honey-bee — including a live colony which passes most of its time among the dates and confectionery and syrup bottles of the Arabs — and his products in every attractive form.

I am a person (I strenuously declare, because it will never appear) who is rather fond of going to the bottom of things than otherwise. If I had my way, I would never voyage but, like the amiable Count de Maistre around his chamber, in a field where justice could be done to everything, and nothing omitted. But if this narrative is desultory, it is nothing like as desultory as it might have been, let me tell you. I have not touched a hundredth part of the things we have passed in our ramblings: not the restaurants, though, without imagination as they are, — the Spanish, for instance, offering in a great sign to furnish French and English cookery, — they would not have detained us long; not the mushroom settlements and the workingmen's exhibition on the inclosing streets; not the *frigorifique* and the nautical matters on the river. Nor will I go in search of them now, at this late stage, since I desire before closing to make a mention, at least in some of their social aspects, of the visiting people, — the great kaleidoscopic crowd.

This Exposition has never seemed crowded, like that at Philadelphia, yet I have not seen the number of admissions for any day put down at less than seventy thousand. There is always elbow-room, and rarely a comfortable seat lacking, without invading the exhibited furniture in the utterly collapsed condition which was there so frequent a spectacle. I do not think there has been here the same degree of exhaustion from the long days of sight-seeing. I lay it not only to the difference in the climate, but to a difference in the degree of attention. There never was another case like ours in which so much fresh curiosity was brought face to face with such material for its gratification. The country which was accustomed only to the sights of a commonplace utilitarian civilization moved in a mass to contemplate of a sudden the heaped-up treasures of the Old World. It is different here: there is a curiosity shop in every street, and party-colored costumes are no rarity. It is in this way that I account for an easy nonchalance in this public which was at first difficult to understand. I will not undertake a calculation of the few in the seventy thousand who provide themselves with a catalogue or a guide-book of any kind, although the guide-books are none too good or too numerous; and one, designed especially for the lower classes, is a bare-faced fraud that ought to send the maker to jail. It is absolutely nothing but extracts from journals published within the year before the opening, and stating in a general way what the Exposition will probably be, but which it is not at all. The government does not label or explain much, not having yet got over the monarchical habit of thinking that it suffices for the administration to know the essence of things, without there being a pressing necessity for taking the public into its confidence. So the low-

er orders jog contentedly along, passing at every moment inestimable things, straightening out the children when they become tangled up, — Voulez-vous ne pas toucher ça, Marianne! Amadée! Faites appeler Amadée! Tiens! 'Malie, les oiseaux! — and go away to dine at the *établissements de bouillon* outside the gates.

The young Frenchman and his wife of the upper classes are an interesting couple. She is in pink, and has a lithe, willowy movement. He has a light beard curling round his face, and smokes his cigar with an indifferent air while she points out things to him occasionally. The young officer of St. Cyr, whatever he does in time of war, in time of peace for the most part wears an eye-glass. The elderly Frenchwoman of the upper classes, rather more than of the lower, wears a decided moustache. The English are extremely prominent in the defile of nations. In the month of August they have passed in perfect droves, "personally conducted" parties under the supervision of an autocratic guide. There are none that make such an entire profession, when they travel, of being *en voyage*. They don a complete outfit, cross straps over their shoulders, tie a scarf about their hats, and declare to all the world the business in hand.

A genuine peasant, with the large Alsatian black bow, mingles in the throng, under the safe conduct of her city cousins. There is one who superintends the grinding of coffee in the pavilion of Guatemala, and there are one or two in the short skirts and gilt, lace-covered helmets of the Dutch provinces who dispense the cordials of Amsterdam. The Swedish students, if it be their turn to be giving the national concert at the Trocadéro are showing their white caps and blooming complexions. If there are some young women, close braided, and attired with a peculiar effort at quiet elegance, they are Americans. The American youths, corrupted to the marrow by Mark Twain, pass through seeking humorous solutions to things. The young person in general comes much to the front among the English-speaking foreigners. If I were to make particular mention of another very frequent type, it would be the miss in her teens, who, alone knowing something of the language, is seen negotiating with a cab-man or a shop-keeper all over Paris, while the family stands deferentially back awaiting the result. It is the crucial test of an education at Madame Volau-Vent's, which has cost a small fortune per quarter, not to speak of extras.

Americanism is but a small element in the great babel. It has been an excellent place to find, if you thought you were important, that the case is quite the contrary. Some pains have been taken, too, to make it as grotesque as possible. I have seen our façade gravely spoken of, in still another guide-book, as of the kind to be taken down and put up at pleasure, and carried with them by the emigrants to the far West; fitly symbolical, therefore, of this country of rapid progress. An "English and American bar" represents our national characteristics in a prominently printed list of refreshments, divided into departments of long drinks, short drinks, and specialties. The long drinks include a Stonewall Jackson, a Greeley nogg, and a John Collins. The specialties, it may be well believed, yield to neither the long drinks nor the short drinks in ingenuity.

With all thy faults, however, my country, I love thee still. I hold to thee these hands to testify that ours is almost the only department where there is a semblance of a "head-quarters;" where there is a register, and a hospitable provision of space and easy-chairs for jurors and honorary commissioners. To the Italian, the Dane, the Turk, when he travels, it makes no difference whether his next-door neighbor may be within a stone's-throw of him or not. The American desires — commendably, as I maintain — to overlook the movement from his section. It is a luxury at times to come back out of the vast maze of foreignness and no more than overhear a Chicago man seated on a stove discussing with a Newark man the next governorship of his State; how much more

to take a personal part in it, with possibly a bosom friend for the interlocutor!

The employees of this bureau, and the corporal's guard of trim marines who have made so good a figure for us, have acclimated themselves extremely well. It has been possible to assist at Joinville-le-Pont, in the suburbs, at séances of nothing less than our national game of base-ball, between the by no means common contingents of an Exposition nine and a Latin Quarter nine; the latter made up of young artists and architects. The commissioners' room is the centre of a bustle of affairs: the departure of parties for the catacombs, and the trials of agricultural machinery; the arrival of inquiring friends; the entrance of deferential foreigners, with their business written down on paper, who wish M. *le général* this and M. the governor that to come and examine their peculiar turbine wheel or their respirator for mines. Everybody has been more or less connected with congresses: congresses for the abolition of war, the reëstablishment of silver currency, the protection of patents, the conclusion of a Franco-American treaty; congresses of lighting, locomotions, lunacy. It is but a property of matter, they tell us, — this human life of ours, like all the rest; but, O scientist, what a variety and intensity it has!

There has not been the need of organizing an intimate social life among the large body of permanent residents at the Exposition. When the shades of evening close in, and the Fresnel lantern begins to circle its colored rays over the deserted scene, now a red, next a green, then a white one, touching the glass palace, the trees of the Isle des Cygnes, the white Trocadéro, and the sphinx-like head of Liberty in turn, all Paris is open, and its pleasures are not easily exhausted. A small knot of jovial inventors, purveyors of arms to the government, prospectors for the advantageous placing of new merchandise, give themselves rendezvous every evening in the court of the Grand Hotel, where they employ one word of French to five thousand of sound American in their talk, inaugurate a little round of dinners, or drive out occasionally to dine at the country seats of the personages with whom they have relations. Here I have heard the project of the best-natured elderly gentleman to introduce anthracite coal in the south of Europe, taking back cement from Rome and iron ore from Spain for return freights, and have labored to keep down the inexperienced feeling of incongruity, which has no business at all to arise in this day of close commercial relations.

The formal sociality has been the giving of a number of entertainments by the cabinet ministers, mainly dinners and receptions to commissioners by the department of commerce and agriculture, under whose auspices the Exposition is held. The minister lives in the *ministère*, as the custom is in all branches for the proprietor to be in the same hotel with his business. I have been at the one in the Rue de Varennes, Faubourg Saint Germain, of a Wednesday evening. Two steel-clad cuirassiers mount guard before the door, and the chamberlains in black, with medals about their necks, who waft you up the staircase are very stately. The minister's rooms are in crimson, with gilt furniture, crystal chandeliers, and Louis Quatorze carpets. Some such provision for entertainments, rent-free, might be a solution of the vexed question of the cabinet officer's salary at Washington. Apart from this, he could live as simply as he pleased. The minister's dinner is good, but there will not be too much information, if you happen to be in search of it, derived from the guests If everybody has not a thousand things demanding his attention next, the Exposition creates in him the uneasy impression that he has, and prevents him from fixing it too closely on any.

There are guests who go out after dinner on the balcony of the smoking-room, where the *débris* and flowers and lake-like mirror in the centre of the vast dining-table can be looked down upon, and speculate as to the cost of the prodigal scene. It is a political question. The republic has revived the practice of

furnishing good cheer of various kinds at entertainments. This seems to the opposition a riot and debauchery — for a republic — that makes them dread the wrath to come. The vindicating journals, on the other hand, make for it something like the argument connected with joining the church. One can be a very good republican, and yet be fond of a little innocent gorgeousness. There is nothing austere about the republic; it is the friend of every cheerful and harmless diversion. It wishes to show that as it is not monarchies alone that can assist by expositions the progress of affairs among their subjects, which otherwise would be marching but poorly, so it is not necessarily monarchs alone who can do something for the cultivation of the graces of a polite social life. I shall allow my friends — who must be pleased that I should take leave of them finally in so ornamental and highly respectable a scene — to determine the merits of this small controversy, if they care to, for themselves.

THE PINES OF EDEN.

THERE was great joy in the house of Deacon Godborrow when a son was at last born to him.

He had been three years wedded, without having a child. Moreover, the deacon came of a consumptive stock; and serious-minded neighbors had argued with him that, even were he given children, they would not be likely to live long; so that not to have them might almost be considered a blessing. Therefore, the strange logic of his heart now made him rejoice that so bare a blessing had been withdrawn, and the rosy infliction of a little boy-baby bestowed in its place. Yet the long list of deaths from consumption in the Godborrow family gave force to the warnings of the neighbors; and the parents watched the growth of their child with solicitude. They named him Obed, finding in his case a far-off parallel to that of Ruth's son of old, for he also was to raise up the name of the dead upon the inheritance of his father's father. This inheritance was the old farm which the deacon's ancestors had cleared in the early years of the Massachusetts plantations. A dim tradition remained of the great "log-rolling" in 1654, at which all the neighbors around had assisted, when the pioneer Godborrow, with his seven stout sons, had felled twenty acres of forest. The friendly settlers gathered and helped him roll the huge logs into heaps, where they were burned to ashes; while the workers — their cheeks glowing with exertion and the warmth of home-brewed ale — looked on approvingly at the destruction of what would have been a fortune to the later Godborrows. For two centuries the family had clung to this spot, the cleared acres growing all the time more barren, the crops more attenuated, and the faces and figures of the farmers themselves becoming lean and brown in sympathy with their worn-out acres. For two centuries, also, the Godborrows — turning sixty additional acres, which the first comer had tilled, back into woodland — had been painfully growing trees and cutting them down for firewood, which they sold at a moderate profit.

At first they let their trees grow for more than half a century, before felling them. Then, as the yield of the farm decreased and the pressure of expenses became more urgent, they allowed the new growth of timber to stand a little less than forty years. The deacon's father had begun to cut when the woods had blossomed only twenty-eight times.

But this scanty inheritance weighed

little against the joy of the deacon and his faithful wife on the appearance of a male heir. Obed flourished and waxed strong, proving from month to month a cumulative protest against forebodings. His example was a good one, and worthy to be followed: when a little more than three years more had passed, a second son was born. This one was called Seth, after an old friend of the deacon's. The third and last came into the world two years later. This time the father was rather hard pressed for a name; but his wife's timid brown eyes lit up with a pleasant thought when he asked her for a suggestion.

"I don't know why we should n't call him Eden," she said. "It seems just as if God was beginning over again, with us. Our three sons will make the old farm bloom once more, like a garden."

The theological aspect of this proposal was perhaps doubtful. The deacon was obliged to consider whether it was right for fallen man to assume, even metaphorically, that he could be restored to a state of innocence. But his wife's still sweet though slowly fading face, and gentle arm lying on his shoulder, melted away his faint scruples. As for the propriety of naming a man after a garden, that did not trouble them in the least.

Eden was the weakly one of the three. In each generation, hitherto, there were some who came out victorious from the strife with the hereditary foe, and Obed and Seth appeared to belong to the line of fortunates; but over Eden the dark destiny of many a predecessor hovered from the hour of birth. To avert this destiny became a pathetic and absorbing study with his parents. They petted him; they watched the fluctuations of his strength, and carefully conformed to them. He had fresh meat when the others had salt; and great reliance was placed on an abundant fare of milk and apples. He was kept on the easiest terms with his books, when he went to school at all; and after he grew old enough to help on the farm, he was spared at the expense of the other boys. Sheltered from the fierce heats of haying time, and left at home on the freezing dawns of winter, when his father, with Obed and Seth, shouldered the axe and set off over a glazed floor of snow to spend their day chopping in the woods, he managed to survive. The deacon and his wife had no misgivings concerning this policy of theirs; but many of the hard-working and ambitious community to which they belonged doubted its wisdom.

When Eden was about eighteen the minister called, one day, to discuss his future with his mother.

"Obed and Seth," said he, "are good, thrifty young men. They are real helps to their father, and they have made up their minds to follow the plow. But Eden does nothing at home, and does n't seem minded to do anything elsewhere. Have you thought of your duty to make him a useful member of society?"

The mother looked silently at him with those eyes that once had trembled with so tender a light when she had thought of the name she would give her boy. They were grown dim and somewhat unresponsive now, after so many years of hard, unrelieved toil and petty cares. They slowly scanned the minister's friendly but austere and polemical face. Then she said: —

"It seems to me my first duty was to make him live."

The minister nodded, as if the concession of this point was only so much gained to his argument. "And now that that is secure, what are you going to do with him? He will soon be a man. Have you thought of the ministry? His great-grandfather was a minister, you know, and both your husband and his father have been deacons."

"Yes, the deacon would like to see him fill a pulpit. But Eden is n't strong enough to study; and then, out visiting the sick and dying, you see — Well, besides, Eden has no taste that way, sorry though we may be to tell of it."

"I know it. He has never experienced religion. But I pray for him. And there have been many called who had no more promise than he."

"I 'm sure," said the mother quickly, "Eden is n't backward in promise. But he 's only a boy, after all. And" —here the dim eyes suddenly grew brighter — "may be God will provide him a place and part in the world, even if neither you nor I can shape his way."

"Ah, Mrs. Godborrow, you will tempt Providence," said the minister, shaking his head. "We must not throw away our responsibility, expecting that God will take it."

Eden's mother turned her head aside, and tears began to come into her eyes. There was a singular weakness in her heart which the minister appeared to have fathomed. She knew she was not fitting her youngest son to grapple with life, yet she could not endure to think of his being otherwise than he was at this time. Why should not he, at least, out of the thousands of restless toilers, remain one to be cared for and caressed, without utilitarian compensation? He had been so sweet a burden in his frailty; their anxiety about him had become a dear possession to his father and mother: why should they be deprived of it? And, after they were gone, would not Eden's two stout brothers proudly and happily lend him their support? To have Eden to care for would teach them to be generous and tender. These thoughts, however, she did not dare discuss with the minister, and she bade him give her more time to think.

But criticism had found a foot-hold within the house as well as without.

"Father," said Obed, as they were nooning at the edge of one of their "wet meadows," a few days after the minister's call, "why don't you send Eden to the city, anyhow? He 'll never be any good on the farm, but he might get a salary in a store. We can't afford to keep him much longer."

Obed, at twenty-three, with a strong red beard usurping much of that face which had come to irradiate his father's heart so long ago, was a shrewd calculator, and had set his mind on attaining prosperity. Though nothing had ever been said to imply that he would be more than a joint owner with his brothers, when they inherited, he instinctively viewed Seth and Eden as despoilers of his property.

The deacon was startled at his query, but answered, drawlingly: "I don't know but I shall be able to settle how long we can afford it, as well as you." Obed was fully aware that, coming from the old man, this was a sharp rebuke.

Nevertheless, he pressed his idea. "Well, if you 're going to settle it, you 'd better do it pretty soon. I 've got my mind about fixed. If you mean to keep Eden right along, suppose you buy out my share of the farm, and let me go somewheres else."

"Never knew you owned any part the farm," returned the father, dryly, in his elliptical fashion.

"I s'pose I shall, some day," was the rejoinder, given in a gloomy tone. "Any way, buy or not, I ain't going to stay here and run things, just to support a loafer. I love my brother as well as most do their'n, but there 's a time for all things, and it 's time for Eden to look ahead."

"He ain't but eighteen," suggested the deacon.

"You would n't have looked at it that way when *I* was eighteen," said Obed. "Well, let it be; I can move West, I s'pose."

This was a shrewd threat. The deacon knew it was impossible to let his oldest son go. Seth and he could not manage the work advantageously alone; for he himself was growing old, though but little over fifty. He made no further opposition, but put his surrender in a neutral form. "Well, we 'll see. There ain't no need for trouble," said he.

He reflected sadly, that afternoon, on Obed's utterances. The young man had never before betrayed his grasping nature in this explicit manner. In these partially developed characters, passions move secretly and slowly, and declare themselves at one leap when prepared to come into the light at all. Savages do not warn, but strike.

From this hour, Eden's departure was settled. Seth, it is true, whose instinct

it was always to labor for some one else's benefit, could not see why he should go. "There 's enough here for all of us," said he to Obed, "if we only stick together. As far as taking care of him goes, why, all cattle can't work alike, you know. We have to favor old Short Tail in the furrows."

To this easy-going representation Obed answered briefly, "You 're a boy, Seth," — a view of the case which had been so completely overlooked by the younger brother that on its being suddenly brought before him he was overtaken by disastrous astonishment, and the argument came to an end.

Eden, having few duties to interfere, had read much and dreamed more. He had soon learned to look for livelier entertainment than could be found in old bound volumes of orthodox Dr. Morse's Panoplist, filled though they were with fiery explosions against the Unitarian heresy; and his secular readings had created in his mind I scarcely know what dim, misshapen visions of pleasure and adventuring, of excursions into the wide world and rapid rise to wealth, without other foundation than that of continuous enjoyment. The idea of leaving home and going to the city enraptured him. When the deacon cautiously began to sound him, and then warmed to his theme in the hope of kindling a spark of enthusiasm on the boy's part, he was amazed to find that he had started a conflagration. There was no peace after that until everything had been decided.

Mrs. Godborrow turned pale when her husband told her how eagerly Eden had embraced the project. Her white, sad lips parted and stood open a little way; nothing about her appeared to remain alive except her eyes, that shone with a dry heat as they turned towards her companion. Then she asked: "Did you expect it — did you think he would have felt so?"

Her husband shook his head mournfully. "Not hardly," said he, after a pause. "No, I did n't."

Then the deacon's wife went away, and began to make Eden's things ready.

At the top of the little hill on the cross-turnpike, not a quarter of a mile away, Eden stopped, as his father and he trudged off, under the September sunrise, to gain the nearest railroad station. He turned and waved his rough straw hat to his mother, who was in the front doorway. There was a smile on his thin cheeks, which his mother observed yet half discredited; but she was sure that in his eyes there must be tears, though she could not see them.

When she came in to her work, her head was bowed, but her thoughts rose upward. "O Lord," murmured the soundless voice within, "if I have done my duty, reward me with blessings on my son."

In a few days Eden, installed in a humble position in a grocery store, wrote home, inclosing a livid ferrotype of himself. In this picture his head was surmounted by an ambitious muffin-shaped cap, very high in the crown, and thrusting a jaunty visor down towards his bashful young eyes. He had bought a cheap gilt ring, also, which came out strongly in the photograph, having been expressly touched up with liquid gold. He looked quietly conscious of these new and dashing elements in his appearance, yet somewhat scared by his own magnificence and the novelty of sitting for his likeness. But everybody in the village secretly admired this proud effigy, as Eden very well knew they would. Only, his mother, I think, sighed over it, and wondered if her boy would be led astray by vanity, as she pondered on the lines of the face, so evidently that of an invalid, contrasted with the fashionable coat and waistcoat, the ring and the muffin-shaped cap.

Eden's letter expressed great satisfaction with his new life. But that did not last long. In a few weeks he had lost his first illusions and found out what an inferior place he occupied. He was ashamed of his poverty, and restive under the petty duties which lined the path to advancement. For a while he was homesick, as well; but he soon gave up alluding to any return to the farm, and spoke only of bettering his condition by new employment. His mother tried to

induce him to come back for a week or two; but a fever of aspiration had seized him. He evaded the proposition. The poor boy had silently resolved never to revisit the farm until he could take with him a visible blessing in the shape of ample money. At last a crisis of this fever arrived, and with it a frightful blow to the yearning parents. News came from Eden's employer that the boy had disappeared, had left the store and his lodging, and was thought to have shipped as a sailor. A letter from Eden himself confirmed this conjecture. He had gone for a two years' cruise on a merchant vessel.

This was in November. Chill and pale, his mother went through her daily round of housework, constantly growing weaker, but suspecting no disaster to herself. A fresh calamity was in store. By and by the snow came and spread its convenient floor for hauling wood. The deacon sharpened his axe. "To-morrow, boys," said he, "we must begin chopping." Then he fell to musing: "It 's thirty years, most, since my father cut the wood on Rollins hill. We 'll begin there. Thirty years more, and it 'll come around time again to cut those woods. I guess, though, I shan't do much of it then." Mrs. Godborrow, over her sewing, glanced at him wistfully, and he returned a sad, kindly gaze. They never again exchanged another glance like that.

In the afternoon of the next day, the "pung," or sled, had been loaded high with wood, and the deacon, sitting low down on the sled, tried to start his oxen on the homeward route. The incline was very steep, and as the rude conveyance at last began to move with a jerk one of the stakes confining the wood broke, and precipitated half the pile upon the farmer. He fell stunned. Obed, who was near, shouted for Seth, and the two carried their father home in their arms. The doctor succeeded in reviving him; but his back and head had been seriously injured, and in a few days it became clear that he would never recover his faculties. His mind was lost in a half imbecile stupor.

His wife met this shock with fortitude. She did not fail in one of her duties, and the new burden of caring for her shattered husband was borne bravely. Nevertheless, the double grief was robbing her of strength. Her endurance was a mere shell, within which empty despair and treacherous weakness lay concealed. In March, attending the helpless sick man before dawn, one blustering day, she took a cold; pneumonia followed. The doctor came, but before many days he gave place to the minister by her bedside, for the last hope of recovery was gone. Then, before she died, she spoke to her religious adviser about Eden. With a strange look in her eyes, that was not accusation, but rather a sort of unearthly justice without reproach, "It was you," she said, "that made me consent to his going away. I tried to act right, but I never would have thought it right only for you. You see what has come of it. . . . His brother Obed wanted him to go. . . . He will come back. He is living; he will come! God will give him his part in the world."

It sent a strange thrill through all the listeners, this wild, broken prophecy, the meaning of which they could not discern, yet were mysteriously touched by.

The deacon could not understand his wife's disappearance from the house. He complained to Seth that she had deserted him in the season of trouble and pain. When the door of his room was opened, he would turn laboriously in his chair and look, expecting her to enter. "Did you say she was gone to a funeral?" he would demand, querulously, of Seth. "Why is she always going to funerals? Tell her to come back. I shall die! I shall die! Then she will go to my funeral." And presently his mind would wander away again. The duty of sitting with the old man fell naturally to Seth; it accorded with his disposition to minister personally to others. Meanwhile, Obed went on with the care of the farm animals, and continued the wood-cutting.

The winter wore away, but before the time for plowing and sowing arrived a

woman had been found to assist in the household. Seth, however, was still called upon to give most of his time to his father; and in the midst of this preoccupation Obed one day brought him a paper to sign, which would enable him, as he said, to transact business during the deacon's incapacity. Seth put his name to it without reading it. When spring had fully come, he began to feel the need of work, and proposed to resume, as far as possible, his share in the farming. He then discovered that his brother had carried all the wood to town and sold it. He made some inquiries as to the proceeds, and Obed declined to give any particulars. "Have n't I kept you and father all winter?" he asked. "That 's about enough for you to know."

During all this period of affliction, Obed had remained composed in mind and hale in body. A sickening perception began to steal over Seth that his elder brother was flourishing upon the miseries of the rest of the family. Still, as yet he did not openly criticise him. But it happened before long that Seth took one of the two horses out to pasture in a rough field near the forest, and left him there. The next day the horse was not to be found. Obed stormed and swore furiously, and accused his brother of stealing the animal.

"You fool!" exclaimed the younger. "Don't I own as much of him as you?"

"No!" thundered back Obed. "You 're nothing but my hired man, if I choose to have you. If I don't, you 're a beggar, and that 's all." And he brought out the paper which Seth had signed a month before. It was an agreement constituting Obed trustee of the entire property of their father.

"It 's a cheat," said Seth, growing pale. "You 're an unnatural scoundrel, and I 'll have the law of you."

Obed smiled contemptuously, pocketed his paper, and continued the search for the horse; while Seth hung behind, muttering balefully. At length they found the horse lying in a deep ditch that intersected the field near the woods: he had fallen in by some accident, the sharp root of a tree had stuck into him, and he was already lifeless. At this, Obed's face grew ominously stern. He vowed that Seth should work for him without wages, until the value of the horse should be made good. "I 'm going to make this land pay at last," said he. "We 've only got three to feed, leaving out father; I 'm well rid of Eden, and if you don't like my way you can go, too."

Seth submitted. He worked out his time without wages, meditating what he should do. He had no money to go to law with, and he felt that he was now the only person who would care to prolong his father's life. Yet he revolted at his slavish position. During the term of payment for the lost horse, he never spoke a word to Obed. He received his commands and executed them, but whenever the two met they regarded each other with silent hate. When these weeks had expired, Seth announced that he should work for his brother no longer. He had secretly resolved to try his strength by seizing a part of the land, tilling it, and taking the profits.

"Then you may go," said Obed, — "you and father. I can't have you cumbering the house." In addition, he explained that the young woman who had been keeping the house — the daughter of a farmer near a distant village — had promised to marry him the following month, and they would prefer to have the place to themselves.

"I shan't go," said Seth, doggedly.

"You 'll leave to-morrow," answered his brother, fiercely.

The next day Seth rose early, got out the oxen, and harnessed them to the plow. As he was starting with them to a new field, Obed confronted him. "Let that plow alone," said he.

Seth went on. The elder brother bounded towards him and seized his arm. "Hands off!" shouted Seth.

In a moment they were struggling desperately. The solemn, peaceful sunrise spread its crimson wings high towards the zenith; the latest star glimmered in the pale west; the birds sang louder and sweeter; and the two brothers, obliv-

ious of all, fought on the new grass beside the road, — the grass so like that which was sprouting on the mother's grave, just beyond that eastern hill-slope. The patient oxen stood gazing with mild eyes at these furious men, who grappled, swayed, clutched at each other's hair, and reeled breathlessly backward and forward, intent on deadly harm. Obed's superior strength was gaining him the advantage, when Seth managed to elude his stout grasp, and suddenly retreated to the barn. Obed pursued; but Seth instantly reappeared with a bill-hook, used for cutting trees, in his hand, — a bright, sharp weapon, curved like the tooth of some huge beast of prey. Then Obed fled for his life, and dodged behind the oxen. Seth advanced a little way, in hot chase, but all at once he stopped, let the dangerous tool fall, and seemed overcome with horror at what he had been upon the brink of doing. The moment his elder brother saw him in this mood, he dodged by him at a safe distance, dragged the only remaining horse out of his stall, and, mounting him bare-backed, dashed away towards the house of the nearest justice.

An hour later Seth was arrested and examined, and bound over to keep the peace. Obed was present, but Seth seized the occasion to complain of his brother's sharp practice and harshness. These, naturally, received no reprimand from the justice; yet Obed found it politic to propose a concession when they returned home. He himself was absent all day in the village, making some negotiations. At night-fall he came in and announced that he was going to build a new house for himself and his betrothed wife. He would therefore allow Seth and his father to occupy the old one, and appropriate three acres behind the house for a vegetable-patch. "You can hire yourself out around, to make out your living," he explained, with a liberal air. "You can't expect me to provide for the whole."

So, though it was offered as a favor, Seth accepted this as a part of his rights. But while the brothers remained together, they had no further intercourse.

Obed was married at the time fixed, having seen that the woman of his choice was a hard worker, economical and clever, and knowing that such a woman is often the corner-stone of a well-conducted farm business. In the autumn he moved into his new house, which he had built by means of a loan. Then all connection between the two brothers ceased absolutely. Seth did not go to the wedding, and he did not appear at church the Sunday after. From that time, in fact, he ceased to attend the services; and when the minister came to ask him the cause he answered sarcastically, and railed against the Christianity of the congregation because it countenanced the marriage of his brother and continued him in church membership, without rebuking him for his theft or making him restore his brother's share of the property. The minister went away and reported him partially out of his mind; it very soon became apparent, also, that the sympathy of many persons who had rather taken his side had become alienated from him by this new tone, which accused the community along with Obed. Then, gradually, a fearful rumor crept about that Seth had instigated a suspicion of Obed's having purposely loosened or weakened the stake which let the load of wood fall upon his father, hoping to kill or injure him, and so get possession of the farm. Those words of Obed's to his father, claiming a share in the estate, had somehow got abroad, and were remembered; and this strengthened the whisperings. Thus a new source of enmity was opened between the two.

The scandal of this bitter feud between the sons of a former deacon was great, and people eyed both men, and even their houses, with a strange dread and dislike. Obed was the successful one, came to church regularly, made himself useful in the village, and overpowered to a great extent the unfavorable atmosphere that hung about him. Seth was poor and overworked, led a gloomy life with his imbecile father, and grew more and more a recluse, with his heart and soul embittered by the silent, cold warfare with his unjust brother.

But so it went on, — the two houses standing within a few rods of each other by the road; one old and decaying and stricken with a blight; the other fresh and firm, — hard and joyless in its aspect, to be sure, but still seeming to draw all the light and cheer away from the other, which once had been so happy a home, with its three boys waiting for the future.

Seven years passed: Obed, by sharp-sighted traffic, was leading most of the surrounding farmers. He made special outlay to secure early and heavy crops, which brought large gain in the city markets, sold off his wood rapidly at a period of good prices, and cleared new fields to support additional live stock. He was now several hundred dollars ahead, but had not taken up his mortgage. All this time he had contributed nothing to the support of his father. But at least he had fulfilled — though how differently from the design! — his father's and mother's hope that he would raise up their name on his inheritance, and increase the inheritance itself.

Meanwhile, Eden had been forgotten. Nothing had occurred to break the silence that engulfed him after his resort to the sea. Seth sometimes secretly wondered what Obed was thinking about Eden; and Obed, with terror, wondered whether Seth had heard from him, — for if Eden should return, the trust might be disturbed. This secret wonder, touching a common topic, was the only bond left between them.

Seth finally awoke from his long religious lethargy, and suddenly one day began praying for Eden's return.

It happened that just after he made this prayer he was impelled to go out to the gate of the old weed-grown flower-garden before the house. There, as his eyes fell upon Obed's house, bitterness and doubt again overcame him, and he wished he had not prayed. In this mood he watched a man who was coming across the fields, directly towards where he stood. It was not any one he knew, so far as he could tell; but he watched him because the man looked so curiously like a boy. Suddenly the stranger paused, and was seized with a fit of coughing. He appeared to be ill. Seth felt sorry for him; then cursed himself at feeling sorry for another when he was himself so much wretcheder than any man. The stranger came on, and at last stood in the road. Looking at the two houses, he seemed puzzled; then he caught sight of Seth among the bushes, and advanced. He was a slight, pale man, with wasted but rosy cheeks, and well-trimmed, scanty whiskers on either side. He had a tall hat, with crape on it, and his meagre person was clothed with great nicety; a watch-chain, with a charm attached to it, swung delicately from his vest.

"Is this Deacon Godborrow's?" he asked, in a soft voice that carried a kind of physical melancholy in its tone, as if it were a dead or utterly forgotten voice.

"It used to be," answered Seth, almost surlily. Then, instantly, the manner of the two men changed. They eyed each other with a questioning excitement that passed swiftly into a glance of old-time love; and Seth bethought him of the old ferrotype.

"You *must* be Eden: you *are* Eden!" cried he.

"What has changed you so?" murmured Eden, beginning to tremble violently. "I hardly know you, Seth."

Eden's story was that on reaching his second port he had found mention of his mother's death in a fragment of a local paper which had in some way strayed thither. That was in Rio Janeiro. He fell ill; his ship sailed; and on recovering, he fortunately found employment with an American merchant. He had no heart to come home, liked the climate and the life, and so stayed there. He made money, and ran into many gayeties. "I have led a wild life," he said, with a sad smile. "I have been dissipated, Seth. Well, it's all over now. My health has given way." Then he told how he had written once to his father, and got no answer. "I suppose, now, the letter went astray; but I began to feel as if you did n't care for me. I thought you wanted

me out of the way, and mother was dead; and so" — He put his hand over his eyes. "Don't let 's talk of it any more. My life is ended, Seth; it is n't worth speaking of. It was a poor one at the best, and I 've wasted it."

Not since his mother's death had Seth shed tears, but he wept now; and yet amid his sobs he was encouraging Eden to believe that many years of happy companionhood awaited them both. In this wise came a second invalid into the charge of Seth, the faithful servant of others. Although Eden had a little money, he was soon to become a heavy and constant care to his poorer brother; yet somehow Seth found in Eden's return almost a compensation for all his own previous misfortune. After a few days, however, when the history of the seven years had been fully told, the question arose whether these two should not attack the validity of Obed's trusteeship.

"No," said Eden, "I have come home to die, — not to fight about worldly goods."

"Are you going to see Obed?" inquired Seth, timidly, with a jealous fear upon him.

"I think not," returned Eden.

"You might be more comfortable there," his brother suggested.

Eden's young, worn eyes flashed fire. "I shall not go," said he. After this he sat thinking a long time, silently. He began to speak, but a long and terrible spasm of coughing interrupted him. Then he succeeded in saying: "I want you, Seth, to go out with me to-morrow where we can get some young pine-trees. We must hire a horse and wagon."

"You mean to plant the trees?"

"Yes. The odor of them is good for me. Who knows, Seth? I may live, yet. I must have a little avenue of pines to walk under."

Seth was glad to fall in with this whim. In the morning they began the planting. Eden set each tree in the ground, himself. "I feel like a giant," said he, hilariously.

"Which way are you going to run your avenue?" asked Seth, looking rather startled at the direction it seemed to be taking.

"Over to Obed's."

Seth let his spade fall.

"Come on; I want your help halfway," said Eden.

They went on with the work. Now, half-way meant just to the boundary of the old house-yard, beyond which Obed's land began. Obed had heard of his youngest brother's return, and watched all his movements furtively. Secreted behind a window he looked on at the planting, at a loss to make out its object. Presently Eden advanced to the boundary, looking towards him. Obed shrank away, with an unexpected pang. "How much like mother he looks!" was his thought, and it pierced him with indefinable anguish. As yet he observed no sign of hostile action on Eden's part, and the suspense gave him time to think over his own ugly course. In three days, the pines, set out in two straight rows over the rising ground, had reached the boundary. Eden, relieving Seth, paced between them out to the limit, and then called, in his loudest tone, "Obed!"

Strange melancholy of that sweet, dying voice! No answer came, and the cry was repeated: "Obed!"

The eldest born could not resist this summons. A side-door opened, and he came out. "How do you do, Eden?" said he, constrainedly.

"I am dying," was Eden's answer. Obed shivered. "Will you lend me a hand," continued the consumptive, "to finish this avenue? I want to walk here, every day. Seth has helped me this far."

Obed made a slight gesture of repugnance, but came forward. "Is this all you have to say, Eden," he asked, "after such an absence?"

"This is all," returned the other, coldly.

"You have no quarrel with me, then? You don't intend to try driving me out?"

"Is that necessary, on mother's and father's farm?" Eden inquired, in an-

swer. "I suppose if you asked shelter of Seth or me, we should give it. Neither one can drive out the other."

It began to appear to Obed that he had been acting in a senseless dream for the last six or seven years. He came and worked for Eden, as Seth had done. He could not tell why he did it; but it seemed impossible to refuse; a new set of motives had come into play within him. Soon the avenue was completed, and then Obed, with a hesitation he did not himself understand, asked Eden a new question: "Will you come into my house sometimes, now, Eden?"

It was curious how both the older brothers felt a species of awe before Eden. There was a something inscrutable in his sad, gentle ways. He acknowledged that he had wasted his life, yet the industrious Obed was surprised to find that he could not despise Eden for this. The knowledge of the world which Eden had gained, fatal though it was, placed him beyond Obed's sordid ken; and the mysterious blending of youth and death in him formed a sort of consecration. So he awaited a reply, with keen anxiety. This was what he heard: —

"I shall come when you have been to Seth's; and when you come, you know what I want you to do. Think it over, Obed."

"You don't know Seth," said Obed. "He tried to kill me once. Did he tell you that?" The question was somewhat defiant.

"Yes," replied Eden, quietly.

"And yet" — began Obed.

"I don't want to talk," said Eden, decisively. "Go and think it over."

Obed did so. He sat in his wood-shed, alone, and tried to persuade himself that he was a fool for being influenced by Eden. In the midst of this, a thought came to him that made him start as if he had been struck from behind. This was an uncanny fancy that Eden was really dead, and that he had been talking with his ghost. The next instant, "Pshaw!" said he, "I don't believe in ghosts; so what 's the use heeding him?" He snapped his fingers, and resolved to go his own way. But then he remembered that Eden's being dead was only a fancy; and it rushed across him that soon his gentle brother would indeed be gone. He leaped up, and was about to run to the pines, to ask Eden if he was sure he must die. His steps shortened again, and a bitter sadness invaded his breast, at the folly of this question. Somehow, he felt at this moment just as he had nearly twenty years ago, when he had done Eden a little mean injury in play, forgotten till now. . . . That very night he went to Seth's, and began by asking Eden's forgiveness for the petty wrong practiced on him in that game twenty years ago. This tiny pebble rolled away, his whole heart seemed to open, the feud was annulled; he burnt, before Seth and Eden, the trusteeship paper; and then they talked together about the future.

"I have a few hundred dollars," said Eden. "I shall leave them to Seth. Then, with his half of the farm, he will be richer than you, for you have your mortgage to pay off. Still, that 's only fair."

Obed — silent like a man who has passed through fire or escaped any great danger, and still rests in the hush of safety — scarcely attended to what was being said.

On an evening of the next spring, while Eden still lingered, and when Obed had come to the homestead to chat, Deacon Godborrow suddenly roused himself, and transient intelligence returned to his eye. Through the open window came the pungent scent of brush-fires. "That smells good!" exclaimed the old man. "It makes me think when I was young. Smelling it waked me up just now, boys. I must have been asleep. Eden, you 're quite a man now, but you look thin. Tell mother to give him plenty of milk," he added, turning to the others. "Hey, what 's that I see through the window? I don't remember that row of pines. It seems as if I 'd been gone longer than I thought. Well, it can't be more 'n thirty year since we were chopping trees with my father. I guess I shan't be around much when

you cut those pines again. But spare 'em as long as you can, boys; spare 'em!"

Under their spicy shade Eden walked, with his brothers beside him, each day, until he died; and now his pine-trees stand as a memorial and a symbol of the path he opened between those two sundered hearts.

Was not his mother right in her trust that God would give him his part in the world?

G. P. Lathrop.

A BIRTHDAY.

Into this world, with April, you
Were ushered by the birds, the dew
On opening violets, and the blue
Of skies just washed from weary stain
With shower on shower of happy rain;
By earthly scent of furrows new,
By sudden rainbows on the wing,
And each dear thing of early spring.

Wild hyacinths are in the grass,
That grow more purple as you pass,
And pale above the answering glass
They find in many a shadowy brook
The daffodils bend down and look,
See the chance cloud, a snowy mass,
And see the restless bluebird fly
Deep in the high and painted sky.

Oh, gay the day that April brings,
When all about the wide air rings
With melody of whistling wings;
With rustling waters, and the sigh
Of odorous branches far and nigh,
Where the bee murmurs as he clings;
While up and down the glad winds strew
The rosy snow of apple blow.

Ah, if on some delicious day,
Dropped out of heaven and into May,
You first had wandered down this way,
When mellow sunbeams wove their snare
Through azure vapors everywhere,
And all the land in languor lay,
It had not seemed a day so meet,
So shy and fleet, so fresh and sweet!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

WORKINGMEN'S WIVES.

In these studies of American life nothing is invented or purposely colored. They are reports of the experience and talk of persons I have known, and their interest, for me at least, is in the thought of these men and women, in the effect of their circumstances, experience, and total environment upon their intellectual character and activities. In all my acquaintance with the working people, I have observed that the women appear to be depressed and injured less than the men by the hardships of their life. The anxiety and suffering to which so many of them have been exposed during the last few years have usually been borne by the wives of workingmen with superior patience and courage, and they have developed such readiness of resource as yields only to absolute impossibilities. In many cases the wives of workingmen have for several years supported their families almost entirely. While there has been no work for the men, the women have done washing, sewing, and general housework for all who would employ them. Some women do the washing for half a dozen families each week. In such cases their own home-work must be done at night, and on Sunday. But there are few women who have strength for so much work of this kind, and families often live upon what the wife and mother receives for two, three, or four days' work each week. Sometimes the men assist their wives in the home housekeeping, and even in the washing which is taken in for the neighbors, but I have seen few workingmen who seemed able or inclined to render much assistance in women's work, although idle for months together.

Workingmen's wives are, as a class (so far as my acquaintance extends), more saving or economical than their husbands. They have also less dislike for small jobs, and less contempt for the trifling sums received for them. I am compelled to say that many workingmen appear unwilling to accept transient employment, especially if of a kind to which they are not accustomed; but their wives are usually ready for any kind of work, however disagreeable or poorly paid it may be. The men often yield to complete discouragement, and become listless and stupid, and are sour and cross at home, until, unable longer to endure the misery of inaction, they take to the road and become tramps. It is easy to censure the folly of leaving home for work in times like these, but few persons who live comfortably understand the mental strain and torture borne by unemployed workingmen, who see at each meal that every mouthful on the table is really needed by their children. Hunger does not make men philosophical. In the cities and larger towns some workingmen's wives take to drink, as do the men, when their condition and prospects have become desperate, but among working women who do not drink I have never yet seen one relinquish effort and yield to despair. Even when the wolf has long been inside the door, and life is a daily struggle with pinching want, I have noted the silent endurance of workingmen's wives, the effort always renewed, the spirit which never yields.

One such woman, whom I have known for several years, has often excited my wonder by the quiet strength and beauty of her character. She is about thirty-five years of age. Her father was a prosperous farmer, and she grew up in the large, old-fashioned farm-house, where the abundance of hired help made it unnecessary for her to do anything beyond taking care of her own room and clothing. But she learned housekeeping in the intervals of attending school, taught school two or three years near her home, and then married a business man whose fortune, consisting largely of landed property, was amply sufficient to promise a life of comfort, and the opportunities for intellectual improvement

which she so much coveted. Their life was pleasant and prosperous until a few years after the war. Then her husband sold his property and removed to a distant State, where he bought a farm which had been exhausted by bad tillage, and which required extensive improvements. About this period the approach of the hard times began to be foreshadowed by a general decline in values, to the consequent disappointment of business men who had looked for profits from the continued rise in prices.

Some of the men to whom our friend had sold portions of his property were unable to pay. Loans which he had thought well secured were not repaid, and could not be collected. The man's health declined, and he was obliged to hire all the labor required in the cultivation of his land. It soon appeared to be advisable to sell the farm, as it was rapidly absorbing all that remained of his money, and yielding very little in return. It was sold for an amount much less than the aggregate cost of the land and improvements. A house was bought in a small town at a price which now seems extravagant. About half of it was paid at the time out of the money received for the farm, and a mortgage on the house given to secure the remainder. Most of these changes now appear to have been unfortunate, but they were such as many business men were making in those years, and to have followed a wiser course would have required a degree of foresight which very few at that time possessed. Our friends soon found themselves without any assured income. The hope of receiving something on various old debts was not relinquished until several years later, but it has never been realized. There were now four persons in the household, the two children being nearly old enough to go to school. The father hoped to find in the village some employment which would enable him to support his family, but salaries were being rapidly reduced, and each month added to the number of men seeking places. About this time the wife was engaged for some months in sewing straw goods at home for manufacturers in one of our large cities. It did not yet appear absolutely necessary for her to earn money for the sustenance of the family, but she preferred to help. Their state and prospects became more serious, and the piano was sold. It had been a marriage gift to the wife from her mother.

Part of the money obtained by the sale of the piano was used to buy a sewing-machine; and while the husband did what he could as a day laborer, at gardening, farm-work, sawing wood, etc., the wife took sewing from a large manufactory of woolen clothing. The price for her work was ninety cents per dozen of the garments upon which she was employed. For several months she used the sewing-machine fifteen hours per day, and by working for that length of time she could make three fourths of a dozen of these garments each day. She was thus able to earn three and a half or four dollars per week. But the labor was too great for her strength, and in less than a year she was compelled to relinquish it. During this period she was often unable to sleep from the weariness and pain resulting from excessive labor.

The first payment made on the village property was also the last. All that could be obtained by the efforts of both husband and wife was often insufficient to supply the family with needed food. The man's strength declined so much that his labor was not very profitable either to himself or to his employers. It became impossible to pay the interest on the debt for the house, now overdue, and the property was surrendered to the former owner. Owing to the great decline in values, it would not now have sold for more than the amount which was still due on it. Since that time this woman has paid rent for the house which she once hoped soon to own. It is but six dollars per month, yet that is a large sum for her. There have been many dark days. After it became plain that the work with the sewing-machine could not be kept up, my friend learned to make various small articles of women's apparel then in fashion, and has kept a small store of them at her home for sale, and has taken orders from custom-

ers for their manufacture. The family needs for food, as she has told me, three dollars and a half per week, but there have been many times when they lived on a dollar per week. Sometimes in winter they have been without food or fuel. They often live almost wholly upon bread, and have no meat for weeks together. The woman is a member of a prosperous church, and attends its meetings with great regularity.

"Does your minister come to see you?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes."

"Does he know how you are situated?"

"No."

"Why do you not tell him?"

"He has not asked me, or spoken of such things, and I would rather converse with him on other subjects."

"But some of your friends in the church are acquainted with your circumstances?"

"They know that we have nothing to live on but what I earn, except when my husband can do a little work now and then; but I do not think they know anything about how much or how little we have." Here she paused, and I saw that she was making an effort to speak quietly. Her lips moved in silence, but she soon spoke again in the same clear voice: "It is sometimes hard to be told that such and such ladies have remarked that I am always wonderfully well dressed. It is quite certain that I should have more work if I were ragged and slovenly. People would interest themselves about me, and give me something to do, if I gave up trying to be neat. But I can't do that, you know." And she laughed gayly, though her eyes were ready to overflow.

She possesses in an unusual degree the power, apparently so easy and natural for some women, of dressing with exquisite taste, even with the poorest materials. My wife says that Mrs. —— would appear well dressed if she had only an Indian blanket, and would somehow make it look about the same as the costume of all women of taste. People say that she does not look like a working woman. After a few months' rest from work with the sewing-machine she grew stronger, and undertook dress-making, an industry which she still practices. But there are many others engaged in it; many ladies do their own sewing of late, as a measure of necessary economy; and our friend often has great difficulty in obtaining sufficient work. She feels that debt would be failure and ruin. "I could never keep up heart and energy if we were in debt."

"What are your expectations, your hopes, for the next few years?"

"My children have thus far been kept at school; they are doing well in their studies, and I feel that they must, at any cost, have a tolerable education. My daughter, now about fourteen years of age, has a passion for teaching; and it is my utmost ambition, I suppose I may say, to fit her for that work. My hope is that my health and strength may hold out, and that I may have work enough for the support of my family, and especially to pay my house rent."

"Do you ever look back with regret?"

"I have not time, and if I had, that would be foolish and useless."

"Do you blame anybody for your hardships?"

"I feel sometimes, as I suppose all women do in such circumstances, like saying, 'If you had only taken my advice, or done as I wished;' but it would do no good, and I have never allowed myself to say it."

"Does it seem to you that people are cold and harsh and unkind?"

"No; they are generally kind-hearted. They are sometimes thoughtless, but we must expect that. Not many know much about the lives of those around them."

"Does your religion help you? is it a real force and aid?"

"Yes; there are times when I could not go on, or have the strength I need, without it. I am not a very pious person, — not enthusiastically religious; I do not expect that God will do my work for me, or make everything easy and

pleasant; but I could not live, I think, without the feeling that his goodness and justice and love are over all things, and that somehow, in ways I cannot understand, he is with me and cares for me in the darkest times. I am obliged to believe that help is sent me sometimes in answer to prayer."

"Then, why is it not always sent? why is prayer not always answered?"

"That is not for me to understand."

This woman's religion appears to be a real force in her life. There seems to be but little mysticism in her thought. She does cheerfully and courageously all that lies in her power, and endures patiently the hardships she cannot avoid. She is certainly made stronger by her faith in the divine goodness, which, in spite of appearances to the contrary, she believes is at the heart of things, and is a factor in all human affairs. She thinks that human labor, wisdom, and self-sacrifice are necessary for the right direction of human life, individual and social; and that men must learn how to avoid and cure the evils that now afflict society. "God will not do these things for us, but He will help us if we do our best in any good work." She does not seem to have been injured by her harsh and trying experience. I have observed that many women (and men too) are made cynical by hardship; others adopt eccentric theories about religion or the organization of society, and console themselves by a vehement advocacy of these opinions, or steep their faculties in benumbing dreams of the future, losing thus all power and disposition for present struggle. But this woman, while ready for any drudgery that will enable her to support her family, has lost no iota of self-respect, and does not seem to have been in any wise weakened or degraded by trial and suffering. She retains her old interest in culture, especially in literature, and manages to read each year a few good books. She is well acquainted with the writings of the best American and English poets, and likes biography and essays. She converses well, has a fine presence, and is always in request to preside at tables at church fairs and festivals. Our friend's circumstances do not of course permit her to be much in society. She is rarely away from home, and has no traits or qualities that would fit her to be a reformer of any kind; but her example and influence are most wholesome and encouraging.

My next story is of a woman who, although a good housekeeper, has had much to do with the life in numerous homes besides her own. She is the wife of a mechanic, an unusually intelligent and thoughtful man. Their home is in a village not far from a large city, and there are several manufacturing towns of considerable importance in the same region. I became acquainted with these persons soon after the close of the civil war. They are so inseparable in their thought and work that I cannot well write of one alone. The husband had entered the Union army early, and served to the close of the contest, and they both felt that their connection with the nation's struggle had been a kind of religious experience to them. This first drew me to acquaintance with them. They had a clear idea of a principle of patriotism which should draw men together in times of peace, and inspire them with a feeling of comradeship and of devotion to the interests of their country. As I was myself at that time thinking much of these subjects, and becoming more and more fully convinced of the importance of encouraging and propagating such ideas, I soon became greatly interested in the thought and activities of this workingman and his wife. The man had read much, and was still reading, about government and the organization of society, and had a considerable knowledge of history. He talked with his wife about his reading, and often read aloud the most important passages. For some time before I met him he had been troubled by the growing conviction that many things in the best writings on political economy and similar subjects were inapplicable and impracticable in this country, and among the workingmen whom he knew; and

it had just occurred to him to inquire whether there are perhaps some special or peculiar conditions or elements in the circumstances and character of society in this country which have not yet been sufficiently considered by our teachers.

At the period referred to, artisans were still making money in the shops and factories of that region, and there was much talk among them about life insurance. We spent many evenings together: my friend reported the discussions which had occurred at the shops during the dinner hour, and read from various books passages bearing upon the subject; his wife told of what the women were saying, and expressed her own judgment in relation to the matters we were considering. While her husband had been in the army she had had much intercourse with the families of workingmen in the village, and since his return they had worked together for the advancement and elevation of the class to which they belonged. They both thought there were serious objections to life insurance, though it might yet be the best thing available, as a method of saving, for many working people.

"Something of the kind is necessary," said the wife, "because the men cannot keep money. As soon as they have a small sum they either wish to buy something with it, or to invest it in a way that will bring them more. Most women can keep money much better than men can. It pleases them to go on adding to the little stock they have hoarded up, and to look at it now and then; but when a man has a few dollars, he is apt to be restless and unhappy till he has expended it."

"But this is a costly way of saving," observed her husband. "I have been at the principal offices in the city. Two of the companies are putting up showy and expensive buildings. Their officers have good salaries, and the commissions allowed to agents are large. Of course all these things are paid for by the people who are insured. The men who are building up and managing this great business of life insurance are doing it for the profit it will bring to them, of course. That is all right, but it will be far more profitable to them than to the working people."

"The women are inclined to like savings-banks better," said his wife; "they think the money would not be so entirely out of their reach."

"They are partly right," the husband replied, "but we are coming to have too many savings-banks, and life insurance companies too. The depositors in the savings-banks have no real security for the safety of their money except the honor and foresight of the bank officers. It is always possible in a time like this that the value of real estate securities may decline so much as to fall below the amount for which they are pledged. It is not likely that prices will always keep up."

"I am sure," said the wife, "that men are buying too many things; they make too many improvements; and these things eat up the profits, it seems to me, of all kinds of business about here. If I should buy so much improved machinery for housekeeping, we should soon be in debt instead of saving anything, and that appears to be just what the men are doing. And if so many people go to making shoes and silks and steel rails, it will bring the prices down so that there will be no profit. Besides, I should think we would have more of these things by and by than anybody will want, or can afford to buy. I cannot see that many people, either workingmen or others, are really saving anything except as they insure their lives or deposit something in savings-banks. So I suppose these plans for saving will really benefit people."

"No doubt they will do good in some ways," was the reply, "but much of the money so invested will probably never come back to those who earned it."

"Then there is something very wrong about it," answered the wife, "for the certainty of having what they save is more important for the working people than anything else connected with money. I have thought a great deal about this matter of interest for money as it affects

our people. No doubt it is necessary and right for rich men, who loan large sums, and in the great affairs of the business world. But for working people it does harm, and not good. Many of our class are excited and dazzled by the thought of their money increasing, and, as they say, 'piling up while we are asleep,' so that they often risk losing the whole of it by lending it to men who are not to be trusted, or venturing into wild speculations. I suppose some of these things are too deep for me, but I am sure the effect of interest for money is, for many of the working people, very much like the influence of gambling. It gives them unreasonable hopes for the future, and leads them to desire above all things to escape from the necessity of work; and, as I said, they often lose their money by it."

"Do you not think the ambition to rise above the condition of working people a good feeling, and one to be encouraged?" I asked.

"No," said she, "I do not. If we are able to rise above the condition of working people, who will be left to do the world's work? Everybody seems to think it would be very fine, but I can see that such notions are doing mischief. Is it really degrading to work? It sounds well to talk about our fitting ourselves for something better. There must be some deception in what our teachers are saying about these things. If we could be wise enough and unselfish enough to do our part by everybody as working people should, I think we should be more useful in the world, and much happier than we can be by trying to rise to positions which are not suited to us. Five or six of the men at the shops have bought pianos within a year or two. A political speaker from the city spoke of this at the town-hall, a few weeks ago, as an evidence of the superiority of American workingmen and their opportunities, and said that laborers in other countries cannot have such things. That is true, I suppose, but I think if our men had been wise they might have found better uses for their money. You can hear one of the instruments now. Our neighbor's daughter is taking lessons. Her teacher tells her it is a great pity she could not have begun sooner, because the work she has done has spoiled her hands for the piano. Her mother does all the hard work now, and her daughter dresses in style and takes care of her hands. It is not at all likely that her playing will ever be the means of real cultivation to herself or of pleasure to others. A year or two ago she was an earnest, industrious girl, affectionate and happy; now she is affected, discontented, and disagreeable. She wants many things which she cannot possibly have, and has no idea of being serviceable to anybody. Such changes are going on among nearly all the working people that we know, and if there 's a great deal of good in them, there 's some harm too."

"Well, wife," said her husband, "tell us, since you are in the way of it, what you think the working people ought to aim at, and what they most need."

"We ought to do our work well and faithfully, so as to be really of service to our employers and to the country. We need to feel more interest in one another as a class, without any enmity toward other people, and to help and encourage one another to gain more of such kinds of knowledge as will be of use to us in our circumstances and way of living. The knowledge that makes the working people dissatisfied with their lot is no blessing, and it is not a kindness to give it to them. We need somebody to tell us and teach us what would be most useful to us. But I can see that the women need to know how to cook a great deal better than they do now, and how to keep their houses and things around them in a wholesome condition, so as not to invite disease into their families. They need to feel more responsibility for their children every way. And then — I must come back to that — the working people need some way of saving money that will be absolutely safe, so that they can be perfectly certain of having it when they want it. Whenever men have steady work, even at moderate wages, they can save some-

thing, and they ought to lay by a little at a time, till each family has two, three, or four hundred dollars, as a provision against sickness or possible lack of employment; or has a little sum for each of the children as they grow up and begin life for themselves, and perhaps some small provision for the old age of the parents. To use all our earnings as we go along has an unfavorable and demoralizing effect. To bind ourselves by a resolution to save a small part of each week's income is a useful discipline, — one that we all require. It teaches us to be able to do without some things that we could have, and that is a kind of education that would be good for everybody. But the uncertainty about receiving their money does more than anything else to discourage the working people from trying to save. I have thought a great deal about this, and it seems to me a very important matter, and one that the wise men of the nation might well think about. I do not know anything about the science of government, but there must be something very imperfect in our civilization, or the organization of society, when all the wisdom of this great country and all the power of the government cannot give a laboring man who saves fifty dollars any security that he shall have it returned to him when he needs it. I have sometimes seen such mischief and suffering result from this state of things that I could not sleep, and I have spent many hours in trying to think out some plan for changing it. Whenever money that is loaned or put in a savings-bank is lost, it makes workingmen reckless and improvident."

"Tell our friend about your plan," said her husband, "and perhaps he will say what he thinks of it."

"My plan seems to me a very simple one. It is for the national government to receive money from the people at the post-offices everywhere, and give them certificates of deposit, charging a small fee to pay for the clerical labor involved. The important thing, as I look at it, is that the government is not to pay interest on these deposits. Even if only two or three per cent., or only one per cent., were proposed, there would be serious objections to such a system; but I cannot see how this plan could do any harm, or why there should be any great difficulty in putting it into practical operation."

"The present organization and character of life-insurance and savings-bank business," remarked the husband, "tends to produce everywhere an increasing feebleness of community; and anything that does that works an injury for which nothing can be sufficient compensation. Every life-insurance company and savings-bank is a partnership made up of the men who establish the business and of all who invest money in it, — that is, the depositors and those who are insured. The thousands of men whose earnings furnish so large a proportion of the capital have no voice or power in the management or direction of the business. But what is much worse than this, the partners are not acquainted with each other. The managers do not live in the same community with their partners in the business, and they possess none of those common interests and responsibilities which proximity naturally tends to establish. In anything so important in its effects upon character and the chief interests of society, each community, village, or neighborhood should, as it seems to me, organize and direct its own business. If I lend money to my neighbor, he is more apt to conduct his business carefully, and to repay me honestly, because he is my neighbor. When the working people have put their money into the hands of men in the city whom they have never seen, they may feel more interest in the welfare of the city people; yet this is a barren kind of interest, as there can be no personal relations between them; but the working people will feel less interest in their own town and in the welfare of their fellow-citizens and neighbors here. I think our money, our business, our interests, should, as far as possible, all be here, where we live, and that we should all be concerned and responsible for the welfare of all the members of the community. If we have

savings-banks or life insurance, the entire business should be here, all the officers our own citizens, and no money should be drawn from the people of other places. There should be no expensive buildings, and as little as possible of the element of speculation in the business, but the greatest possible degree of certainty in the preservation of the funds. But the life insurance which I think most important is that which consists in the strength of community among the people of each village or small town; in their neighborly good-will, interest, and practical kindness for each other; in their coöperation in what we may call the moral control and administration of the community; in the education, protection, and guidance of all its members; in the repression of license, of ignorance, idleness, and all other vices which seriously threaten social or public interest."

I have not room for any farther report of these conversations. My friends still live in the same village. Visiting them early last summer, I found that most of these opinions had been confirmed by observation and experience of the effect of trial and hardship upon the working people. This man always advised his neighbors against trades-unions and secret societies of every kind, but urged them to have places of meeting where anybody might come and talk. Such open clubs have from time to time been sustained by the workingmen there, and have been useful. When the general prostration of business and industry reached the place, my friend had saved nearly a thousand dollars, but had not insured his life, or put his money into a bank. He had loaned it without interest in sums of one or two hundred dollars to business men who were his neighbors. It was all repaid him; but he told me that a man who had about two hundred dollars of his money came to his house one evening, and said, "Here is your money. I cannot go on much longer, and there will not be much for anybody, I fear. This is a personal matter, and I cannot have you lose anything." At one time all the laborers in the shops and mills were discharged, and a few months' idleness reduced some of them to great straits. My friend then began lending small sums, without interest, to the most needy workmen, — from two to twenty-five dollars to each. He says most of the money has been repaid, and loaned again so often that the aggregate is more than four thousand dollars. He has lost about one third of his money, as he supposes, finally. Some of the men who had it have gone away, and he has lost sight of them, and a few have died. "But," he says, "the good and help of it all were so great that I do not regret a dollar of it." He still thinks this the best kind of life insurance. His wife has taught the women how to make old clothing over again to the best advantage, how to cook beef-bones so as to obtain much food from what they had before thrown away (by long boiling to extract all the nutritious elements), to utilize scraps and remnants of all kinds, and to avoid dangers to health from foul cellars and bad drainage. The two have influenced in a notable degree the life of the village. This report of our conversations is from notes made at the time many years ago. I then preserved these records of the talk of a workingman and his wife, because I thought they contained some germs, at least, of genuine American thought. The man was born in Vermont, and the woman in Massachusetts. The families of both have been in this country more than a hundred and fifty years, and have always been working people, and, as my friends say, "none of them were ever 'in better circumstances;' they all had to work for their living, so their descendants have not had to 'come down in the world.'"

I have for many years enjoyed acquaintance with a woman whose home overlooks the great prairies of Southeastern Kansas. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, as she has told me, it was common, where she grew up, for girls engaged to be married to go out to service and earn money for the purchase of their housekeeping outfit. She was in

her sixteenth year when she left home for this purpose. Her girlhood had been happy and busy. Her parents lived on a small farm. There were many daughters, and they learned to love the freedom of out-door work in haying and corn-planting time. Idleness and piano-playing and the modern styles of dress had not then become fashionable among young women in that region. An earnest, practical spirit ruled the somewhat primitive society, and the better class of young people had a real thirst for knowledge and improvement. The few books and newspapers were passed from hand to hand, and read in almost every house of the neighborhood. My friend says there is much more reading among the young people now, but the books read are not, where she is acquainted, equal in character to those with which she was familiar in her girlhood. They are less thoughtful, and require less mental exertion on the part of the reader.

She was married at seventeen, and soon afterwards set out on the westward journey of a thousand miles to the region in which she was to find, or rather make, her home. The young couple had money to purchase enough wild prairie land for a farm, and to supply the means of living till they could raise the first crop of corn, but not much more. The grassy plains stretching away to the horizon on every side showed few human habitations. There were at first about a dozen houses within as many miles, and within that distance all were neighbors. But there were new arrivals every year, and life soon became less lonely, or at least less solitary, for the young wife, who battled bravely against home-sickness, and threw herself with energy into all the activities of her new sphere of action. The settlers in the neighborhood represented nearly all parts of the country, except the Pacific coast. There were families from New England and the Middle and Southern Atlantic States, and from the different regions of the great Mississippi Valley, north and south. One of the first things in the new life which impressed this young woman was the fact that the moral differences between the life around her and that to which she had been accustomed all seemed to have been produced by a lowering of the old standards. Men who used profane language acknowledged that they had not done so in their old homes; some who had brought letters of fellowship from Eastern churches went hunting on Sundays. Nearly everybody made and received visits on that day, and it was a jolly, social holiday. The new citizens and neighbors were good men and women; there were few coarse or vicious persons among them, but there was a strong and general tendency to revert to a much lower type of civilization than any of them had been acquainted with in the older portions of the country. This facility in adopting lower standards, so manifest all about her, caused the young woman many an hour of anxious, painful thought. It was by no means easy to determine what would be right or wise for herself under the new conditions of her life. Here was a modest, quiet girl, with no one to advise her, with no one at first even to understand her, who saw that society was in process of formation around her, and felt that some very important elements and influences were wanting, the lack of which she was sure would be felt more and more as an evil and injury as inclination hardened into habit, and tendencies became fixed in custom. Her interest was the greater because her husband appeared not at all disposed to resist the influences which excited her distrust. He grew fond of ranging over the prairies with his gun, and steady work on the farm seemed to affect his health unfavorably. When several men worked together he was willing to share in the labor for the sake of companionship, but solitary employment grew more and more distasteful to him. This often led to exchanges of work and other plans for enjoying the society of some of his neighbors, who, like himself, liked conversation so much that work seemed an interruption and an impertinence. His farm and dwelling soon showed signs of neglect and inefficiency, and it was not long till he had contracted debts

which the surplus productions of the farm were not sufficient to pay.

After long and painful resistance to a conviction which seemed a kind of disloyalty to her husband, the young wife was compelled to recognize the fact that the wisdom, energy, and responsibility properly belonging to the head of a family were required of her, and that unless her resources proved equal to the unexpected demand, her home life was likely to prove a failure, a life-long disappointment and misery. There was a period of wild and lonely bitterness, and then she quietly accepted her lot, and resolutely entered upon her work of building the temple of home upon better foundations, and of trying to cultivate and encourage as much as possible all the higher elements and aptitudes of her husband's character. She wished, as I suppose most women do, to look up to her husband; to feel that he was her head; to respect his superior strength and authority. But she set forward to make the best of everything, and soon developed a kind of happiness in courageous effort and endurance. She had much to endure. More than once the homestead itself has been imperiled by bad management. But the business men of the region gradually recognized the fact that when debts were paid it was by the wife's economy and energy, and the danger from the husband's injudicious investments and engagements lessened as the years passed. While she was thus endeavoring to do her part faithfully at home, her interest in the life around her grew more profound and serious. She told her husband of her feelings and desires regarding the intellectual and moral condition and needs of their neighborhood, and asked his counsel as to her own course. He thought that any effort to influence their neighbors would probably be resented by them as an officious and unfriendly interference, and, while deploring the want of moral and religious teaching in the region about them, was of the opinion that people should be left to the teaching of experience. "If they do wrong and get into trouble, they will learn to do better next time." Still he did not more decidedly oppose her wishes, and she felt that the way was clear for her doing what she could. But what should she attempt? Although herself earnestly religious, she thought it not wise to undertake teaching religion directly or specifically. What she did may appear rather shocking to many good people, but I can only report the truth. The time was approaching for a great Sunday visit at her house. It was her turn to entertain her neighbors. Some fifteen or twenty persons, old and young, would dine with her, and spend the afternoon in conversation and such amusements as they were accustomed to enjoy or might improvise for the occasion. The aimless and thoughtless character of the talk in these social meetings had given my friend much discomfort. It had no direction or purpose, but depended upon mere impulse and accident in its selection of subjects. Its tone was often rather low, and there was never, as she said, anything profitable. If, as often happened, a young person made a serious or thoughtful remark, some older member of the circle would make it the point of a joke or repartee. This young woman's beginning, that Sunday afternoon, for the regeneration of society, was a series of *tableaux vivants*, based on the pictures in a copy of Shakespeare's plays. Everybody was delighted, and there was an unexpected and most gratifying desire to know what it was all about, — who the soldiers and ladies were who had been represented, and what they had done. "Tell us about them," said the young people. Her strength was failing. The battle had been fought, and she had gained the victory. She could not tell stories now. Years afterward she told me of her gratitude to a gentleman present, a physician, who, profoundly touched by the change which he felt had passed upon their association, said earnestly, "Not now; we have had enough for to-day. I have the books, — Shakespeare and the English histories, that tell about it all. If any of you will stop at my house, my wife will show them to you. It is time for us to go now." And with a respectful dignity

of manner which awed his neighbors he advanced to the centre of the room and took leave of his hostess. Everybody followed his example.

The next day the doctor rode a few miles out of his course across the prairie, to call on this new acquaintance. They had a long conversation, and she told him of her feelings regarding the community, — of her fervent wish for the beginning of a better order of things. "Well," said the doctor, "we have had the beginning. We will meet at my house next time. Come over, you and your husband, on Saturday afternoon, and we will make our plans for the entertainment." He was always afterward her faithful ally. It proved, as he said, that a beginning had been made.

The Sunday visits grew into meetings for reading, music, and conversation. From the first the mirth was less boisterous and the talk more thoughtful, but there was no loss of real freedom or geniality. I have always wondered most that my friend did not try to do too much. But the hour had come, and the woman. And she could not only do what the occasion required of her; what was quite as necessary to her success, she knew how to choose her marshals. People seemed to develop new capabilities under her influence. Her home life was always trying in many ways. It was necessary to hire some labor to assist in bringing the land into cultivation, and in order to have means for this she took two or three boarders, men from the East working upon new farms in the vicinity, who had not brought their families with them. The people for many miles around came to depend upon her superior judgment and readiness of resource as a nurse in all cases of severe illness of women and children. Her kindly arms were the first resting-place for scores of little ones upon their arrival in this strange, new world, and she closed the weary eyes of age as the shadows deepened of "the night before the eternal morning." Young lovers came to her, sure of one friend who would not smile at their perplexities and disappointments, nor break the kindly silence which guarded the secret of their pains or joys. No bride's attire could be designed without her judgment. Few social enterprises were regarded as well begun without the sanction of some suggestion from her.

She had no children of her own, but two or three years after marriage she adopted two motherless little boys. One was two years old, but the other had come into life as his mother passed out of it. Never had orphaned babes a tenderer foster-mother. As they grew older, others like them were brought, one after another, to this house of refuge. Some remained for a short time, until they set their little faces toward the land where their mothers had gone before them. Others were nourished and guided until suitable homes could be found for them elsewhere. When a little child was left motherless by the death of a betrayed and forsaken woman, the neighbors said, "Mrs. —— will take it," and under her guidance the child whose life was a legacy of shame has grown to be a young man of unusual promise.

She has done nearly all the work of her housekeeping, including for many years past a considerable dairy, with sometimes a little assistance for a few weeks when she is threatened with complete exhaustion of her strength. Her health has suffered greatly from her long-continued over-exertion. But her culture has gone forward, fed not only by her rich and varied experience of life, but also from the best literature of our time. She has read much; I can scarcely say how it has been possible for her to do so, but when I was for a short time at her house, four years ago, I observed that an open book lay always within her reach, and that it was often glanced at for a minute or two in some pause of the culinary processes, or a passage would be read now and then in connection with the conversation. She writes well, in easy, graphic narrative, with a clear and vital expression of thought and sentiment. A few articles from her pen have been published in Eastern newspapers, and she has written

much for the papers of her own county. Her experience would be a treasure to a writer of fiction. At the time referred to I was looking into the geology and botany of the State in which she lives, driving across the country, in fine weather, in an open carriage. On two or three occasions I asked her to accompany me. Her enjoyment of the open air, of the dewy brightness of the morning, of the sultry summer noon brooding over the wide lands, was as fresh as that of a child. But what interested me most was her reception by the people. As we drove along the roads, and sometimes crossed the great farms where she knew the way, the men everywhere dropped their work, or left their teams standing, and hastened across the fields to greet her. They begged us to stop at their homes to see their wives; and where the house was near the women were called out. I noted a repressed intensity of feeling on their part, like that of lovers meeting in the presence of strangers. She seemed to be in complete sympathy with every one, and received their affectionate homage with quiet, frank delight. Afterward, when I met the physician, her early friend, and still her co-worker in various schemes for popular culture and improvement, he told me the story of her work. (Every one I saw had something to tell me of her kindness or wisdom.) He thought it one of the most noticeable features of her life and influence that she inspired all men with profound respect and admiration, and yet no woman ever felt in the slightest degree jealous of her. I dined with the doctor, and his wife told me the same thing. Said she, "We women all love her, and the men adore her."

The country is much changed since she made it her home. The great valley is populous now. There are half a dozen churches of different denominations within easy reach of her dwelling. She has not joined any of them, but often attends the meetings at two or three of the nearest. The ministers all visit her, and all regard her as a valuable friend and assistant in their work. No one appears to have thought her capable of sectarian feeling. One feature of the work of the Sunday reading club has been the establishment of a neighborhood library. The plan of dining together on Sundays was given up after the first year, as involving too great labor for the hostess, and also because it was felt that the convivial element and interest should be subordinated to the higher objects of the meetings. Most of the people now go to church in the morning, and a few still meet in the afternoon for reading and conversation. A recent letter says, "When the Eastern war came on we obtained a few books and maps (very cheap little things they were), and thought we would give a week or two to learning about it. But our studies grew like the war itself, and we were led to the history of the Turks and of Greece, and kept on for many months. We should never have known Curtius' and Finlay's wonderful histories if it had not been for this war. We even got into the history of the Holy Roman Empire. I forget how it came in, but we read Bryce's little book." They gave a good deal of time to biblical studies a few years ago, and did not quarrel. My friend says that one of the most stubborn evils with which they have had to contend is the deluge of worthless reading matter which has within a few years extended to that region. She thinks it would be better for people not to read at all than that they should be miseducated by the writings of persons without culture or knowledge.

As we rode homeward on the last day of my visit, I asked her what was still most needed by the people of the valley. She said, "They need discipline, the power and habit of self-restraint and self-direction in nearly everything, but especially in their use of money. They are full of life, and love good living, — love to 'have things.' They might all be rich, but they are so impulsive and extravagant that most of them are in debt, and are often pressed and harassed by their inability to pay their notes when they are due. It is absurd that this should be so in a country with such resources as this region possesses. If we only had some good, convenient way of

taking the women's money, whenever they have saved a few dollars, and keeping it for them, they would soon grow more economical. As it is, they always say, 'It is my money, and if I do not buy something with it my husband will spend it for something that will do me no good.' They have little foresight of possible future needs; but the worst difficulty is that they cannot keep money, and have no place to put it where it will be safe. Some of the girls who are at work about here leave their money with me, but I wish there were some officer, somebody appointed by the government, to take care of people's money, and keep it safely for them. Could it not be so?"

"What have been your greatest difficulties and discouragements?"

"My own lack of ability for the work of life, the want of opportunity for acquiring the culture I need, and the general disposition of people to be contented with low things."

Both the parents of this woman are descendants of families who removed from Virginia to Ohio about the first of this century; their ancestors were from England, and came to Virginia in very early times.

IS UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE A FAILURE?

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF ITHACA, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1878.

Is universal suffrage in the United States a failure? My friend President White told you the other evening what he thought was the opinion of foreigners on that question. This evening a foreigner speaks for himself, — a foreigner, yet not an alien. Canada is a dependency of the British crown, but she is a community of the New World. She is a partner with you in the great experiment of equality. So deal with her, so bear yourselves towards her, if you can, in this crisis of your commercial relations with her which is impending, and on all occasions, that she may be true to the partnership, and learn not to dread the day in which the last lingering shadows of Old World aristocracy and privilege shall depart from these shores, and the New World shall wholly and forever be dedicated to humanity.

Voices of despondency are heard, — voices which have almost the accent of despair. Perhaps some reach the ears of us foreigners which do not reach yours. Skepticism sometimes unmasks to the foreigner which before fellow-countrymen wears the mask. Commercial men from England, going among the chiefs of commerce here, report that misgiving as to the value even of your most fundamental institutions is wide-spread and profound. They report that republicanism here begins to be like theological orthodoxy elsewhere, — openly professed and privately derided. Less important are the whispers of disaffection which Americans of the wealthier class, who have left their country for the pleasure haunts of Europe, sometimes breathe into the open ear of European aristocracy, and which have led aristocracy to hope, and to give practical expression to the hope, that the New World may after all be redeemed from equality. But a deeper significance belongs to the utterances of some of your eminent writers and thinkers, who with the lips not of social sycophancy, but of wailing patriotism, proclaim aloud and in thrilling accents the failure of universal suffrage.

In approaching this subject, let us put far away from us all demagogic cant and

rant. Gone, forever gone, are the illusions as to the perfect wisdom and virtue of the people, and the all-sufficiency of popular freedom for the regeneration of society, which beguiled the pioneers of democracy, and perhaps to them were of service as stimulants, without which they might have shrunk from the effort of overturning the thrones of the past. Sad experience has made it clear that institutions wisely framed are needed by all of us, in order to give that which is politically good in us the victory over that which is politically evil. I say by all of us. Alike in high and low, in rich and poor, in every condition and every walk of life, there are passions and interests which conflict with our public duty and are adverse to the common weal. Selfishness is the grand obstacle to political wisdom; and the rich, though commonly the best educated and the most intelligent, are not the least selfish. Let us eschew demagogism, but let us also eschew oligarchy, intellectual as well as social. One of Oneida's heroes, an adorable officer in the British Guards, having been brought into contact with the populace in guarding the royal carriage, laves his gentility as soon as he gets home in a warm bath well dashed with eau de cologne. Oneida's guardsman has his counterparts in the intellectual sphere. Renan, for example, appears to think that the mass of his fellow-men are a mob, to be held down lest its brutality should interfere with culture. He tells you coolly that the many must find their happiness in the enjoyments and the glory of the few, and it does not seem to occur to him that the enjoyments of the few can possibly be marred or their glory dimmed by the misery of the many. Culture! Alas, where would culture be if those brutal masses did not support it by their daily toil? The thought of what labor endures on the stubborn glebe, in the dismal wilderness, in the stifling factory, in the perilous mine, and on the stormy sea, — the thought of what the wives and mothers of the poor undergo in their housekeeping and child-bearing, — ought to banish every unbrotherly feeling from our breasts. Myriads of Renans are devoted to coarse and obscure toil that one may write and win the fame. These men look down from the height of their philosophy on the simplicity of Jesus of Nazareth; yet behold them, and the great Goethe too, wallowing in the mire of their cultivated selfishness, while He remains the brother of mankind.

We must also, to judge any particular system of government aright, have a worthy conception of government itself. If it is merely a machine for the preservation of life and property, there may be something to be said in favor of an empire. But we hold that government is the organization of the community not merely for the preservation of life and property, though this no doubt is its primary purpose, but for all the objects, moral as well as material, which we may best attain by acting in common. We hold, with the great English statesman, that the best form of government is that which doth most actuate and dispose all members of the commonwealth to the common good. The characteristic excellence of such a government does not consist in mere order, such as the French empire maintained with the bayonet till the bayonet broke. Its excellence consists rather in general, active, and self-sacrificing devotion to the common weal. Nor is mere security its special promise. To attain great ends something must be risked. Much must be risked to attain so great an end as the brotherhood of man.

Every system ought to be tried by broad results. Let us try on that principle the strength and the integrity of the American government, and see whether there is any ground for despair.

There can hardly be a more crucial test of the strength of a government than its power of going through a perilous crisis without suspending the ordinary course of law and resorting to violent measures of repression. Nothing more decisively displays its confidence in the soundness of its foundations and the free allegiance of its people. When the aristocratic government of England, reputed the very type of strength, is

threatened, or fancies itself threatened, by the French Revolution, what do we see? We see the ordinary course of law at once suspended, and recourse had to extraordinary measures of repression, — personal liberty interrupted; opinion gagged; the right of public meeting curtailed; government indictments for libel; a series of trials for constructive treason, in which conviction would have led to judicial murder; fair discussion punished as sedition; a young Scotch advocate, of blameless character, for speaking in favor of parliamentary reform, sentenced to transportation for fourteen years, and told from the bench that he ought to be put to the torture; the land filled with spies; the judges turned into agents of police; private associations formed, with the sanction of government, for the manifest purpose of perverting justice; a reactionary reign of terror. This, although the war with the French republic was a foreign war, and those who then sympathized with the revolution in England were few and weak. The existence of the American government was threatened by a great rebellion on its own soil; the hostile armies menaced the capital; sympathy with the enemy was rife and avowed. Yet a stranger visiting the United States at that time saw no interruption of the ordinary course of law, no suspension of personal liberty, of the freedom of the press, of the right of public meeting, except on the actual scene of war. History can scarcely supply a parallel to this perfect reliance of a government on its moral strength and the unconstrained loyalty of its people. The second election of Lincoln took place at the acme of excitement, when every other family had a member in the field for the Union or in a soldier's grave; yet there was not only perfect order, maintained without any intervention of the police, but perfect respect for every right, not only of voting, speaking, and writing, but of public demonstration. What government in Europe could safely have allowed sympathy with a great rebellion to hang out its banner in all the streets? Never to be forgotten, either, are those predictions of military usurpation and sabre sway as the sure result of civil war, uttered with exultation by enemies, with sorrow by friends, warranted by the experience of history, but belied by the republican loyalty of the generals and the immediate return of the armies to civil life.

The second election of Lincoln struck an observer at the time as a signal proof of self-control on the part of the people, as well as of conscious strength and security on the part of the government. Where else would you have found, under similar circumstances, the same toleration extended by the dominant party to its opponents? Majorities are tyrannical, and will be so till our reason gains a greater control than it now has over our passions. But the majority which could respect the free speech, free action, and public demonstrations of the minority in 1864 was not the most jealous or cruel of tyrants.

Then as to integrity, we will by no means strive to hide the weak places, but we will hold to the principle of judging by broad results. In fourteen years, as the president was saying the other day, a third of the debt has been paid off, the interest greatly reduced, taxation materially lightened, the credit of the nation raised to a level second only to that of the credit of England. How could this have been done if honesty had not prevailed, on the whole, both in the central administration and in all the agencies through which the revenue is collected and disbursed? In what state are the finances, and how stands the credit, of Spain, where the reverse of honesty is the rule? So with regard to the administration of the law. The system of electing the judges for a limited term, instead of appointing for life, appears to us foreigners bad, and we hold it not surprising that there should have been cases of judicial corruption. Yet on the whole it is evident that property is secure; right is done between suitors; crime is punished; confidence in the judiciary is generally felt. Nobody expects in an American judge to find a Spanish alcalde or a Turkish cadi.

Again, what is the conduct of the re-

public towards other nations? Has it not, since the violent and overbearing spirit of slavery departed, been at least as moderate and as righteous as that of any other nation with equal means and opportunities of aggrandizement? Canada rests in perfect security beside you, while Holland and Belgium are always turning anxious eyes to the movements of their powerful neighbors. Mexico gives you a sufficient pretext for war about once a month, yet she is not conquered. San Domingo lays herself at your feet, and is rejected. Meantime, those who have most loudly accused you of unprincipled ambition annex the Transvaal and Cyprus, and are now preparing to conquer Afghanistan. If any charge were to be made against you, it would rather be that of excessive non-intervention. After all, the American republic is the tutelary power of the New World, and provided she keeps clear, as she seems resolved to do, of self-aggrandizement, she may act in that capacity with benefit not only to the weaker communities, but to herself, since the minds of her people will thus be sometimes diverted from internal strife. The determination not to annex Cuba is evidently wise as well as moral: a republic is not like an empire; the law of its being forbids it to annex anything which it cannot thoroughly incorporate. But it was difficult not to feel a pang when the island, after its long and desperate struggle, fell back under the domination of Spain, the most despicable among the Old World powers of iniquity, — a power which is the last ditch of slavery and priest rule, and which, while for the most selfish ends it crushes its agonized dependency, cannot keep the flag of the foreigner off its own coast.

Surely, then, it is worth while to examine this system of government, to mark its defects and see what can be done to cure them, before you give way to despair. Surely, the spirit of hope, not that of despondency, ought to preside over reforms.

That universal suffrage, in the strict and literal sense of the term, has failed in some respects and produced serious evils assuredly is not to be denied. But that we may go forth to combat evil cheerfully and with vigor it is expedient to look at the good first. Experience has disclosed to us only three foundations on which a government can be built: hereditary right, sheer force, and the national will. Government here is based on the national will. The more extended the suffrage can be consistently with public safety, the more complete will be the expression of the national will, the broader and the firmer will be the foundation. During the civil war no careful observer could fail to see what strength your government derived from the general feeling that it was the government of the whole people. That sentiment more, much more, than countervailed the sentiment of loyalty which in monarchical countries is felt towards a hereditary throne. We say the more extended the suffrage can be, in this point of view, the better, provided its extension be consistent with public safety. The public good is the sole criterion in politics; it is the measure of justice as well as of expediency. A man has a right to such institutions as will best promote the public good, in which his own is included; he has no other right in a civilized state, whatever he might have in the bush. The suffrage will of course be a failure if it is given to those who are manifestly disqualified for political life. It will be a failure, for instance, if it is given to those who cannot read, because they cannot possibly inform themselves about the questions on which they have to vote. A man who cannot read not only has no right to the suffrage, he has a sacred right to be exempted from it, as a blind man has to be exempted from a public duty requiring eyesight. An education test or a security for education of some kind is an indispensable safeguard of universal suffrage. You will say you cannot get it; and we shall presently see why.

People absolutely devoid of political training and of the knowledge of political duty are in much the same case as those who cannot read. It is obviously of vital importance to a free state that

naturalization laws should be strictly enforced. If there are immigrants radically alien as a race, socially and morally, to American civilization, their case must be decided by the same paramount rule of the public good, care being taken that the interest of the state is not confounded with industrial rivalry or inhuman antipathy of race. Negro enfranchisement, which it might have been difficult, from a foreign observer's point of view, to defend on ordinary grounds of policy, at least in so sudden and sweeping a form, pleads as its justification the exigency of the civil war and the necessity of putting the sword of political self-protection into the hand of the emancipated slave.

Again, universal suffrage will fail if a distinction is not drawn between national and municipal government. In the objects of national government all have an equal share, and the poor perhaps most need the suffrage for their protection. Had the poorer classes of England enjoyed the suffrage they would have voted down the old criminal code, so lavish of the poor man's blood; they would have voted down the corn laws, imposed by a landlord Parliament to keep up rents while the masses wanted bread; they would have voted down the war against the French republic, waged in the interest of the aristocracy to the ruin of the people. But a municipal government is mainly concerned with the collection and the disbursement of local taxes; and as these are proportional to property, so in some measure ought the power to be. The principle of the joint-stock company is more applicable to municipalities than that of the nation. While the wealthier classes have lost, the poorer have in no way gained by municipal pillage, which has enriched the demagogues alone. Witness the condition of the poorer quarters of New York. The subject is one in which a Canadian has as much interest as you. On both sides of the line equally this problem of municipal government confronts us. It is one of the great problems of society on this continent.

Let us remember, however, that the grossly ignorant and the rowdies are not the only dangerous class. If, in some, envy of wealth breeds dark thoughts of pillage, there are others who provoke envy by the ostentation of wealth. You read of millionaires going about in a state rivaling that of kings, though probably not refined by royal taste. These are the great preachers of communism and repudiation. We could half sympathize with the communist who burns to pull Shoddy down. As moral and social beings, we would rather be governed by the rowdies than by the American colony in Paris as it was under the empire. There is yet another class dangerous in its way, — the class of seceders from political duty. Malcontents from this country are always telling their sympathizing friends in Europe that the best men here stand aloof from politics. The answer is that those who in a free country stand aloof from politics cannot be the best men. A man is not bound to seek the prizes of public life; he will perhaps exercise more influence for good if he does not; he is not bound to become the slave of party; he is not bound to sit in any conclave of political iniquity. But he is bound to do his utmost, in such ways as are morally open to him, to get the best men elected, and to make the right principles prevail. If he cannot do much, he is still bound to do what he can. Striking pictures have been drawn of men with high foreheads and intellectual countenances condemned to sit in council beside low brows and stolid faces. But would the matter be mended if the low brows and stolid faces had the council to themselves? We must say, however, that during the civil war it appeared to us that all classes of men in this country, if they did not actually go into public life, took an active part in the performance of public duty; that wealth and education proved themselves, by their efforts and sacrifices, to be nobly loyal to the republic, and showed thereby that the republic could not have been a very bad mother even to them.

Let us see precisely what the evil is, and trace it, if we can, to its source.

It is not tyranny or oppression. Nobody complains of anything of that kind. It is not insecurity of life or property, at least in the settled States of the North, which are the fair specimens of the system. It is political corruption. That corruption does exist, that it is great, lamentable, and scandalous, all citizens and friends of the republic seem to own with sorrow and with shame. But at all events, we may feel pretty sure that we see the worst of it. The American republic is no dissembler; she washes all her dirty linen in the street. Not only so, but she even dirties some for the purpose. Every presidential election is a match game at slander between the two parties, and other nations believe both sides. The slightest scent of scandal seems to be followed up with the fell sagacity of the blood-hound. The faintest whisper of suspicion is swelled into thunder by the joyful acclaim of the hostile press, and reëchoed by the press of Europe. In England decorous silence is the rule. It is generally believed that the records of the railway mania in that country, if they could be opened, would tell a dark tale of corruption, parliamentary as well as general; but those records still sleep in peace. The payment of half a million of dollars to the firm of Rothschild for advancing the purchase money of the Suez Canal shares was said, even by the most cautious critics, to be a questionable transaction. In private this was said, but in public not a word. Everybody shrank from bringing forward a charge which could not be positively proved. Here the press and the country would have rung with the scandal. Here a public man of eminence is charged with having sold a cadetship at West Point for four hundred dollars depreciated paper currency, and with having employed a door-keeper of the House as his agent in the transaction; and the charge, instead of being scouted, becomes the subject of a solemn investigation which fills the world with dreadful ideas of American corruption. So with regard to commercial fraud. In the English newspapers the cases of commercial fraud appear to be about as thick and about as bad as they are in yours. But in the case of England they are called exceptions; in the case of America they are called the rule.

Commerce is corrupted by the gambling spirit which always attends a very rapid development of trade; and commercial corruption is a principal source of political corruption, both in the way of moral contagion, and through the bribery of legislators by the agents of dishonest speculation. It seems to be mainly in the commercial legislation, or what is called in England the private-bill legislation, that the evil prevails. We do not hear, at least upon trustworthy evidence, of great public measures being carried by bribery. Hence there is reason to think that the evil might be diminished by the simple expedient of delegating the decision of questions respecting railway and other commercial bills to a professional tribunal, subject still to the supreme authority of Congress; as in England the decision of election petitions has been delegated to the judges, without prejudice to the supreme authority of the House of Commons. England certainly would have been saved by such a tribunal from infinite waste of money, as well as from much jobbery and corruption. Something, probably much, might be done by a sharper law, meting out to the high and inexcusable the same measure of justice as to the low and excusable felon. The acceptance by a legislator of a bribe is a crime perfectly justiciable, as well as most heinous. Impeachment is a cumbrous remedy, and one which is sure to be perverted by party. A criminal tribunal inaccessible to party, and accessible to all citizens who seek justice, would be a good deal more to the purpose. Put into Sing Sing one legislator who has sold his trust, and the rest will be tired of the game. Laws are nothing without national character, but national character may be improved by laws. The national character of England was improved with reference to trusts by the fraudulent trustees act. Good judges ascribe the prosperity of

French commerce partly to a sound commercial morality, and the soundness of the morality to the strictness and the rigorous execution of the law. These problems are common to all popular governments, and in speaking of them we are speaking of that which concerns all your partners in the experiment of freedom as well as you.

Another influence for which the suffrage is in no way responsible is at present affecting morality, political and general, in all countries. There is nothing in the history of opinion like the sudden breaking up of old beliefs during the last twenty, it might almost be said the last ten years. When one revisits England after a short absence, the progress strikes one as almost appalling. It is far greater than appears on the surface; for decorum still prescribes outward conformity to religion, and many religious skeptics support the state church on political grounds; indeed, they seem to support it the more zealously the more skeptical they become. Skepticism reigns in the intellectual classes and among the intelligent artisans, in conversation, in literature, and in the press. But the morality of the great mass of men has hitherto been bound up with their religion; at least, with their belief in an all-seeing God, and in an account to be rendered after death. One is not surprised to hear thoughtful men in England say that the effects of religious and moral skepticism begin to be felt in commerce, in politics, and in every walk of life. Far be it from us to cling to anything that has been proved untrue, or even to anything that is doubtful, for the purpose of supporting the social fabric. If there is a God, he is the God of truth, and to prop with falsehood is to prepare a heavier fall. But let those who pull down old beliefs remember the necessity of building up. Some rule of life higher than his animal nature man must have, or he will become a wild beast and need a keeper. In an old country, society is held together by immemorial authority, ingrained habit, consecrated custom, independently of individual belief; but in a democracy, each man must be, to a great extent, a law to himself; and here, if individual belief in the great sanctions of morality fails, social as well as moral anarchy may ensue.

On this subject of political corruption, public opinion, at all events, appears not yet to be hopelessly depraved. Bribery, no doubt, when committed in the interest of a party, is too easily condoned; but the acceptance of a bribe, or of illicit gain of any kind, seems still, if brought home to a man, to ruin him in public life. The same thing cannot be said of all countries under what is supposed to be the elevating influence of monarchical institutions.

The corruption in England during the last century was appalling. Seats in Parliament, and the votes of members of Parliament, were constantly, almost avowedly, bought and sold. To carry a disgraceful peace through Parliament, a regular bribery office was opened, as Horace Walpole tells us, by the government, and bribes amounting to twenty-five thousand pounds were paid to members in one day. You could slip a bank-bill into the hand even of a peer without offense. Government, in fact, subsisted by corruption. But from this, England, having vigorous life in her, emerged. There is now no bribery in England, — none at least of a pecuniary kind; for it ought to be remembered that millionaires are bribed by titles and decorations, which the government still uses as rewards for political support.

Of the corrupt we always hear; the trumpet of party rivalry tells their names loud enough. But no trumpet tells the names of those who through their whole lives serve the republic faithfully and die poor. That such there are we are most credibly assured; our own observation in some measure confirms the assurance; and it is more effectually ratified by the general results of the administration in all departments, and particularly in the department of finance.

Universal suffrage has hitherto had the advantage of great safety-valves in the abundance of land and in commercial expansion. This cannot be too frankly admitted, nor can the attention

of statesmen be too earnestly directed to the new exigencies which may arise when all the land is filled and commercial expansion has reached its limit; although it is to be observed that the land will not have been filled till it is all highly farmed, nor will commercial expansion have reached its limit till the land has been filled. For the general possession of property by the people, democracy itself may partly claim the credit, since it has abolished primogeniture and entail. But against these advantages must be set the difficulty of dealing with masses of immigrants, wholly untrained, for the most part, to the exercise of political power, and often embittered against all government by oppression suffered in their native land. The republic has received by millions, and has to a wonderful extent turned into citizens, victims of English misrule in Ireland and fugitives from the military system of Germany. American socialism is not native: it is brought from lands where social wrong breeds wild schemes of redress in the hearts of the wronged. When the International tried to set fire to American society, it was like putting a match to the Hudson. Any one who visited the mining district of Pennsylvania, at the time of the Molly Maguire outrages, might easily satisfy himself that the men were not only immigrants, but for the most part industrial exiles of the wildest and most roving kind, — many of them probably ringleaders of strikes in the old country.

The times just now are bad. The republic is meeting the heavy bill drawn upon the future by the civil war. She feels the loss of all the wealth, actual and prospective, which was fired away in gunpowder. She feels it the more because for the time the war expenditure produced a factitious prosperity. The poorest, of course, suffer most. Discontent, disaffection, industrial conspiracy, angry illusions, both social and economical, are the natural result. How was it in England after the long war with France? For many years English society heaved with political sedition and industrial strife. There were Cato Street conspiracies, Peterloo massacres, Luddite disturbances, destruction of machinery, Bristol in flames and in the hands of rioters, conflicts with the military, wild outcries against the national creditor, mad currency theories, proposals to apply the sponge to the national debt. Till 1819, when cash payments were resumed, an inconvertible paper currency aggravated the industrial distress and the disaffection which was its consequence. It was certain that as in England so in the United States, inconvertible paper money would produce fluctuation of prices, confusion, hardship, and industrial disturbance, and that there would be no relief without a return to a sound currency such as that on which the wisdom of Peel and other English statesmen resolved in 1819. Let us be just. This movement which you are combating and which you regard as repudiation in disguise has not its source in mere dishonesty; it is like the similar movement in England, the offspring of real and pressing hardship. An inconvertible paper currency breeds not only confusion but wrong. Mortgagors and other debtors are crushed by debts which they contracted in depreciated paper, but which they have to pay in coin. The conduct of American sufferers calling for Inflation to lighten their burdens is at least no worse than that of the English land owners after the French war, when, finding that the monopoly which they had enjoyed during the war was being taken from them by the importation of foreign grain, they made the Parliament, which was entirely in their power, pass the corn law to keep up prices, while the people, after just tasting of plenty, were thrust back into privation. If the present demand were not that the currency should be again debased, commerce again demoralized, and the gambling-table of gold speculation restored to noxious activity, but that mortgage and other debts should be reduced to the value really received by the borrower, whatever objection there might be on the ground of practicability, there would scarcely be an objection on the ground of justice.

Of the dangers of the present situation no small part is the result of slavery. Even the worst excesses of democracy, or what we foreigners think its worst excesses, in the North, such as the abrogation of the life tenure of the judges and the consequent diminution of the independence of the judiciary, seem to have been rather the work of the Northern allies of the Southern aristocracy than of democracy in the proper sense of the term. Massachusetts continues to appoint her judges for life. But for slavery universal suffrage is not responsible. The responsibility rests historically on a far different power. The Tory rulers of England in the reign of Anne, the political progenitors of those who patronized the Alabama, made the queen proclaim to Parliament the glad tidings of her having obtained for the country a share of the Spanish slave trade. Slavery created at the South a social system radically antagonistic to the social system of the North, and it was necessary that one of the two should die. If slavery had lived it would have filled the New World with social, moral, and economical poison. In this, perhaps, posterity will find the justification of the war rather than in any legal right of coercion. Would we were able to say that the traces of slavery, like the commercial crisis, were temporary as well as unconnected with democracy, and that they might be expected, in the course of nature, soon to pass away! Alas, this juxtaposition of two races, one, besides its mental inferiority, bearing the brand of former servitude on its brow, seems likely, for generations to come, to be the difficulty and the danger of the republic! Divided from each other as they are by the whole scale of humanity, how can the Anglo-American and the negro ever be fused into a community? The commons of Rome, though they had wrung from the exclusive patriciate a share of offices and political power, thought their enfranchisement incomplete till they had obtained the right of intermarriage with patricians. Frame your civil rights law as you will, you cannot have real political equality without social equality, and you cannot have social equality without intermarriage.

Lastly, we must not lay to the charge of the democratic principle, or of universal suffrage as its general embodiment, defects in the special machinery of any democratic institutions. There were sure to be such defects in the constitution of the United States. The framers of that constitution were perhaps the wisest statesmen of their time; but they could not be exempt from the prejudices and illusions of their age. They had very little experience to guide them. Democracy on a large scale was new. The republics of antiquity were not democracies, but republics of masters supported by the labor of slaves, in which slavery settled the most formidable of the political problems with which modern democracy has to deal. The only precedent in point was the ill-starred and short-lived, though glorious, commonwealth of England. In your Revolution there were two elements, — one akin to the French Revolution, the other British and constitutional; the first represented by Jefferson, and the second by Hamilton. With both came illusions. With the French element came the false belief in popular perfection and in the all-sufficiency of freedom, which received its hideous refutation in the excesses of the French Revolution; perhaps, also, that general dislike of government and disposition to confound lawful authority with tyranny, which in its influence upon the household, and upon legislation respecting the internal relations of the family, constitutes about the gravest peril of this country, political as well as moral, because anarchical tendencies bred in the home are sure to extend to the character of the citizen. With the British element came those misconceptions regarding the distribution of power under the British constitution which then universally prevailed, and had taken captive even the intellect of Montesquieu. Everybody at that time fancied that the king of England was still, as he had been in the period of the Tudors, a real ruler; whereas he had become a figure-head, reigning and not governing,

while the government was carried on by responsible ministers, chosen for him by Parliament. Everybody then fancied that the House of Lords was a senate, revising in the light of its maturer wisdom the more impulsive legislation of the popular house; whereas it was not a senate, but an estate of the old feudal realm, representing not political maturity, but territorial privilege and social caste. Everybody then fancied that power was really distributed between king, lords, and commons, and that in this distribution lay the grand secret of the British constitution; whereas the House of Commons had in fact reduced the House of Lords to comparative impotence, as well as the king to nullity, and had drawn the substance of supreme power to itself. All the world went astray after constitutional kings and revising senates, imagining that this was the road to British liberty, and the sure road of political salvation.

Your president is evidently the British king reproduced in an elective form. But a foreign observer may doubt whether the reproduction was necessary or wise. A single head certainly is not a universal necessity, since Switzerland does without one. An office such as the elective presidency is at once the grand prize and the most powerful stimulant of faction: it keeps selfish ambition and intrigue constantly at work; it breeds and advances to influence a crowd of men skilled in bad electioneering arts. Every four years it brings burning questions to a dangerous head. It caused the question of slavery, which might otherwise have smoldered on, to burst into the flame of civil war. The periodical revolution which it involves is fatal to anything like stability of policy or forecast on the part of the government. Why should we not all do, as Switzerland does, with an executive council elected by the national legislature? Harmony between the executive and the legislature might be preserved and steadiness of policy secured at the same time by having the council elected, not all at once, but by periodical installments. The first of these two essential objects would perhaps be better secured by such a system than it is by the present. To restore harmony between the two powers in the case of President Andrew Johnson, you were compelled to resort to the extreme measure of impeachment. The two legislative chambers, again, federal and in each State, — are they really necessary, or are they, like the system of two chambers in Europe, merely a misguided imitation of the two houses in England? This question applies specially to the state legislatures: in the federal legislature the senate has a distinct ground of existence as representing the federal principle; but in the state legislatures both chambers alike represent the people of the State, and are, with variations as to terms and modes of election, duplicates of each other. Would not well-devised rules of proceeding and the requirement of an absolute majority, or even more for the passage of an opposed bill, be as good a security for considerate legislation as the clashing of two separate chambers? If the two chambers differ decidedly on a serious question, or the party which is in a majority in one of them is in a minority in the other, they will not temper each other's actions, but collide and produce a deadlock, as they have just been doing in the British colony of Victoria.

They who propose to set matters right by giving the American cabinet, like the British cabinet, seats in the legislative body illustrate once more the prevalence of illusions respecting the nature of the British constitution. In the British Parliament there is really, as we have said, only one chamber, the House of Commons, which has practically engrossed the supreme power. A ministry, therefore, which has a majority in the House of Commons is able to carry its measures through Parliament. But in the American Congress there are not only formally but really two chambers, and unless the cabinet could command a majority in both, confusion, legislative as well as executive, would ensue. For the British cabinet, be it observed, is not merely an executive; it assumes the control of legislation, and when it loses that control it

falls. Moreover, if the cabinet were in Congress, like the parliamentary government in England it would have to take all the responsibility; with the responsibility must go the power; and the president would have to follow the advice of his ministers, and would become, like the British king, a figure-head.

The multiplication of legislators, and paid legislators, to which the system of two chambers leads, if it is not a necessity, is itself an evil. It renders the cost of republican government really greater than the cost of any monarchy. What is worse, it is sure to breed a swarm of professional politicians, who are tempted to leave the regular paths of industry for that which is the highest of all callings, but the vilest of all trades.

But of all institutions imported from the Old World or formed here in imitation of it, the most questionable is party government. Burke defines party as "a body of men united for promoting, by their joint endeavors, the national interest on some particular principle in which they are agreed." The pure-minded Burke thinks only of principle and the national interest; he says nothing about power and pelf; yet he saw Fox and North, with their factious and venal trains, united in endeavoring to govern the country for objects in which they were all agreed, but with which principle and national interest had nothing to do. But let that pass. To justify the permanent division of a nation into parties, the principle of division must obviously be perpetual. But what perpetual principle of division exists or can be imagined? What principle is there that will forever separate from each other, and range in opposing hosts, men equally sensible and equally patriotic? Such a principle it must be, because otherwise one of your parties will be a party of the bad, and you will have to dedicate half your citizens to evil in order to keep your system in existence. Suppose real issues fail, as fail they must and do. Are we to go on fabricating factitious issues, merely to provide party with a basis? This is what is actually done. In Canada, for instance, all the great questions having been settled, real issues of sufficient importance failed, and the two parties became mere personal combinations wrestling with each other for power. Party has its uses. In England it was the necessary organ of resistance to the encroachments of royal prerogative, as it is now the necessary organ of resistance to aristocratic reaction. In this country it was the necessary organ of resistance to slavery, and a foreigner cannot presume to say that it may not still be the necessary organ of resistance to repudiation or to movements subversive of the settlement made in 1865. In such cases a good citizen is warranted in submitting his reason and conscience in some measure to party discipline, for the sake of the great and permanent object to be secured. But can it be seriously maintained that a party struggle for the offices of state is the normal and permanent basis of good government? Does not such a struggle inevitably evoke all the passions, all the cupidities, all the malignant activities which render good government impossible? Under such a system, where are good and sensible men to find their place? They certainly will not find it among the slaves of party. They will be self-ostracized, and power will fall more and more into bad hands. Let us not deceive ourselves. Party, under ordinary circumstances, is a fine name for faction, and faction is the ruin of free states. All other subjects of human interest are passing, by an irresistible movement, out of the domain of party and passion into the domain of science, and why should politics be an everlasting exception? So far from being essentially connected with universal suffrage, party is its practical subverter. Under the system of party management, with its caucuses, its wire-pulling, and its close nominations, who except the managers really has a vote?

Why is it hopeless to propose an education test for the suffrage? Because if one party proposed it, the other party would at once espouse the cause of ignorance for the sake of its vote. Why is it hopeless to agitate for a permanent civil service? Because party cannot af-

ford to dispense with the engine of patronage. A permanent and properly trained civil service would not work miracles, but it would be likely to increase the efficiency, economy, and integrity of the public service, as signal experience shows. Whether British empire in India is a good thing or not, the body of highly trained administrators which rules that empire is as pure a government as any in the world. West Point officers during your war were exposed to the same temptations as other men in power; yet I do not remember that I ever heard a West Point officer charged with corruption. The same spirit of corporate honor would probably animate a civil service if it were placed upon a similar footing. As to the danger of bureaucracy, it could hardly be very great in a community so self-reliant and so political as this. But the best part of a reform of this kind is that it reduces to a minimum the amount of personal and pecuniary inducement for seeking a change of government, and insures as far as possible that the change shall be sought, if at all, on public grounds alone.

If we are not mistaken, when the people are carried in some measure out of the direct influence of party an improvement becomes visible in their political character and in their legislative wisdom. It appears at least that the amendment of state constitutions — that of the constitution of the State of New York, for example — has been carried on in a calmer spirit and with better results than ordinary legislation, and that the people on these occasions have shown a willingness to accept reforms even of a conservative kind, such as a lengthened tenure for the judiciary and the minority clause.

One hears loud complaints against the press, its violence, its rancor, its untruthfulness, its narrowness of view. Reformers propose, as a remedy, to give journalists a regular training for their profession, — to teach them history, jurisprudence, political science. This is very good; but teach the journalist what you will, if you send him into the service of party, you send him out of the service of truth. Nor can it be hoped that party criticism will check political abuses. Abuses cannot be checked, nor can the authors of abuses be kept in awe, by criticism that is indiscriminate and notoriously, almost professedly, unfair. Such criticism cloaks guilt by confounding innocence with it; it defiles everything, and purifies nothing.

Of course in speaking of defects in the machinery of the constitution we do not insist on details; we may be mistaken about all the special points that we have mentioned. But we do venture to insist on the general fact that the constitution, framed at the time and under the influences that it was, would be likely to contain such defects, entirely apart from universal suffrage and the general principles of democracy; and that they may, partly perhaps by the application of the historical method, be discovered, and when discovered may be removed without touching the life of the republic.

When we have separated from American democracy that which is not an essential part of it; when we have made allowance for extraneous influences and temporary pressures; when we have distinguished curable defects in the machinery of the system from inherent and incurable vices; and when, having done this, we survey the actual condition, material and social, of the American people, a foreign observer, while he must believe that there is much need of reform, and while he follows with the eye of anxious sympathy the efforts of reformers, can see no reason for despair. Perhaps his confidence will be greater if he has lived not only in the great cities, where with much to excite admiration there is much to create misgiving, but in the country also, and there seen the strong foundations of the republic.

And if you despair of democracy, whither will you flee? As was said before, apart from sheer force, experience presents to us no basis for government except the national will and hereditary right. Hereditary monarchy is apparently dying even in the Old World. It lingers in the primeval East; it lingers in half-Asiatic Russia; but its decadence

in more civilized Europe is pronounced. Legitimacy and divine right are leaving the scene with the last Bourbons. France is a republic. Political writers now class England, notwithstanding her monarchical forms, as a republic also: and in the other countries, although monarchy exists, its attributes are greatly shorn and its character is profoundly altered by the revolutions. Scarcely a monarch sits by the same title as his father, and with his father's prerogative, on his father's throne. As to hereditary aristocracy, perhaps it may be said that in all lands social servility, which is one pillar of it, is still pretty strong; but the other pillars of it, primogeniture and entail, it would be difficult to set up in a land which had once known justice. An empire of force like that of the Bonapartes was proposed some years ago, but without the smallest effect on public opinion. If you wanted an empire of force you allowed the opportunity of securing it to slip, for the road to such an empire lies through revolution and civil war.

There seems to be nothing for it, then, but to purify the republic. So, in a tone of pensive resignation, says an able and in the best sense patriotic writer after a mournful description of republican evils. So might a foreign observer say, in a more cheerful tone, if he were not too well aware that no one but a citizen knows the bitterness that is in the heart of his own country. What a foreigner may without misgiving say is that to purify the republic, if it is the hardest of all political tasks, is by far the highest; that it has produced characters nobler than have been produced by political effort of any other kind; and that the result to which, if successfully performed, it leads is the grandest, the happiest, and the most enduring that the political imagination can conceive.

Goldwin Smith.

THE DEAD FEAST OF THE KOL-FOLK.

CHOTA NAGPOOR.

WE have opened the door,
Once, twice, thrice!
We have swept the floor,
We have boiled the rice.
Come hither, come hither!
Come from the far lands,
Come from the star lands,
Come as before!
We lived long together,
We loved one another;
Come back to our life.
Come father, come mother,
Come sister and brother,
Child, husband, and wife,
For you we are sighing.
Come take your old places,
Come look in our faces,
The dead on the dying,
Come home!

We have opened the door,
  Once, twice, thrice!
We have kindled the coals,
  And we boil the rice
For the feast of souls.
  Come hither, come hither!
Think not we fear you,
Whose hearts are so near you.
Come tenderly thought on,
Come all unforgotten,
Come from the shadow-lands,
From the dim meadow-lands
Where the pale grasses bend
  Low to our sighing.
Come father, come mother,
Come sister and brother,
Come husband and friend,
  The dead to the dying,
    Come home!

We have opened the door
  You entered so oft;
For the feast of souls
We have kindled the coals,
  And we boil the rice soft.
Come you who are dearest
To us who are nearest,
Come hither, come hither,
From out the wild weather;
The storm clouds are flying,
The peepul is sighing;
  Come in from the rain.
Come father, come mother,
Come sister and brother,
Come husband and lover,
Beneath our roof-cover.
  Look on us again,
The dead on the dying,
    Come home!

We have opened the door!
For the feast of souls
We have kindled the coals
  We may kindle no more!
Snake, fever, and famine,
The curse of the Brahmin;
  The sun and the dew,
They burn us, they bite us,
They waste us and smite us;
  Our days are but few!
In strange lands far yonder
To wonder and wander
  We hasten to you.

List then to our sighing,
While yet we are here:
Nor seeing nor hearing,
We wait without fearing,
To feel you draw near.
O dead to the dying
Come home!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

OUR NEW NEIGHBORS AT PONKAPOG.

When I saw the little house building, an eighth of a mile beyond my own, on the Old Bay Road, I wondered who were to be the tenants. The modest structure was set well back from the road, among the trees, as if the inmates were to care nothing whatever for a view of the stylish equipages which sweep by during the summer season. For my part, I like to see the passing, in town or country; but each has his own taste. The proprietor, who seemed to be also the architect of the new house, superintended the various details of the work with an assiduity that gave me a high opinion of his intelligence and executive ability, and I congratulated myself on the prospect of having some very agreeable neighbors.

It was quite early in the spring, if I remember, when they moved into the cottage, — a newly married couple, evidently: the wife very young, pretty, and with the air of a lady; the husband somewhat older, but still in the first flush of manhood. It was understood in the village that they came from Baltimore; but no one knew them personally, and they brought no letters of introduction. (For obvious reasons I refrain from mentioning names.) It was clear that, for the present at least, their own company was entirely sufficient for them. They made no advances toward the acquaintance of any of the families in the neighborhood, and consequently were left to themselves. That, apparently, was what they desired, and why they came to Ponkapog. For after its black bass and wild duck and teal, solitude is the chief staple of Ponkapog. Perhaps its perfect rural loveliness should be included. Lying high up under the wing of the Blue Hills, and in the odorous breath of pines and cedars, it chances to be the most enchanting bit of genuine country within fifty miles of Boston, which, moreover, can be reached in half an hour's ride by railway. But the nearest railway station (Heaven be praised!) is two miles distant, and the seclusion is without a flaw. Ponkapog has one mail a day; two mails a day would render the place uninhabitable.

The village — it looks like a compact village at a distance, but unravels and disappears the moment you drive into it — has quite a large floating population. I do not allude to the perch and pickerel. Along the Old Bay Road, a highway even in the colonial days, there are a number of attractive cottages straggling off towards Milton, which are occupied for the summer by people from the city. These birds of passage are a distinct class from the permanent inhabitants, and the two seldom closely assimilate unless there has been some previous connection. It seemed to me that our new neighbors were to come under the head of permanent inhabitants; they had built their own house, and had the air of intending to live in it all the year round.

"Are you not going to call on them?" I asked my wife, one morning.

"When they call on *us*," she replied lightly.

"But it is our place to call first, they being strangers."

This was said as seriously as the circumstance demanded; but my wife turned it off with a laugh, and I said no more, always trusting to her intuitions in these matters.

She was right. She would not have been received, and a cool "not at home" would have been a bitter social pill to us if we had gone out of our way to be courteous.

I saw a great deal of our neighbors, nevertheless. Their cottage lay between us and the post-office, — where *he* was never to be met with by any chance, — and I caught frequent glimpses of the two working in the garden. Floriculture did not appear so much an object as exercise. Possibly it was neither; maybe they were engaged in digging for specimens of those arrowheads and flint hatchets which are continually coming to the surface hereabouts. There is scarcely an acre in which the plowshare has not turned up some primitive stone weapon or domestic utensil, disdainfully left to us by the red men who once held this domain, — an ancient tribe called the Punkypoags, a forlorn descendant of which, one Polly Crowd, figures in the annual Blue Book, down to the close of the Southern war, as a state pensioner. I quote from the local historiographer.

Whether they were developing a kitchen-garden, or emulating Professor Schliemann at Mycenæ, the new-comers were evidently persons of refined musical taste: the lady had a voice of remarkable sweetness, although of no great compass, and I used often to linger of a morning by the high gate and listen to her executing an operatic air, conjecturally at some window up-stairs, for the house was not visible from the public road. The husband, somewhere about the grounds, would occasionally respond with two or three bars. It was all quite an ideal, Arcadian business. They seemed very happy together, these two persons, who asked no odds whatever of the community in which they had settled themselves.

There was a queerness, a sort of mystery, about this couple which I admit piqued my curiosity, though as a rule I have no morbid interest in the affairs of my neighbors. They behaved like a pair of lovers who had run off and got married clandestinely. I willingly acquitted them, the one and the other, of having no legal right to do so; for, to change a word in the lines of the poet,

> "It is a joy to *think* the best
> We may of human kind."

Admitting the hypothesis of elopement, there was no mystery in their neither sending nor receiving letters. But where did they get their groceries? I do not mean the money to pay for them, — that is an enigma apart, — but the groceries themselves. No express wagon, no butcher's cart, no vehicle of any description, was ever observed to stop at their domicile. Yet they did not order family stores at the sole establishment in the village, — an inexhaustible little bottle of a shop which (I advertise it gratis) can turn out anything in the way of groceries, from a handsaw to a pocket-handkerchief. I confess that I allowed this unimportant detail of their housekeeping to occupy more of my speculation than was creditable to me.

In several respects our neighbors reminded me of those inexplicable persons we sometimes come across in great cities, though seldom or never in suburban places, where the field may be supposed too restricted for their operations, — persons who have no perceptible means of subsistence, and manage to live royally on nothing a year. They hold no government bonds, they possess no real estate [our neighbors did own their house], they toil not, neither do they spin; yet they reap all the numerous soft advantages that usually result from honest toil and skillful spinning. How do they do it? But this is a digression, and I am quite of the opinion of the old lady in David Copperfield, who says, "Let us have no meandering!"

Though my wife had declined to risk a ceremonious call on our neighbors as

a family, I saw no reason why I should not speak to the husband as an individual, when I happened to encounter him by the wayside. I made several approaches to do so, when it occurred to my penetration that my neighbor had the air of trying to avoid me. I resolved to put the suspicion to the test, and one forenoon, when he was sauntering along on the opposite side of the road, in the vicinity of Fisher's sawmill, I deliberately crossed over to address him. The brusque manner in which he hurried away was not to be misunderstood. Of course I was not going to force myself upon him.

It was at this time that I began to form uncharitable suppositions touching our neighbors, and would have been as well pleased if some of my choicest fruit trees had not overhung their wall. I determined to keep my eyes open later in the season, when the fruit should be ripe to pluck. In some folks, a sense of the delicate shades of difference between *meum et tuum* does not seem to be very strongly developed in the Moon of Cherries, to use the old Indian phrase.

I was sufficiently magnanimous not to impart any of these sinister impressions to the families with whom we were on visiting terms; for I despise a gossip. I would say nothing against the persons up the road until I had something definite to say. My interest in them was — well, not exactly extinguished, but burning low. I met the gentleman at intervals, and passed him without recognition; at rarer intervals I saw the lady.

After a while I not only missed my occasional glimpses of her pretty, slim figure, always draped in some soft black stuff with a bit of scarlet at the throat, but I inferred that she did not go about the house singing in her light-hearted manner, as formerly. What had happened? Had the honeymoon suffered eclipse already? Was she ill? I fancied she was ill, and that I detected a certain anxiety in the husband, who spent the mornings digging solitarily in the garden, and seemed to have relinquished those long jaunts to the brow of Blue Hill, where there is a superb view combined with sundry venerable rattlesnakes with twelve rattles.

As the days went by it became certain that the lady was confined to the house, perhaps seriously ill, possibly a confirmed invalid. Whether she was attended by a physician from Canton or from Milton, I was unable to say; but neither the gig with the large white allopathic horse, nor the gig with the homœopathic sorrel mare, was ever seen hitched at the gate during the day. If a physician had charge of the case, he visited his patient only at night. All this moved my sympathy, and I reproached myself with having had hard thoughts of our neighbors. Trouble had come to them early. I would have liked to offer them such small, friendly services as lay in my power; but the memory of the repulse I had sustained rankled in me. So I hesitated.

One morning my two boys burst into the library with their eyes sparkling.

"You know the old elm down the road?" cried one.

"Yes."

"The elm with the hang-bird's nest?" shrieked the other.

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, we both just climbed up, and there 's three young ones in it!"

Then I smiled to think that our new neighbors had got such a promising little family.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

AMERICANISMS.

VI.

I AM not Feste, and yet the Malvolios of literature might say of me, with more reason than their prototype said of him, that I am a barren rascal, and that unless some one ministers occasion to me I am gagged. But again, in the self-perfection of their characters, they furnish me occasion themselves. Since the writing of my last article upon my present subject, the following illustration of the prevalent British ignorance upon it has appeared. A letter professing to be written by an American was published in the London World, about hotels in that city. Upon this the London Figaro undertakes to show that the writer is not an American, "because, while trying to assume the Yankee style of expression, he shows a lack of familiarity with peculiarly American phrases." The point in itself is well taken, and if maintained it would be fatal to the pretense of the "American" origin of the letter. But to accomplish this the critic must have a double knowledge as to the phrases which are the grounds of his criticism, — that they are or are not used by "Americans," and that they are or are not used by Englishmen. As to his possession of this knowledge we shall see. "For example," he says, "Americans say railroad, not railway; they say a hotel, not an hotel; andirons, not fire-dogs; that's so, not that is so; baggage, not luggage; parquet or reserved seats, not stalls; right away, not right off the reel; shirt bosom, not shirt front; on hand or on deck, not to the fore; and many other things besides." What the other things are I do not know. I have seen neither the letter nor the criticism *in situ*, but quote the latter from a New York paper in which it is presented as settling completely the question at issue. Now whether the letter was written by a Yankee or not I shall not undertake to say; that matter is nothing to my purpose. But I shall show by a few illustrations lying just at hand that this formidable attack upon its origin based upon internal evidence is quite futile, and that the British critic was not sufficiently informed as to what are peculiarly "American" phrases.

As to the use of *railway* being evidence of non-American origin, see the following passages, the first from the most American of newspapers: —

"The Board of Fire Commissioners of the District [of Columbia] has refused to recognize Mr. W. B. Reed. The funds for paying for the *Railway* Mail Service will run short in December." (New York Tribune, October 23, 1878.)

"Whenever the Greeks have tried to establish *railway* communication with the rest of the world, they have been met by the opposition of Turkey," etc. (Speech of General Reed, United States minister to Greece, in London Week, September 21, 1878.)

I have before me a letter dated Paris, September 12, 1878, from a gentleman now traveling in France, one who till four months ago had never been out of New England or New York, and in it are these passages: —

"We took a bottle of old Beaune into the *railway* carriage, which we had to ourselves," etc.

"In France they set the clocks in front of the *railway* stations ten minutes in advance, so everybody shall come early."

Clearly, a letter may be written by an "American" of the most pronounced type although its writer uses *railway* and not *railroad*. On the other hand, see the following evidence that Englishmen use *railroad*. In the very London journal which on one page quotes the American minister's speech containing *railway* is the following passage: —

"For investors are not so well situated, and therefore the descriptions of American *railroad* securities are to be

commended at this moment in preference to government bonds." (The Week, September 21, 1878.)

"For here the *railroad* comes to an end, and a good riddance to it." (The same, October 19, 1878.)

But if it should be said that this is mere newspaper writing (although upon such a point of usage there is no better evidence than that of a high-class London weekly paper), see the following examples furnished by an eminent Englishman who is regarded by many persons as the writer of the purest and most unexceptionable English of the day: —

"In these times newspapers, *railroads*, and magnetic telegraphs make us independent of government messengers." (John Henry Newman, Callista, chap. vii.)

"Therefore, for example, education, periodical literature, *railroad* traveling, ventilation, drainage, and the arts of life, when fully carried out, serve to make a population moral and happy." (The same, Apologia pro Vita sua, page 296. Note on Liberalism.)

These illustrations might be largely increased. I have taken merely what was within reach of my hand as I sat at my table.[1] Clearly, again, a man need not be an "American" to use *railroad* instead of *railway*. But *railway* is right and *railroad* wrong, as I have shown in Words and their Uses, for the reason, in brief, that a rail*way* is laid *upon* a *road*, and the road is always somewhat, and generally very much, wider than the way. Of this view of the case I find the following illustration in a recent number of a London journal: —

— "but the years passed away, and one governor-general succeeded another, and still the railway was not begun. At last it was determined, in the interests of economy, to lay down the rails on the existing trunk road, a very fine work." (Pall Mall Budget, October 12, 1878.)

As to *baggage*, I have already shown (Atlantic, April, 1878) that it is not distinctively "American" upon the evidence of the writings of Fielding, Sterne, Walter Scott, Mrs. Trollope, Thomas Hughes, and others. As to *right off the reel*, I can only say that I have constantly heard it from my childhood upon the lips of New England people who, although educated, were entirely unsophisticated by British example; and it is remarkable that Mr. Bartlett gives *right off*, in the sense of immediately (which is a mere abbreviation of *right off the reel*), as an Americanism! A similarly laughable confusion exists as to *fire-dogs*. At the end of that excellent work, Chambers's Dictionary of the English Language (Lond. 1872), there is a glossary of "Americanisms," so called; and in this glossary *dogs* is set forth as an Americanism for andirons! Truly, we may leave our British critics to settle what is British English and what is American English among themselves. As to *andiron*, there is not a word in the language more thoroughly English, past or present. I will observe, by the way, that in this same Chambers's Glossary of Americanisms I find, under F, *fleshy* in the sense of stout, upon which I remarked in my last article; and *flashy*, in the sense of not sweet and fruitful, notwithstanding Bacon's "else distilled books are like common distilled waters, *flashy* things" (Essay, Of Studies); and, St. Patrick help us! *forment*, in the sense of opposite, — a word not only never heard from Yankee lips, but the occasion of smiling remark to us when we hear it from Biddy and Murphy. We shall next be told that *Ochone!* is an Americanism. Returning to our critic: I hear *to the fore* quite as often here as I heard it in England (where I also heard *on hand*), and much oftener than I hear *on deck*, which is slang of a kind not used by persons fastidious as to their hotel

[1] *Railroad* occurs four times on a single page (vol. i. p. 282) of Memoirs of a Quiet Life; and Mrs. Trollope, most American-eschewing of British females, furnishes this instance: "When an individual, or set of individuals, desire to commence some expensive undertaking, such as the construction of a *railroad*, the establishment of steam vessels, or the like," etc. (Vienna and the Austrians, page 183, chap. lvii.) Dickens also writes: "At one point, as we ascended a steep hill, athwart whose base a *railroad*, yet constructing, took its course, we came upon an Irish colony." (American Notes, vol. ii p. 212, Lond. 1842.)

accommodations. *To the fore* is rather *rococo* in both countries, and is used, as it were, within quotation marks, except among some plain provincial people. Upon the very serious question of *shirt bosom* for *shirt front* I dare not venture an opinion, but will only say that both are known to me as the name of that stiff, starchy stomacher, a fault in the set of which is the cause of so much anguish to the manly heart which beats beneath it.

The truth is that in all this array of assumed tests of Americanism in language there is only one of any value; and that one is *a hotel* for *an hotel*. According to my observation the elision of *n* before *hotel* is so general in this country that it may be regarded as universal, while in England it is very rare. This difference is the consequence of the difference in the pronunciation of *hotel*, which in England, except among a very few of the most highly cultivated speakers, is pronounced *otel*. To the tendency to this pronunciation of unaccented syllables beginning with *h* is to be attributed the old rule that in those cases the *n* is to be preserved; for example, *a history*, but *an historian*. But this usage has been for some time passing away, even in England. For example, in one of the papers lying on my table I find, "In this sense of the word Gibbon is not *a historian*." (Pall Mall Budget, October 12, 1878: Review of English Men of Letters.)

Leaving our British critic, I turn to the Boston Dictionary of Americanisms. The first word under the letter G is an example of a sort of word, so called, which is largely represented in this compilation; but it is a sort which has no proper place in any collection which professes to represent the vocabulary of any community or any sort of people. These words are not good English, nor are they Americanisms, nor are they the cant or the slang of England, of the British colonies, or of any part of the United States. The word in question is *gabblement*. It is said to be a Southern word; and an example is quoted which would seem to support that view of its origin. Doubtless the word is used at the South; but so it is at the North, as thousands of readers of The Atlantic will bear witness. I have heard it again and again in New York, New Jersey, and New England; and more, I have heard it from the lips of children. Indeed, it is merely a grotesque word used in light, jocose, colloquial speech, — a word that might be "made up," as children say, by any one on the spur of the moment, as I have no doubt that it has been made again and again by persons who have never heard it used. That it has been and is so used in England I have no doubt; but, as I have had occasion to remark before, all such light and frivolous words, like other light and frivolous things, are not exhibited to the world in England as they are here. The works of British authors are full of dialect words, folk-speech, and even of vulgarisms which are characteristic; but they do not put in print words which, while they deviate from standard speech, are in their difference utterly characterless and without significance. Such are *gabblement*, *galboy*, *go-aheadativeness*, *goneness*, *grandacious*, *grandiferous*, and the like. They are merely the whimsical coinage of a moment, caught up and used again in the whim of the moment; and although some of them may have got into print in that depressing department of our journalism and our literature which professes to be humorous, they are never used, even by children, or the childish, seriously, as language, but with a full knowledge that they are not really words, and merely for "the fun of the thing" (for to some people it is exquisitely funny to say grandacious); and they have therefore no claim to consideration or record as part of the language of a people. *Goneness*, indeed, has some humor and suggestiveness, and might be accepted as good slang if it were in sufficiently common use. It is described as being a "woman's word;" but I have heard it from men; and I once heard a very small boy, guiltless of the word itself, give the spirit of it while suffering the sensation which it describes. At luncheon he had managed to get a

tremendous swig of some strong ale that might have disturbed older heads than his. Not long after the discovery of his draught he broke in upon the general conversation by exclaiming, "Mamma, it makes my legs go out."[1] *Gentleman turkey*, for turkey-cock, is also admitted by Mr. Bartlett into his dictionary, with the explanation that "the mock-modesty of the Western States demands that a male turkey should be so called." With all my heart I cheer Mr. Bartlett in any attack upon mock-modesty in language; but I cannot agree with him in his appreciation of this phrase. It is used, and is put by writers into the mouths of the personages of their sketches and stories, not with a modest motive, but jocosely, whimsically. With that thin humor and weak satire which some people enjoy, and repeat at second-hand till one is sick of it, they thus repudiate the very mock-modesty to which Mr. Bartlett assumes that they conform. There is a great deal of this kind of talk among "Americans" of a sort found all over the country, but naturally most numerous at the West. Words so used are no part of the true language of the country regarded in any light; because, as I have remarked before, they are not dialect, or cant, or slang, and are not used seriously by the very persons who utter them. They have no fixed character or permanent place of any kind, but pertain to the persons who speak them and to the moment when they are spoken. Mistakenly accepted as Americanisms, they wrongfully swell the catalogue of words which, with a seeming "American" authority, give occasion for the assumption, perhaps the honest belief, that the language in common use among us is something else than English.

Something similar in kind to these words and phrases is *to go off*, which appears in Mr. Bartlett's third edition, but is discreetly omitted from the fourth. It is not peculiar to either country, or to any class in either country. Nor was it in the former edition correctly explained as meaning to expire. It is an abbreviated expression, or rather one left purposely incomplete. It may mean to go off in laughter, to go off in a swoon, or something else. We may be sure that the Widow Bedott, who is quoted in illustration, when she said, "I thought I should *go off* last night when I see that old critter squeeze up and hook on to you," did not mean that she thought she would expire. She might have meant that she would go off in laughter, or in a faint, or perhaps in a "conniption fit."

But while *go off* is omitted from the last edition, *go it* is added; why, it is difficult to discover. For the phrase is not of late introduction, nor is it of "American" origin, or peculiar to this country in any way. I can bear witness that it has been in common use among Englishmen, educated and uneducated, for thirty years, and few of us here can remember the time when we first heard it. The explanation of it, "to undertake a thing, to go at it, to succeed in a thing, go through it, to be earnestly engaged in," is unsatisfactory. "Going it" in an affair does not mean being successful in it; and a man may undertake a thing and yet not "go it," because he has no "go" in him. Perhaps "to go at earnestly" would express its meaning; which, however, includes something more than earnestness, something of a sustained rush. Another one of the phrases which make their first appearance in the edition of 1878 is *to go to the bad;* the presentation of which as an Americanism is astonishing. It is a semi-slang phrase which has been in vogue in England for a generation, as any Englishman will testify; and its use was strictly confined to England until comparatively a few years ago, when it began to creep in here, although its use is still so restricted

[1] While this article is going through the press I receive from a friend, who is cavorting over the boundless prairie, a letter dated Denver, November 20th, in which he says: "The air here has a queer effect upon some people. It gives them a 'gone' feeling about the knees, so that you see new comers going about as if at every step they were going to drop upon their knees." This illustrates the meaning of *gone* and *goneness*, and the quotation of the word by my correspondent shows its recognition only as a slang phrase.

that to most people it would seem strange, if not foreign.[1] All these phrases founded on *go*, however, are mere slang, and however good slang (and *go it* could not be bettered), they should be set apart by themselves. It is one of the injurious features in the Dictionary of Americanisms that all its various matter is "lumped" together and arranged only in alphabetical order. The "nigger," the "Injin," the Canadian "habitan," the Mexican "greaser," the backwoodsman, the California miner, the loafer, and the decent, educated American are all mixed up together in one indistinguishable heap.

Gal, *g'hal*, *g'lang*, and *gray deal* (great deal) are representatives of a very numerous class of words in this collection of so-called Americanisms. They are not words, but merely slovenly pronunciations of words which are used in their simple and universally accepted English sense. Three of these, the first and the last two, are not in any sense peculiarly American; as the same slovenly pronunciations prevail in England among a class of people corresponding to those who use them here. The second, *g'hal*, is not, but was, an affected pronunciation peculiar to a certain part of New York. It prevailed, however, but for a short time; it has entirely disappeared, with its companion, *b'hoy*. The Bowery boy, who used both, has not lasted so long as Mr. Bartlett's dictionary, many items in which are of an equally circumscribed and ephemeral sort.

A large class of words to which I have before directed attention is represented under this letter by *gerrymander*, *guano*, *Gulf States*, *Graham bread*, *Grahamites*, *gong-punch*, *greenback*. These are not in any proper sense Americanisms. They are merely the names of things, just as *hari-karu*, *mandarin*, *tabu*, *boomerang*, and *wampum* are. They involve no perversion or modification of English words or phrases, such, for example, as appears in *right away* for immediately, or *lumber* for timber. The latter are examples of true Americanisms; and they are neither slang nor cant.[2] Of the words in question, *guano* is not even the name of a thing found in the United States, or a word originating among or peculiar to the people of this country. It is a Spanish name of the product of Spanish or *quasi*-Spanish islands thousands of miles from our borders; and it is used by all European peoples just as it is used by the people of the United States. I am reluctant to say what would imply or suggest any other than the most perfect conscientiousness and singleness of intent upon Mr. Bartlett's part; but it does seem at times that he has been carried away by the mania of the specialist and the collector so far as to stick at nothing that would stand in the way of increasing the bulk of his volume.

Gad. Why this word, the meaning of which need not be told, should be included in a collection of words peculiar to the United States is a mystery past understanding. It is pure Anglo-Saxon; it appears in the Promptorium Parvulorum, 1440; in Baret's Alvearie, 1580; and I believe in every English dictionary that has ever been published, down to Johnson and Richardson. Mr. Bartlett tells us it is used in the north of England. So indeed it is, and also in the south, and in the east, and in the west. It is as English as a word can be. Wedgewood says of it, after remarking that *gad* and *goad* "differ only in the more or less broad pronunciation of the vowel," that "the primitive meaning is a rod or switch, probably from the sound of a blow with such an implement. Then as a cut with a flexible rod or prick with a pointed one are equally efficient in urging an animal forwards, the name is extended to the implement used for either purpose, and a goad is the pointed rod used in driving bullocks." Apart from Wedgewood's

[1] Mr. Bartlett would have found *go it* and *to go to the bad* in any edition of the London Slang Dictionary, published by John Camden Hotten.

[2] In further illustration of this point: The Spaniards called a certain red river in the far West, Colorado; and we have a territory, Colorado. But "river Colorado" and "Colorado territory" are not Americanisms, they are merely names of things here which are not elsewhere. If, however, we were from them to adopt *colorado* as a synonym for *red*, and use it in that sense, then *colorado* would be an Americanism

peculiar notions as to the origin of words in descriptive sound, this presents the plain state of the case as to the ox-gad. We shall be next told that *rod* and *spear* and *whip* are Americanisms. Who ever supposed that the rustic teamster's gad, or the name of it, was "peculiar to the United States"? He brought the thing and the name with him from England; and his English cousin has kept both, and uses them when he "drives fat oxen," which, however, are going out as beasts of draft in both countries, and perhaps more rapidly in England than here. I did not see an ox-cart or an ox before the plow in my walks in any rural part of England. The horse is found the more efficient, the more manageable, and the cheaper draftster.

Gallus, or *gallows*, in the sense of showy, dashing, we are told is New York slang. Not more than it is London slang. It is used in the same way by corresponding classes in both countries. *Ecce signum.*

"'How?' replied the audacious one, 'why, with cheek, to be sure. Anything can be done if you've only got cheek enough. It's no use puttin' on a spurt of it, and knockin' under soon as you're tackled. Go in for it up to the heads of your d— soul bolts. Put it on your face so *gallus* thick that the devil himself won't see through it.'" (James Greenwood (the "Amateur Casual"), Seven Curses of London, page 244.)

"'It's cos people get so *gallus* 'ard-'arted, that's wot it is,' remarked, with a grin, a young gentleman who shared the bed of the cheeky one." (The same, page 245.)

Galoshes. This word is used by Chaucer, and was in general use in England from his day down to a recent period, and lingers there yet. It appears in the Promptorium Parvulorum, in Skinner, and in all English dictionaries (Bailey defines it as "leather cases or clogs worn over shoes") down to Richardson. Some of these facts Mr. Bartlett himself mentions. Moreover, it has entirely passed out of use here, while, on the other hand, it is found in the best current light literature of England, and that not as a character word, or provincial or old-fashioned. See the following example from the most read novel of the day:—

"You will begin to ask whether it is right to shoot pretty little birds in order to eat them; you will become a vegetarian; and you will take to *goloshes*." (William Black, Macleod of Dare, chap. xxvii.)

In the name of common sense, then, why does it appear in a dictionary of Americanisms? What authority or useful guidance is there in a book which gives as Americanisms words which are and which ever have been English, and which are not in use in America? *Gallowses*, for suspenders or braces, is in the same predicament.

Gambrel. A gambrel-roof is one which is "hipped" or has its slope broken. Mr. Bartlett says that it is so called "from its resemblance to the hind leg of a horse, which by farriers is called a gambrel." As to the farriers, the word is not peculiar to their craft. Instances of its use by Beaumont and Fletcher, and by Grew, are given by Richardson *in v.* Nor is the name given to the roof directly from its likeness to a horse's hind leg. From the shape of that limb a piece of wood bent like it at an obtuse angle was called a gambrel, which Halliwell tells us is "a crooked piece of wood used by butchers for hanging up or expanding a slaughtered animal." Thus the crooked piece of wood or beam that expands the roof of a house is a gambrel. Such Americanism as may be in the word consists merely in the application of it to a large piece of wood as well as to a small one.

Gap. Mr. Bartlett says "this pure English word is used properly of any breach of continuity," in which he of course is right. It might possibly be said, nevertheless, that our application of it to a breach of continuity in mountains, as in the Delaware Water Gap, is peculiarly American. But this is not so. Englishmen when they came here merely gave a proper English name to a thing that did not exist in England. There are no such mountain gaps in

England. And in Scotland the mountain passes are not gaps. In fact, there could not be a more thoroughly English use of *gap* than the one in question. Mr. Bartlett gives as a second American sense of the word "an opening in a fence." But that has been an English use of the word from time immemorial. Bailey's only definition of gap is "an open place in a hedge or wall." May we be quite sure that *hedge* and *wall* are not Americanisms?

Gat, in Barnegat, Hellgat, is set forth as an Americanism; but it is not at all so. Those names were given to certain places by the Hollanders; and the names have remained. That is all. *Gat* has not taken any place in our speech, in our vocabulary. On the contrary, we have changed Hellgat to Hellgate. *Gat* as a word is unknown to us; hardly, I am sorry to say, as the perfect tense of *get*.

Gaum. It would be safe to bet odds of nine to one that not one "American" reader of The Atlantic in ten ever heard or saw this word, or has the least notion of its meaning. But such a venture would not be safe as to its English readers. Halliwell gives us one meaning, to handle improperly, and says, "This last meaning is found in Fletcher's Poems, page 256, and is *still in common use*." The sense of to smear or maul, which Halliwell also gives, is relative to and deduced from the former: improper handling has mauling and smearing as its consequence. Mr. Bartlett's "local in England" implies directly that the word is general here; but, on the contrary, its use is confined within the narrowest possible limits here, and is much more widely diffused in England; although there as here it is not heard in "society."

"To get the wrong pig by the tail" and "to get the wrong sow by the ear" I take notice of only to say that the "chaw bacons" of England, from the Humber to Land's End, would stare "consumedly" if they were told that they and their grandfathers had got these phrases from America.

Gent for genteel is one of the new words in Mr. Bartlett's edition, for which he quotes Madame Knight's journal, A. D. 1704; doing so, probably, because he forgot that a well-known Yankee named Alexander Pope wrote, about that very time,

> "Duck in his trousers hath he hent,
> Not to be spied of ladies *gent*."
> (Imitation of Chaucer.)

Verily, this going back to 1704 for Americanisms is a rather desperate resort. *Gent* is also given as an American abbreviation of gentleman. This case is worse, if possible, than the former. *Gent* has been in all modern English literature the word-sign and token of a cockney. It is almost a peculiarly London vulgarism, although it has spread with trade into provincial towns, and instances of its use in literature of past generations might be produced. In America it has been gradually sneaking into low use only during the past few years.

To give out, in the sense of to desist, to become faint, to fail, is another novel Americanism which appears for the first time in the last edition of the dictionary. Just about the time that this was printing, Mr. Jennings, an Englishman who has lived here, and who is the author of one of the most charming books of foot-travel ever written, heard an old woman speak thus in Sussex: —

"'We liked the old church best, sir,' said the woman, who was wheezing away, dismally. 'This don't seem to us as if it were the same church, like. See, yonder is the old house where they say the vicars used to live — I would come and show you, but my chest gives out.' 'Gives out,' — a true Americanism, if there ever was one." (Field Paths and Green Lanes, page 77, Lond. 1877.)

Not so, good friend. There be Americanisms; but this is not one of them, as you indeed may have meant to say. It is merely a homely but suggestive metaphor, which might occur to any English-speaking person.

A good time. This phrase is stigmatized as an Americanism, not by Mr. Bartlett, but by British critics; on what

grounds I have not been able to discover. The London Times correspondent, under date of August 5, 185–,[1] says, "In the odd phraseology of the country, he is having a *good time* of it." The phrase is referred to in like manner again and again by English journalists. And yet *time* is used by all the best English writers to mean a succession of days, a period, a season; and good is a proper and an English qualification of it in that sense. Moreover, I am sure that there is precedent for the phrase in the books of English writers of repute in past generations, although, as when I was reading those books I had not had my attention called to this phrase, I am not now able to produce these precedents. However, I find the following examples in the recent writings of very English men: —

"If the Divorce Court were only sitting, and a war would break out somewhere with special correspondent range, that great section of society to whom news is as food would have quite *a comfortable time*." (London Spectator, August 17, 1865, page 379.)

Between "a comfortable time" and "a good time" there is, of course, for our purpose, no difference.

Here, also, are some passages very directly in point: —

"'I am going to ask a favor of you,' he said in a low voice. 'I have spent *a pleasant time* in England,'" etc. (William Black, Macleod of Dare, chap. ii.)

— "if Hamish came to learn of the peril in which Macleod had been placed by the incaution of the English lad, the latter would *have a bad time* of it at Castle Dare." (The same, chap. xxxi.)

Surely, if it is English to say one has a pleasant time, or a bad time, it is also English to say one has a good time. But in the following passages we have the identical phrase: —

"He intended to forget Mr. Groschut, to ignore Dr. Pountner, and have *a good time*." (Anthony Trollope, Popenjoy, chap. xiv.)

"But there might be some sort of arrangement to do away with the nuisance. See what *a good time* the dogs have." (The same, chap. xvi.)

But precedent or no precedent, examples or no examples, *a good time* is normal English. It cannot be otherwise, unless

"All my times are in thy hand"

is in the "odd phraseology" of America.

To go ahead. Upon this phrase, which is possibly an Americanism, and which Mr. Bartlett says is a seaman's phrase which has got into very common use, Mr. Dickens thus remarks: "By the way, whenever an Englishman would cry, 'All right!' an American cries, 'Go ahead!' which is somewhat expressive of the character of the two countries." (American Notes, vol. ii. p. 11, Lond. 1842.) Then, indeed, the character of one of the two countries entirely changed during Mr. Dickens's life. Long before his death *all right* took the place of *go ahead* with us; and now it has become almost a nuisance. He must himself have heard it all over the country on his second visit. Not only do conductors and expressmen and policemen, *et id omne genus*, use it, but cooks and maids say all right to their mistress's orders; and, alas, mistresses say all right to the cooks and maids when they bring messages or report the condition of things in kitchen or drawing-room. Master and man all-right each other. So does this phrase pervade American speech as a servant of all work that I am not sure that our willing girls don't say all right when their lovers pop the question, and that our clergymen do not grant absolution in that form to penitent sinners. Mr. Dickens's comment and inference, when considered in connection with the universal use of *all right* in America within so short a time of his first visit here, are a striking illustration of the perils and uncertainties that environ the subject of Americanisms, particularly when they are assumed to be evidences of national character. As to the assumption that *go ahead* is a seaman's phrase which came into common use, I have

[1] Unfortunately my memorandum is torn on the edge and the last figure of the year has disappeared.

some doubts. Davy Crockett was far enough removed from the influences of seamen, and he made the maxim, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." But indeed this use of *ahead* came in at least two centuries before Crockett's time. The notion that it is of nautical origin was first broached by Dr. Johnson, not the best judge on such a question. Milton uses it thus: —

"But how, among the drove of custom and prejudice, this will be relisht by such whose capacity, since their youth, *run ahead* into the easy creek of a system or a medulla," etc. (Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, Letter to Parliament.)

Between "run ahead" and "go ahead," although one is indicative and the other imperative, there is no essential difference; and thus we see that the Americanism of the latter is of the utmost tenuity of fabric.

Goody. And this, too, in the sense of a well-disposed, but small-minded person, is set down among Americanisms; its turpitude having been discovered since the publication of the third edition of the dictionary! Alas for Goody Two-Shoes, and alas for Goody Blake! Oliver Goldsmith and William Wordsworth, those egregious "Americans," reckless and incorrigible debasers of the English tongue, have given this American title to two personages who have become famous in English nurseries and in English drawing-rooms. What is to be done if the purity of the English tongue is to be left to the mercy of such yawping Yankees! To be sure they might have the effrontery to plead in extenuation that *goody* had been used in England as they used it from the time of Chaucer, and for aught we know from that of Cædmon. But what of that! Has it not been heard in New England, although from the lips of men of English blood? Go to! we'll have none of it.

To Gouge. This, which according to the excellent and fastidious Grose, in his Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, is "a cruel custom practiced by Bostonians in America," is probably an American, although not perhaps a peculiarly Bostonian practice. But it is the practice, not the word, that is American. The word is used just as all Englishmen have used it from time immemorial; and had the habits of Bostonians in this respect never been heard of, if in some other place one man had relieved another of an eye with his thumbnail, any Englishman would have said that he gouged out the eye; that is, any Englishman but Dr. Johnson. In his remarks upon a passage in King Lear, he speaks of the "extrusion of Gloster's eyes;" which, by the way, must sooth the Boston mind in that it affords British precedent for the practice.

Grain is set forth as an Americanism when used in two senses: first, in that of a particle, a bit, a little. In refutation of this judgment I shall go only to Shakespeare in a well-known passage: —

> "If he say so, may his pernicious soul
> Rot half a grain a day!"
> (Othello, v. 2.)

The truth is that such a metaphorical use of *grain* is inevitably universal; pages might be filled with examples of it from the works of English authors of repute; and among persons of not very exact discrimination or refined taste in any country where English is spoken we must expect to hear such a misuse of it as "I don't care a grain," and to "move a grain nearer." As to the rest, see Latham's edition of Johnson. The second sense in which *grain* is set forth as an Americanism is that of a general name for wheat, rye, oats, barley. Indeed! And were the translators of the Bible, then, writing "American" when they made St. Paul say, "And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but *bare grain*, it may chance of *wheat*, or of some *other grain*"? (1 Cor. xv. 37.) Indeed, it would be work of merest supererogation to show that there is no ground whatever for the assertion that wheat, rye, oats, and barley are called corn in England so exclusively as to make the calling them grain un-English. Shakespeare, the Bible, Milton, Dryden, and

a throng of other writers, past and present, witness the contrary.[1]

Grass. "A vulgar contraction of *sparrow-grass*, that is, asparagus. Further than this the force of corruption can hardly go." This is amazing; for it shows that a man of intelligence and reading has still to learn that *grass* is, and has been for certainly more than a century, a vulgar British corruption of asparagus. In a recent number of Punch one of Charles Keene's clever social sketches shows a solemn "heavy swell" in the box of an eating-house with a waiter before him, to whom he says that he "be-lieves — he — will — take some — haricot-of-mutton and some as-par-agus;" the waiter, hardly waiting for the words to pass his lips, turns and shouts into the kitchen, "Arico 'n grass!"[2] It shows also that the compiler of our dictionary is unacquainted with the following comment made by Walker upon *asparagus* almost one hundred years ago:

"This word is vulgarly pronounced *sparrow-grass*. It may be observed that such words as the vulgar do not know how to spell, and which convey no definite idea of the thing, are frequently changed by them into such words as they do know how to spell, and which do convey some definite idea. The word in question is an instance of it; and the corruption of this word into *sparrow-grass* is so general that *asparagus* has *an air of stiffness and pedantry*." (Dictionary, *in v.*)

Grand in the sense of very good, excellent, pleasant, is especially set forth as an Americanism in our dictionary, with remarks upon its being much abused by us in that way. My attention has not been attracted by this word so used; but I remember that that reckless Yankee, William Shakespeare, makes King Alonzo abuse it in the same way: —

"And Trincolo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this *grand* liquor that hath gilded 'em?"
(Tempest, v. i.)

And I will undertake, on reasonable notice, to produce numerous instances of a like use of the word by Englishmen of education in modern times. *Great*, in a like sense, which has also the American stamp set upon it, is in the same category with *grand*.

Great big. "Very large. . . . Often used by children." Indeed, indeed, it is; and by all the children in England; and not only by the little children, but by that very big boy, William Thackeray: —

"A crow who had flown away with a cheese from a dairy window sate perched on a tree, looking down at a *great big* frog in a pool beneath him." (The Newcomes, chap. ii.)

And another big boy named George Chapman, who did some very good Greek exercises — in translation — about two centuries and a quarter ago, also used it:

. . . "for whose use allow
A little ship; but in her bulk bestow
A *great big* burthen."
(Chapman's Hesiod, 1618. Book II., l. 405.)

Great Spirit. Mr. Bartlett gives us this phrase, and *fire-water*, *pale-face*, *tomahawk*, *wigwam*, *squaw*, etc. Why? What have we to do with the "Indians," so called? They form no part of our society. Their language is no part of ours. Words adopted by us from their language, and substituted for English words, if any such there be, are properly Americanisms. But words adopted by them, from us, or phrases which are translations of expressions peculiar to them, are surely not so. It is difficult to see any reason for the presence here of these words which would not equally justify that of like words from the speech of the Alaskans.

[1] Milton uses *grain* thus conspicuously and distinctively for corn in general in two fine passages, where *corn* would have served his purpose equally well: —

"As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the aire,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farmes
Ajoynd, from each thing met conclaves delight:
The smell of *grain*, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or Darie; each rural sight, each rural sound."
(Par. Lost, ix. 445.)

"What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or *graine*,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green."
(Par. Lost, xii. 184.)

[2] I cannot now put my hand upon this Punch, but I hold myself ready to produce it.

Grocery as the name of the place where groceries are sold is an Americanism; and the circumstances of its use are such that to avoid it is almost impossible. But *grocery store* is not an Americanism. There are signs, old signs, which have "grocery store" on them in London. But this phrase and *grocer's shop* are rarely heard there, according to my observation. They speak in England of going to the grocer's, of getting things from the grocer. But *groggery*, which Mr. Bartlett also gives, is in use there, and I believe is of British origin.

Grouty, meaning ill-natured, troubled in spirit, a word very rarely heard here, and according to my observation never written, seriously at least, is merely a metaphorical application of an old and widely diffused English word. *Grouted* means begrimed; grouts are dregs, lees; and thick, muddy liquor is grouty. (See Halliwell.)

Gubernatorial. This ridiculous and pretentious word is also an Americanism, due to the affectation of those who must call the governor's room the gubernatorial chamber, and who "cavort" in like manner through all the "gubernatorial" offices and functions. It was probably called into being as a companion to *presidential*.

Guava. Why this Spanish name of a fruit produced in the West Indies, a name used, of necessity, by whatever people that fruit is spoken of, in whatever country, should appear in a dictionary of words peculiar to the United States is one of the many mysteries which surround the subject of Americanisms.

Guess. I have considered this word in a previous paper,[1] and shall here only mention that it was there shown to have been used in the sense of think, suppose, by Wickliffe, in the Wyckliffeite Apology for the Lollards, by Chaucer, by Bishop Jewell, by Bishop Hale, by John Locke, and by Anthony Trollope.

[1] The Federal Language, in The Galaxy for November, 1877.

Gum-sucking, which Mr. Bartlett mildly calls a disgusting word, I mention merely to say that being so loathsome, and being never heard among decent people, much less written by them, it might well have been omitted from the dictionary. There are many other foul words which might with equal propriety have defiled his pages, and which he has wisely omitted.

Gunning, we are told, is "used in the Northern States for the act of going out with a gun to shoot game." But it is so used in England, and has been for generations, and probably ever since the gun supplanted the bow.

> "Yet oft the skulking *gunner* by surprise
> Will scatter death among them as they rise."
> (Bloomfield, The Farmer's Boy, Spring.)

"*Gunning* is my theme, . . . the great art of shooting." (Edmund Yates, The Business of Pleasure, Lond. 1865, vol. i. p. 175, and *passim*.)

Gutter-snipe. I shall not say that the definition of this word as "a Wall Street term for brokers who do business chiefly on the sidewalk or in the street, and who are not members of the Stock Exchange," is incorrect. But I am sure that this is at least a secondary meaning, and that the term was transferred from those to whom it was first applied to the "curb-stone brokers" in derision and contempt. Gutter-snipes are the little ragamuffins who play in the gutters of the poorer parts of the town. The word was known to the better class of boys and to policemen long before it got into Wall Street.

Gumption. This slang word, meaning, not understanding, skill, as Mr. Bartlett has it, but comprehension, capacity, is, and has long been, in common use in England, where it is indigenous. It appears in Todd and Johnson, and in the glossaries of Pegge, Brockett, Forby, Jennings, and Halliwell, as Mr. Bartlett himself acknowledges. Why, then, does it appear in a dictionary of Americanisms? Because, as Mr. Bartlett adds, "with us it is frequently heard"? So are *beef*, and *bread*, and *butter*.

Richard Grant White.

AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

Turn back the picture to the wall
  That gazes from the easel thus!
The hand that drew is dead, and all
  Is ended, now, for all of us.
Oh, not his life alone, but mine
  Goes down into his grave to-day,
As, failing of the touch divine,
  My very portrait fades away.

You look askance — My portrait? Yes.
  True, I have lent to many a one
His canvas saints' and sinners' dress,
  But this was just myself begun.
You would not think that fresh, pure face
  The same that every studio knows —
That girlish form's unconscious grace
  Your model's well-considered pose?

Oh, never any one like him
  Had brain and heart to feel and know!
The others painted turn of limb,
  And flesh and blood's mere surface glow;
But he, with vision swift and strong,
  Pierced deep to what they could not see,
And through the web of chance and wrong,
  Discerned the hidden soul of me.

I tell you, with his kind, keen eyes,
  He looked straight through this accident
That men call Me, and saw me rise,
  The very woman Nature meant!
And in my inmost self, the while,
  I felt it grow, the sweet, strange dream,
And stood, beneath his quickening smile,
  The marvel that he made me seem!

Oh, might I once have seen complete
  This miracle I measured by,
Prostrate before the spotless feet
  Of this that was and was not I,
I could have wept such tears as wear
  The stained soul white and leave it free,
And risen a new creature there,
  And been — what I shall never be!

Turn back the picture to the wall,
  And bury the dead painter now,

And let me walk behind them all
  That mourner chief of all should bow;
For who can see, like such a one,
  The self-same coffin shut within,
Beside the life untimely done
  The life that never shall begin?

And yet if any truth there be
  In worlds that make amends for this,
Then Heaven perhaps will pity me
  For all that Earth has let me miss;
And I shall find his face again,
  And know the rest. Farewell, my Fate,
Until we meet! If never — then —
  Farewell to all I learn too late!

Kate Putnam Osgood.

A STUDENT'S SEA STORY.

Among the pleasantest of my recollections of old Bowdoin is the salt-air flavor of its sea experiences. The site of Brunswick is a sandy plain on which the college buildings seem to have been dropped for the good old Yankee economic reason of using land for public buildings that could not be used for anything else. The soil was a fathomless depth of dry, sharp, barren sand, out of whose bosom nothing but pitch pines and blueberry bushes emerged, or ever could emerge without superhuman efforts of cultivation. But these sandy plains, these pine forests, were neighbors to the great, lively, musical blue ocean whose life-giving presence made itself seen, heard, and felt every hour of the day and night. The beautiful peculiarity of the Maine coast, where the sea interpenetrates the land in picturesque fiords and lakes, brought a constant romantic element into the landscape. White-winged ships from India or China came gliding into the lonely solitude of forest recesses, bringing news from strange lands and tidings of wild adventure into secluded farm-houses that for the most part seemed to be dreaming in woodland solitude. In the early days of my college life, the shipping interest of Maine gave it an outlook into all the countries of the earth. Ships and ship-building and ship-launching were the drift of the popular thought, and the very minds of the people by this commerce had apparently

> . . . "suffered a sea change
> Into something rare and strange."

There was a quaintness, shrewdness, and vivacity about these men, half skipper, half farmer, that was piquant and enlivening.

It was in the auspicious period of approaching Thanksgiving that my chum and I resolved to antedate for a few days our vacation, and take passage on the little sloop Brilliant, that lay courtesying and teetering on the bright waters of Maquoit Bay, loading up to make her Thanksgiving trip to Boston.

It was a bright Indian summer afternoon that saw us all on board the little craft. She was laden deep with dainties and rarities for the festal appetites of Boston nabobs: loads of those mealy potatoes for which the fields of Maine were justly famed; barrels of ruby cranberries; boxes of solid golden butter, ventures of a thrifty house mother emu-

lous to gather kindred gold in the Boston market. Then there were dressed chickens, turkeys, and geese all going the same way, on the same errand; and there were sides and saddles of that choice mutton for which the sea islands of Maine were as famous as the South-Downs of England.

Everything in such a stowage was suggestive of good cheer. The little craft itself had a sociable, friendly, domestic air. The captain and mate were cousins; the men were all neighbors, sons of families who had grown up together; there was a kindly home flavor in the very stowage of the cargo. Here were Melissa's cranberries, and by many a joke and wink we were apprised that the mate had a tender interest in that venture; there was Widder Toothacre's butter, concerning which there were various comments and speculations, but which was handled and cared for with the consideration the Maine sailor boy always gives to "the widder;" there was a private keg of very choice eggs, over which the name of Lucindy Ann was breathed by a bright-eyed, lively youngster, who had promised to bring her back the change, and as to the precise particulars of this change many a witticism was expended.

Our mode of living on the Brilliant was of the simplest and most primitive kind. On each side the staircase that led down to the cabin, hooped strongly to the partition, was a barrel, which on the one side contained salt beef, and on the other salt pork. A piece out of each barrel, delivered regularly to the cook, formed the foundation of our daily meals; and sea-biscuit and potatoes, with the sauce of salt-water appetites, made this a feast for a king. I make no mention here of gingerbread and doughnuts, and such like ornamental accessories, which were not wanting, nor of nuts and sweet cider, which were to be had for the asking. At meal times a swing-shelf, which at other seasons hung flat against the wall, was propped up, and our meals were eaten thereon in joyous satisfaction.

A joyous, rollicking set we were, and the whole expedition was a frolic of the first water. One of the drollest features of these little impromptu voyages often was the woe-begone aspect of some unsuspecting landlubber, who had been beguiled into thinking that he would like a trip to Boston by seeing the pretty Brilliant courtesying in the smooth waters of Maquoit, and so had embarked in innocent ignorance of the physiological results of such enterprises.

I remember the first morning out. As we were driving ahead, under a stiff breeze, I came on deck, and found the respectable Deacon Muggins, who in his Sunday coat had serenely embarked the day before, now desolately clinging to the railing, very white about the gills, and contemplating the sea with a most suggestive expression of disgust and horror.

"Why, deacon, good morning! How are you? Splendid morning!" said I, maliciously.

He drew a deep breath, surveyed me with a mixture of indignation and despair, and then gave vent to his feelings: "Tell ye what: there was one darned old fool up to Brunswick yesterday; but he ain't there now; he 's *here*." The deacon, in the weekly prayer-meeting at Brunswick, used to talk of the necessity of being "emptied of self;" he seemed to be in the way of it in the most literal manner at the present moment. In a few minutes he was extended on the deck, the most utterly limp and dejected of deacons, and vowing with energy, if he ever got out o' this 'ere you would n't catch him again. Of course, my chum and I were not seasick. We were prosperous young Sophomores in Bowdoin College, and would have scorned to acknowledge such a weakness. In fact, we were in that happy state of self-opinion where we surveyed everything in creation as birds do from above, and were disposed to patronize everybody we met, with a pleasing conviction, that there was nothing worth knowing but what we were likely to know, or worth doing but what we could do.

Captain Stanwood liked us, and we

liked him; we patronized him, and he was quietly amused at our patronage and returned it in kind. He was a good specimen of the sea-captain in those early days in Maine: a man in middle life, tall, thin, wiry, and active, full of resource and shrewd mother wit; a man very confident in his opinions, because his knowledge was all got at first hand, — the result of a careful use of his own five senses. From his childhood he had followed the seas, and as he grew older made voyages to Archangel, to Messina, to the West Indies, and finally round the Horn; and, having carried a very sharp and careful pair of eyes, he had acquired not only a snug competency of worldly goods, but a large stock of facts and inductions which stood him in stead of an education. He was master of a thriving farm at Harpswell, and, being tethered somewhat by love of wife and children, was mostly stationary there, yet solaced himself by running a little schooner to Boston, and driving a thriving bit of trade by the means. With that reverence for learning which never deserts the New Englander, he liked us the better for being collegians, and amiably conceded that there were things quite worth knowing taught "up to Brunswick there," though he delighted now and then to show his superiority in talking about what he knew better than we.

Jim Larned, the mate, was a lusty youngster, a sister's son whom he had taken in training in the way he should go. Jim had already made a voyage to Liverpool and the East Indies, and felt himself also quite an authority in his own way.

The evenings were raw and cool, and we generally gathered round the cabin stove cracking walnuts, smoking, and telling stories, and having a jolly time generally. It is but due to those old days to say that a most respectable Puritan flavor penetrated even the recesses of those coasters, — a sort of gentle Bible and psalm-book aroma, so that there was not a word or a joke among the men to annoy the susceptibilities even of a deacon. Our deacon, somewhat consoled and amended, lay serene in his berth, rather enjoying the yarns that we were spinning. The web of course was many-colored, — of quaint and strange and wonderful, — and as the night wore on it was dyed in certain weird tints of the supernatural.

"Well," said Jim Larned, "folks may say what they 're a mind to; there are things that there 's no sort o' way o' 'countin' for, — things you 've jist got to say. Well, here 's suthin to work that I don't know nothin' about; and come to question any man up sharp, you 'll find he 's seen *one* thing o' that sort himself; and this 'ere I 'm going to tell 's *my* story: —

"Four years ago I went down to aunt Jerushy's, at Fair Haven. Her husband 's in the oysterin' business, and I used to go out with him considerable. Well, there was Bill Jones there, a real bright fellow, one of your open-handed, lively fellows, and he took a fancy to me and I to him, and he and I struck up a friendship. He run an oyster smack to New York, and did a considerable good business for a young man. Well, Bill had a fellow on his smack that I never liked the looks of: he was from the Malays, or some foreign crittur or other, spoke broken English, had eyes set kind o' edgeways 'n his head; homely as sin he was, and I always mistrusted him. 'Bill,' I used to say, 'you look out for that fellow; don't you trust him. If I was you I 'd ship him off short metre.' But Bill he only laughed. 'Why,' says he, 'I can get double work for the same pay out o' that fellow; and what do I care if he ain 't handsome?' I remember how chipper an' cheery Bill looked when he was sayin' that, just as he was going down to New York with his load o' oysters. Well, the next night I was sound asleep in aunt Jerusha's front chamber that opens towards the Sound, and I was waked right clear out o' sleep by Bill's voice screaming to me. I got up and run to the window and looked out, and I heard it again, plain as anything: 'Jim! Jim! Help! help!' It was n't a common cry neither; it was screeched out, as if somebody was murdering him. I tell

you, it rung through my head for weeks afterwards."

"Well, what came of it?" said my chum, as the narrator made a pause, and we all looked at him in silence.

"Well, as nigh as we can make it out, that very night poor Bill *was* murdered by that very Malay feller; leastways, his body was found in his boat. He 'd been stabbed, and all his money and watch and things taken, and this Malay was gone nobody knew where. That 's all that was ever known about it."

"But surely," said my chum, who was of a very literal and rationalistic turn of mind, "it could n't have been his voice you heard; he must have been down to the other end of the Sound, close by New York, by that time."

"Well," said the mate, "all I know is that I was waked out of sleep by Bill's voice calling my name, screaming in a real agony. It went through me like lightning; and then I find he was murdered that night. Now, I don't know anything about it. I know I heard him calling me; I know he was murdered; but *how* it was, or *what* it was, or *why* it was, I don't know."

"These 'ere college boys can tell ye," said the captain. "Of course they 've got into Sophomore year, and there ain't nothing in heaven or earth that they don't know."

"No," said I, "I say with Hamlet, 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.'"

"Well," said my chum, with the air of a philosopher, "what shakes my faith in all supernatural stories is that I can't see any use or purpose in them."

"Wal, if there could n't nothin' happen nor be except what *you* could see a use in, there would n't *much* happen nor be," quoth the captain.

A laugh went round at the expense of my friend.

"Wal, now, I 'll tell ye what, boys," piped the thin voice of the deacon, "folks must n't be too presumptuous; there is providences permitted that we don't see no use in, but they do happen, — yes, they do. Now what Jim Larned's been a-tellin' is a good deal like what happened to me once, when I was up to Umbagog, in the lumberin' business."

"Hullo!" called out Jim, "here 's the deacon's story! I told you every man had one. Give it to us, deacon! Speak out, and don't be bashful."

"Wal, really, it ain't what I like to talk about," said the deacon, in a quavering, uncertain voice; "but I don't know but I may as well, though.

"It was that winter I was up to Umbagog. I was clerk, and kep' the 'counts and books, and all that, and Tom Huly — he was surveyor and marker — he was there with me, and we chummed together. And there was Jack Cutter — he was jest out o' college; he was there practicing surveyin' with him. We three had a kind o' pine-board sort o' shanty built out on a plain near by the camp; it had a fire-place and two windows and our bunks, and each of us had our tables and books and things.

"Well, Huly he started with a party of three or four to go up through the woods to look out a new tract. It was two or three days' journey through the woods, and jest about that time the Indians up there was getting sort o' uneasy, and we all thought mabbe 't was sort o' risky; howsomdever, Tom had gone off in high spirits, and told us to be sure and take care of his books and papers. Tom had a lot of books, and thought everything of 'em, and was sort o' particular and nice about his papers; his table sot up one side by the winder, where he could see to read and write. Well, he 'd been gone four days, when one night — it was a bright, moonlight night — Jack and I were sitting by the fire reading, and between nine and ten o'clock there came a strong, regular knock on the window over by Tom's table. We were sitting with our backs to the window. 'Hullo!' says Jack, 'who 's that?' We both jumped up and went to the window and looked out, and see there warn't nobody there.

"'This is curus,' said I.

"'Some of the boys trying to trick us,' says he. 'Let 's keep watch; perhaps they 'll do it again,' says he.

"We sot down by the fire, and 'fore long it came again.

"Then Jack and I both cut out the door and run round the house, — he one way and I the other. It was light as day, and nothin' for anybody to hide behind, and there war n't a critter in sight. Well, we come in and sot down, and looked at each other kind o' puzzled, when it come agin, harder 'n ever; and Jack looked to the window, and got as white as a sheet.

"'For the Lord's sake, do look!' says he. And you may believe me or not, but I tell you it 's a solemn fact: Tom's books was movin', — jest as if somebody was pickin' 'em up and putting 'em down again, jest as I 've seen him do a hundred times.

"'Jack,' says I, 'something 's happened to Tom!'

"Wal, there had. That very night Tom was murdered by the Indians! We put down the date, and a week arter the news came."

"Come now, captain," said I, breaking the pause that followed the deacon's story, "give us your story. You 've been all over the world, in all times and all weathers, and you ain't a man to be taken in ; did you ever see anything of this sort?"

"Well, now, boys, since you put it straight at me, I don't care if I say I have, on these 'ere very waters we 're a-sailin' over now, on board this very schooner, in this very cabin."

This was bringing matters close home. We felt an agreeable shiver, and looked over our shoulders; the deacon, in his berth, raised up on his elbow, and ejaculated, "Dew tell; ye don't say so."

"Tell us about it, captain," we both insisted. "We 'll take your word for most anything."

"Well, it happened about five years ago. It 's goin' on now eight years ago that my father died. He sailed out of Gloucester ; had his house there; and after he died, mother she jest kep' on in the old place. I went down at first to see her fixed up about right, and after that I went now and then, and now and then I sent money. Well, it was about Thanksgiving time, as it is now, and I 'd ben down to Boston, and was coming back pretty well loaded with the things I 'd been buying in Boston for Thanksgiving at home: raisins and sugar, and all sorts of West Ingy goods, for the folks in Harpswell. Well, I meant to have gone down to Gloucester to see mother, but I had so many ways to run and so much to do I was afraid I would n't be back on time; and so I did n't see her.

"Well, we was driving back with a good stiff breeze, and we 'd got past Cape Ann, and I 'd gone down and turned in, and was fast asleep in my berth. It was past midnight, — every one on the schooner asleep except the mate, who was up on the watch. I was sleepin' as sound as ever I slept in my life, not a dream, nor a feelin', no more 'n' if I had been dead, when suddenly I waked square up ; my eyes flew open like a spring, with my mind clear and wide-awake, and sure as I ever see anything I see my father standing right in the middle of the cabin looking right at me. I rose right up in my berth, and says I, —

"'Father, is that you?'

"'Yes,' says he; 'it is me.'

"'Father,' says I, 'what do you come for?'

"'Sam,' says he, 'do you go right back to Gloucester and take your mother home with you, and keep her there as long as she lives.'

"And says I, 'Father, I will.' And as I said this he faded out and was gone. I got right up and run up on deck, and called out, ''Bout ship!' Mr. More — he was my mate then — stared at me as if he did n't believe his ears. ''Bout ship,' says I. 'I 'm going to Gloucester.'

"Well, he put the ship about, and then came to me and says, 'What the devil does this mean? We 're way past Cape Ann; it 's forty miles right back to Gloucester.'

"'Can't help it,' I said; 'to Gloucester I must go as quick as wind and water will carry me. I 've thought of matters

there that I *must* attend to, no matter what happens.'

"'Well, Ben More and I were good friends always, but I tell you all that day he watched me in a curious kind of way to see if I were n't took with a fever or suthin, and the men they whispered and talked among themselves. You see they all had their own reasons for wanting to be back to Thanksgiving, and it was hard on 'em.

"'Well, it was just about sun up we got into Gloucester, and I went ashore, and there was mother looking pretty poorly, jest making her fire and getting on her kettle. When she saw me she held up her hands and burst out crying, —

"'"Why, Sam, the Lord must 'a' sent you. I 've ben sick and all alone, having a dreffful hard time, and I 've felt as if I could n't hold out much longer.'

"'"Well,' says I, 'mother, pack up your things, and come right aboard the sloop; for I 've come to take you home, and take care of you; so put up your things.'

"'Well, I took hold and helped her, and we put things together lively; and packed up her trunks, and tied up the bed and pillows and bedclothes, and took her rocking-chair and bureau and tables and chairs down to the sloop. And when I came down, bringing her and all her things, Ben More seemed to see what I was after; but how or why the idea came into my head I never told him. There 's things that a man feels shy of tellin', and I did n't want to talk about it.

"'Well, when we was all aboard, the wind sprung up fair and steady, and we went on at a right spanking pace; and the fellows said the Harpswell girls had got hold of our rope, and was pulling us with all their might; and we came in all right the very day before Thanksgiving. And my wife was as glad to see mother as if she 'd expected her, and fixed up the front chamber for her, with a stove in 't, and plenty of kindlings. And the children was all so glad to see grandma, and we had the best kind of a Thanksgiving.'"

"Well," said I, "nobody could say there was n't any use in *that* spirit's coming, — if spirit it was; it had a most practical purpose."

"Well," said the captain, "I've been all round the world, in all sorts of countries; seen all sorts of queer, strange things, and seen so many things that I never could have believed if I had n't seen 'em that I never say I won't believe this or that. If I see a thing right straight under my eyes, I don't say it could n't 'a' ben there 'cause college folks say there ain't no such things."

"How do you know it was n't all a dream?" said my chum.

"How do I know? 'Cause I was broad awake, and I gen'lly know when I 'm awake and when I 'm asleep. I think Mr. More found me pretty wide-awake."

It was now time to turn in, and we slept soundly while the Brilliant plowed her way. By daybreak the dome of the State House was in sight.

"I 've settled the captain's story," said my chum to me. "It can all be accounted for on the theory of cerebral hallucination."

"All right," said I; "but it answered the purpose beautifully for the old mother."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A MODERN EDEN.

YESTERDAY, over the garden wall
Which hedges in the little all
My children know of flowers and trees,
Upon a limb that overshot
From neighbor Brown's adjoining lot
There swung a mellow peach in the breeze.

The place in which these little folk
The dawning joys of life invoke
Is only open to the sky;
Therein they 've builded a baby house,
And buried, I think, a tiny mouse,
And welcomed life without a sigh.

But now the Eden of baby May
And little man Ned, where yesterday
In mimic mounds the earth they piled,
Or scraped acquaintance with a toad,
No longer is the old abode
Of baby hearts all unbeguiled.

For where the weeds have noisome grown,
Under the shade of a mossy stone,
The serpent of olden time did rise, —
The snake which stings the innocent,
The crawling beast of ill portent
Who drove the pure from Paradise.

And soon he scaled the garden wall
Which guarded about the little all
Of innocence my babies knew,
And entered into the golden peach,
Which hung so temptingly in reach,
And wove his cruel spell anew.

And straightway then a dimpled hand,
Guided by the tempter bland,
Alas, has wrought a woful deed;
And in a hallowed baby breast,
Which evermore will plead for rest,
Is born a bitter inward need.

A peach stone lies in the crocus bed,
While on my breast a golden head
In tearful penitence is laid;
And close to mine a broken heart
Has sought its sorrow to impart, —
The little heart which disobeyed.

— Mr. Henry James's Europeans is, to me, his best work, so far; always excepting two or three of his short stories. For his peculiar style of mere hints as to such commonplace things as reasons, motives, and causes seems to me better adapted to a short story, which is necessarily a sketch or condensation, than to the broader limits of a novel, where we are accustomed to more explanation and detail. It is true that Charles Reade, also, seldom tells us what his characters mean, intend, or think, but only what they say or do; leaving us, as James does, to study them as we study our living neighbors, who carry no windows in their breasts. But the difference here is that Reade's characters always do such tremendous things, and so incessantly, that their mere bodily activity sufficiently defines their mental processes; whereas Mr. James, as far as possible, has *his* people do nothing at all.

What atmosphere could possibly have been contrived more quiet than the wide, cool Wentworth homestead, and its little cottage opposite, from which, as scene, the story scarcely wavers, save for that one glimpse of the Acton mansion, emphasized and slightly colored by its "delightful chinoiseries." The two Europeans arrive, and, after one sharply drawn picture of their dislike for the Boston horse-cars, they depart to this Wentworth home, and stay there through to the end of the tale. No one does anything; a drive for Madame Münster and a drifting about in a skiff for Gertrude are about all the action allowed. So quiet is the story in this respect that when, in the eleventh chapter, the baroness goes to see Mrs. Acton, and goes on foot, the description of her "charming undulating step" as she walked along the road is a kind of relief to us, and mentally we all go with her, glad of the exercise and movement and fresh air. Mr. James has advanced in his art; in *this* story of his there is absolutely no action at all. What is there, then? There is contrast of character, and conversation.

I suppose it will be allowed without question that we are all far more interested in the baroness than in the other characters. Felix is, to me, a failure, in spite of his felicitous name; or rather he is a shadow, making no definite impression of any kind, — like Mirah in Daniel Deronda. His "intense smiling"

does not save him; does not give him body, any more than the brilliant rainbow gives body to the spray at Niagara Falls. Gertrude is not a failure; but she is not sufficiently explained. Minute details concerning her are given, such as for instance, that "her stiff silk dress made a sound upon the carpet" as she walked about the room; yet she remains from first to last like a tune which the composer has as yet but briefly jotted down. *He* knows it; but *we* do not. There is no mystery about it, however; it is only that he has not written it fully out, — that is all. Mr. Wentworth is excellent throughout; we see him, we are acquainted with him, sitting there "with his legs crossed, lifting his dry pure countenance from the Boston Advertiser." There is no indistinctness in the outline; he is a figure clearly and carefully finished; some of James's finest art has been given to him. Clifford and Lizzie are good, the latter an amusingly accurate picture of a certain type of very young American girl,— pretty, coolly self-possessed, endowed with a ready, unappalled, and slightly-stinging native wit; a small personage whose prominence and even presence amaze and secretly annoy the baroness, who is not accustomed to consider and defer to the opinions of "little girls" in her graceful and victorious progress through society.

Mr. Brand is the good, slow, serious, clean young man, with large feet and a liking for substantial slices of the excellent home-made cake of well-regulated households, whom many of us know. There is an unregenerate way (which Mr. James shares) of looking at these young men, which sees only their ludicrous points. Light-natured fellows like Felix (or what we suppose Felix is intended to be) are always laughing at them. Even when poor Brand gives up the girl he loves, and stiffens his resolution by offering, in his official capacity, to unite her to his rival, a ludicrous hue is thrown over the action, and we all unite in an amused smile over the young minister and his efforts, which, judged soberly, is unfair. The "Brands" always seem to me to belong to a soberer age; they are relics of plainer and more earnest times, and out of place in this American nineteenth century, where everything is taken lightly, and where ridicule is by far the most potent influence. During the war, the Brands had a chance: they marched to the war with tremendous earnestness; nobody minded their big feet on the plain of battle; their slowness was mighty, like a sledge-hammer. Their strong convictions fired the assault; they headed the colored regiments; they made, by their motives and beliefs, even small actions grand. The whole nation was in earnest then; the Brands found their place. But now they are left to themselves again, and are a good deal like mastodons, living by mistake in a later age, objects of amusement to the lighter-footed modern animals, and unable to help it.

The baroness is, however, *the* character. She is the "European," — the contrast; she is the story.

In the first description of her personal appearance, I do not think Mr. James was quite fair; he followed Tourguéneff, and pictured the irregularities of her features and personal deficiencies so minutely that I, for one, have never been able to forget it, or to think of her as in the least handsome. Now the baroness *was* handsome; she was an extremely charming woman. We have all met women of that sort; I mean women who had irregular features, but who yet, by their coloring, their grace, or some one single and wonderfully great beauty, kept us from noticing when with them whether their noses were classical, or their mouths large or small. If in real life this is a truth, it should be a truth doubly remembered and guarded in books, where necessarily the warmth of the personal presence is lost. Mr. James might have stated that her face was irregular, judged by rule, but he should have dwelt upon what beauties she *did* have, so that they would make a vivid impression; just as, in real life, they would have domineered vividly over her lacks, if she had entered the room where we were sitting. She is *his* creation; *we*

don't know her. He should have answered for her in this respect, and started us fairly.

What was the baroness's fault? The moral of the story? — if there is any. Acton was deeply in love with her; yet he would not quite marry her.

According to my solution, the fault was (and the moral) that she lied; and, in our raw American atmosphere, delicate and congenial lying has not yet been comprehended as one of the fine arts. This is my idea of what Mr. James means.

George Eliot says, in speaking of Gwendolen's mood early one morning, "It was not that she was out of temper; but that the world was not equal to the demands of her fine organism." So likewise it was not that the baroness spoke untruths; but the American world was not equal to the accomplishments of her fine organism, or the habits bred in older and more finished society on the other side of the Atlantic.

Mr. James's delightful style is even more delightful than usual in this story. Mr. Wentworth's "thin, unresponsive glance;" Mr. Brand, "stiffly and softly" following; the "well-ordered consciousness" of the Wentworth household; Clifford Wentworth's "softly growling tone," indicative, however, merely of "a vaguely humorous intention" (how good that is!); and, best of all, the last visit of the baroness to Mrs. Acton, and the conversation between the two women, Madame Münster at last giving up in despair, as she perceives that all her delicate little points of language and tone are thrown away, and feeling "that she would *never* know what such a woman as that meant," — these are perfect, and make us, for a while, impatient with less artistic stories.

One peculiarity of style I have noticed, namely, the large number of what seem to me "stage directions." Thus, fourteen times in three consecutive pages, taken at random from those containing conversation, it is particularly noted down that they "looked at" each other. As "Gertrude looked at her a moment, and then, 'Yes, Charlotte,' she said simply;" "Gertrude looked at Lizzie Acton, and then looked away;" "She looked down at him a moment, and then shook her head." They "look at" each other "a moment," and "then" speak, uncountable numbers of times. Generally, in print, *cela va sans dire.* I don't mean that this is a fault at all; but certainly it is a characteristic peculiarity.

— For the benefit of those who think that Mr. Brooks Adams's article in The November Atlantic, on Oppressive Taxation of the Poor, exaggerates or distorts the truth, I wish to present a plain statement of actual occurrences in corroboration of his assertions. It is the experience of a friend of mine, a laboring man, living in the suburbs of Boston, and may perhaps throw some light on the causes of the revolt against our administrative system and the discontent so widely felt at the prevailing character of our financial legislation for many years past. Desperate diseases are felt to demand desperate remedies, and men rush wildly into any movement that promises, however falsely, relief from burdens that are crushing out their lives. I give the account in the sufferer's own language: —

"I had $2000 in gold left me by legacy many years ago. Before the war I lent it; it was repaid to me in paper, in virtue of the legal-tender acts and decisions. In 1870, full of the idea so enthusiastically preached, that it was an immense advantage to a workingman to own his own house, I bought one which had been built several years; the price was $4500, and I paid $1500 down and gave a mortgage for $3000 more, spending a considerable sum in improvements. It was assessed at $3600, and the taxes were $12 on a thousand. The interest on the mortgage was seven and one half per cent., the mortgagees being taxed for it and charging me two and one half per cent. extra to make up for the tax, which therefore came out of me instead of them. Last year the assessment had been raised to $5000, and the taxes were $18.50 per thousand, making

$92.50 of direct tax, instead of $43.20, as at first, — more than double. I paid $225 for interest, of which $75 was due to the mortgage tax; $7.50 per year for insurance; and allowing one and one half per cent. for repairs, or $75 more, I was paying exactly $400 a year for a house dear at $300, besides an indeterminate but considerable sum for public improvements. I had just $1500 of my own, and paid taxes on $8000. I could not endure it, and turned the whole property over to the mortgagees, sacrificing all I had put in; so that the financial legislation of the state and nation and municipal extravagance had robbed me of all the money I had in the world. I immediately rented the house of the mortgagees at $200 a year, half what I had been paying; and they will only have to pay taxes on $5000, while so long as I had it I paid on $8000. So much for the advantage of a workingman owning his own house; and so much for the equity of the system of taxation in this commonwealth. I was taxed on the money I invested in the property, on the money I borrowed to make up the residuary value of the property, and on that same residuary value over again; while as soon as the men I borrowed the money from took it away from me, the latter amount was not taxed at all. The simple act of transferring the title to another party seems to have reduced its value $3000; and *I* can't see any reason for it. There is just as much of it now as ever, and it is capable of furnishing just as much revenue; yet it has to pay but little more than half as much. What equity is there in taxing a man not only on all the property he uses, but on all the money he has to borrow to retain the use of it? If I had not put in *any* money, and mortgaged it for the whole value, I should have been taxed on $10,000. So it seems the value of property rises in inverse proportion to the amount of ready money the man has that buys it, and the rich man who pays cash is only taxed half as much as the poor man who has none. If this is not legislating for the rich against the poor, what is? In plain words, I had to pay $75 a year as a penalty for the crime of having only $2000 instead of $5000."

It must be said that the advantage of a workingman's owning his own house has been grossly overestimated. Its chief effect is to tie him down to one spot and make it impossible for him to go in search of work or take an offer of a position in another place without great loss; and when dull times come he has an elephant on his hands, and the chances are even he will have to relinquish it and lose the fruit of a life-time of labor. It takes money to keep as well as get property, as my friend found to his cost. But a system that taxes the poor man twice as heavily as the rich, and bears harder on a man in exact proportion to his inability to bear the burden, is a monstrous iniquity, and has no excuse or palliation. The state government exists to encourage thrift and give every possible facility to every citizen to acquire a competence; yet its laws virtually prohibit any man from acquiring real property till he has money enough to buy for cash, — a system that would end in destroying the whole fabric of trade and industry. It is in the strictest sense legislation in favor of the rich and against the poor; and deplorable as it may be, it is not at all wonderful that many of the latter feel inclined to hurl the whole administrative system to pieces and see if under another they will not fare better.

— I think I have a fresh "find" for Mr. Richard Grant White. It appears that *freight-train* is an Americanism. In a London reprint of one of my books, the proof-reader or the publisher, out of deference to the sensitive nerves of English society, has kindly substituted "*good's*-train" for my own barbaric phrase. This, by the bye, was in the pirated edition; in the authorized reprint I am allowed to say freight-train. Another possible Americanism occurs to me. When Mr. Dickens was in this country, in 1868, I chanced to use the word "spool" in his presence. A puzzled expression came into his face; then he said quickly, "Ah, I see! a reel." Is not spool English? Surely, I have seen

the word "spool-cotton" printed on the labels of that kind of goods manufactured in England. Perhaps that was a device especially designed for the American market, like certain brands of champagne which are nearly if not quite unknown in the champagne countries.

— The coming of the Great American Novelist has probably been retarded fifty years by the recent cutting in of a Western newspaper correspondent, who thus describes the death of Sam Bass, the notorious bandit and train-robber of Texas: —

"As the sun retired to his rosy couch in the dim chambers of the hazy west, a scene full of sad interest was *transpiring* [this is newspaperese for "happening," or "taking place"] in a little plank house in the village. Upon a common cot, covered with strong, thick canvas, lay a young man, over whose manly brow twenty-seven summers had scarcely passed. He was what the world calls handsome, a man who naturally looked a leader of his fellows; *one whom any woman might adore.* Of medium height, he scarcely weighed one hundred and forty; of form finely proportioned, terse and from frequent expression of severe pain that passed over his pallid and even now corpse-like features. [This is slightly incoherent; the writer's meaning, if he had any, seems to have toddled off into space; but it is very fine.] He breathed heavily, and a subdued groan occasionally escaped his lips. Standing near the cot, and with deep interest regarding its occupant as the *departing* sunlight *entered* the apartment, stood Major John B. Jones, the commander of the Texas Rangers, and the High Sheriff of Williamson County. But no woman, no friend of the wounded man, was near. The young man who lay dying was Sam Bass, the great desperado, bandit, outlaw, and bold chief of the Texas gang of train-robbers. . . . The sad ending of the life of this noted desperado will serve as another beacon-light among the moral wrecks that lie along the strand of time! Strange to say, there was a good angel that occasionally threw light on this strange and dark life of crime. Young, pure, and fair among the daughters of North Texas [this seems to intimate that the daughters of North Texas are not as a general thing young, pure, and fair], she watched the fortunes of the robber chief. [So did the police.] *It was the bright and beautiful rainbow spanning the dark abyss of a ruined human life.*"

The most unreflecting reader of this elegant extract cannot fail to notice that the Plutarch of "Mr. John Oakhurst, the gambler," has been made to bite the dust on his own familiar ground. None but a genius of first order could have evolved such lofty prose out of so unpromising a subject as a red-handed thief, shot down by the officers of the law. Here the pathos and picturesqueness of that modern hybrid, the Moral-Scoundrel, are brought to their legitimate limits. What a delicious dime-novel atmosphere envelops the whole story! How obviously, in spite of him, the writer's admiration for the late Samuel Bass crops out! That "manly brow," forsooth! and that pure young daughter of North Texas (she is probably serving out her time in some Western penitentiary), who disports herself as a rainbow over the abyss of a ruined human life! Was there ever such rubbish? Unfortunately, yes; there are newspapers everywhere which print little else. It is such writing as this that sends an emulous thrill through the *gamins* of our towns and highways, and makes the small wretches long to be romantic child-murderers and heroic bandit chiefs. In New York there is a juvenile weekly or monthly magazine crowded with narratives in which just such high-hearted pirates and scalawags as the late Samuel Bass are made to figure as heroes. Now and then, when I come across a specimen of the cheap literature of the day, especially the literature designed for children, I am almost tempted to doubt the wisdom of "compulsatory education."

— In the September number of The Atlantic Mr. Sedgwick disposes rather summarily of M. de Laveleye's argument for the general adoption of some

such system of land tenure as is found in connection with the allmends of certain Swiss cantons, where common (or communal) property in the soil seems entirely compatible with high cultivation, as well as with industry, thrift, and progress. Granting at the outset the improbability that this particular form of land tenure will ever become general, I still am far from believing that the best system which civilization is capable of giving us has yet been evolved, and I do not see anything unphilosophical in M. de Laveleye's opinion that the desiderated improvement is to be sought in a return to the principle which governed the earlier tenures. Mr. Sedgwick regards such an opinion as the evidence of a retrogressive tendency, which he compares with what the Darwinians call atavism, — a tendency which they find in the animal world towards a return, in exceptional cases, to primitive types and forms. "Atavism," says Mr. Sedgwick, "can never be a living social force. . . . To suppose that it is to succeed is to suppose that the world is to go backwards, and that we are to relapse into the primeval night and chaos out of which we sprang." There is, however, a wide difference between recurring to some principle which prevailed in primitive society and attempting to reëstablish the forms in which it was embodied. For example, there is the utmost difference in form between a modern parliamentary assembly and the "May field" of the ancient Germans, "where all the warriors assembled in arms, and expressed their decision by the *wapentak*, or clash of arms;"[1] and yet the representative bodies of modern times are the instruments through which we seek to give effect to the same democratic principle which reigned in the May field.

It may be true that representative government, even at its best, is not working quite satisfactorily, but its establishment was, nevertheless, a step forwards; and I venture to say that its short-comings are in a great measure due to a social organization and to social conditions bequeathed to us by an earlier time, and not yet brought into harmony with the new political institutions. That these may succeed we must have social and economic adjustments calculated to check the present rapid production of *proletaires*.

Having in view the social and political conditions under which the land systems of Western Europe were developed, I am disposed to attach more importance than Mr. Sedgwick does to the example of Switzerland, — the one nation whose people managed to preserve their primitive freedom. There, as elsewhere, the inconveniences of the primitive system of common ownership have doubtless been felt; but it was not possible there, as it was elsewhere, to remove them by arbitrary methods, having regard only, or chiefly, to the interests and wishes of a privileged class. Hence, to a considerable extent, the system has survived, in spite of the propagandism of political economists and the example of surrounding nations. That it should have shown such tenacity of life, in a country where the masses have had the greatest influence on affairs, is suggestive of the idea that it must contain some vital principle, chiefly valuable to the common people, which, in their estimation, formed a satisfactory offset to its economic disadvantages, and that in the system offered in its stead this principle is sacrificed to practical convenience.

The institution of private property in land assumes the right of some one generation to parcel out the common domain, and to make such arrangements for its transmission to posterity that a considerable part of the community — perhaps even a large majority — may, in the course of time, be cut off from their natural right to earth room and to the opportunity of availing themselves of nature's gratuitous coöperation in the work of production.[2] So great is this hardship, and so detrimental to society is the existence of a large proletarian class, that we may well ask ourselves whether the essential advantages inci-

[1] M. de Laveleye's Primitive Property, page 65.

[2] Recognizing this natural right, Herbert Spencer, in his Social Statics, chapter ix., second paragraph, declares that "equity does not permit property in land."

dent to our present land system cannot be had at a smaller sacrifice; whether, in short, it is not possible to devise a scheme adapted to the needs of civilized society, in which the ancient principle of equal rights in the soil may be essentially conserved, just as the ancient principle of democracy is conserved in the complicated machinery of the modern republic. I am not sure but that such a scheme has already been submitted in the proposition of Mr. John Stuart Mill "to intercept by taxation, for the benefit of the state, the unearned increase in the value of land," — an increase which, in Europe and America, has, within the present century, transferred without any equivalent many thousands of millions of dollars from the landless to the land-owning class. The principle involved in Mr. Mill's proposal is founded in the strictest justice, and its adoption — supposing it to be practicable — would be attended with a number of very important advantages. Applied at the original settlement of a new country, it would indirectly conserve the inherent right of man to a share in the bounties of nature; and applied at a later stage it would preserve that right from further encroachment, while fully respecting the existing rights of the land owner. It would, moreover, remove the strongest temptation to the monopoly of the soil; and this, with a variety of other incidental results, would be brought about without arbitrary interference with the size of holdings, the perpetuity of tenure, or the freedom of transfer. But whatever may be thought of this or any other plan hitherto presented, the results of the present condition of land tenure are surely not such as should incline us to regard it as a finality; and a people who still possess 1,700,000 square miles of public land may certainly find their advantage in considering with serious and respectful attention the views of so thoughtful an investigator as M. de Laveleye.

— The following letter was picked up in my cow-pasture last Sunday evening, by a young fellow of the neighborhood, on his way to see his girl.

Whether some of these new-fangled labor reformers got it up for a "sell," or some of our big corporation fellows had it prepared in dead earnest, is more than I can tell. At any rate, it sets a man to thinking, and I send it to you for publication as a curiosity, or something else hard to put into words. Yours respectfully, * * *

Buckshot Corners, Pa.

To the Hon. Alexander Hamilton:

Sir, — It is barely possible that this letter may never meet your eye, but you will no doubt be aware of its contents as soon as it is written, or perhaps as soon as conceived. You may rest assured that you would not be annoyed, at this late date, by communications like this, did not necessity the most urgent exist.

Bluntly, we are in a bad way, and have been ever since we were deprived of your counsels. You must have left a mantle behind you; upon whose shoulders does it now rest? If we knew *that*, we certainly would not trouble you after this fashion, but would consult with your successor. Despairing of being able to discover him (at least unaided), we have no other resource than to disturb you for a short time.

You remember that you always predicted the logical results of the Jeffersonian theories. The great Virginian led us out of the broad, granite-paved highway into meadows, flowery and safe enough at a casual glance, but full of hidden pitfalls, through which we stumbled, until by imperceptible steps we reached our present stopping place, from which we can faintly hear the roar of the abyss at no great distance in advance.

You have not forgotten your idea of a permanent senate, an executive elected to serve during life or good behavior, and a popular assembly with quadrennial sessions. How would that answer now? Of course you never saw, but are doubtless aware of, the letter that Gouverneur Morris wrote to Mr. Ogden, of New Jersey, in December, 1804, some six months after Burr fired the fatal

shot. Mr. Morris said in that letter, among other things, in alluding to one of your favorite ideas, "I suspect that his belief in what he called an approaching crisis arose from a conviction that the kind of government most suitable, in his opinion, to this extensive country could be established in no other way. . . . When our population shall have reached a certain extent, his system may be proper, and the people may then be disposed to adopt it. . . . When a general question is raised as to the best form of government, it should be discussed under the consideration that this best, being presupposed, is, if unable to preserve itself, good for nothing. . . . *When a general abuse of the right of election shall have robbed our government of respect, and its imbecility have involved it in difficulties, the people will feel that they want something to protect them against themselves.*"

Some of us think that the above considerations exist to-day, and we want to apply the remedy. Could you not cause your hidden successor to reveal himself and reconstruct the ancient but not forgotten fabric of federalism? We appeal to you, not expecting, in the nature of things, any direct response; but thinking that, by the aid of forces to us unknown, you might exert an influence that would show us the man of our time, who can and will, by constitutional methods, lead us back to the path marked out by yourself and your great compeers, Washington and Adams.

With great veneration we are, like the sages of old, PRUDENS FUTURI.

— Walking down the garden path in the warm midsummer noon, I noticed an unusually pervading odor of mignonette. Remembering the time-honored simile of the Christian in adversity, I turned to see who had been trampling and bruising my flowers, to cause such delicious odors. The mignonette bed lay calm and undisturbed, sleeping peacefully in the full glare of the sunshine, whose warm and life-giving rays were bringing forth its fragrance and spreading it abroad.

While I stood, a little confused, trying to reconcile the evidence of my senses with the theories my mind had always accepted, the southwest wind brought from the pine woods behind the house the warm, delicious, aromatic smell which only a blazing sun can bring from them. And then it occurred to me to wonder why this simile was never used. I suppose I have found, in books or sermons, at least five hundred times, the fragrance produced by rubbing or bruising a plant or flower compared with the moral beauty and strength of character developed by trouble and sorrow. "Sweet are the uses of adversity" has passed into a proverb; but are there no uses of the prosperity under which so many good people labor? Why do we never hear of the gifts and graces that flourish in the sunshine? Why are we never reminded of the soft odors of refinement, culture, and courtesy that are exhaled in an atmosphere of wealth, ease, and leisure?

"Give the devil his due" is the old saying, and if the poor unfortunates who are exposed to the demoralizing influences of prosperity have any compensating advantages, why should it not sometimes be admitted?

— I am one of the few Americans who have not testified before the committee on the depression of business; but, all the same, I should like to add my quota to the literature on the subject. All who have treated it, so far as I know, have passed by one important cause. It is very true that disproportionate production has much to do with it, and that the direct destruction of capital incident to the late war has had still more; but neither of these causes is chargeable with so much injury to business as the transformation of labor in certain sections from an available to an unavailable shape.

Under the slavery system, the negroes were nearly all made to work; and they worked on plantations, which supplied Northern manufacturers with raw material, Northern mechanics with work, and Northern merchants with moneyed and liberal customers. The emancipation put an end to this, in great measure

at least. One large class of the colored population journeyed to the North, where they added to the army of superfluous and starving labor. Another and larger class flocked into the cities and towns of the Southern and border States, where they lived more by the destruction of property than its creation. Another, larger still, and increasing with every year, took to the woods and swamps, where they lead an independent and partly self-supporting life, but one which is not far removed from barbarism, and which contributes almost nothing to commerce. Of the remainder, a certain number are steady, thriving workers; but many are irregular and unreliable, needing constant supervision, and always fonder of a holiday than of the money which toil would bring. Every one familiar with the state of affairs at the South will recognize the truth of the above statements.

It may be said that there has been a partial compensation in the increased industry of the whites; but I doubt this. The poorer whites always worked, physically, more or less; and nothing has occurred to increase their labor. Its products, too, are mainly consumed at home. The whites who have retained any large amount of property are as unlikely to put their hands to the plow as a wholesale Boston merchant would be to do his own portering, or a wealthy publisher to set type. Those who are driven by their losses into manual labor are naturally driven also out of the ranks of lavish purchasers; and what they buy is bought of their own people rather than of those whom they blame for their impoverishment. Witness the great number of manufactories which have grown up at the South in the past few years. Finally, their energetic men have heard from so many quarters that Southern wastefulness was the cause of Southern misfortunes, and that Yankee economy brought Yankee wealth, that they make desperate and sometimes queerly inconsistent efforts to stint themselves and all about them. Northern luxuries are eschewed; and people who once prided themselves on their fine apparel (Northern made) are now contented with tatters and patches. They have almost ceased in some sections to send their sons to Northern colleges; and if forced by sickness or family demands to seek a summer watering-place, they save railroad fare and other expenses by choosing one within their own borders.

The homely proverb "You cannot keep your cake and eat it" applies in this as in all other cases. We ate our cake of the Southern trade in the hope that it would have a medicinal effect, and nothing remains for the present but to endure the medicine and the privation together, with as few wry faces as we may. The whole affair is an admirable illustration of Herbert Spencer's dictum that the unforeseen consequences of a law always far outnumber those which were foreseen; and that nearly all legislative efforts to remedy evil have resulted merely in changing its distribution.

— While the spelling reformers are busy in their good work, I hope they will not forget the present deplorable condition of the hyphen. The discrepancies between spelling and pronunciation in which the English language abounds — some of them very grotesque — become specially noticeable in the division of words into syllables. Examine the latest new book on your table, or run your eye down the columns of this magazine, and you will be pretty sure to find a few examples. Here are some which I have met very recently: troub-le, vict-uals, grand-eur, sub-tlest, wom-en, hand-led; the first and the last are types of a large class.

To many people, probably, syllabication seems a matter of little practical moment; but in printing, the division of words is an ever-recurring necessity, — a necessity which knows no law, I am tempted to add. The English commonly avoid all trouble by following two or three simple rules. They divide so as to show the component parts of a compound or derivative word, without regard to pronunciation; and when a single consonant, or any combination of consonants representing a single sound, stands

between two vowels, it is considered as belonging to the second. This practice secures an easy uniformity, but it robs a very important Peter to pay an insignificant Paul: words so divided give the reader no clew to the real quality of the vowel preceding the hyphen, and leave him quite in the dark as to the correct pronunciation of the syllable. I have sometimes wondered whether the lengthening of short vowels, so often heard among the less educated English, is not in part due to the influence of such divisions.

The American usage is altogether different from the English. Our authorities for the most part agree that whenever words are divided they should be made to serve as guides to pronunciation. I do not find any direct expression of Dr. Worcester's view, but he quotes without dissent these words from the Encyclopædia Britannica: "The most natural way of dividing words into syllables is to separate all the simple sounds of which any word consists, so as not to divide those letters which are joined close together according to the most accurate pronunciation." Webster explicitly states that in his Dictionary "words are uniformly divided so as to represent their pronunciation in the most accurate manner," the etymological principle of syllabication being allowed to operate only where it cannot possibly lead to any misapprehension of the correct pronunciation. Other writers on the subject are clear in stating as a fundamental principle that every conflict between the two methods of division must be settled in favor of pronunciation.

This unanimity in theory is very pleasant and encouraging. One feels that the path of practice must prove easy to his feet, since the guides agree so well in their descriptions; he soon finds, however, that these very guides have crossed the trail so often that it is lost in hopeless confusion. Those letters are not to be separated, it will be observed, "which are joined close together according to the most accurate pronunciation." But what is "the most accurate pronunciation"? In many instances Webster and Worcester do not agree, and Sproule and Wheeler, not being in the line of apostolic succession, have been unable to set the seal of infallibility on their choice between the doctors. In a word, there is no work which is accepted as authority upon the most accurate pronunciation. Even where Webster and Worcester give the same pronunciation, however, they by no means always employ the same divisions, apparently differing widely in their views of the most accurate way of indicating the most accurate pronunciation.

Despairing, then, of being able to use both dictionaries with any peace of mind, we incontinently dismiss one, — only to find the inconsistencies of the other so many and so great that our embarrassment is no whit lessened. Suppose we choose Webster. In all cases of doubt we turn of course to the place where the word in question is defined; the division into syllables is there clearly marked. Shortly, however, we discover that in some cases words of analogous formation are dissimilarly divided; we find even so strange a case as this (though not a rule, of course): prefixing a syllable of negation is attended by a change in the division of the root word.

A little further search shows that when certain words are presented for definition they are divided in one way; when they are incidentally used in the definition of other words, the divisions are different. For instance, in proper alphabetical position we find "Wom-an, *n.*," etc.; elsewhere, if the word happens to be divided at the end of a line, it is very like to be "wo-man." Eventually we come to the conclusion that at least in the latest edition one of the editors attended very carefully to the divisions in the full-face type, but left all others to the printer; the printer in turn left them to chance, and chance has been particularly vicious. Worcester's Dictionary is likewise contradictory. Here we find, for example, "port-al, *n.*," and "por-tal, *a.*" *Ex uno disce omnes.* Clearly, the hyphen needs reforming.

—In the article on the Meaning of Music in the October Atlantic, Mr. White refers incidentally to a familiar passage from the Merchant of Venice, and gives it as his opinion that, while the sentiments it contains have dramatic verity and significance, they are nevertheless actually untrue. Mr. White's remarks serve to draw attention to the very common habit of taking words out of the mouths of Shakespeare's characters, and citing them as literal truth in the argument of abstract questions. The average thinker is constantly losing sight of the distinction between dramatic truth and absolute truth. Shakespeare is the most impersonal of writers. His was the most purely artistic temperament in all literature. Men of inferior genius have written plays and novels "with a purpose," in which the characters, like the puppets of a ventriloquist, are mere caricatures of humanity, through which the author discourses upon metaphysics, science, and society. Shakespeare's characters are modeled in flesh; prick them, and you have not sawdust, but blood! They talk like men, and not like philosophical talking-machines. Other great artists, notably Goethe and George Eliot, have created genuine men and women; but they have also had their own personal say, speaking, as it were, between the lines. Their characters have independent, objective life, and move freely upon the stage; but the author acts as chorus, and gives us the paragraph philosophy of the modern psychological novel. But it is never safe to isolate a fragment of conversation or even a soliloquy from one of Shakespeare's dramas and look upon it as his personal dictum. Its aptness and relevancy must be tested by considering it in connection with the mental constitution and physical environment of the character uttering it.

Undoubtedly the unanimous verdict of the educated world would be that Shakespeare had greater subjective insight than any other man who ever lived and wrote. Many readers, however, overlook the fact that this faculty is manifested only by objective forms. In estimating Shakespeare's subjective insight we must remember that he never *in propria persona* analyzes motives or dissects character. You see the men he has created act, and hear them talk, and inferentially obtain glimpses of the incomprehensible power behind these phenomena. But what these men and women before us on the stage say is not so intrinsically remarkable as cultured public opinion uniformly rates it. Dramatically considered Hamlet's soliloquy is matchless. As through a crystal we see this abnormal mind at work, the conflicting motives impinging upon and modifying each other. But I have never been able to discover in the soliloquy itself either subtle abstract ideas, or pervading philosophic depth. In reading Emerson we come in contact with a psychological seer who writes from a personal stand-point. He is an analyzer as Shakespeare is a creator. I venture, in all humility of judgment, to intimate that Emerson has seen farther into the "open secret" than have the majority of Shakespeare's characters. Shakespeare's philosophy is limited in scope by the artistic exigencies of the dramatic form. When he created a great man he endowed him with a rich intellectual nature. But Shakespeare never fell into Browning's error and violated art by making kings and clowns, scholars and children, talk with uniform profundity of thought and "barbaric splendor" of erudition. In a genuine art-world both great men and little men act and speak like their originals in the world of reality. And in proportion to gross population, Shakespeare's world does not contain a much larger number of extraordinary men than the world he lived in once and we live in now.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Mr. Taylor's lyrical drama,[1] Prince Deukalion, is a sustained adventurous effort, definite in purpose and careful in design. The poet has bestowed upon it, as if with intent to produce a masterpiece, all his natural resources enhanced by life-long practice, — the ripest thought and imagination of his prime. It doubtless exhibits the full compass and range of his versatile and often splendid lyrical faculty. Certainly it is an earnest effort in the highest department of verse, comparing with its author's lyrics, idyls, and other metrical work as an opera or oratorio compares with minor forms of musical composition. As such it must be received, and by a corresponding standard judged, — if judged at all.

Whether such a poem will be thus received and examined is, irrespective of its worth, in some wise a test of the advance in our critical and popular taste. What does the period really care for, comprehend, enjoy? We know that it does right to enjoy healthful, honest realism. We also know that there is abundant welcome for a story in verse; that each of the tender or stirring lyrics, beautiful in kind, of which the time is so productive, is repeated everywhere to the strengthening of some poet's hold upon our hearts. But, again, do our people, or their judicious censors, interest themselves in poetry pure and simple, or in the higher range of verse devoted to imaginative thoughts and themes?

The answer is still so much in doubt that a poet must be quite in earnest, devoted to the best ideal of his art, to put forth a work like this. Mr. Taylor's effort is conceived in the spirit of a true artist, and even for making it he deserves our serious regard. His career always has been marked by a buoyant purpose; no poet has finer aspirations; none has longed more ardently to make some contribution to the progress of song in his own land and generation. He is a man of quick emotions, and of convictions strengthened by varied study and experience. To such qualities we sometimes fail to do justice, in the sunny light of a generous, fairly won, literary success.

[1] *Prince Deukalion: A Lyrical Drama.* By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1878

The rhythmic and poetic beauty of Prince Deukalion is wholly consecrated to an expression of the author's belief and hope as a student of the past and a poet of the future. If we read it aright, the drama is meant to convey a summary of his social philosophy and religious faith. For a spirit of faith runs through it, although it openly rejects the limits of any sect or creed. The poet observes life from a historic point of view, and successive religions as belonging to a series in the evolution of a type which must sustain the human race at some noblest period. The struggles, growth, and ideal perfection of mankind are his theme. Taking the respective forms of faith as the true measure, the finest manifestation, of civilization in different eras, he adopts the form of allegory, and symbolical beings are the persons of his drama. The Masque of the Gods was constructed after this fashion, and indeed all the tendencies of Mr. Taylor's mind — when passing from simple to abstract poetic work — strongly incline him to its use. Between the dates of Comus and Prometheus Unbound there is little of the sort in English poetry; in our own time nothing admirable except the Orion of R. H. Horne. Mention of Shelley's impassioned drama will most adequately suggest to the reader the method and spirit of Mr. Taylor's poem.

Two perils here lie in wait. A direct moral or philosophical purpose never yet has weakened the firm hand of a master artist, but when second-rate pieces embody it the result is false art and didacticism. Again, the poet who often dares to "wrestle with the infinite" manifestly invites disaster. There are lapses in this work, many passages hastily and crudely written, — some which might be isolated and treated in a manner the reverse of serious. These occur chiefly in the philosophical discourse, so frequent throughout the drama. But we may fairly say that Mr. Taylor's fine poetic gift usually saves him from the evil first named. He escapes the other by a discreet avoidance of hyperbole, and does not often loosen the firm hold taken upon his subject at the start. His manner is varied, but elevated, and often entitled to Arnold's epithet of grand. He has to do with large and simple ideals.

Deukalion and Pyrrha are each other's complements, the typical man and woman, wandering over earth from the primitive ages; sharing the advance from barbarism to classical paganism; experiencing successively the Romish and Protestant forms of Christianity; always awaiting the consummation of their nuptials, and that final perfection which shall come only with the freest and purest religion, the highest culture, — the serene faith and absolute knowledge to which Science directs them, revealing a power which governs all, and whispering a pledge of spiritual immortality.

A fuller analysis of the poem than can be given here is supplied by the author in a prose argument which precedes the whole. This introduction, evidently an afterthought, is written in a somewhat affected manner, not to our liking nor up to the level of the drama. The latter consists of four acts. Of these the first (A. D. 300) opens with the passing of the old gods and the rise of Christianity; but a few of its scenes are laid in the under-world, where Deukalion obtains a retrospective vision of the past. The second (A. D. 1300) confronts us with the supremacy of papal Rome; the third has to do with Protestantism and the present; the last is a melodious and joyous prophecy of the future, in which Good is preëminent, and Spirits of Dawn brighten the paths of an enfranchised race. The first scene of the poem is a plain sloping from high mountains toward the sea. Here, amid pastoral surroundings, — like those of Sicily, — a shepherd, awaking and seeing the temple of Demeter in ruins, exclaims, —

"Have I outslept the thunder? Has the storm
Broken and rolled away? That leaden weight
Which pressed mine eyelids to reluctant sleep
Falls off: I wake; yet see not anything
As I beheld it. Yonder hang the clouds,
Huge, weary masses, leaning on the hills;
But here, where star-wort grew and hyacinth,
And bees were busy at the bells of thyme,
Stare flinty shards; and mine unsandal'd feet
Bleed as I press them: who hath wrought the change?
The plain, the sea, the mountains, are the same;
And there, aloft, Demeter's pillared house, —
What! — roofless, now? Are she and Jove at strife?
. . . . . .
Hark! — what strain is that,
Floating about the copses and the slopes
As in old days, when earth and summer sang?
Too sad to come from their invisible tongues
That moved all things to joy; but I will hear."

Soon an exquisite chorus of the departing Nymphs is heard, broken in upon by the chant, from under-ground, of the Spirits of the Christian Martyrs. The motive and arrangement of this antiphony are noble throughout, in the first degree poetic, and a fit overture to the whole drama. In later scenes a succession of allegorical beings appears: Gæa, Eros, Deukalion, Pyrrha, Pandora, Prometheus, Epimetheus, Eos, and others. The Church of Rome is depicted as Medusa, wearing the triple crown, seated on a golden throne, and sending her heralds to the four quarters of the world. She accepts the services of the Muses, but has a wholesome dread of Urania, or Science. Upon her majesty, power, and craft Mr. Taylor has lavished his glories of color and diction. The Poet (Dante) and the Artist (Raphael?) appear. In the third act Calchas, High-Priest, fulfills the offices of Calvinistic Protestantism; but Deukalion has a vision of the New Heaven, and forces its angels to confess that they are satiate "with endless weariness of rest." Finally, we have Agathon, child of man, beautiful and active in the prophetic future; all temporal divinities disappear from their thrones; Prometheus and Epimetheus are again among men, rejoicing in the new dawn; the nuptials of Deukalion and Pyrrha are perfected; and a choral antiphony, in which also Gæa, Eos, and the dwellers of the earth participate, rises in thanks and aspiration to a universal God, the father of all.

The allegorical veil and nomenclature of this poem will daunt the casual reader. But he will do well to overcome his fears. The ideal is so maintained by Mr. Taylor's imaginative force that its story is unbroken and its personages become living and well defined. We enter into the spirit of the poet and take the meaning of his song. The personages and form have done service before, but in their present use and combination the author, like an architect building anew with old material, has composed upon no mean design a most original poem. Considering the metaphysical undertone, it is remarkably free from obscurity. An exception to this may be found in the utterances of Epimetheus, whose nature and mission are left, after all, nearly as much in doubt as they have reached us from the antique, and this despite a strenuous effort to shape them to some purpose. We suspect the poet himself had no thoroughly distinct conception of Epimetheus, for he is too complete a master of language not to define clearly what he has clearly

seen. One other feature which may be thought to lessen the elevating power of the drama is an optimism inherent in its author's nature, which banishes a strongly pathetic or tragic element from his work. Deukalion and Pyrrha know their high destiny from the outset, and it beacons them like a star upon their way. But life is tragic; existence at times seems without a single hope; tendency and the decrees of fate, even the "reign of law," appear to whirl us hither and thither, we know not how or why. And a recognition of this, so strange and subtile is the human soul, thrills us with our most fervent and exalted emotions, and often furnishes a potent element to the great creations of art and song.

But, leaving out of sight the intellectual or moral design, Prince Deukalion, taken simply as a poem, should more than please our votaries of the school which, owing to the instinctive reverence of students for excellence in the technique which they are practicing, insists upon art for art's sake alone. We have had little of late so ideal in treatment, so noteworthy for richness and variety of metrical work. It is a kind of dramatic symphony, manifold in harmonized parts. Poets who read it will recognize the strong and flexible hand of an expert. Poe's off-hand criticisms, now thirty years old, dallied not for courtesy, but where no personal feeling tainted them they have curiously stood the test of time. His avowal that Mr. Taylor, then just trying his voice, was unexcelled by any American poet in gifts of "expression," and that he possessed true imaginative power, is brought to mind by this work, and even now can scarcely be gainsaid, though a new generation has arisen. Before Tennyson was widely known, and previous to the *finesse* of the latest school, a poet of Mr. Taylor's nature would be impressed by the rhetoric of Byron, by Shelley as a lyrist, and reflect both in his general expression. It is easy to see that he passed through such an experience, nor has he yet lost the simplicity of statement underlying the melody of those fine masters. Still, his touch is modern and his own. Our public can refer to Prince Deukalion with reliance upon its display of poetic resource, and as a work presenting, through melodious diction and a strange variety of charming measures, a profitable study for metrical artists everywhere. The few lines which we have quoted give the key to the blank verse that is the basis of the work. This is generally compact and fine, and characteristic, in its eloquence and stately cæsuras, of the author's style. But much of the drama justifies its sub-title, being composed of songs, interludes, choruses, in every form of verse, stanzaic or irregular. Of these there are more than in Prometheus Bound, and many are beautiful, though perhaps none will make us care less for the Song of the Echoes, or Asia's song, or the chorus of Unseen Spirits, in the second and fourth acts of Shelley's unique creation. Yet the average quality is very high indeed. In the varied management of his *Lieder*, Mr. Taylor reminds us of his master, Goethe, and doubtless has increased a rare natural gift by experience in translating the lyrical measures of Faust.

There is sometimes, however, the shade of difference between his lyrical quality and that of Shelley, for example, which exists between rhythm and tone; the one is obvious and eloquent, the other elusive, haunting. Fine and suggestive mēlodies, like Shelley's and Shakespeare's, come rarely, but return forever, wandering here and there. Mr. Taylor's, beautiful as they are, seem to be evoked at will. Ariel, under the magician's control, is not the delicate sprite who, with no spell upon him, returns at his own caprice, only to make you wish he might be captured, and on second thought thank the Muses that he still is free. But we repeat that, taken as a whole, and allowing for certain lapses when the poet puts on the preacher's cassock, the four acts of this lyrical drama exhibit a variety so well combined that, as a symphonic poem, it should be welcome to those students of art who speak of a painter's twilight fantasia, or his "harmony in blue and gold." We close by recommending every lover of delightful verse and aspiring thought to read Prince Deukalion. Its minor faults are easily discerned; its beauties are intrinsic and pervading. Like most purely ideal works, it must be read twice to answer the cardinal question, What is the author's design, and how far has he accomplished it? The poetry of itself will sufficiently requite the reader for his effort.

— In the annual holiday installment of illustrated poems Miss Humphrey gives the impressions made upon her mind by the well-known hymn, the Rock of Ages,[1]

[1] *Rock of Ages.* By Augustus Montague Toplady. With designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey Engraved by John Andrew and Son. Boston: Lee and Shepherd. 1879.

Direct illustration of the images which are the means and the incidents, and not the ends, of such poems must needs emphasize what does not need emphasis, and unless conceived in a very imaginative spirit must have a tendency to materialize the thought and hinder the aspiration. In the case of the Rock of Ages, we have thus, first the cleft rock; then "the water and the blood" and the cleansing; then the cross and the clinging to it, the washing in the fountain, and so on. Miss Humphrey, in her attempt to do honor to this poem, has seized upon these images, and interpreted them with more or less of directness, and not without a degree of poetic sympathy, in a series of wood-cuts which accompany the text and burden it with a commentary which can scarcely touch the vital part of it or kindle a new emotion. The lines do not invite direct illustration or portraiture, and the picture of a conventional angel sitting in a ray of light, pointing upward with one hand, and with the other directing two women to a dark door-way in a wall of rock, or the picture of a girl, drawn at three-quarter length, with her back set against the image of a shadowy cross, making a gesture with her hands, signifying that they are empty; or the view of an Oriental basin or pool with women fainting upon the steps thereof, — these, even if composed in a far more poetic spirit than they are, or drawn with far greater knowledge of the elements of composition, cannot give new impulse or significance to the sublime image of the "Rock of Ages cleft for me;" or to the idea of

> "Nothing in my hand I bring;
> Simply to thy cross I cling;"

or, that of

> "Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
> Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

Any attempt to give absolute form to such images must fail by reason of the inevitable grossness of its results when compared with the spiritual conditions which they typify.

The function of art with regard to such subjects was thoroughly understood by the illuminators of the missals and hour books of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They *decorated* the page; they did not seek to *illustrate* it. Their marginal or initial paintings were either entirely conventional, or they were content with *motifs* for their pencils taken from the text with remote allusion or parallel, their art playing, in fact, the same part that the musical accompaniment plays to the words of the poet. This function of art is accessible to Miss Humphrey, for in this very book she has a page of comparatively legitimate decoration based upon the theme, "Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation," which is very graceful in intention and not badly drawn. In comparison with this and with the pretty conceit of harebells growing out of the cleft of a rock overhanging the sea, which occupies the margin of the last verse of the poem, such a poorly-drawn, useless, and meaningless foreground of ferns as illustrates the first verse, and such a vision of impossible Gothic architecture as intrudes itself upon the beautiful thought of the second verse, are simply impertinences.

— The illustrations to Dr. Holmes's poem of The School Boy[1] are not only well done, but generally very well chosen as to subject. Mr. J. Appleton Brown's sketches of the local scenery at Andover please us best; and we greatly like some of Mr. Sheppard's drawings: that, for example, of the stage coach; and still better, that called The Shy Maiden, — the little girl whom the school-boy finds in the house which is to be his home. In this both the child's figure and face, and those of "the virgin Hymen long had spared," are admirable studies. Mr. Merrill's birds, too, wherever they come fluttering into the text — as they have a pretty air of doing — are lovely, and it is pleasant to notice how much more truly they are related to the poem than such bald literalities as the pictures of a planchette, and of the two hands shaking each other to illustrate the sentiment of reconciliation. Mr. Merrill is to blame for the first of these, and Mr. Sheppard for the second; the latter has also to regret the feebly-imagined and imperfectly realized allegory called Gates Ajar. Mr. Hitchcock's humbler efforts to depict the Andover school buildings give their quaint ugliness in a very satisfactory way, and his great elm is excellent. But we end as we began with Mr. Brown's pictures: they are every one charming; they are in the mood of the poem, and they are delicate and tender bits of true New England landscape.

The poem was read at the centennial celebration of Phillips Academy at Andover in June last, and is to our thinking one of the very best of the author's many good occasional poems. He returns in it to the rhymed heroic verse which he loved long

[1] *The School-Boy.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With Illustrations Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co 1879

ago, and which he always used so well; and some of its descriptive lines have not — to put it strongly — been excelled by any he has written. This passage is in his happiest and most characteristic manner: —

"My cheek was bare of adolescent down
When first I sought the Academic town;
Slow rolls the coach along the dusty road,
Big with its filial and parental load;
The frequent hills, the lonely woods are past,
The school-boy's chosen home is reached at last.
I see it now, the same unchanging spot,
The swinging gate, the little garden plot,
The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor,
The flat, pale house, the knocker-garnished door,
The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill,
The strange, new faces, kind, but grave and still;
. . . . . .
Last came the virgin Hymen long had spared,
Whose daily cares the grateful household shared,
Strong, patient, humble, her substantial frame
Stretched the chaste draperies I forbear to name.
Brave, but with effort, had the school-boy come
To the cold comfort of a stranger's home;
How like a dagger to my sinking heart
Came the dry summons, "It is time to part;
'Good-by?' 'Goo-ood-by!' one fond, maternal kiss.
Homesick as death! Was ever pang like this?
Too young as yet with willing feet to stray
From the tame fireside, glad to get away, —
Too old to let my watery grief appear, —
And what so bitter as a swallowed tear?"

— Mr. W. J. Linton has designed and engraved a series of illustrations to the most famous of Bryant's poems,[1] confessedly taking hints for his designs from David Scott, William Blake, Isaac Taylor, author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm, and "almost unknown as an artist." The illustrations are not always of the imaginative kind, but belong to the order of art that simply translates literature into pictorial forms. The poet says, "The oak shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mold," and then the artist shows you the oak doing it. "In the cold ground" suggests a snowy churchyard; "the infinite host of heaven," a stretch of sky with stars in it. But here the artist is at his poorest, and on the whole the pictures form a grave and fit accompaniment to the text. Some of the larger ones, like Under the Open Sky, and Resolved to Earth again, have a peculiar, tranquil beauty akin to the poet's own genius, and that called The Dead reign There is solemnly impressive. As these things go, the attempt to illuminate a poem that does not easily lend itself to graphic interpretation is unusually successful.

— This being the Exposition year, L'Art[2] is naturally and rightly devoted in great measure to the æsthetic interests of the great fair. The articles on the architecture of the Exposition are continued from the preceding volume, and there is an embarrassment of riches in the papers relative to the painting and sculpture exhibited, though only the French, Italian, and Spanish schools are as yet treated. These papers are of course profusely illustrated, sometimes with reproductions of the works mentioned in wood-engraving or etching, and often by single figures or passages from them, — a form of illustration peculiarly interesting and suggestive, especially when these extracts are the designs of the artists who executed the originals. Of the French we know what great things to expect, and of the Spaniards what rich and strong things; the reader may therefore turn with perhaps fresher interest to the paper on Italian art at the Exposition, in which he will find proofs of reanimation which were certainly not shown at Philadelphia. There are charming and valuable studies of the beautiful pavilion of the Prince of Wales at the Exposition; and such of the wonders of the great show as come quite within the range of the arts are touched with pen and pencil. But it is not suffered to be a burden; and by way of compensation, the Paris Salon for 1878 is treated with a degree of fullness (in some ten or twelve criticisms) which we do not remember to have seen equaled even in L'Art before. The exhibition of the Royal Academy in London has also its due share of space; and the volume is not lacking in those special studies which have made this publication so attractive. We must mention that on Portraits of Marie Antoinette, closing with the last ever made, — the sad face she wore in the Temple, — as one of singular interest; and we must commend to the reader the articles on Military Painting, with their exquisite entire and fragmentary reproductions. This branch of painting is studied in various private exhibitions, the French government being moved to exclude most of the most patriotic battle-pieces by the politeness of the Germans, who refrained from exhibiting anything relating to the war of 1871. Among the etchings of the volume, one of the best is that of Bonnat's portrait of Don Carlos at the Ex-

[1] *Thanotopsis.* By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

[2] *L'Art* Hebdomadaire Illustrée. Quatrième Année: Tome III.; Tome XIV. de la Collection. Paris: A Ballue. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1878

position, and Flameng's portrait of Madame *** at the Salon is a piece full of the most striking qualities, and curiously daring and original in treatment. Altogether the most beautiful etching, or illustration of any kind, is that of Morris's Academy picture, First Communion at Dieppe: a pious procession of young girls in white, white-veiled and singing as they come towards you, full of devotion and movement, and with the sweetest rapture in some faces, and the fiercest in others.

— The fifth part of M. Racinet's Costume Historique[1] has fourteen plates in gold and silver, and ten in *camaïeu* — the richest installment yet, we believe, of this sumptuous work. Of the former three are interiors: one of the Alhambra, fourteenth century; another of the famous Cabinet de l'Amour, by Le Sueur, in the Hotel Lambert, seventeenth century; the third a parlor of a middle-class English family in the eighteenth century. The last is curiously interesting, as well for the dress of the half dozen people shown as for the furniture of the apartment. It must be late in the eighteenth century, for the women wear the simple crossed kerchief on their bosoms, and the men's powdered wigs are of the diminished type in which they disappeared altogether. The scene might have been studied in the mansion of some well-to-do citizen in Boston or New York, of the same period. The furniture is not of the Queen Anne style, but is somewhat extravagant in its scrolls and curves. The Cabinet de l'Amour is the double-size plate, and is curious as a study of that style of decoration in which the paneling of the wall is divided, and two cornices or friezes are introduced. The furniture is not greatly unlike the sort in use among us before Mr. Eastlake came to strike everything dead with conscientious rigidity. A very charming plate shows costumes of French people of quality in the seventeenth century, with portraits of such famous beauties as Madame de Maintenon, the Princesse de Conti, the Duchesse de Bourbon, and the Countess d'Egmont. What is still more interesting is the plate illustrating the jewelry of the eighteenth century in a multitude of forms, with its changing character from reign to reign. Spanish, Russian, Persian, Singhalese, Kabyle, Algerian, and Caffre costumes afford subjects for as many plates: in that of the Singhalese and the Algerians, the dress of the Jewish woman is remarkable for reminiscences of the different countries in which their race has sojourned, and it is rather European than Oriental. In the plate giving Caffre costumes there is naturally more Caffre than costume.

The camïeux, giving Egyptian domestic utensils, Roman ensigns, Hungarian jewels, Italian head-dresses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and Italian furniture of the same period, and French hats and wigs of the eighteenth century, are inferior to the other lithographs only in color. All the illustrations are accompanied with notices and comments at once learned, clear, and entertaining.

— The large number, and the character of the books relating to our colleges, which have recently been published, prove not only that the public takes great interest in them, but also that this interest is constantly increasing. The two volumes before us are very different in all respects, but, to convey a general idea of this difference, it is sufficient to say that the one is written from the point of view of the undergraduate, the other from that, in most cases, of the instructor, — in all, that of a graduate of some years' standing. Mr. Thwing describes, almost exclusively, the life led by students; the moral and religious influences which surround them, the character of their scholarship and of the instruction offered, the popularity and influence of athletic sports, etc. The writers of The College Book,[2] on the other hand, are chiefly desirous of showing the historical development of the institutions which they respectively discuss.

This is almost always fully and excellently done. The sketch of Harvard University, by Professor Ames, of the law school, is the longest and most elaborate, and must, we should think, have required much patient research among the college archives. The article on Yale by Mr. Kingsley, of New Haven, is similar in character, but shorter and less comprehensive, while the papers of the Rev. Mr. Gladden on Williams, of the Rev. Mr. Packard on Bowdoin, and of Professor Winchester on Wesleyan University, indulging, as these writers do, more in general reflections, are perhaps more attractive to the public at large than are the essential.

[1] *A. Racinet. Le Costume Historique. Cinq Cents Planches: 300 en Couleurs, Or, et Argent; 200 en Camaïeu.* Avec des Notices explicatives et une Étude historique. Paris: Libraire de Firmin-Didot et Cie. New York: J. W. Bouton.

[2] *The College Book.* Edited by CHARLES F. RICHARDSON and HENRY A. CLARKE. Boston: Houghton Osgood & Co. 1878.

ly statistical papers. As compared with Mr. Thwing's book, these articles are also noticeable as being free from bias of any kind, while American Colleges,[1] we regret to say, is pervaded with what we can not help considering a very narrow view of religion and religious people. Here, for instance, are the respective opinions of Mr. Thwing and of Professor Ames, on the religious character of Harvard undergraduates: "The lowest extreme (as regards the number of Christians) is probably one to five, as at Harvard, and the highest, nine to ten, as at Oberlin. . . . The increase in the number of Christian collegians within the last twenty-five years is most gratifying. In 1853 only one man in every ten at Harvard College was a professor of religion . . . but it is safe to say that at the present time one half of American college students are Christian men and women." Now Mr. Ames: "Harvard College," he says, "is regarded by many ill-informed persons . . . as an irreligious place. If those who use the word 'irreligious' mean to imply that a lower moral tone prevails among the young men at Harvard than at other colleges, the only reply to be made is that they state that which is not true."

In the College Book the heliotype illustrations are excellent; they not only give a perfectly accurate idea of the localities they depict, but are often pleasing and artistically made pictures.

— Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co. publish two holiday books for children as richly attractive in binding and illustration as any of the English "juveniles" which have of late years crowded American publications of the same kind from the market, to the serious loss of literature and of little readers. We trust that the tide is turned, and that American children are again to form their ideas of life and society and nature from books that paint our own conditions, and not from English publications, which are as false to anything they are likely to know hereafter as they are inferior at their best to the best American writings for the young. There is nothing in as recent English books for children at all comparable to Miss Jewett's lovely, well-principled, and good-mannered volume of Play Days, or to any one of Mr. Scudder's charming Bodley books, the third of which we now have in as "goodly outside" as the quaintest of the "Walter Crane style" of imported literature. The Bodleys on Wheels[2] are the same delightful Bodleys as those we had "in town and country," and in "telling stories;" if there is any change they have grown more delightful. It is pleasant to see how the little people have developed from book to book; and as the range is practically unlimited, we hope they will always keep doing something. We shall be keenly disappointed if we are obliged to part with them before the youngest is married and settled in life; even then we should like them to review their past for their children's amusement in one vast Bodley book as large as an unabridged Webster, — or Worcester, as the reader prefers. The story of their adventures on wheels is simply the record of a journey made in the family carry-all from Roxbury up through some of our old seaport towns as far as Newburyport. It is no painful search for the picturesque or the historic, but whatever is most characteristic in the places visited turns up in the way of the appreciative Bodleys. The easy quiet of the original mood is kept throughout, and there is something accordant with the attitude first struck in the tranquillity with which the author helps himself to long stories and poems as he goes on, and enriches his narrative with the best relevant literary material from other hands. His own touch is felt always in what the children say and do, and its increasing skill in the unlabored sketches of people they meet. There is an atmosphere in the book which one breathes like that of our real world, and there is always the best and sweetest spirit.

— Besides the striking cover, sumptuously stamped in gold and red, Mr. Kappes furnishes eight full-page colored illustrations for the new edition of Mother Goose.[3] These are all conceived in the quaint and grotesque vein, rather than in the tenderer spirit of some of the English pictures for nursery rhymes, and leave something to be desired in this way; but it is hard to see how in their kind they are surpassable. They are exquisitely printed, and have all the effect of illuminations with the pencil, their colors, at once vivid and delicate in

[1] *American Colleges: Their Students and their Work.* By CHARLES F. THWING. New York: G. P Putnam's Sons. 1878.

[2] *The Bodleys on Wheels.* With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

[3] *Mother Goose's Melodies; or, Songs for the Nursery.* With Illustrations in Color. By ALFRED KAPPES. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co 1879.

tone, acquiring a rich relief from the heavy gold backgrounds. The volume is not only unique in their excellence, but has an uncommon literary value in the preface, in the historical notice of the Goose family of Boston which gave its name to the famous rhymes, and in the curious notes at the end of the collection. These will interest every admirer of poems which have an occasional Homeric obscurity, and something more than Homeric uncertainty of origin; for Mother Goose did not invent them, but merely lent her name to the first American edition.

Ike Partington[1] was a youngster who sported mischievously about an American Mrs. Malaprop as long ago, we think, as the days of the Carpet Bag, if the Carpet Bag can be said to have had its day. We have had a surfeit of humor since then, and perhaps the old fun is better for being remembered rather than reproduced, so we read this little book with a kindly sense of being amused, and wonder if there is quite as much need as there once was of entering a protest against the conventional boy of the story books. This boy is offered to us as the real article, and we recognize his features, but we are not quite sure that the real boy is always playing little pranks, any more than that he was always asking Jonas questions. Besides, the lively boy has not been hidden under a bushel in juvenile literature of late; his light has shone through a pumpkin, as it were, and so the youthful Ike Partington is less of a missionary of fun than he might once have been. This account of our old acquaintance's mischief is in addition to what we have known before and we find it easy reading and easy forgetting. Mrs. Partington keeps up her familiar character, but we had forgotten that she made so many puns.

— Old friends under new names appear in Sophie May's Little Pitchers,[2] who belong to the children made familiar to us ever since the Little Prudy stories created their sensation in the child-world. We say very properly that these are all stories about children for parents to read and laugh over, and if we were reading them aloud to children we certainly should skip some of the new readings in theology which these audacious little divines are fond of proposing. We do not think, either, that children or grown people find the ungrammatical nonsense in print so very charming; but for all that these little Yankee children and their Western kinsfolk are a sunny, happy-go-lucky set, and we cannot frown on their delinquencies very seriously. The stories are simple and often amusing, and the few lessons which are taught are healthy and natural. Children like the books, and we do not wonder, although in theory they are all wrong. It is a good while since we have read anything from this good-natured writer, so perhaps we recognize more directly an improvement in this book as regards the divinity and the grammar. If now she will exclude all reports of the sacred, though it may be amusingly expressed, thoughts which her children may have of God, and let them speak naturally without making use of what has been called the childese dialect, we shall be even more heartily her debtors than we now are.

— The art which can be shown in a book for children is happily illustrated in Mr. Aldrich's translation of Mère Michel.[3] The story is well known and loses nothing in the translator's hands, who preserves the touch of mock seriousness so exquisitely right in this little feline melo-drama. It is real enough, no doubt, to children, though they may have now and then a lurking suspicion that they are made fun of, and they will get their enjoyment out of it in one way now, in another way when they come to read it to their children. They will be fortunate if they find this version still to be had. The illustrations are capital, many of them, such as "The cat wishes to go with the carriage" on page 27, and the various representations of Lustucru, being real aids to the reader's imagination.

— For quite young children there are few books so good as good melodies, and when the children themselves go into partnership with their singing-books a very healthful pleasure is found. The Young Folks' Opera[4] is not quite so ambitious as its name would intimate. It is a book of original songs and music, with choruses for children,

[1] *Ike Partington; or, the Adventures of a Human Boy and his Friends.* By B. P. Shillaber, author of Partingtonian Patchwork, Lines in Pleasant Places, etc. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

[2] *Little Pitchers.* By Sophie May, author of Little Prudy Stories, etc. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879

[3] *The Story of a Cat* Translated from the French of Emile de la Bedollierre by T. B. Aldrich With numerous [sic] designs in silhouette by Hopkins. Boston: Houghton, Osgood and Company 1879.

[4] *The Young Folks' Opera; or, Child Life in Song.* By Elizabeth P. Goodrich Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

and occasionally a little action, as in the Clock Song, when the children swing their arms in imitation of a pendulum, in the Butterfly Song, when both hands are moved about with the fingers fluttering, in Fife and Drum, when those instruments are imitated, and in the Blacksmith's Shop, when the blows of the hammer are given. The subjects are nearly all simple and taken from a child's experience, the words are generally intelligible, the music is easy, if commonplace and the action quite as interpretative as in most operas. The idea is not new; even the kindergarten songs of the same sort were not the first discoveries, for the farmer sowed his corn before Froebel's day, we think; but the idea does not need to be new, it only needs to be prettily developed. This little book is good enough in its way to make us wish for a better. Until the better one comes along this may well be used in the school room or the nursery when the family is old-fashioned enough to be large.

— In a profusely illustrated volume of four hundred pages, Mr. Coffin, who has written heartily before in the interest of boys, tells now The Story of Liberty[1] in a series of historic pictures, beginning with the wresting of Magna Charta from King John and closing with the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. That he should have made this the last instead of the first picture in a diorama of liberty will at once commend the book to those who are not to be taken in by the Know Nothing intellectual platform, of which a chief plank is that America is the birth-place of freedom. The great landmarks of human progress since the time of King John are pointed out, and one whizzes past the monuments of historic conflicts with a rattling speed which makes it a little difficult to realize the amount of historic space actually traveled. The selection of salient points in history, to be passed thus in review, has the advantage that it makes the dramatic more dramatic and thus more rememberable; it has the disadvantage that one is in danger of thinking progress to consist in a series of frantic jumps from one coigne of vantage to another, and the author himself is liable to be kept in a feverish mood all the time. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Coffin, who starts off in such haste that he forgets to mention any date but the day of the month for several pages, should seem to the reader at last to be riding his horse very hard. The book is in the present tense throughout, and our rhetorics all tell us that this lends animation to a narrative, but somehow this persistent fiction leaves us a little jaded at last, and the high key in which the narrative is pitched leads us to ask whether history after all is always *shouting* the battle-cry of freedom. But we cannot find it in our hearts to carp at Mr. Coffin's book for more than a few minutes. We have all been crying so loudly for history and fact in the place of the sensational crime and twaddle offered to boys, that when our history comes and we find it a little like Madame Tussaud's wax-works, chamber of horrors and all, it is hardly fair to shrug our shoulders and turn away from the show. So we acknowledge gratefully that the book with its spectacle of pictures and its general resolution of history into a peep-show, is a book to buy and give boys. They have stout digestions and will not turn away from reading which might have little attraction for members of a historical society; they will certainly find in Mr. Coffin a writer of generous enthusiasm and a flourishing pen.

— The Rev. Elijah Kellogg takes a smaller canvas than Mr. Coffin and gives his glimpse of history for boys in the form of a tale,[2] the scene of which is laid in what used to be called the back country of America. Let no one be prejudiced by the smack of cheap Indian in the title. We have our own private theory on all titles divided in the middle by *or*, but it has not prevented us from doing our duty in beginning this little book and taking our pleasure in reading it. It is one of a series, and the frontispiece discloses an Indian in swimming-drawers apparently on the point of tomahawking a boy who seems to be bathing in a pond, and wards off the blow with his naked arm. We guess, and guess wrongly, that the Indian is the young brave of the Delawares, and that the hatchet is to be buried in the youth's skull. But all this conventionalism of the sensational, including the title itself, is only a mild concession to a supposed blood-thirstiness in the public-school-boy; the book itself is an honest and every way admirable picture of life on the Pennsylvania frontier after Braddock's defeat and

[1] *The Story of Liberty.* By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, author of The Boys of '76. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

[2] *The Forest Glen Series. Burying the Hatchet; or, the Young Brave of the Delawares.* By ELIJAH KELLOGG. Illustrated. Boston: Lee and Shepard 1879

before the fall of Quebec. It is not necessary to have read the previous volumes of the series to enjoy thoroughly this one; and we heartily commend it as true not only to the outside facts of history, which have been evidently studied with painstaking regard for accuracy, but also to human nature. There is religion in it, but no cant, and the religion could not have been left out, without marring the historic truth of the picture. There is besides in the book a solid sense of what constitutes the elements of strong character, and a boy will find here not only plenty of adventure but the constant suggestion of a sturdy manliness. We hope the Forest Glen Series will stretch out to the crack of doom if it can always hold such excellent books.

— It is not a little singular that agriculture, which is surely a time-honored occupation of mankind, should be one in regard to which there is so little exact knowledge. The number of questions still in doubt is simply enormous; opinions vary concerning the best fertilizers to use, the best way of applying them, the best crops to raise, etc.; it is only necessary to read any one of the Massachusetts Agricultural Reports to see how much in the dark the scientific farmer still is. There is no lack of experiments; every farmer is forever trying to solve the questions that occur to him, but the uncertainty remains, although there are signs of light within the last few years.

Books on agriculture are often unsatisfactory. At times, the information given is buried beneath a load of more or less dramatic conversation, perhaps delightful to the farmer whose reading consists of but little more than the almanac, but wearisome to almost any one else. Mr. Allen's book[1] has not this fault; it is a very clear and precise account of the way in which he succeeded in bee-raising. His methods need not be told here. Those who can try the experiment will find in this book all the needed information intelligently given, and they will have but to follow his advice, with as close an imitation of his energy and constant care as may be possible. Intelligence and persistence are, and always will be, the farmer's main aid. Without them all books are useless, and with them an enormous deal may be done on even the most exhausted farms in New England.

[1] *The Blessed Bees.* By JOHN ALLEN New York: G P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

Mr. Hillebrand is an intelligent writer, as we have had frequent occasion to say, and the reader is kept always interested, as well by the great variety of subjects that he is competent to treat as by his manner of treating them. He writes well in German, French, and English; he has a special knowledge of Italian subjects; and there is nothing he undertakes to discuss on which he does not throw some light. That he throws all the light that is desirable cannot be affirmed; there is about his judgments at times a certain narrowness and harshness — not in the way of being too sensitive to faults, but of not always accurately distinguishing between what is good and what not so good — that disappoint the reader. But, on the whole, his volumes are entertaining, for Mr. Hillebrand is a practiced writer; and they are instructive, for he is a thorough student.

The volume[2] before us to-day contains an interesting series of essays on Doudan's and Balzac's letters, on Daniel Stern's Memoirs, and on Buloz and Thiers. These are followed by two chapters on Renan as a philosopher, and Taine as a historian. There are some essays on Italian subjects; the whole concluding with four papers on Machiavelli, Rabelais, Tasso, and Milton. At the beginning, Mr. Hillebrand discusses with considerable warmth an essayist's right to publish in a single volume scattered essays that have appeared in various periodicals. That there should be any question about this seems strange, and certainly this form of reaching the public is too common in France and England to be objected to at the present day. Its advantages are obvious; but few periodicals are read by every one, and essays published in those few are sometimes too good to be left in clumsy volumes against the day when the reader shall have both time and inclination to hunt them up, and especially to do that in public libraries, for lack of house-room prevents most people from binding all their old magazines. In Germany, too, volumes of collected essays are tolerably frequent. Julian Schmidt publishes them often, and so do, one would think, enough other German writers to make the fashion widely recognized. As a general thing, probably,

[2] *Zeiten, Völker, und Menschen.* Von KARL HILLEBRAND. 4ter Band. Profile. Berlin: Oppenheim 1878

it is the lack of smoothness and unity of the essays that is the most serious objection to their republication. There is no difficulty of the kind here, however, as we have already said, and the essays are worthy of preservation, especially since it is in part a foreign public that will read them.

That on Doudan does him more justice than he has got from many of his reviewers. There is no objection made to his humor or to his criticism, — both of these have been attacked in print more frequently, one is safe in saying, than by private readers, — and he is discreetly appreciated. The article is a very slight one, however, giving the merest glimpse of what is to be found in Doudan's letters. Here, as elsewhere, we notice one of the objections to this method of writing, — the brevity of the essay. This is also, in a way, a virtue, but it has its bad side, when, without any warning, the reader comes suddenly upon the end of an article when he imagines himself not much more than half-way through. This air of being bitten off is doubtless given by the editor's relentless shears, and so was unavoidable; but it is without grace. The paper on Balzac suffers from it to a much greater extent. Mr. Hillebrand had undertaken, with the recently published correspondence for a text, to put together a brief life of the great novelist, from the information he had derived from a great number of separate sources. This was an excellent plan, and it is well carried out, so that the reader has put before him a very full and accurate image of Balzac's elusive personality. The letters are shown to be important, whereas many reviewers had blamed them for not telling more about their writer's method of composition (as if an author could ever explain the way he was possessed by his genius!), and all the dignity and simplicity of Balzac's character receive the acknowledgment which is their due. It is impossible, however, to agree with the reviewer's praise of the would-be humor of Balzac's early letters. It has an artificial, willful sound, as of horse-play, which his sister, if she had been a wiser woman, would have taken pains to correct. Balzac was a great man, but facetiousness was not his strong point, and nowhere is this plainer than in his letters.

Renan comes in for the warmest commendation as the "representative of the best part of his whole generation," — a statement which, it will be observed, is throwing down the glove to pretty nearly his whole generation, for they would never give their votes to this representative. Of course this opinion may not be final, and Mr. Hillebrand may be right, after all, in calling Renan, "in the most distinctive sense, the man of his time," whose "works give the truest and most beautiful expression to the feelings of the time." The numerical majority does not always give expression to the feelings of an age; these are to be found rather in the mouths of some few leaders, who utter what will be the commonplaces of the succeeding multitude; but it will be a curious thing if Renan's strong, self-conscious devotion to an aristocracy ever becomes a popular principle. Until this shall happen he must remain a reactionary, struggling against the theories and practice of his time, unable and unwilling to approve of the course of events. He may be right, but it is not easy, under these circumstances, to call him a representative of the time; if he is one, he is very independent of his constituents. However, this is not a matter which can be settled off-hand in this way, and it is mentioned here mainly as an example of the sort of unconventional statement that continually calls upon the reader to pause and consider just how far he agrees with the writer.

Another instance is the article on Rabelais, in which Mr. Hillebrand gives his reasons for not liking that famous man. He brings up his obvious faults, and fails to see enough to redeem them; in short, when we have said that he does not like Rabelais we have said all that there is to be said, and what many will agree with. The volume is full of intelligent remarks on a great variety of subjects which are of general interest, and it is well written.

— Pêle-Mêle[1] is the title of a little book of poems, written by a French Canadian, and published in Montreal. The author, M. Louis Fréchette, a native of Canada, has collected a number of poems of very different kinds and of varying degrees of merit, written some as long ago as 1859 and 1860, and others only last year. The phrase "of varying degrees of merit" has no invidious meaning, for all the difference, or rather the main difference, between the poems is in the importance of the subject. Some were written merely as trifles to grace unimportant matters of temporary interest; but these are all neatly done, with a touch of the poetical feeling that distinctly marks the more serious verses. Certain of the lat-

[1] *Pêle-Mêle: Fantaisies et Souvenirs Poétiques.* Par Louis H. Frechette. Montreal: Lovell. 1877.

ter are not perfectly clear; but we gather from them that the author quitted Canada for political reasons, and that he took refuge in Chicago. Without pretending to solve this matter, it will be enough to say that the result has been the writing of some poetry far above the general run of the article in that famous city, which has not yet rivaled Weimar as a home of literature. The little poem Reminiscor, for instance, which is one of the most charming of the collection, has Chicago for its birthplace. It treats of a subject not wholly unfamiliar to those who know French literature, — a poet's reminiscence of the time when he was a student; but it would be hard to find a more charming, a more truly poetical treatment of the subject than this which M. Fréchette dedicates to a friend of his: —

" Ah! je l'aime encor ce temps de bohême,
Où chacun de nous par jour ébauchait
Un roman boiteux, un chétif poëme,
Où presque toujours le bon sens louchait.

" Oui, je l'aime encor ce temps de folie
Où le vieux Cujas, vaincu par Musset,
S'en allait cacher sa mélancolie
Dans l'ombre où d'ennui Pothier moisissait.

. . .

" J'aime le passé, qu'il chante ou soupire,
Avec ses leçons qu'il faut vénérer,
Avec ses chagrins qui m'ont fait sourire,
Avec ses bonheurs qui m'ont fait pleurer! "

The veritable Quartier Latin has not often been more gracefully sung.

" Te souvient-il bien de nos promenades,
Quand, flâneurs oisifs, les cheveux au vent,
Nous allions rôder sur les esplanades,
Où l'on nous lançait maint coup-d'œil savant?

" Tout était pour nous sujet d'amusettes;
Sans le sou parfois, mais toujours contents,
Nous suivions aussi le pas des fillettes . . .
Nous vendions des points à Roger Bontemps."

The poet who writes so neatly about these light subjects can also strike a more solemn note, as in the following beginning of a poem entitled Le 1er Janvier: —

' Vents qui secouez les branches pendantes
Des sapins neigeux au front blanchissant;
Qui mêlez vos voix aux notes stridentes
Du givre qui grince aux pieds du passant;

" Nocturnes clameurs qui montez des vagues,
Quand l'onde glacée entre en ses fureurs;
Bruits sourds et coupes, rumeurs, plaintes vagues,
Qui troublez du soir les saintes horreurs;

" Craquements du froid, murmures des ombres,
Frissons des forêts que l'hiver étreint,
Taisez-vous! . Du haut des vastes tours sombres,
La cloche a jeté ses sanglots d'airain " . . . etc.

Such pieces as Renouveau, La Louisianaise, A Anna-Marie, Vielle Histoire, Les Oiseaux Blancs, and Au Bord du Lac show another sort of facility which too often, although not here, becomes affectation. The sonnets, too, are very graceful. In short, the manliness and simplicity of the poems are very attractive, and although in his gleaning the poet has brought together some slight pieces, there are many more of real poetical worth. It is a volume which is a real addition to literature of the lighter sort.

— We have also a book of prose by another Canadian, M. Napoléon Legendre, entitled Echos de Québec.[1] It consists, apparently, of a number of *chroniques* from some French paper of that city, and naturally the number of subjects taken up for discussion is large and varied. The brief space allowed the writer has too often forbidden the full discussion of the subjects he has chosen, but at other times he manages to crowd into a very small compass considerable information. The article on Canadian literature, for instance, throws a good deal of light on what, judging from the books before us, is less well known than it deserves, and we cannot close without expressing our best wishes and hopes for its future. Certainly it is much to the credit of the French Canadians that they nourish so genuine a love of letters as these books testify to, and that they give such meritorious proof of their interest in literature.

[1] *Echos de Québec.* Par NAPOLEON LEGENDRE Québec: Cote et Cie. 1877. Two vols

THE

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25		293	1	228	2	170	3	119	4	72
26		300	1	242	2	192	3	146	4	107
27		307	1	257	2	213	3	174	4	141
28		315	1	271	2	234	3	202	4	176
29		322	1	286	2	255	3	230	4	211
30		329	1	300	2	277	3	259	4	246
31		337	1	315	2	299	3	288	4	282
32		344	1	330	2	321	3	317	4	318
33		352	1	345	2	343	3	347	4	356
34		360	1	360	3	2	4	14	5	26
35	1	3	2	12	3	27	4	46	5	56
36	1	11	2	29	3	52	4	74	5	78
37	1	20	2	47	3	77	4	98	5	93
38	1	29	2	65	3	99	4	114	5	99
39	1	39	2	82	3	115	4	123	5	96
40	1	49	2	96	3	125	4	123	5	86

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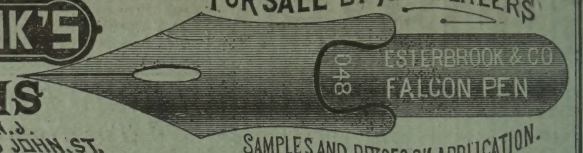

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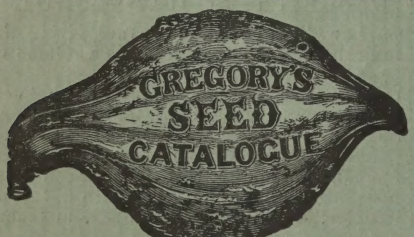

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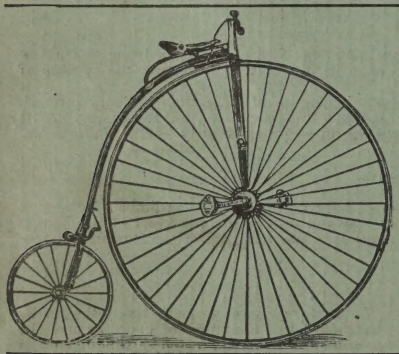

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FOR 1879.

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During the session of Congress the magazine will contain each month a **Washington Letter. The New York Letters** will also be resumed, and will treat of the life of the commercial metropolis in its most characteristic phases.

FICTION. — THE ATLANTIC for 1879 will be uncommonly rich in the range and number of its Serial Stories, including **Irene the Missionary**, a story of Americans in Syria; and Stories by Mr. T. B. ALDRICH, Miss E. W. OLNEY, the author of **One too Many**, Mr. W. D. HOWELLS, and Mr. BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSEN, the famous Norwegian poet and novelist, who will write a Serial expressly for THE ATLANTIC.

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CONTRIBUTORS. — Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE will write frequently, and Messrs. LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, HOLMES, RICHARD GRANT WHITE, STEDMAN, STODDARD, SCUDDER, MARK TWAIN, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, and Miss PRESTON, Miss S. O. JEWETT, Miss C. F. WOOLSON, Mrs. ROSE TERRY COOKE, Mrs. PIATT, and H. H., with other well-known ATLANTIC authors, will contribute as heretofore.

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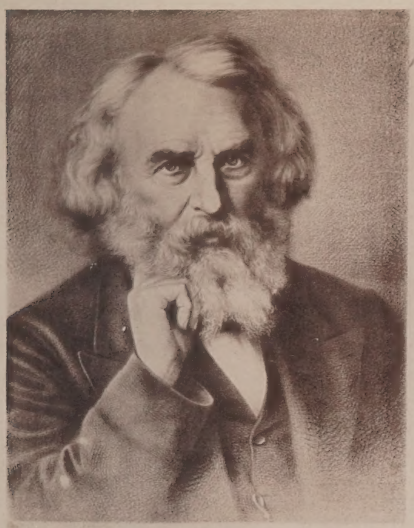

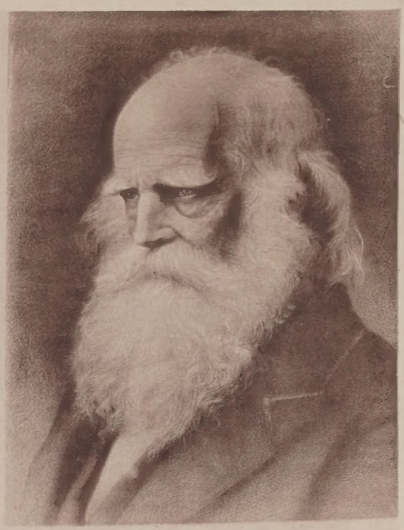

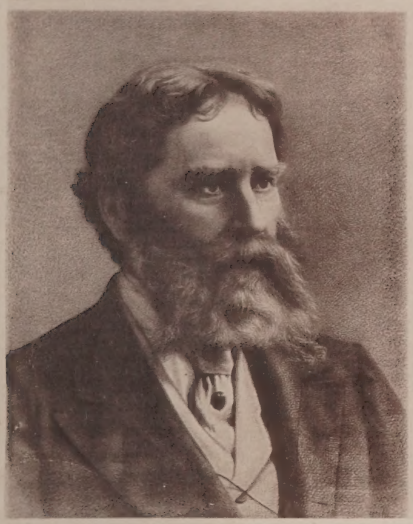

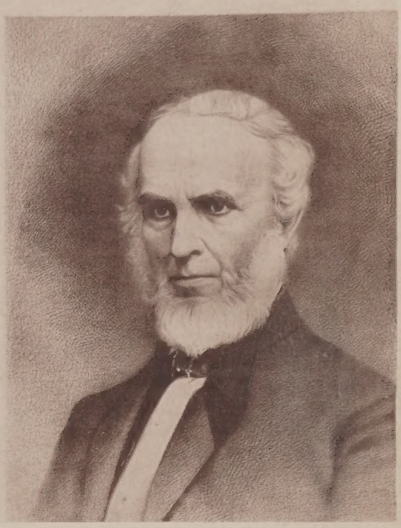

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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THE CAREER OF A CAPITALIST.

THIS story is not a warning. It outlines the life of a man belonging to a class against whom there has been much clamor in this country during the last few years. He is a capitalist. According to the teaching of the reformers he is a non-producer, a man who lives by the labor of others, and therefore an oppressor of those whose toil has given him his wealth. It is indeed true that he has never worked with his own hands since the time when, in his early boyhood, he engaged in catching fish for the markets of his native town. Pursuing this industry for a few weeks, he found himself possessed of an accumulation of small silver coins amounting to about twenty-five dollars. The money was for some reason put aside, and is still preserved by his children. "This," he once said to me, "is the first and last money that I ever earned by my own manual labor." His home is on one of the great peninsulas of our Atlantic coast, at the head of navigation on a small river which permits the passage of vessels of a thousand tons burden. He is fifty-six years old, and still lives on the spot where he was born. His early education was inconsiderable in extent, and so unsystematic that it did not even give him an idea of the methods by which knowledge might be acquired. When he was married he could read but very imperfectly; but his young wife insisted upon his taking a daily newspaper, and then with affectionate firmness required him to read it through each evening. At first there was much that he did not understand, but he learned the art of wise and stimulating inquiry, and so drew from those about him whatever knowledge they possessed. This habit still gives his conversation a remarkable interest and vitality. He appears to have been able to carry unanswered questions in his mind for any length of time, until some new source of information was revealed.

He was left an orphan when about seventeen years of age, and the next year entered upon the life of a man of business. His father had been the proprietor of a country store with a trade of about forty thousand dollars a year. After his death two of his brothers, who settled the affairs of his estate, decided to continue the business, admitting their nephew, our young friend, to a partnership with them. He received from the estate of his father about fifteen hundred dollars. The affairs of a country store at that time embraced the sale of everything the people of the region needed for use, and the purchase of everything they wished to sell. There was not yet any separation of the different lines or departments of trade, such as dry goods, groceries, hardware, clothing,

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millinery, etc., but articles belonging to all these classes, and many others, were sold at the same place, which also afforded a market for whatever was produced or manufactured in the surrounding country. The store was the great vital centre for the life of the region, for the reception and distribution of everything. There the farmers bought their plows, harness, shovels, hoes and scythes, hats and shoes (most of their clothing was manufactured at home in those days), and there they sold their wheat and corn, bacon, hay, and other productions of their farms. Thither their wives and daughters carried young fowls, eggs and butter, and home-made cloth, and took away in return calicoes, muslin de laines, bonnets, ribbons, combs, and needles. Here the wood-cutters bought their axes; the handles were generally made by somebody possessing uncommon dexterity in this particular manufacture, and brought to the store for sale. (There are very few men who can make a good axe-handle; not so many, probably, as write poetry for the magazines.) The plans for new undertakings and enterprises were generally discussed and arranged at the store, and it had important relations to the social life of the people. There were opportunities for a genuine and useful education in such a place, and our young friend entered with hearty interest upon his new course of life.

He soon came to have a large share in the organization, direction, and management of the business, and in a few years became its real head. He was always a close observer of men, and of the effect upon them of their circumstances and occupation. He early became convinced that the interests of a community or country are advanced by increasing the number of employers, — of men who direct and pay for the labor of others. He observed that many men lack capacity for the wise direction and organization of their own labor, while they are highly useful and successful when working for a competent employer. Others possess qualities of mind and character which fit them to be leaders or masters of the industry of others. When our friend saw these qualities in the men around him, he felt a strong desire that they should have means and opportunities for their development and practical application in some suitable sphere of action. As his business increased and brought him facilities for extending it in new directions, he began to confer with some of the young men of the neighborhood in regard to their employment and wages. Most of them worked by the day, at cutting and hauling wood, burning charcoal, and similar occupations, but there was not yet in the region any systematic industry which afforded regular or profitable occupation to the people. Men were often idle for weeks together. The country needed men to employ and lead the labor of their neighbors.

So our friend said one day to a young married man who lived near him, "You are making shoes, I believe?"

"Yes, when anybody wants them, and I can get money to buy stock."

"Why don't you open a shop, and hire two or three hands? There is young so-and-so, who is doing nothing. He can whittle out anything with a jack-knife, and he ought to have something to whittle that will be of use. He would soon learn; and you could find one or two more."

"Why, do you think I could get work enough?"

"Well, there are a good many people about here that wear shoes. How much are you making now?"

"Oh, perhaps a dollar and a half a day, when I have work."

"Well, there is that little house of mine on the corner. You can have that free of rent, and I will let you have money to buy stock. I will insure you your dollar and a half a day; you shall pay me interest at the legal rate for the money you have from me, and we will divide the profits equally."

The shoe shop was opened, and was successful. It was enlarged in a year or two, and for many years gave steady and profitable employment to a considerable number of men.

By arrangements essentially similar

our friend formed partnerships, during the first twenty-five years of his business life, with harness-makers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, tinsmiths, lumbermen, lime-burners, oystermen, farmers, and manufacturers. He has had scores of such partnerships with wood-cutters and charcoal-burners. In the same way he has supplied means for building and operating numerous flouring and saw mills, using both steam and water power. He has owned farms and timber lands in South Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio, with stores in each region to supply his farmers and the laborers at his mills. Thousands of men have been employed in connection with these enterprises, and hundreds of them enabled to become in their turn employers and organizers of labor. In many instances men have worked for our friend, and with him, during a term longer than that of an average life-time. Almost always the relations of employer and laborer, and of business partnership, have passed into those of personal friendship; and when, as has often occurred, men have wished to leave him to go into business for themselves, he has felt a genuine interest in their undertakings, and done what he could to promote their success. Those who have worked for him longest say that he never employs a man merely for what he can get out of him.

Many years ago he took a young carpenter into partnership, and engaged in ship-building. The oyster fisheries along the coast near him are of great excellence, and furnish employment for thousands of men with their vessels. Of many of these boats, constructed in his ship-yard, our friend retains a share in the ownership, and this relation with the fishermen has promoted steadiness, industry, and sobriety among them in a marked degree. The larger vessels, of from eight hundred to a thousand tons burden, built under his supervision, are known in every sea for the superiority of all the materials used in their construction, and the careful honesty of the work. Many of these he owns in part.

The first carts that were ever taken across the mountains from Acapulco to Oaxaca were made in our friend's shops, and sent out to an acquaintance who had a building contract in the latter city. They were objects of great interest to the native workmen, who were eager to be permitted to use them in transporting the stone and other building materials which they had been carrying. A dozen mules were harnessed, and with some difficulty fastened to the "new carriages." When the first cart, drawn by a rather diminutive mule, was brought to the place where it was to be loaded, the laborers swarmed around it, and piled so much stone into the rear of the vehicle that it tipped over backward and lifted the astonished mule into the air, where it hung and struggled until the removal of the stone restored it to its normal position on the ground.

Some fifteen years ago our friend became desirous of finding some means for preserving and utilizing the enormous quantities of fruit produced in the region in which he lives. He erected a large building and put in the necessary machinery for canning fruit, and this has ever since, during the season for the business, afforded employment to about one hundred women and more than half as many men. The principal products canned are peaches and tomatoes, and of these many millions of pounds have been used, and the goods are known in all the markets of the world. This is an industry which produces and stimulates many others.

The little straggling hamlet in which the young man began his business life has become a handsome and important town, with seven or eight thousand inhabitants, most of them operatives employed in manufacturing industries, — in the production of glass, iron, cotton and woolen goods, shoes, buttons, chemicals, etc. There is probably not one of these industries which was not in some way aided by our friend in the earlier stages of its growth. For many years there were but few men engaged in business of any kind in the town who had not been employed by him, or associated with him in such relations as I have described.

The original character of the site of the town made the construction of suitable streets a matter of some difficulty and of a great deal of labor, and to this object our friend has devoted much time and effort. For such work he has never accepted any compensation, regarding all measures for the improvement of the place as matters of enlightened self-interest for business men rather than of duty.

The circumstances of most of the population, their employments and general environment, have been such as favored the development of habits of intemperance. Some of the largest manufactories are closed for two months in summer, and during this time the men and boys are idle. They have good wages during the remainder of the year, and it is not wonderful that drinking and gambling should seem to them only natural amusements and diversions during this long holiday. These industrial and social conditions have given the friends of order, sobriety, and good morals cause for much anxiety, and for constant effort in endeavoring to counteract these unfavorable tendencies. The influence of the various churches of the place, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic, has been highly effective amongst the operatives as a means of moral restraint and guidance. The public schools of the town have more than average excellence, and the place has one of the best Kindergartens in the country. (It is a real Kindergarten, and not a travesty of Fröbel's principles.) There is a valuable public library with several reading-rooms. Temperance societies of various kinds have rendered important assistance in the mental and moral education of the workingmen. For several years past there has been but little intoxicating liquor sold in the place. All these agencies for the promotion of the most important ends for which society exists have received assistance, encouragement, and sympathy from our friend, and people know beforehand that he may be counted amongst the supporters of any measure likely to advance the interests of the community.

He is the most quiet and unobtrusive of men; he never makes speeches or addresses public meetings, and in arranging matters of business never rambles away from the subject in hand to irrelevant topics. I think he does not belong to any church, but he understands the value of the church in the community, and has a genuine fraternal esteem for all who are laboring to overcome evil and promote good-will among men. He is eminently conscientious, gentle, and forbearing, simply and silently religious. In society his manner is marked by a quiet, cordial dignity. He is eminently social, and little children, strangers, and diffident people are at ease with him at once. He likes to entertain his friends by giving them the freedom of his house, the use of horses and carriages, and other means of diversion, while he joins them from time to time with apparently equal interest in whatever his guests prefer as the pursuit of the hour. If a new game is introduced for the children, or young people, he learns it with them, and engages in it with a zest as great as theirs. I think no visitor at his house ever left it without wishing to return.

He has a cultivated and interesting family. His own experience of the disadvantages resulting from the want of culture in early life has led him to give his children an unusually judicious and practical education. His principal recreation consists in hearing his wife or daughters read, commonly some of the works of American authors of our own time. (His old friend, the daily newspaper with which he began his education, is still faithfully read, as it has been for all the years from the first.) He enjoys the writings of our principal American poets, likes biography and travels, and has an especial fondness for books that describe clearly the character, resources, and productions of different countries, with the habits and industries of the people, and the particular conditions under which society exists in various parts of the world. His house is frequented by intelligent and cultivated men and women from different parts of the country, and is one of the chief in-

tellectual and social centres of the region where he lives. A score or so of his neighbors have for some years assembled there once a fortnight for the purpose of reading Shakespeare's plays. No one participates with heartier interest than our friend in the work of this little club. He always wishes to know the meaning of what is read, and is not satisfied till he has learned whatever is attainable about the historical personages or occurrences mentioned in the play.

He likes to see the best actors occasionally. He unites, in as great degree as any man I have ever known, the wondering, receptive spirit of a child with the critical analysis and judgment of a mature and cultivated intellect. He has a genuine enjoyment of good pictures, and prefers small, quiet landscapes. He is always greatly interested in machinery, and readily understands its construction and movements. I have met few persons who saw and comprehended so much as he of the exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. He has great delight in the microscope and its revelations. He is very fond of flowers, and has always been a close observer of the forms and habits of plants. When some friends were setting out from his house, a few years ago, upon a botanical excursion, he joined them, and on hearing various flowers and plants described was able to tell where they grew twenty-five or thirty years before, though he did not know their names.

He appears to have no eccentricities. He never uses profane language or ardent spirits. When he was young, rum was sold at every country store, but his father had refused to keep it for several years before his death, and our friend never sold a drop of intoxicating liquor of any kind. He was an earnest anti-slavery man, and ever since the end of the war he has been deeply interested in the development and prosperity of the Southern States of the Union. He is cordially patriotic, and feels much interest in politics, but is not a partisan, and seems able to recognize true worth and excellence in all parties and classes. He has always been solicitous for the diffusion of sound and practical ideas among the laboring people, having comprehended at an early period the truth that the conditions of life and business in this country, especially those connected with universal suffrage, involve some difficult problems, and some serious disadvantages for those who work for wages.

I have here presented as many of the principal facts of this man's life and work as I am able to embody in a paper of no greater length. A master of fiction could portray an ideal character, and supply more dramatic incidents. This account is merely true. It describes the life of a quiet, humane gentleman, — one who has been most useful to his fellows, who has aided in the development of whole regions of our country, and who, I am sure, never knowingly harmed any human being. And yet this man, according to the teaching of those who pretend to be the best friends of the laboring man, is an enemy to society, an oppressor of the poor and of all who toil. He has a beautiful home, with pictures, flowers, books, scientific collections and instruments. But it is urged that my friend has no right to these possessions, that they are the evidences and proceeds of injustice, because he is a capitalist, because he does not labor with his hands. Yet he has provided and directed remunerative labor for an army of men who had not ability or opportunity to provide it for themselves. He has trained hundreds of these men till they were able in their turn to provide work for others. As I have heard the abuse and execration which unreasoning partisans have heaped upon all capitalists, I have wished to tell the story of some lives that I have known. I am well assured that wise teaching — the truth — respecting the relations between capital and labor, or rather those between capitalists and laborers, is still as important and necessary as before the recent political defeat of some of the disorganizing elements and tendencies in our society. We shall be exposed to similar dangers and difficulties while so large a proportion of the

whole people retain the qualities of mind and thought which are the real source of our perils. We cannot expect speedily to suppress or root out these evils; we can only hope to maintain our ground against them, and gradually to expel them by wise vigilance and by unhesitating acceptance of the responsibility of propagating knowledge and true culture.

My friend has always clearly understood the necessity of honestly paying the debts of the nation which were incurred during the war, and he thinks that if our people could have been wise enough to be strictly honest in matters of national finance and currency, we might have escaped something of the paralysis of business and industry from which we have recently suffered. He laments the madness of the workingmen in demanding irredeemable paper money, but thinks that the cultivated people and business men of the nation should understand that, if there is great disturbance and depression of industry in the country, and particularly if many people are for some time out of employment, some such popular madness is almost certain to arise. He believes there may still be danger and difficulty before us in matters of national finance, on account of the clumsy and unnecessary silver legislation, and fears that the fluctuating value of silver may be an embarrassing element in the problem of resumption of specie payments. I find that most of the business men of my acquaintance distrust the effect of a double standard of value, and believe the present experiment of a bi-metallic currency can end only in disaster; but they fancy it is inevitable that we shall try many foolish experiments, and that we may as well try this one now. My friend thinks the American people will be obliged to learn that the yard-stick has been made for some time, and its length established, and that for all honest men it is thirty-six inches long; that there are one hundred cents in a real dollar; and that the hope even of pecuniary gain from schemes of readjustment, repudiation, and debasing the currency is an illusion. All endeavors to obtain something for nothing he regards as stupid and foolish; fairness and integrity being in his estimation a kind of capital without which success in business is impossible. This gentleman never engages in electioneering, and does not purposely influence those who are in his employ; but the facts of his life, such as I have here described, have profoundly impressed many of the working people about him, and the intellectual conditions of the region where he lives are in consequence comparatively unfavorable for the development of hostility to capitalists, although the workingmen constitute so large a proportion of the population.

It might be instructive to compare this life with the course of any one of the politicians who denounce capitalists with such vehement bitterness. I asked my friend not long ago if he had not lost much money by trusting dishonest or incompetent men. He replied that he had had such losses, adding, "But every kind of business has its risks, and I should probably have had greater losses if I had invested in stocks or mortgages in the usual way." He said that such a course would have given him far less labor, care, and anxiety than the one he has followed. In times of great depression he has felt burdened and anxious on account of the difficulty of providing labor for his people; and has often kept them employed for a long time when nothing could be sold for as much as it cost. He holds that when laborers are idle, capital always declines in value. He thinks the first step toward improvement in times of great depression is for workmen to live on as little as possible, and for capitalists to employ as much labor as they can. Let the laborers live savingly, and the capitalists be content with small profits.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I.

As the spring comes on in Rome, and the world without grows green, and the trees put on their leaves, it is impossible not to accept the invitation that the mountains hold forth. Artists begin to pack their portmanteaus and portfolios, to store their portable boxes with colors and canvases, and thus armed and equipped to set off on a mountain tour to hunt nature in her wild fastnesses, and to seek man and woman in their savage beauty amongst the Apennines. The long, laborious winter has used up their sketches, and they are off to "fresh woods and pastures new." Most of the *forestieri* also begin to make excursions as far as Albano and Nemi, or give a couple of days to Tivoli, taking Hadrian's Villa on the way. There you may see them lunching in the Sibyl's Temple, or leaning over the balcony of the Villa d'Este to look back towards Rome, lulled by the plash of the fountains that sing under the giant cypresses in the garden below, where Leonora may once have walked. Few, however, venture further than Tivoli; though, stimulated by artist friends, some there are who extend their excursions to Subiaco, and then wonder that all the world does not follow their example. Yet it can truly be said that no one knows how beautiful Roman Italy is who has not traveled in the mountains which girdle the Campagna; and no one can form a just estimate of the people who has not set his foot off the dusty highway of common travel, and sought them where they are uncontaminated in their primitive country life. In the cities the Italian is bastardized by foreign habits and customs; in the mountains he retains the old hereditary qualities of his ancestors, and wears the ancient costume of his people. There he may be studied in his natural state, little differing from what he was in the times of the great Colonna, and still showing in his character and customs vestiges of the ancient days. Rome has become the watering-place of Europe, and the stream of foreigners that pours annually into its hotels and overflows its houses has washed away much of its original characteristics. Its old customs and its picturesque costumes are wearing away daily; the civilization of the courier and *valet de place* — worse than the malaria — has infected it with foreign vices; the occupation by French soldiery did not improve its morals; the Gallic bonnet and hat have invaded its streets; and the Rome of fifty years ago scarcely survives even in the Trastevere quarter. Day by day the sharp Roman traits are wearing out, and within the past ten years much that was picturesque and peculiar has been obliterated. The Rome of to-day is no more like mediæval Rome than Pasquin, with his rubbed-out features, is like Lorenzo de' Medici. Much of the life which Pinelli etched exists only in his admirable sketches. But in the mountains there is little change; the same habits and customs and dresses which charmed the traveler hundreds of years ago survive to delight the artist and form subjects for his canvas. If mankind were not for the most part pecorine in its propensities, one following another in a stupid routine, these pictures would not be solely for the painter's portfolio, and no one would dream that he had seen Rome when he had followed the dusty track of the main highway from Florence to Naples, and known the mountains only as distant acquaintances.

I know no better way of presenting them to you than to give you a few notes of a little excursion which, in the spring of 1857, I made with four friends as far as St. Germano, and I offer these simply as a card of introduction. They will be much more like a passport, perhaps, and I fear will give you no more definite an idea of the beauty of these charming

mountain towns than the personal description in the document they resemble would give an exact portrait of the individual who bears it. However, I will honestly set down what we saw, and you can verify or contradict my statements by going over the same ground.

It was early in the morning of the 26th of April, before the sun had dried the dew from the Campagna grass, that two horsemen — I beg pardon! a large cabriolet, drawn by two stout horses with bells on their necks and cockades on their crests, "might have been seen" passing through the Porta San Giovanni. This was the carriage which our party, consisting of five persons, had hired, for fourteen scudi, to take us as far as Frosinone, where we were to pass the night. The day was charming, with a warm sun and a cool air. Cloud shades printed themselves over the fresh Campagna, now painted with the various hues of spring, and wandered along the distant mountains, on whose summits rose-colored snow still lingered. Larks were trilling in the high air; flowers peeped from the hedges to greet us; *contadini* stopped plowing with their great, gray oxen to lift their hats to us, and we interchanged "Buon giorno" with them and with nature. The drive was delightful, and after an hour and a half we pulled up at a little *osteria* under Colonna to breathe our horses. The old, dilapidated town above us, which was ruined five hundred years ago by Rienzi, offers nothing of interest to attract the stranger save its historical association, dating as far back as the days of Coriolanus, by whom it was captured and sacked, and its magnificent view over the Campagna. We contented ourselves, therefore, with surveying its ruined houses from a distance, and seating ourselves on the wall beside an enormous basin of flowing water, where the cattle came to drink, listened to the nightingales that were bubbling and singing by hundreds in the little grove hard by. Here we read up Murray, and had all the appropriate historical associations. And for myself, I sent a warm wish and a sigh over to a dear friend across the water, who once lingered with me beside the fountain and listened to the same nightingales in the days of long ago.

Meantime the horses breathed and drank, and then we set forward again, on foot, over the old Via Labicana, plucking the wild flowers by the way, and indulging the echoes with songs in a strange tongue. Here we left the road which leads to Palestrina, and saluting the old, gray town which crops out of the mountain's side turned our horses' heads towards Frosinone. The hills now began to close around us, and the Campagna was lost to sight. We soon passed the wretched, tumble-down village of Lunghiana, which, I doubt not, was once the scene of some wonderful event, but of which I only find recorded in my notes that it seemed utterly deserted. The sole signs of life I saw were an old crow hovering over the town, and a black priest wriggling along among the houses. So I set it down as a fact that wherever there is a Roman town there is a priest, and wherever there is a priest there is a crow.

At Val Montone we lunched, or rather we pretended to lunch, for the osteria proved to be an exception to the common run of Roman osterias. It was so filthy, the wine so sour, and the food so bad that we soon had enough without getting a feast, thus disproving the old proverb. While this repast was preparing, we strolled around the town. It is pleasantly situated on a hill, and, as usual, guarded by a huge baronial palace, which like a giant parasite seemed to have sucked all the blood out of it. But let those who enter its precincts hold their olfactory organs, for it is pre-eminent for filth. Everything is in decay, and it would seem as if no scavenger for centuries had swept its streets, which are chiefly tenanted by pigs, that trot about with nicely curled tails and grunt welcome to the traveler. On the slope of the hill, however, is a picturesque portico where the inhabitants wash, and a terraced slope of grass, surmounted by ruins, on which they spread their clothes to dry. Here were congre-

gated some fifty or sixty girls and women, laughing and screaming *in altissimo*, while they slashed the clothes in the fountain, and carried them, piled in baskets and mounted on their heads, up and down a broad flight of steps into the valley below. Here was picture enough for any one who had an eye for color and character, and the younger traveler, Cignale, improved the opportunity, and transferred some of the figures to his sketch-book; while the elder and his companions leaned over the wall near by and looked into the lovely valley, and visited the little chapel near the portico, and interchanged chaff with the washerwomen.

On returning to the osteria, lunch being not ready, in consequence of its having been served to the diligence passengers during our absence, we sat on the stone bench outside the place and discussed the weather and the crops with the *conducteur*, and assisted at the faint efforts of an old woman and her son to remove some of the offal from before the door, — assisted, *bien entendu*, in the French sense. A boy, of about ten or twelve years of age, prematurely developed by necessity, was digging it up and throwing it into the panniers of a melancholy, drop-eared ass, while the woman poured out a stream of very high-toned invectives upon his obstinate little head, by way of encouraging him in his exertions. At last the boy, after listening for some five minutes to her diatribe in sullen silence, looked up, and with an air of magnificent contempt uttered, with a sneer, the single yet expressive word, "*Chiacchierone!*" which being interpreted signifies "stupid old babbler," and continued phlegmatically his occupation.

Lunch over, we continued our route through the loveliest of valleys, watered by the winding Sacco, and skirted by noble mountains, around whose breasts low chains of snowy clouds hung like necklaces, or drifted from their peaks like smoke from a volcano. The afternoon lights and shadows striking athwart their rugged sides were delicate and pearly; and as the sun descended they put on those rainbow hues of rose and purple which no brush has yet been subtle enough to catch. We were rather jubilant in our delight, and even Orso declared that, considering we were in Italy, the scenery was not so bad. Nor were we alone jubilant; for, just after passing Ferentino, where we did not stop, and a description of which I will spare you for the present, we passed a troop of pilgrims from the Abruzzo, numbering some twenty persons, men, women, and children, who had been on a pilgrimage to Rome for the holy week, and were now returning to their mountain homes, splendid in their rich costumes, the men bearing the staff and cockle-shell, the women carrying on their heads their bundles of clothes, and all singing together a chorus of Psalms as they went. Handsome young fellows there were among them, and reverend old men with white beards, and black-eyed maidens that looked up and smiled, as we passed, under their even brows. This roused even the enthusiasm of Orso and Carlo, who cried out, "That is what poets and painters and romantic travelers, who never can be trusted, led us to imagine we should see everywhere in Rome!" "Well, be thankful that you see it anywhere," Cignale replied; "and be thankful that you live now and not a half century hence, when all this picturesqueness will have disappeared."

One or two of the clouds whose shadows we had tracked over the mountains and valley came sweeping down upon us now, and dropped over us an illuminated veil of rain; but in a few minutes it passed away down the valley, and left us in sunshine again. One of the party, — I will not mention names, — but one of the party who had always opposed the expedition on account of the earliness of the season, and had prophesied rain, at this juncture, being sorely tempted by the evil spirit, exclaimed, "I told you so!" But he was immediately suppressed, and it was at once agreed that if he dared to use that phrase again he should be summarily ejected from the carriage. Thereupon he repented, and promised to be more decent for the future.

Toward night-fall Frosinone appeared, looking down upon us from the summit of a somewhat steep hill; and under the orders of Campo, who as guide, philosopher, and friend undertook the marshaling of our party, we drew up at a rude, barrack-like house, which he declared to be the Locanda di Matteis. After beating at the door and loudly screaming, we finally roused a man, who, to our inquiry as to whether this was the locanda in question, nodded in the affirmative. "And can we have beds and a supper here?" we cried. To this the man responded by shutting tight his eyes, opening his mouth, and having, as it were, a little private fit of his own, in the course of which certain dislocated words were jerked out at us, which we vainly endeavored to understand. "How?" we again inquired, rather taken aback. He looked round, had another little fit of stuttering, spitting at us unintentionally, and then gave it up. "Verol dire," said a friend who now came to the rescue, "ma non può, capisce, che lette c'è sono, e farà quel che può per remediare la cena." This remedying a supper did not promise much, but we all agreed to run the risk; and the stuttering landlord having promised to send to the town for "*una biftecca di vitello o majale*" ("a beefsteak of veal or pork"), we established our luggage in our rooms, and then set forth to climb the hill leading up to the town. Up and down this steep declivity women were coming and going, with great copper jars poised on their heads, which they had come to fill at a fountain halfway down. Groups of peasants returning from their day's work on the Campagna now and then came by, and in one of them was a woman bearing on her head a large wicker basket, in which her little child lay peacefully sleeping. As is very common in this country, the poor woman, not having any one to leave it with at home, had carried it with her to the fields, and was now bringing it back, covered with her colored apron.

The landlord, good as his word, gave us a bad dinner and a clean bed, where, having nothing to disturb us, we slept peaceably all night, in rooms as empty of any furniture as barns.

By five o'clock the next morning (Sunday) we were up, and in a few minutes had engaged a *caretta*, with a little rat of a horse, to take us over to Alatri. Into this, as soon as we had breakfasted, we all crowded, our stuttering landlord sitting on the shafts, and vainly struggling to answer our questions as to the road and country; and in this way we rolled along. Our road led through a flat table-land extending to the mountains, covered with elms which, Laocoön-like, were clasped in the embraces of huge twisted vines that clambered to their summits, and dropped in summer from one to another in picturesque festoons, or stretched forth their sprays, in search of further support. Over the road, through the vineyards, and under the trees and *pergola* upon either side the figures of contadini in festal dresses might everywhere be seen, moving along to mass in groups and processions, or strolling to pay visits to their neighbors. Long, snowy, starched *panni*, doubled and pinned flatly on the top of the head, projected like stiff eaves over the forehead, and fell almost to the waist behind, ending in double rows of fringes. As they moved along among the green vines nothing could be more picturesque than these figures, with their *busti* of scarlet purple and Chinese vermilion; their blue aprons with orange stripes and rich borders; their scarlet or linen sleeves; green, blue, and purple skirts; broad woolen cinctures worked in various patterns and colors; and above all the snowy masses of their panni that flashed in the sun. Rows of old olives, with their faint smoke-like foliage, contrasted with the fresh yellow green of the young elm leaves that lined the road. Here and there were cabins thatched and covered with mosses, or brown farmhouses with porticoes and *loggie*, under which groups of contadini lounged. Heaps of brush-wood were everywhere stuck up in the trees to dry, and over all was an exquisite Italian sky, and the pure, dewy air of morning. After a drive of nearly eight miles, we began to

ascend the hill-side to Alatri, which is celebrated for its remarkable Pelasgian remains, and for the beauty of its women. Campo was more interested in the former peculiarity, and I in the latter. Neither of us were disappointed. The day being a *festa*, the world of Alatri was out and dressed in its best, and we all agreed that we never had seen so handsome a people. Something of this effect may perhaps be attributed to the costume, which is eminently picturesque, but independent of this the type of the Alatri faces is very remarkable. The noses are invariably long, thin, and finely cut; the eyes large and almond-shaped; and the head of a noble and refined character. The men are as handsome as the women; two heroic-looking fellows, who with great good-nature and stately politeness had offered to conduct us up the rugged streets to the citadel, were as noble specimens of physical humanity as could anywhere be found. As they marched rather than walked before us, with a large, easy stride, their legs bound about by the *cioce* bands, and a deep scarlet cloak folded over their shoulders, they seemed like worthy descendants of the "gens togata," — Romans, Pelasgians, or Saturnians. A peculiar dignity of figure was observable in most of these people; even the old women looked like Fates, — though their faces were like a baked apple in color, and covered with seams and wrinkles.

The Cyclopean walls that surround the citadel are still in a remarkable state of preservation, and the massive gate-way, with its huge, uncemented blocks of stone, is fresh and solid as if it had been built yesterday. There is probably no more perfect specimen of Pelasgic construction to be found in Italy. The gate-way is a square passage, of great depth, roofed by three enormous stones fitted together with nicety. Here they have stood for thousands of years, and here they will probably stand for as many thousand more, for so massive are they that they may defy the assaults of time. "They were built by the gods," said our guide, and so in truth they looked. The walls, too, are very remarkable. They are fifty feet in height, and composed of only fifteen courses of stone. We passed in at the gate-way, and ascended to the summit of the citadel, which is now a broad terrace surmounted by the church of San Sisto. Here we found collected a considerable number of people, who were lounging about, and going in and out to mass. We, too, gave a glance into the church. Rows of contadine were kneeling there, with their great white panni on their heads, picturesque and strangely Egyptian; and for contrast two bonnets were seen above them, looking exquisitely vulgar among these imposing head-dresses.

We had flattered ourselves that here in the mountains we were out of reach of that detestable fiend Fashion, whose sole object it seems to be, not to seek the beautiful and cling to it, but to sacrifice everything to novelty. But it had made its inroads even here. This foolish fetich, to whose peremptory and senseless whims all Europe bows, is essentially of modern origin, a miserable *parvenue*, a vulgar sham, a Parisian lorette, whom we ought to be ashamed to entertain. In the East she is still unknown, or if known despised. The ancients scorned her: they worshiped Beauty, the divine goddess. We worship Fashion, her base counterfeit. Their dress for centuries remained unchanged. It was graceful, characteristic, noble. Why should they change it? Ours varies with every season, and if temporarily graceful at any time is so purely by chance.

The view from the terrace is magnificent. All around is an amphitheatre of mountains, rolling up like huge surf-waves, and overhanging the valley. The hill-sides and plains are carefully cultivated, and little gray towns crop out here and there like natural formations of rock. On one of the lower slopes is a church and convent, forming a picturesque group of buildings, and backed by lofty gray mountains whose crests were covered with snow. Here I would willingly have passed the day, but it was otherwise ordered. Before we left the citadel, however, we did our duty as travelers; and surrounded by a group of

wondering men and boys we read, for the advantage of all, in a loud voice, the pages of Murray in which the place is described. It seemed greatly to gratify and surprise the audience, and they appeared to prefer it to the mass that was going on in the church.

In this valley has been recently unearthed the remains of an antique aqueduct, which brought underground to Alatri the fresh springs of the mountains beyond; thus satisfactorily proving that the ancients thoroughly understood the fact that water would find its own level. The colossal aqueducts which span the Campagna were not built in ignorance, as many have supposed, but rather for ornament, and in a spirit of magnificence. To them, with their immense treasury, their armies of slaves, and their imperial power, the cost was comparatively nothing. They strove to combine utility with grandeur of effect, and to delight the eye with their mighty architecture. When a private person could build an amphitheatre to divert the populace for a week, the government could well afford to make Rome splendid and imposing with such permanent and noble works. That they should have done this through ignorance of so simple a fact that water will find its level is impossible; every fountain that played in their gardens and piazzas would have taught them this. Besides, there is still another reason for building these aqueducts above ground: though the original cost was greater, it was easier to repair them, and easier to detect the leakage and breaks.

Escorted by a crowd of women and boys, in whose breasts we had awakened curiosity and perhaps vain expectations, we now descended through the streets of the town, and at its outskirts found a wagon, which we immediately hired, for eight pauls, to take us on to Veroli. In this we seated ourselves, and, surrounded by our audience, made them a long harangue in their native tongue, explaining carefully all our intentions, our object in coming to Alatri, the satisfaction we had received from our visit, the design we now had of going to Veroli; and after thanking them for their kindness in escorting us about, begged them to take a last long, lingering look at us, and allow us to depart in peace. Such, however, was their attachment to our persons that several boys accompanied us for more than a mile, executing various antics on either side of our wagon, and keeping up a continuous chorus, probably Pelasgic, of which the refrain was, "Dammi cha-cos." After a mile all fell off but one panting friend, who gave us a Cyclopean adieu by throwing a stone after us when he was at last worn out, and accompanying it by sundry invocations. It is doubtless an old Pelasgic custom similar to the English one of throwing a shoe after a friend for luck.

The drive was very pleasant, through exquisite scenery, — great gray peaks hanging over us, sparsely scattered over with black shrubbery; long ranges of noble mountains bounding everywhere our horizon; and cultivated valleys spreading on every side. At last, after an hour or so, we ascended the long hill that led us to Veroli, which is beautifully situated and commands a magnificent view. Here, after threading the narrow streets under the escort of a native, we found a dark little inn, where we proposed to lunch. "Ho, Maria Fli!" screamed our guide; and the landlady appeared, and *favorcisca'd* us into a room up-stairs. While our lunch was preparing we made a survey of the apartment, all the doors of which stood invitingly open; and after passing through a couple of rooms we finally arrived at a bed-chamber, in which were two large, piled-up Italian beds. On the coverlets of these, which were by no means immaculate in their freshness, great sheets of *pasta* were laid, ready to be cut up into strips for soup; and over them were parading some cocks and hens with the utmost freedom. It was our turn at this to cry out lustily for "Maria Fli," and she at once, alarmed by the outcry, ran in. "Che cosa, signori, — cosa commanda?" We pointed out the pasta and the hens, but she only smiled and shrugged her shoulders, and with some apparent regret drove the hens

away, remarking, "Non fanno niente di male alla pasta, signori." (They don't in the least injure the pasta, signori.) "Do you always spread your pasta on the beds?" we asked. "Si, signori." This did not promise well for the lunch, but our auguries proved false: she gave us a stew and omelet, which we all agreed to be excellent, and of which we left not enough for a fly.

In her kitchen, where we also penetrated, we found a loom going, at which she was weaving, in her intervals of leisure, a rude carpet or rug. This is the chief industry of the place, and here are produced in large quantities a common kind of coarse carpet, which is much used in Rome. It is made of narrow strips of woolen cloth of various colors, woven closely together, and is very strong.

While we were sitting at our lunch we received a visit from one of the weavers, a French woman, who, having heard that there were strangers at the inn, and hoping that they might prove countrymen, had come round to air a little of her native language with them. It seemed that she had married an Italian, and was living quite contentedly here at Veroli, earning a tolerable living by her handiwork. Still, it would have been a pleasure to hear a little news of "la belle France," and we regretted for her sake, though by no means for our own, that we were not Frenchmen.

Lunch finished, we hired five mules, at thirty-five baiocchi each, to carry us to Sora. We might have gone on to the frontier line with a caretta, but as the road there ends abruptly, with nothing but a rough bridle-path beyond, we thought it best to secure good mules at Sora, lest we should be unable to find them further on. The road descended at once from Veroli through a picturesque rolling country hemmed in on all sides by mountains. The weather when we set out was very pleasant and sunny, and great cloud-shades were drifting here and there over the landscape; but this was not to last. Clouds soon began to gather around the mountains, and to pour upon them storms of hail and snow. These, however, blew away at intervals, and let through them spots of sunshine; and although the wind as it came down from these flying hail-storms chilled us threateningly, we still hoped that they would not overtake us. Scarcely had we passed the frontier when down they swooped upon us, darkening all the sky, blowing fiercely through the hollows, and pelting us with hail, snow, and rain. There was no shelter near, and wrapping ourselves in our plaids we kicked our mules into as fast a trot as we could, and on we went, pausing once for five minutes under a group of thick trees in hopes that the storm would pass. We got nothing, however, by this; the rain still continued, and we pushed on again. Nothing could be more wildly magnificent than the violent change which had now come suddenly over the face of the world: the smiles, the gladness, the sweetness, of nature gone, and in its stead a fierce passion of tempests, grappling the trees, foaming down the mountains, roaring through the clefts and valleys, and pelting the earth with a fury of hail-stones. It was like the people themselves, — so gentle and amiable in their best moods, so madly violent when roused to anger.

After a quarter of an hour we came upon a little low house, where, after beating and knocking for some time, we finally got an entrance. Here we determined to wait until the rain, which was now coming down in torrents, should hold up; and putting our mules under cover we pushed into the main room. Nothing could be more rude and primitive than it was: the walls entirely bare, and the furniture consisting of two common chairs, two stout benches, a rickety old wardrobe, and of course a picture of the Madonna. In one corner was a huge chimney cover protruding over the ashes of a slender fire that sent up its wavering gray smoke into the grim and sooty opening. Here, on the floor, was seated the contadina, an old woman, beside a basket in which an infant was sleeping. She made us at once welcome, though with a very timid and fearful manner, and gave us all the seats there were

But she seemed specially timid when we approached the sleeping child and began to praise it; and I saw in an instant by her answers that she was afraid of the *jettatura*, for to every question we asked she always took heed to say, "Benedetta sia la Madonna," to ward off the effects of the evil eye. "Whose child is it?" we asked. "Il figlio — benedetta sia la Madonna! — di mia nipote." "Is it a boy or a girl?" "Un maschio, — benedetta sia la Madonna." "It is a very pretty child." "Sta in buona salute, — benedetta sia la Madonna." Poor old creature! she was always in fear lest we might unintentionally work some evil to the little one by looking at it while it was asleep and praising it; for the peasants are as superstitious on this point as they were in ancient days, and will not willingly allow you to praise a child, particularly while sleeping, without warding off the evil eye by attributing the glory to God or the Madonna. To our good fortune the rain soon ceased, or, as our guide expressed himself, "*avera spiovuto*," and putting a few small silver pieces into the hand of the old woman we took our leave.

Our road now lay over a rocky bridle path, which in the rainy season was the bed of a torrent. It was sometimes broad and shallow, and sometimes narrowed down between high banks, so that we could only pass along one by one. The rain still continued to fall at intervals, and on the mountains it was pouring. We had scarcely gone on a half hour when our path began to take up its winter's trade, and to become the bed of a torrent. The muddy water drained from the hills and slopes poured into it; and our mules, oftentimes knee-deep, went plunging along and slipping over the great stones upon the bottom, over which the ever-deepening torrent whirled. It was splash, splash! jerk, jerk! all the time, and the wrenching we got in our saddles, which were quite wet through, at every step became almost intolerable. However, we kept up our spirits, and sang as we went. It was wild enough, there among the mountains, and as the afternoon began to darken under the black clouds, the scenery grew grim and ghastly. At about six o'clock we saw Sora in the distance, and kicking well our jaded mules, who had got enough of it, we urged them into a desperate gallop up into the streets of the town, which we had scarcely set foot in when down came the rain again in a deluge. When it rains in Italy, it does it with a will, — not softly sifting out its moisture over the earth, but pouring it down in torrents, as if the flood-gates of the sky were opened. The Locanda del Genio proved a good genius to us, and within ten minutes we were under its shelter and ordering our dinner. It is useless to say after such a ride that our appetites were good. What is quite as much to the purpose, our dinner was good, and our good-humored landlord, a thorough Neapolitan, was himself the cook.

The next morning (Monday) it was raining violently, and we were forced to amuse ourselves as well as we could by foraging round the town for "panni." The costume here is by no means Greek, as Murray states. The busti is still worn, and the dress is far less picturesque than at Alatri. The women, however, deserve their reputation for beauty. At one shop where we made a stand, a crowd gathered round us, bringing us all sorts of panni and *tappeti* to sell. And among them were two very remarkable-looking women: one a venerable Sorina, still very beautiful in her old age, and the other a surprisingly handsome girl of about nineteen. On the whole, it seemed to us that the Alatri women had decidedly the advantage of the women of Sora in beauty.

Sora, which still retains its old Volscian name, is a clean, well-paved town of about seven thousand inhabitants, lying under a great gray mountain sown with rocks, that jut out of it like dragon-teeth. Directly behind the town tower are the ruins of an old feudal castle where the Piccolomini Buoncompagni, and other Roman families, once made their stronghold; and some fragments of the Cyclopean walls which inclosed its ancient citadel still exist. In front of the town the Liris swoops by in a fierce

stream; all along its banks is a promenade, and an arched bridge is thrown across it. The town seems prosperous; it has its great piazza and church, and holds its market days like other larger places. Juvenal tells us in his third satire that in his time it was an agreeable residence: —

"Si potes avelli Circensibus optima Sorae
Aut Fabratercæ domus aut Trusinone paratur;"

but either the rain made it unusually dreary to us, or it is an uninteresting town in itself.

For want of better amusement, we diverted ourselves in the afternoon, *all' Inglese*, by scattering little coins among the people in the piazza, for the beggars thronged about us in such crowds that it was impossible in any other way to get rid of them. The late afternoon we passed around a great copper *scaldino*, drying ourselves and making plans for the morrow, and sipping tea out of tea-cups so preposterously small that we seemed to be playing at tea like children.

The next morning it was raining still, and we lay abed late, amusing ourselves with the absurd landscapes painted on our walls by some Sora artist. In these perhaps the proportions of the different objects were the most worthy of note, — though the color was quite as original and ideal: little carriages of about an inch and a half in size were passing over bridges, while men of about four times their height were seen on very green slopes beyond, shooting with newly-in vented fire-arms at gigantic nondescript birds. The land was distinguished from the water by a broad Etruscan border, which bound its hem like a plaited ribbon, and the figures and houses were like our earliest efforts after nature.

At about twelve o'clock, while we are sitting disconsolately about our brazier, there enters the room a traveler who has come from Isola, and orders his lunch. While he is eating we fall into conversation with him about our journey. He exhibits the deepest interest, offers to make our bargain for a carriage, summons Carluccio the *vetturino*, with whom he discusses in our behalf, calling us his "friends," and claiming that as such we were entitled to a reduction of prices. Carluccio, however, does not every day catch a foreigner. He is very obstinate as to his price, and our friend, after a half hour's dispute with him and much expenditure of eloquence and logic, gives him up as an *ostinato* and sends him away. He then insists on going out to seek another more reasonable vetturino, and out we all go together. The new vetturino is evidently another representation of Carluccio. He demands ten piasters to carry us to Atina, thence to St. Germano, and to bring us back to Sora, and shows us two old, rickety, break-neck vehicles, which he assures us are just the thing. We complain that the carriages are not safe. "Oh, per quello guarantisco io," he says. It is impossible here to have a decent vehicle; they always upset. "Why so?" we ask. He shrugs his shoulders, and the reason is conclusive. Our friend argues stoutly, having offered him eight piasters, which he refuses, turns up his lip in disdain, and invites us to a café. There he offers us coffee; we thank him, and decline his civility. At least, he says, "un po de rosolio o rhum." We again decline with all the grace we can command, but he insists, if we do not want it, at least we will take it, *per ceremonia*, out of favor to him; and *rhum* is brought and poured out to each of us. I take out my purse to pay for all, but he waves back my offer, *en prince*, and after spending an hour in bargaining for us insists upon paying for the rhum.

Finally we arrange with the vetturino to pay him nine piasters, including *buonamano*, and to take his two wonderful half-covered *carrozzelli*, high up with a driver's seat in front, ignorant of paint since their birth, and all broken down and ramshackly. He offers me at once a piaster as *caparra*, or earnest money, to close the bargain, and our friend smiles approval at the proceeding. This affair being now settled, we return to the locanda to eat yellow corn bread and wait until the morning, when we are to set forth.

W. W. Story.

A PRAIRIE-NEST.

When youth was in its May-day prime,
Life's blossoming and singing time,
While heart and hope made cheerful chime,
We dropped into our cottage-nest
Upon a prairie's mighty breast,
Soft billowing towards the unknown West.

Green earth beneath, blue sky above!
Through verdure vast the hidden dove
Sent plaintively her moan of love.
South wind and sunshine filled the air;
Thought flew in widening curves, to share
The large, sweet calmness everywhere.

In space two confluent rivers made, —
Kaskaskia, that far southward strayed,
And Mississippi, sunk in shade
Of level twilights, — nestled we,
As in the cleft branch of a tree;
Green grass, blue sky, all we could see.

Torch-like, our garden plot illumed
The sea-like waste, when sunset gloomed;
Its homely scents the night perfumed;
And through the long bright noontide hours
Its tints outblazed the prairie-flowers:
Gay, gay and glad, that nest of ours!

Our marigolds, our poppies red,
Straggling away from their trim bed,
With phlox and larkspur rioted;
And we, fresh-hearted, every day
Found fantasies wherewith to play,
As daring and as free as they.

The drumming grouse; the whistling quail;
Wild horses prancing down the gale;
A lonely tree, that seemed a sail
Far out at sea; a cabin-spark,
Winking at us across the dark;
The wolf's cry, like a watch-dog's bark;

And sometimes sudden jet and spire
Belting the horizon in with fire,
That writhed and died in serpent-gyre, —
Without a care we saw, we heard;
To dread or pleasure lightly stirred
As, in mid-flight, the homeward bird.

The stars hung low above our roof;
Rainbow and cloud-film wrought a woof
Of glory round us, danger-proof:
It sometimes seemed as if our cot
Were the one safe, selected spot
Whereon Heaven centred steadiest thought.

Man was afar, but God close by;
And we might fold our wings, or fly,
Beneath the sun, His open eye:
With bird and breeze in brotherhood,
We simply felt and understood
That earth was fair, that He was good.

Nature, so full of secrets coy,
Wrote out the mystery of her joy
On those broad swells of Illinois;
Her virgin heart to Heaven was true.
We trusted Heaven and her, and knew
The grass was green, the skies were blue,

And life was sweet! What find we more
In wearying quest from shore to shore?
Ah, gracious memory! to restore
Our golden West, its sun, its showers,
And that gay little nest of ours
Dropped down among the prairie-flowers!

Lucy Larcom.

MUSICIANS AND MUSIC-LOVERS.

Persons whose taste for music has brought them in contact with the more cultivated class of musicians must have noticed how difficult it is to talk sympathetically about their art with them. One can rarely broach the subject of music, about which all of us are inclined to express ourselves rather warmly, without having a certain chilling sense that the musician who happens to be present is in no wise a participant in that genial enthusiasm which, one somehow instinctively feels, ought to season the conversation. The musician, at such times, is apt to preserve a monosyllabic aloofness which gives us no very favorable idea of his temper; it seems impossible to force him into sympathy with our own point of view, which is generally an enthusiastic one, and we are tempted to doubt his capacity for more than a dry and purely intellectual enjoyment of his art. If we have the ill luck to fall a-rhapsodizing, in the presence of a musician, over a composition that does not happen to be his own, we are usually met with a condescending stare, which, in spite of its struggles to be polite, says as plainly as may be: "And pray what do you know about it?" It is indeed hard to have a wet blanket thus cast over our fine feelings, but did it ever occur to us how difficult it is to talk sensibly about music? Let us honestly put the question to our-

selves: Have we anything to say (about the fifth symphony, for example) that is really worth listening to? It is a fact that musical literature, taken all in all, is the poorest the world possesses. When we consider that the publication of even a thoroughly good musical text-book for the use of students is a greater rarity than the discovery of a new planet, it should not be a matter of surprise that general musical literature is so poor as it is. But of all writing or talking about music, the rhapsodical is undoubtedly the flimsiest, as it is, unfortunately, the commonest. Schopenhauer says that of all human beings the most utterly undignified and pitiable is the hero struggling against inexorable fate; so there is nothing more futile than attempting to rhapsodize about music, which is itself the most incomparable of rhapsodies. Man, especially heroic man, is a very glorious creature, but he is not seen to the best advantage when battering his own head against a stone-wall. Sweet poetry and heart-stirring eloquence can illumine most things of this world with a new and heavenly light, but when they try to chant the praises of a Beethoven symphony, you have only to play a few measures of the divine music to make both poetry and eloquence seem very dark indeed. The brightest gas-flame shows black against the sun's disk.

The trouble is that people deceive themselves. Often, when they think they are talking about music, they are not talking about the music itself at all, but about how it makes them feel. And so the musician, who perceives this very plainly, finding that any discussion on the subject must needs involve certain personalities which may not be entirely palatable to his interlocutor, can only take refuge in silence or in evasive answers.

It is peculiarly noticeable that musicians, among themselves, say very little, as a rule, about the feelings that music calls up in them; they talk about the music itself, and such talk is rarely of a nature to be interesting to an outsider. I remember once listening to an impassioned performance of Schumann's overture to Manfred in company with a musician. The only thing he said after the performance was, "How much more effect Schumann has drawn from his horns here, by using the open notes, than he often does by writing chromatic passages for them!" This was a technical point. As for rhapsodizing about the spiritual essence of the music, my friend very wisely let that alone. I doubt whether, if Shakespeare were alive today, even he could write a good *poem* about the Manfred overture. About Music (with a capital M) it is indeed possible to speak and write in the poetic vein; but about this or that piece of music poetry can utter only dreariness or nonsense. It is both curious and instructive to note how Hector Berlioz, a man who felt music with almost frightful intensity, and whose excitement while listening to some compositions approached the pitch of frenzy, — to note how Berlioz, in his series of essays on Beethoven's symphonies, rarely rises above the consideration of technical details.

In judging music, the amateur has only his feelings to guide him. The musician is, at least while listening to a piece of music for the first time, very much in the same case. Yet, from his superior special culture, his feelings are far more trustworthy guides; beauties and imperfections strike his ear at once, and are felt by him instinctively, which it would take much study for the amateur to perceive. And by superior culture I do not mean merely superior special knowledge, but that well-digested knowledge and experience which go to form fine artistic fibre in an organization of naturally æsthetic proclivities. Real genius and original power can be more or less clearly recognized by every one. But I think that the true position which genius holds among the other qualities that go to make up what we call an artist has been very generally — I will not say overrated — but misunderstood. We often observe a seeming tendency in artists to speak slightingly of that heaven-sent power by virtue of which he who

possesses it can at will gain ascendency over the souls of men. A man of wholesomely generous nature reverences that which can work strongly upon his feelings. The apparent inaptitude for this kind of enjoyment that so often strikes us in musicians may be explained by the fact that the musical laity — deceive themselves as they may — are far more prone to yield to the influence of the composer's or performer's own personality, as it is revealed to them through the medium of tones, than they are to listen to the music as an entity in itself. The musician is timid about thus surrendering himself, unless the strong individuality of the composer or performer is revealed to him through a perfect medium. As has been said before, his feelings are a much surer guide to him than are those of the amateur, and mere quantity of genius does not command them without a silent protest on his part so long as he is not assured of its fine quality. It is a mistake to think that a high degree of culture blunts the sensibilities; on the contrary, it sharpens them. The musician, studying a Bach cantata in the quiet and solitude of his own room, knows an ecstasy of which the amateur has no conception. It is the very intensity of his feelings that makes him careful how he exposes them to any but the finest and best influences; his soul is a pipe, the stops of which must not be fingered by vulgar hands. Robert Schumann once said, "I should box the ears of any pupil who wrote such harmony as the first few measures of the overture to Tannhäuser; and yet the thing haunts me with a strange pertinacity in spite of myself." Most people would call this obstinacy, illiberality, or what not that is bad. But it was the protest of the refined Schumann against a power, the genuineness of which he recognized, but of which the quality seemed to him to be open to suspicion.

That which we call genius in general — genius *schlechtweg*, as the Germans say — is not so great a rarity among composers as may be supposed; what *is* rare is distinctly *musical genius*. Richard Wagner may be called a man of undeniably great power, of very unusual genius; yet we cannot help feeling when hearing his compositions, quite as surely as we know it from reading his autobiography, that it was largely owing to the force of circumstances that his genius was applied to music. We can imagine his attaining to equal eminence in other walks of life. But in listening to a Mozart quartet, we are sure that Mozart was not only a born genius, but a born musician. To be sure, the difference in special musical culture between the two men is very great, and all in Mozart's favor; but if Wagner's genius had had the distinctly musical quality of Mozart's, he could not have rested content until he had acquired an equal degree of musical culture. If Mozart had been a man of Wagner's quite phenomenal general culture, no doubt his compositions would have shown the effect of it. But the difference between the men would still remain: we should still have Mozart seizing everything by its musical side, making all that he had observed or learned go to further musical ends; whereas in Wagner we feel that his music is the servant of his culture, — that the operation in his case is precisely the opposite to that in Mozart's. Innate power, whether general or special, is surely a precious thing, and must command reverence whenever it shows itself; yet when we find an expression of power, however genuine it may be, which is unsymmetric and not wholly beautiful, we may well doubt whether the power itself is of the highest kind. An entirely great soul speaks to the world in chosen language; its meaning cannot be conveyed in slipshod sentences; it has a native nobility of its own which shuns the contamination of an ignoble dialect as a gentleman disdains billingsgate. This fact has been so well recognized that what we call the power of expression is often regarded as almost a synonym for genius. It is just the nice shades of distinction between the more or less musical quality of genius which the amateur is for the most part unable to detect. When Schumann said of the many ungainly passages

in Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony that we can appreciate their *raison d'être* only by attempting to remodel them, and by then seeing how utterly flat our improvements sound when compared with the original, he certainly admitted that Berlioz really had something to say in his music, and that it could be said only in his own way. That is a good earnest of the genuineness of Berlioz's inspiration, but of its genuineness only. Had the inspiration been as fine as it was real, the ungainliness of those passages could not have existed at all. Special musical culture is excessively rare. The world of music a musician lives in is so little comprehended that many of his utterances concerning his art seem hardly to bear the stamp of common sense and reason.

It is by no means true of the amateur that he is generally insensible to the bad effect of what is ugly and cacophonous in music; but his feelings are often shocked by that which is merely unaccustomed, or of which his uncultured power of insight cannot at once detect the relevancy. He is, at times, even prone to reject, as distorted and monstrous, things which the musician will readily accept; he cannot perceive at a glance the true relation of such passages to the remainder of the composition in which they occur, in virtue of which relation they appeal to the musician as beautiful and deserving of admiration. Yet, upon the whole, the real or supposed faults that shock the amateur are quite as likely to be of secondary importance as they are to be really damning. The musician may find them retrieved by predominant beauties of which the amateur does not suspect the value, or else he may consider them so trivial in comparison with greater and more essential short-comings, of the presence of which the amateur is equally unsuspicious, as to make them hardly worthy of notice. Again, the amateur may be worked up to a condition bordering upon the ecstatic by certain beauties which the musician appreciates quite as well as he, but which, to the cultivated taste, are wholly unable to retrieve many fundamental faults which are imperceptible to the vulgar ear. That it is, for the most part, utterly useless for the musician to justify his opinion in either case has already been said. Music is a subject upon which all logic is wasted; at the very best, the amateur is but persuaded that he *ought to feel* differently about this or that composition, but what he *actually does feel* will remain unchanged, for his musical likings and dislikings are, almost without exception, sheer cases of Dr. Fell, or the contrary.

The general music-lover is apt to value music according to the mood into which it throws him. There are few persons at all amenable to musical impressions who would not indignantly reject the insinuation that this mood is not the result of the music's working directly upon their higher sensibilities, or, to use the accepted phrase, appealing directly to the heart. But the effect is often purely physical;[1] that is to say, the effect of music, as such, upon the emotional nature of the majority of men is analogous to the effects of alcohol, tobacco, caffeine, bromides, and other similar stimulants or sedatives. It is what Hanslick has aptly called a pathological effect. What other non-physical effect music may have upon their emotions may be referred to the power of association, and is often little determined by the actual character of the music itself. In so far as the power of association is concerned, the most cultured musician is to a great extent amenable to its influence. I know a musician whose father used to sing him to sleep, when he was a very young child, by humming "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai,

[1] I leave out of the question all purely scientific considerations as to the physiological or unphysiological nature of what we call the sentimental emotions. For my present purpose it is unnecessary to decide whether music, as such, is (as Hanslick says) a purely physical phenomenon that can appeal directly only to the physical senses, or whether it is (as according to Schopenhauer and Wagner) an immediate manifestation of the metaphysical essence (*Ding an sich*) of the universe. It is sufficiently accurate here to use the expressions "appealing to the heart" and "appealing to the senses" as they are understood in common parlance.

carino." To the present day he cannot hear either of these melodies (which, in themselves, have little to do with somnolence) without experiencing a certain pleasurable sensation of drowsiness. He feels persuaded that, had any other melody the same associations for him, its effect would be precisely analogous. But this is only one example of the power of association; there are other ways in which its force is felt, and in which it has a much stronger influence upon the general music-lover than upon the musician. The title of a composition,[1] the conditions under which it was written, the effect it is known to have had upon this or that notable person, in short, any romantic circumstance connected with it, can exert an influence upon the emotions of which the music by itself would often be incapable. The music only tends to heighten and render more vivid an idea which has already gained ascendency over the listener's feelings. How strong this power of the association of ideas is may be judged by the manner in which the greater number of music-lovers express themselves when speaking of music, and by the compositions which have won the greatest portion of *quasi*-sentimental notoriety. If a novelist, public speaker, preacher, scientific lecturer, or other not especially musical person (supposing that he know enough not to go into maudlin raptures over the Æolian harp) have occasion to refer casually to a musical composition, we may be pretty sure that it will be either Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony or Mozart's Requiem. If not these, it will be the (so-called) Moonlight Sonata, or perhaps the Thunder-Storm piece of the Freiburg organist, or something for the vox-humana stop. Now, without calling into question the great intrinsic value of the Pastoral Symphony, it is by no means the one of the glorious nine which is most calculated to captivate the popular taste in a purely musical way. There is little in it, as music, which can entitle it to the singular prominence its name has acquired. But it has a peasant's dance, a thunder-storm, a breaking forth of sunshine through the clouds, rustling leaves, murmuring brooks, nightingales, and cuckoos; it is interwoven with all sorts of rural associations, things that can be easily talked about, and which call up remembrances that can be definitely placed in our consciousness. In speaking of the Pastoral Symphony the non-musician feels that he is treading upon not entirely unknown ground. As for Mozart's Requiem, probably not one out of a hundred persons who admiringly mention its name has ever heard a note of it, or knows anything about it, save that it was the composer's last great work, written at a time when he was in great trouble and misery. Its sublimity is taken for granted. It is not reverenced so much for its musical worth, as it is because it was the swan-song of a great and suffering man. Influences of this sort, so all-powerful with the mass of men, are almost without effect upon the musician. He looks upon music as music; the most perfect orchestral thunder-storm in the world leaves him cold and indifferent if it is not at the same time a fine piece of composition. He does not admire a phrase because it cunningly imitates the babbling of a brook, but because it is beautiful music. The ordinary music-lover, in speaking of music, is eager to fix his impressions by the aid of metaphors and similes taken from other arts, or from every-day life. The musician speaks of the entrance of themes, modulations, trombone passages, and the like. In the hundreds of conversations I have had with musicians about music, I can remember only a single instance in which a cultivated musician laid stress upon an extrinsic beauty in a composition; and that was when a certain great German pianist, in speaking of Joachim Raff's Im Walde symphony, said: "Oh, that setting in of the gray morning twilight in the *finale* is overpoweringly impressive." That is the only time in my life that I have heard a musician speak of music in such fashion. In writing about music, Richard Wagner and Hec-

[1] Let the reader only think of the influence upon the imagination of so-called programme-music!

tor Berlioz sometimes indulge in this sort of simile, but even Berlioz, the leader of "programme-composers," wrote at the end of the descriptive preface to his Fantastic Symphony that the distribution of the "programme" among the audience might be optional with the conductor, as he hoped that the symphony itself would have sufficient musical interest to stand upon its own merits as a composition, apart from the dramatic story with which it was connected. As a foil to what I have told of the "twilight" in Raff's symphony, I will give an instance of an opposite character. Not long ago I was reading through the second finale of Don Giovanni with a very highly cultivated musician; all of a sudden he stopped playing, and cried out: "Do you know, it takes a confounded amount of genius to have thought of bringing in that figure again just here! And it is only by a common deceptive cadence, too!" Nobody but a musician could have expressed himself so.

It is a pretty widely spread notion that the uncultured music-lover stands in the same relation to inferior music that the musician does to the great master-works of the art; that the musician enjoys Beethoven's A major symphony or Bach's Passacaglia in the same way and to the same extent that other people enjoy the overture to Martha, or even Bardaczewska's Maiden's Prayer. As it is impossible to get any direct evidence on this point, inasmuch as we cannot enter into the consciousness of two persons at once, and listen with their ears, we can only found our judgment upon the various emotional phenomena we observe in either class of listeners. A musician, after listening to a great work, does not, as a rule, care to have it immediately repeated.[1] If he sees the same work on the programme of a concert on the following day, it will probably not attract him more than would any other piece of equal merit. But his enjoyment of the composition lasts him a life-time; it increases with every successive hearing, if the performance be a good one. The work is a well of delight to him that can never run dry. But when the ordinary music-lover hears a piece of music that particularly pleases him, he generally wishes to hear it over again; he will listen to it day in and day out, until he gets thoroughly sick of it, and never wishes to hear it more. He sucks and sucks at his musical orange until there is nothing left but the dry peel, and then throws it away. There is, no doubt, a strong sensual element in the musician's enjoyment of music, but he is not content with this alone; his finely-strung nature protests against completely yielding to the influence of music which he suspects of having a merely ephemeral power over him. He tastes it, as it were, and enjoys its flavor, but is careful to stop short when there is danger of intoxication, for that brings on headache and other undesirable discomforts. He enjoys music platonically, as an art, as something in itself grand and beautiful, not as a stimulant nor an anodyne. That music can act in both these capacities is undoubted, but the musician rarely uses it in either. The simile between music and wine is a very old one, and there is more truth in it than some modern theorists would have us believe. It does not, of course, cover the whole ground, but it covers part of it very well. There is an enjoyment of wine which is not entirely sensual, for it calls into play the powers of comparison and judgment. The connoisseur and the boor enjoy it in very different ways. The one delights in the wine itself, the other in its effect, and the latter enjoyment to a certain extent precludes the possibility of the former. Substituting music for wine, we have a very good example of the relative points of view of the musician and the musical layman. The difference between them lies not so much in the class of music they enjoy as in the way in which they enjoy it.

It is not easy to decide which one of the elements constituting our modern music,[2] such as rhythm, melody, quality

[1] I am supposing a case in which a musician listens to music merely for the sake of musical enjoyment, not in order to study a composition.

[2] I use the term *modern* as denoting music written in the modern tonal system, in distinction to music written in the old so-called church modes.

of sound, harmony, counterpoint, symmetry of form, and thematic development, appeals most directly to the majority of music-lovers. If the question were put, the answer would probably be, in nine cases out of ten, *melody*. Yet considerable self-deception may exist on this, as on other points. No doubt the average ear demands a quality in music which it can recognize as pleasingly melodious; this is almost a *sine qua non;* yet I think that sheer quality of sound has, in general, a much greater power over the emotions of the music-loving public than melody pure and simple. And be it remembered that this power is wholly physical. A grand and imposing sonority, a well-timed crescendo or diminuendo, have such command over the nervous excitability of most persons as often completely to silence their habitual demand for purely melodious effects. The choruses "Crucify him" in Mendelssohn's Christus, with their overwhelming effects of sonority, and their total lack of what is commonly called melody, have many more sincere admirers than the corresponding choruses in Bach's St. Matthew-Passion, in which the dramatic effect is almost wholly dependent upon the intrinsic character of the melody itself. Last winter a correspondent of one of our newspapers evidently thought he had suggested a conclusive reply to the objections made by some critics to the Verdi Requiem (on the ground that the music depended too much upon sheer effects of sonority) by asking the question: "Did it ever occur to some people how difficult it is to score a really grand and noble noise?"

The first thing that most people notice in a singer is whether he has a fine voice or not; and their opinion of his merit is commonly based upon its quality. Ask the first person you meet whether he thinks Signor X—— sings well or not, and he will answer, "Yes, I think he has a beautiful voice," or else, "No, his voice is wretched." The absurd questions one hears put every day, such as, "Do you prefer instrumental or vocal music?" and the equally unmusical statements, such as, "I hate an orchestra, but I adore a brass band" (the more pallid terms *like* and *dislike* are rarely used in such cases), all tend to show how great the power of mere quality of sound is, and how strongly it affects the musical likings and dislikings of most people. This is also proved by the popularity of instruments of novel or otherwise striking sonority, such as the xylophone, glockenspiel, set of finger-bowls, flowerpotophone, and what not. Some people will hardly notice a tune when played on the piano-forte or by an orchestra, but will go into ecstasies over the same tune (especially if it be of a grandiose and majestic character) when played on a mouth harmonica. *Experto crede*, I have seen it myself. That the effect of quality of sound *per se* is purely physical is none the less true because it has a strong influence upon the emotions; a beautiful sound may even provoke tears. I know a contralto singer who can bring tears into some eyes merely by singing a long-sustained A, and singers in general are fond of talking about "throwing the tears into their voices;" yes, there are tears in voices, and in onions and cat-o'-nine-tails too, but in very many cases they spring from sheer nervous irritation. When we come to melody, we come to something that can appeal directly to the heart.[1] But the question is not so much what a melody can do, as what it actually does do in the majority of cases. To make an experiment, take one of the most beautiful and heart-touching melodies in existence, the phrase beginning with the words, "D'un pensiero, d'un accento rea non sono," in the second finale of Bellini's Sonnambula. Let it be sung with fairly correct expression and finish of phrasing by a voice that is in no way distinguished by beauty of timbre, in an average audience the greater number of listeners will be unmoved by it; but let it be sung by a voice of great richness, and especially of fine vibrating quality, and nearly the whole audience will be deeply moved. There is an orchestral arrange-

[1] The reader will still bear in mind that I use this expression in its common acceptation, not with scientific strictness.

ment of Schubert's Serenade which used to be much in vogue some years ago, in which the melody is repeated by various solo instruments. I have always noticed that in this piece the violoncello and oboe left the audience comparatively cold and unsympathizing, but when the cornet-à-piston's turn came, almost every listener was aroused to a high pitch of excitement. The melody was the same, but the thrilling tone of the cornet was what moved the public.[1] It was only last winter that I overheard one of the audience at a symphony concert saying to a friend, after a performance of Goldmark's Sakuntala overture: "You may say what you please, but your Bachs and Mozarts and Beethovens could not produce such a glorious mass of tone as that." The one thing he looked for in music was plainly its physical effect.

But people will say, Is then our enjoyment of music no more than our enjoyment of champagne? Are our cherished ideas of pathos, sentiment, and the whole great art of tones tugging at our heart-strings a mere delusion, after all? By no manner of means! Hearts are touched, tears do flow, from other causes than mere nervous excitement. The self-deception is not about the result, but about the cause. It is not so much the music itself that touches the hearts of the majority of music-lovers, as it is the performer. His pathos, sentiment, or passion speaks directly to the hearts of his hearers; so powerful is his influence that he can at times make many listeners forget for the moment the whole sensuous effect of music, which they commonly prize so highly. I have heard a singer whose voice may be said to realize the *ne plus ultra* of musical harshness, and whose singing, judged from an artistic point of view, is simply atrocious; yet she rarely fails royally to command the emotions of her hearers by the sheer intensity of her dramatic power of expression. What she sings matters little; she is almost invariably sure of enthusiastic applause. This is, of course, an extreme case, but it is by no means unprecedented.

In regard to the appreciation of melody, as such, it may be said that people in general prize a melody more for its sensuous quality than for its thematic value. They consider its immediate sensuous effect upon the ear, or its dramatic power over the emotions, of more importance than its containing in itself the germs of a stoutly and symmetrically articulated composition.[2] This is one of the causes of the great popularity of much of the music of the present day with a large class of music-lovers. Although our contemporary music is not so fertile in ear-pleasing melody as was that of an earlier period, it cannot be denied that it is, in general, very rich in more or less melodic phrases of an intense dramatic character, and which are violently exciting in a nervous way. Yet the besetting tendency of much of this music towards incoherence and confusedness is not so much the result of a want of skill in thematic treatment in contemporary composers, nor of the complexity of the tasks they impose upon themselves, as it is of what might be called the intrinsically unthematic character of their melodies. These melodies appeal strongly to the emotions (whether through the heart or through the nerves matters not), but they too rarely contain in themselves the germs of an orderly composition, and the want of this latter quality is the one of all others which the average music-lover is the last to feel. The theme of Bach's G minor Fugue is not, by itself, so stimulating to the nerves as the melody of "Di quella pira;" yet Bach's ap-

[1] How intimately connected the enjoyment of sheer quality of tone is, in the minds of most people, with their appreciation of melody may be judged from the very common (but to a musician wholly unmeaning) expression: So-and-so has a *melodious voice*.

[2] The same may be said of the popular appreciation of harmonic effects. The average music-lover delights in the immediate effect upon the ear of certain chords and combinations of tones (such as, for instance, the dominant seventh and ninth, or the suspension of the ninth and eleventh over the subdominant), while he has, as a rule, but little appreciation of that subtile connection between a symmetric sequence of chords wherein the real value of a fine progression lies. He prizes a chord, or a modulation, for its own sake, without regard for its function as an organic part of a musical structure, nor the circumstances under which it presents itself.

parently homely figure contains in itself "the potency and power" of the whole glorious G minor Fugue, whereas Verdi's tune contains the potency and power of absolutely nothing beyond its own screeching self. It is the want of appreciation, on the part of the average music-lover, of what may be aptly termed the evolution of a composition from a theme, and of the capacity of a theme for such organic development, that has given rise to a very common, and at the same time most utterly false and groundless fling that is made at the cultivated musician by unthinking amateurs: that is that the musician is capable only of a mere intellectual enjoyment of music. Because the musician lives in a world of tones of which none but him have any approximately correct idea, and in which the uncultured music-lover cannot at once discover the musical alcohol and morphine after which his soul thirsteth; because the musician declares that this alcohol and morphine are not the properest food for an æsthetic soul, he must immediately undergo a contemptuous diagnosis, the result of which is that he is pronounced to be wanting in heart and all the nobler sensibilities, and to cling to art by his intellect alone. No amount of argument will drive this idea out of people's heads when it has once taken root there; all reasoning falls from their understanding like water from a duck's back. Let it only be said here most distinctly that, of all the wrong notions that have ever bemuddled the human mind, this is the most utterly idiotic.

People in general listen to music in a dream, as it were; only the musician is fully awake and in sure possession of his faculties. He is not wafted helplessly hither and thither on a vaguely surging sea of sound, an unresisting prey to the composer's every whim; music is his proper element; as we see the torpid snails and barnacles in a rocky pool by the sea-side suddenly start into consciousness and activity as the first cool, oxygen-charged wave of the returning tide washes over them, so does the musician find in music the life-giving draught that arouses all his nobler faculties to action. It is not an alcohol to intoxicate him, an anodyne to bring mere momentary forgetfulness of the day's cares and troubles, nor a sense-killing potion to waft him lazily into luxurious hasheesh dreams of a Mahomet's Paradise; it brings with it the wholesome oxygen that is necessary to his complete vitality. So soon as he is in the presence of a mighty composition, he plunges *into* the music heart and soul, and his whole being is aroused to vigorous action. As Ambros has said: "The enjoyment of a work of art is by no means a passive state; a correct understanding, and with it the highest enjoyment, consist in our re-creating for ourselves, as it were, that which is offered us by the composer."

William F. Apthorp.

THE MYSTERY.

I saw a wonderful light —
  Watching the midnight sky —
Leap suddenly into the voiceless dark,
  And as suddenly die.

Was it a golden lance,
  Into the silence hurled
By the spirit of air? a new-born star?
  Or the wreck of a world?

Albert Laighton.

THE MODERN MARTYRDOM OF ST. PERPETUA.

It has been sometimes said that there has been in our times an entire decline in the spirit of Christian heroism.

We assume the contrary, and design to show the sufferings of a modern martyr, a modern edition of St. Perpetua. And first we will extract from Butler's Lives of the Saints, under date of March 7th, some account of the heroic sufferings of the ancient St. Perpetua.

It appears she was a noble Carthaginian lady, who, in the reign of the Emperor Severus, was condemned, with a small company of fellow-Christians, to encounter the wild beasts in the arena. Thus the narrative: —

"The day of their triumph being come, they went out of prison to go to the amphitheatre; joy sparkled in their eyes and appeared in all their gestures and words. Perpetua walked with a composed countenance and easy pace, as a woman cherished by Jesus Christ, with her eyes modestly cast down; she sang, as being already victorious."

After describing her as witnessing the cruel deaths of her fellow-martyrs under the claws of lions and tigers, the narrative goes on to say: —

"Perpetua and Felicitas (her slave) were first exposed to a wild cow. Perpetua was first attacked, and being tossed fell to the earth; rising to a sitting posture, and perceiving her clothes were torn, she gathered them about her in the best manner she could, thinking more of decency than of her sufferings. Getting up, not to seem disconsolate, she tied her hair, which was fallen loose, and perceiving Felicitas on the ground, much hurt by the tossing of the cow, she helped her to rise, and the two were removed to the place where the executioner dispatched those who had not been killed by the beasts."

Perpetua, it is said, seemed to be returning to herself out of a long ecstasy, to have been entirely unconscious of all that had occurred, and she could not believe the account of what had happened till she saw on her body and clothes the marks of what had taken place.

St. Austin, relating this, cries out: "Where was she when assaulted and torn by the furious beast? By what love, by what potion, was she so transported out of herself as to seem without feeling in a mortal body?"

She called her brother, and said, "Continue firm in the faith, and be not disheartened by my sufferings," and so walked to the place of butchery.

Such is the story of the ancient saint, and dull is the heart that gives no answering thrill to it.

Our modern St. Perpetua lived in an elegant square brick mansion with brown stone trimmings, situated in the midst of ample, well-adorned grounds in the pleasant, half-rural, manufacturing town of Prosperita. You have seen the place, and remember its wide streets, bordered on each side with rows of shadowy maples and elms, and carpeted with well-kept velvet grass. It was one of those many New England towns where life seemed rationally desirable and prosperous, and people were living as one should imagine it was right and proper, on the whole, that human beings should live, in peace, and in cultured affluence.

Our saint was a serene, middle-aged lady, whose ample mansion was the seat of hospitality, refinement, culture, and religion. She was well known as foremost in every good word and work. Occupied mainly with works of charity to her neighbor, and with devout contemplation directed heavenwards, our St. Perpetua had those notions about outward array which were derived from evangelical reading, such as the following: "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel. But let it be the hidden man of the heart, . . . even the ornament of

a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price."

So our saint seemed in the quiet ripeness of middle life to be sinking gradually into that goodly type of ancient womanhood which has almost perished from modern society. Her rich, heavy, old-fashioned silks were worn from year to year with scarce any modification from changing fashion; her bonnets, made so as to protect her ears in winter and shade her eyes in summer, circled serenely round her tranquil countenance; and the transparent laces which surrounded her face might by a slight effort of the imagination have seemed the aureole of a saint.

With a calm persistence this good woman maintained that one of the first purposes of clothing was *comfort*, and smilingly declined the good offices of the dress-maker to squeeze her lungs out of shape, or to stop the circulation of her blood, for any supposed ornamental effect. She declined also to make her dresses a means of sweeping the streets, and wore them at such a distance from the ground that the borders thereof were neither fringed nor frayed by the contact. Reserving these rights of health and decency, she allowed her anxious dressmaker to make only such changes in her wardrobe, from time to time, as should slightly harmonize it with the reigning mode, so that she should escape the imputation of singularity.

There were some artists, and people not biased by reigning conventions, who expressed admiration of this arrangement of costume, and went so far as to say that the sight of St. Perpetua at church, with her face radiant with celestial joy as she joined the service, or her benign grace as she shook hands with one neighbor or another coming down the aisle after service, was a subject worthy of a picture of "woman as she should be."

Thus matters moved smoothly on with our saint, till the time of her trial came on. We must remark here that the conditions of saintship have altered in our days. Holy women now do not encounter dragons as St. Margaret did, as one may remember her in Raphael's picture, standing serene as a star against the darkness of his great open mouth, bearing the victorious palm in her hands. No, dragons are decidedly gone out of vogue; nobody hears of them; they only occur now and then, when Darwin or somebody else alludes to prehistoric animals. Neither in our day are Christians thrown to lions and tigers, or threatened by wild cows. Our age being a refined and intellectual one, our temptations, trials, and martyrdoms are those of the more ethereal and refined portion of our nature.

The tempter in fact came in the form of an angel of light. The fair Melusina, lately graduated from Omnium College, returned home with all the muses and graces in her train; with eyes fair as stars, and golden hair frizzed divinely over a low, Grecian forehead; with persuasive dimples twinkling around a rosy mouth, which had been trained at college in all the arts and devices of eloquence, so that not merely "truth divine" came mended from her tongue, but things that were but half true, or not true at all, enjoyed a similar advantage.

The fair Melusina, though a college graduate and a believer in the modern theory of woman's rights, had no notion of renouncing any of the world-wide privileges and immunities of her sex. She considered the doctrine of woman's rights to mean that women were to keep all the rights they had already, in virtue of the fascinations of Venus, but to have *added* to them all those of the men, thus reigning queen of hearts and of society.

Our fair queen of hearts, however, was no heathen. She had been duly confirmed in church, with a white veil on her head, and with an indefinite but very pleasing emotion of self-devotion and self-sacrifice in her heart; certainly intending always thereafter fully to order her life as a good Christian girl ought. She was not without sentiment and love of the heroic, and when the white-robed choir entered the church singing, —

> "Onward, Christian soldier
> Marching as to war,
> With the cross of Jesus
> Going on before,"

her heart beat heroically, under the latest arrangement of bows and laces, with a real warm throb of sympathy. It was an inexpensive way of marching after the cross of Jesus.

The fair Melusina early determined to bring the canons of fashion to bear upon her mother's apparel and belongings.

"Now, dear mamma," — thus the attack began, — "you know that I am not one of those frivolous girls who think fashion is everything, and can talk and think of nothing but dress. I despise such girls as much as anybody; but yet I do think there is a propriety, a certain respectability" —

"My dear child, you certainly can't mean to say that I am not dressed respectably?"

"Yes, dear mamma. This bonnet, now," turning it on her hand, disparagingly, "why, mamma, it 's as old as the ark! Nobody wears such bonnets, now. *Dear* mamma," — here her voice trembled with pathos and her eyes grew moist with emotion, — "you have really no idea what a *horrid* thing it is! It does n't look suitable and respectable for a lady in your position. Now, mamma, you are so absorbed in your good books and your charities and all that that you have n't the slightest idea how differently people of our position must dress. Why, the style of this bonnet is ten years old at the least; and then, mamma, that silk of yours is n't fit to be seen; the silk has grown *shiny* with age, and it is made hideously, — short and skimpy, — and altogether it 's not presentable. Now, mamma, everybody that knows anything will tell you I 'm right. Miss Hibbens, who does your dress-making, spoke to me about it the other day, and said, 'I do hope, now *you 've* come home, you will fit your mother up a little, for really she does *not* appear as a lady in her circumstances ought.' And just ask aunt Maria, and see what she will tell you."

Aunt Maria, being appealed to, in counsel employed a stroke of generalship worthy the attention of all who seek to change the courses of New England saints. She put the question to her as a matter of self-sacrifice and penance. "My dear sister," she remarked, "we are told Christians must not live to please themselves. Dress, being a matter of no moral character in itself, is fairly one of those things in which it is our duty to sacrifice our own feelings to give pleasure to our friends. Besides that, a woman who conforms to fashion acquires influence thereby, and influence is a talent for good which we should none of us neglect. Your sons are young men now, your daughter just coming into society, and all are desirous of seeing their mother appear as becomes her station and position in life; and your husband, I know, would think just as I do, for he said to me that nothing pleased him better than to see you handsomely dressed. As to the money, — why, that is no object with him, and you have enough to do all you want to for the poor, and yet dress as becomes a lady."

This line of argument conquered. St. Perpetua meekly yielded, and was led, as a lamb to the sacrifice, to Miss Hibbens's feet, who, enchanted to have her fairly in her power, cut and snipped and trimmed and pinched and pared to her heart's content, — not regarding very much an occasional tender protest of her victim, thus: "Now, Miss Hibbens, do remember I love simplicity."

"Oh, yes, ma'am; simplicity is just your style. I understand. I have a lovely idea for the trimming; it will take only eighty yards of knife-pleating, with a heading of bugle fringe; so lovely, and so perfectly simple."

"Don't make too much of a train, Miss Hibbens," says the saint, plaintively.

"Oh, certainly not. Leave it to me; I understand."

"Miss Hibbens, these sleeves feel *very* tight. I can't bear anything tight about my arms."

"Oh, no, *I* never make tight sleeves, — some dress-makers do, but *I* don't.

These will seem perfectly easy when they 're finished; don't be anxious about them."

And so on through all the process.

. . . . . .

And now the sun had risen over the elms of Prosperita, and our saint was preparing to walk to the house of God in all her new appointments.

Everything had come home; a bonnet from Madame Adrienne's in New York, ordered expressly for its *simplicity* and severity, consisting apparently of a gauzy bunch of black tulle, with winking fringes of jet, and a smart, neat aigrette of black feathers perking up jauntily on one side, and a cascade of lace and ribbon streaming down behind. Everybody declared it to be the concentrated essence of simple elegance. The black tissue from Miss Hibbens's lay in voluminous folds on the bed and floor; and the fair Melusina, radiant and joyful, was there to induct her mother properly into these habiliments.

The historical St. Perpetua herself could not have looked more resigned and bowed down in meek surrender than our modern saint. First, her hair was taken out of crimp and frizzed in conformity with the most approved style. Then the dress was put on, and it appeared that the treacherous heart of the dress-maker gave out at the last, and could not allow her to retrench the amplitude of the train. Our saint regarded its sweep with an exclamation of horror: "Mercy on us! How shall I ever get to church with this?"

"Don't say a word, mamma; it 's just lovely. I 'll show you how to carry it; it 's perfectly easy when one is used to it."

"But, dear, this waist pinches me."

"Oh, no, mamma, it does n't. New dresses always feel a little stiff at first; it 'll stretch: and I never saw you have anything that fitted you so beautifully. You really have a nice figure, mamma."

"But these sleeves! They are too tight. Why, see here; I can't lift my arms to my head!"

"Well, mamma, you need n't lift your arms to your head. The sleeves are lovely, and fit your arms beautifully; and I shall put your bonnet on and tie it for you, of course; ladies that have dressing-maids like *me* never have to raise their arms."

"But really, dear," — anxiously surveying herself in the mirror, — "I don't like my skirt drawn so close round me; it shows all my figure."

"Well, that is the fashion, mamma; that 's just what it 's for."

"But it hurts me to step. I really don't think I can walk in it. I feel so tied up I can hardly move."

"Oh, you 'll get used to it, mamma dear; everybody does. I would n't alter a thing; your dress is lovely. Sit down now, and let me put on your bonnet. There!"

"It hurts me to sit down; it 's too tight."

"Oh, mamma, you must just slip the skirt up a little; you have n't got the knack; it will come all right. There — so. Now for the bonnet. It 's a perfect love, and so simple."

Simple it was, to that degree that when it was on, our saint looked about and felt quite bare-headed.

"Is n't it too small? Why, it won't shade my eyes a bit!"

"Dear mamma, nobody has their eyes shaded now."

"But it feels just as if it was slipping off the back of my head."

"Oh, I shall pin it on." And Melusina proceeded to spear the same to the maternal head with long, black pins. "There!"

"It hurts my head," murmured the saint.

"Dear mamma, you 'll get used to it. It 's just because you never wore such a bonnet before. There, now, you are done, and I never saw you look so splendid. Mamma, you are not an old woman; you are not going to be; you don't look more than thirty at the most. I 'm going to call papa to look at you."

Papa came in with The Churchman in his hand, the pious side out, and contemplated our saint first with a stare of astonishment, but soon, being kissed and variously manipulated and instructed by

Melusina, he declared that she looked young and pretty, and that he should begin his courtship over again. What a delicate flush came into her cheeks, and how our saint brightened with celestial roses!

Having now assumed every possible appliance of discomfort and torture from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet (which, by the bye, were encased in a smart new pair of tight boots with the heel in the middle of the foot), St. Perpetua proceeded under the arches of the elms to the church. The dear saint had always enjoyed these tranquil summer walks with her husband to church, but now, with a bonnet that hurt her head, with a dress drawn so close that she could hardly step, with her tight sleeves pinching the arm which tried to hold a sunshade over her head, and with the other hand sustaining the heavy burden of flounces and bugle trimming which had to be cared for, our saint had no time to say, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." The pilgrim who started with peas in his shoes was at ease compared with her. Her face settled into a pathetic expression of resignation and endurance. Arrived in church, she could not sink on her knees for the entering prayer without being violently called back to earth by her "tie-back." Melusina assisted her to manage her draperies, but the subtle essence of devotion spread its wings and fled like a frightened bird before the bustle. Our saint lost her prayer, and could only remember her clothes. Once posed, however, the noble church service awakened again the heavenly spirit within, and she began to forget herself. She rose to the "Te Deum," and her heart thrilled and throbbed as she joined the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the noble army of martyrs; she was almost in heaven as the last strain vibrated, "let me never be confounded," and she sank, inadvertently, into her seat, and felt her bonnet jerked violently backward by the cascade of lace and ribbon which streamed from it behind, and which had been caught between her back and the back of the pew. It was only the pins that kept it from going off, but the tug upon them was so violent that her head ached, and the fear that her bonnet really would go off backward suddenly seized her. She tried to put up her arms, but could not, and looked with a frightened, appealing glance at Melusina, who serenely reassured her, whispering that she must be careful how she leaned back.

If heaven is to be won or grace attained by self-torture, our St. Perpetua this morning was worthy of mention with those who wore hair-cloth vests and belts with spikes and other saintly enginery of pain; and if these be means of grace, she was in the way of making rapid attainments.

The Sunday was a sultry one; and though her dress was by courtesy supposed to be thin, yet the tissue being superimposed over a heavy silk formed in fact a double dress, and only mocked her with an outward suggestion of coolness. She was hot, breathless, aching, annoyed, and, as a result of all, terribly tempted of the devil. There were moments when our saint felt as if violent and profane language would have been a relief to her, and it was only by victorious grace overcoming these propensities that her saintship was perfected.

Never had she experienced so unpleasant a service; but remembering that the essence of religion is self-sacrifice, she meekly resigned herself, with profound humility repenting of her irritable impulses, and resolving not to give way to them any more. Arrived at home she was delayed by compliments from all sides, and being permitted to retire to the solace of a loose wrapper, in consideration of the extreme heat, became somewhat more composed.

Our saint did not rise in rebellion against the yoke; meekly she submitted. In time she learned to divide her sacred thoughts in church with the care of her bonnet and her tie-back, and never in any ecstasy of devotion to forget she was mortal. As to the pain her clothes gave her, the sense of compression, the

weariness, she learned to endure that in the spirit of sacrifice. If St. Perpetua of old could maintain a heavenly ecstasy when tossed by a wild cow, might she not hope in time, by spiritual forces, to rise above the sense of bodily torture? At all events, she tried it, and was the meekest, sweetest looking saint ever sacrificed on the altar of Fashion.

One heavy trial she had to bear. Certain sisters of the church called her change of costume extravagance, and mourned for her in good, set terms as a professing Christian entirely given over to worldliness and in danger of going the broad way.

These hard judgments went to her heart, but the worst she was ever known to wish her most censorious critics was that they might have to wear the same things themselves.

Our readers will meet this saint now and then at Saratoga or Long Branch, where the lovely Melusina carries her. They will see her serenely and meekly bearing on her patient person all the present enormities of fashion. She does not remonstrate, she does not rebel; she bears them as a cross she has become accustomed to.

Respect her when you meet her, and consider what an amount of saintly merit she has acquired by these years of self-renunciation and torture.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

PURITANISM AND MANNERS.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has recently published an interesting and suggestive plea for "equality." By equality Mr. Arnold means the adoption of some such law as holds in France, where a testator is forced to divide among his children a portion of his landed property, the amount over which he has full testamentary control being dependent upon the number of his children. Mr. Arnold does not look for the immediate adoption of his suggestions. He says that one can hardly, without laughing, imagine Lord Hartington proposing an equal division of land among a proprietor's children as a palliative for the social evils which press upon his constituents. The plea is made, so to speak, *in vacuo*, as being in accordance with "the unalterable rule of right and the eternal fitness of things."

Now, in America we have equality. The regularity with which attempts are made to set aside discriminating wills, the assumption of insanity or weakness of mind in such cases, may be cited as showing the resentment which is excited by any effort to violate the absolute equality of all men. It may be interesting, therefore, to consider whether we enjoy the advantages which, according to Mr. Arnold, attend this system of equality.

Mr. Arnold distinguishes four great civilizing powers: (1.) The Power of Conduct, preëminent in England, and shown in her religion, industry, and love for public order and stability. (2.) The Power of Beauty, most highly developed in Italy, where the common people are natural-born judges of works of art, of the drama, of poetry. (3.) The Power of Knowledge, of which Germany is the best example, where, without a widespread and broad culture, as Mr. Arnold very truly hints, there is a strong sense of "the necessity of knowing scientifically" what needs to be known. (4.) The Power of Life and Manners, of which France is the great exemplar, the effect of which is to be seen in the general intelligence, so that an educated man may talk with a peasant, and feel that he is talking with an equal.

The objection that is raised by Mr. Arnold to the one-sided civilization of

England is that it misses the "goodness and agreeableness of life." The accumulation of large fortunes in a few hands, and the difficulty of transferring land, tend to materialize the upper class, to vulgarize the middle class, to brutalize the lower class. The social boundaries are so rigid that the lower and middle classes settle back hopelessly: the latter to its Puritanism, with its "type of life and manners fatally condemned by its hideousness and its immense *ennui;*" the former to its brutal want of feeling, — to its "beer and gin and fun," as an acute French observer puts it.

This brutality, vulgarity, and dullness of the lower and middle classes of England, which so appall a Frenchman, find no parallel in France. The spirit of society, tending towards equality, has, according to Mr. Arnold, developed a keenness and quickness of intelligence, a delicacy of perception, a native tact and grace, which have produced that remarkable result, enabling an educated man to talk with an illiterate Frenchman, and to feel that he is talking with an equal. It has developed in France a type of life and manners devoid of the hideousness, the immense ennui, which brood over the social life of England. A general keenness of intelligence and a good and agreeable type of life are happy possessions. Are they the direct result of the spirit of society and equality?

There is one remarkable social phenomenon in England which Mr. Arnold notices, indeed, but indirectly, and without, as it seems, assigning its true cause. His paper on Equality was originally a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution, and Mr. Arnold accounts for his advocating such a chimerical scheme by a complimentary estimate of the intelligence of his audience. He quotes Mr. Charles Sumner. His audience was largely composed, he assumed, of that class which so struck Mr. Sumner, — the large class of gentlemen distinct from the nobility, with abundance, amongst them, of "serious knowledge, high accomplishment, and refined taste." Mr. Arnold merely notices this remarkable class as enabling him to propose an almost revolutionary scheme, and he explains its existence by referring to it as a "seemly product of the energy and power to rise" of Englishmen.

We can account for it more adequately. That it is confined to England should have warned Mr. Arnold to look for some peculiarities in English law rather than satisfy himself with a passing allusion to so vague a thing as race power. This class owes its existence to the very cause to which Mr. Arnold refers the one-sidedness of English civilization.

The struggle to rise above the condition in which one is born is dwarfed by the struggle to avoid sinking below that condition. The natural result is that the younger sons of the nobility and gentry are forced to adopt one of the professions. Debarred from inheritance of any considerable portion of the family estates, and spurred on by the dread of losing caste, it is not strange that as a body they manifest the qualities which Mr. Sumner ascribes to them, — good breeding, good education, good habits, observance of convention, refinement. Add "energy and power to rise," and the superiority of this class becomes almost a matter of course. These young men have been educated in accordance with the social position and fortunes of their fathers. The roll of England's warriors and statesmen includes more than one illustrious younger son. The diplomatic ranks are constantly recruited from the same source. In Baroness Tautphœus's Initials, her hero claims a sort of natural right to brains, by virtue of being a younger son, which merely means that while the heirs are under no necessity of using their brains, and consequently do not use them, the younger sons must exert themselves or sink.

Whether this class compensates England for the stolidity of her aristocracy, the vulgarity of her middle class, the brutality of her lower class, may be doubted. Mr. Arnold, while he grants that it is a civilized class, says that it does not constitute a civilizing power. But to

the inequality which operates so badly on the three great social divisions of England must be set off whatever credit is reflected from the high cultivation of professional men.

This class we cannot have in America. Can we hope, through the equality which we do have, to secure that type of life and manner, that goodness and agreeableness of life, which France possesses so preëminently? They are not ours now. Equality we have had ever since we have had anything. How long are we to wait for its beneficent product?

Of the four civilizing powers enumerated by Mr. Arnold, but one seems at all active in America. It is the same which is alone active in England, — the power of conduct. We show this feeling for conduct, as England does, in our religion, our industry, our love of order and stability. The habits of the people, even their exaggerated respect for puritanical observances and modes of life, are strong testimony to the force of this feeling for conduct. There are indeed indications of a relaxation of this feeling. The tone of commercial honor, the sense of the necessity of uprightness, is visibly lowered. A satirist must have some foundation of truth for his exaggerations, and the gibes on the profitableness of failing in business, the assumption that the officers of corporations must be rascals, the appallingly frequent cases of breach of trust, and the callousness of the community with reference to this state of things seem to mark very clearly a weakening of moral fibre. On the other hand, the course and method of legislation, the low tone of our legislative bodies, point the same way. It is a suggestive sign when general culture is considered a disqualification for political life, or when one is told that he must not assume to discuss politics because he is a "damned literary fellow."

Yet, despite these and other symptoms, there are reasons to hope that the relaxation is temporary, although nothing could be more inimical to the fulfillment of these hopes than a current theory that the evil will "right itself." That is not the province nor the habit of evil. With a passing away of the long train of evil effects of the war, the molding into something like a harmonious mass of the discordant elements furnished by foreign immigration, the fuller settlement of the country and resulting greater stability of population, it may be that the feeling for conduct will resume its force. But, to repeat, it will not do so altogether of itself.

Such as it is, we owe this good, this civilizing power, to England; and it is our only one. We have no sense of the claims of beauty, none of the claims of knowledge, none of the claims of social life and manners.

Let us consider these claims in succession. Mr. Arnold alludes to the English theatre as perhaps the most contemptible in Europe. Ours is even worse, and that is saying a good deal. This may be more clearly perceived if we observe that dramatic criticism, as it is understood in France, is a thing unknown here. The same is true in music; to a great extent in literature; even more so in art. Now, where there is so complete an absence of proper criticism, it is because there is an absence of the thing which criticism feeds upon. High art and competent criticism go hand in hand. To go still further: apply the test which, according to Cardinal Antonelli, may be applied to the mass of common people in Italy. Pick out a factory operative or a farm hand and ask his opinion on a play, a song, a picture. One knows what would be the result. That there is a love for music, for example, among enough to maintain half a dozen orchestras in the country does not indicate a national turn for music. So, too, that there is a tendency just at present to buy indiscriminately bricabrac, or a fashionable but injudicious enthusiasm for what is known as household decoration, indicates an innate lack rather than an innate strength of artistic sense; even more is this lack manifested in the common belief that artistic sensibility is a thing which can be learned or acquired, or even purchased.

Do we pay any higher regard to the claims of knowledge? Here I shall be reminded of our lecture systems, our

common schools, our popular science journals and text-books, the eagerness of the people to learn something of the great questions of the day. But these things, good or bad, do not show that we are possessed and governed by a "strong sense of the necessity of knowing *scientifically*" what needs to be known. Why, for example, does an ordinary man go to a popular lecture? If we get at the real motive, we shall find, in nine cases out of ten, that his object is to escape the intolerable burden of his own society; he goes to pass away an hour, and listens to what is told him with a misleading impression that he is doing something to cultivate himself. The vice of our fondness for lectures is that it substitutes a mild mental titillation for serious work. An ordinary lecture, as has been wittily said, does not make you think; it merely makes you think that you think. The lecture, in short, has become a species of amusement, — so strangely confused are our ideas of amusement. This view is sometimes met by the argument that it is better that a little information should be gained even in this way than not at all, and that with most persons, if similar sources of acquiring information are taken away, the innate desire for knowledge will not be strong enough to induce them to any other and more serious efforts.

This argument seems to be equivalent to saying that if you take away from a child his sugar-plums and pies he will not be induced to eat wholesome food. A smattering of miscellaneous information, imperfectly remembered and wholly undigested, does not mean knowledge, nor beget keenness of intelligence. On the contrary, its tendency is to prevent the acquisition of knowledge, and by dulling the intellect's avidity to impair its healthy action.

As for our common schools, much as they are to be respected when they confine themselves to their proper function of teaching the necessary elements of the ordinary branches, they may, on the whole, safely be left to the political orators. On the other hand, the multiplication of popular science periodicals and text-books, so far from bearing witness to our sense of the necessity of knowing *scientifically* what needs to be known, is another indication of our propensity for doing things superficially. It is simply a variation of the lecture process. We alternate a little desultory reading of our own with a little listening to the results of the desultory reading of another. The very eagerness of our people to know something of the great questions of the day is by no means a wholly admirable trait. It is far better, as a matter of self-culture, to learn one thing thoroughly than half a dozen things unscientifically. And the ready adaptive power of Americans is only another side of our lack of intellectual persistence in any one direction.

We may perhaps, in odd moments, have a dim perception of the claims of beauty and of knowledge, though we quickly forget them. Of the claims of manners we have not the slightest perception. "Hideousness, immense ennui," press heavily upon our homes. "Those who offer us the Puritan type of life," says Mr. Arnold, "offer us a religion not true, the claims of intellect and knowledge not satisfied, the claim of beauty not satisfied, the claim of manners not satisfied." We derive our type of life and manners from the puritanical middle class of England. No words can exaggerate the barrenness, the angularity, the lack of elasticity, of our ordinary domestic life. Our topics of conversation, the round of daily thought, the common interests that take up our attention, — we are so used to them that we forget there can be anything better. How many were struck by the absolute lack of resource which was revealed, a year or two ago, by the popularity of spelling matches? The editor of a prominent magazine thought it worth while recently to devote a large part of his space to a discussion by well-known clergymen of the doctrine of future punishment. Doubtless many considered the discussion futile, but no one seemed to think it strange.

But we have in America that legal equality which France has. How, then,

if Mr. Arnold's theory of the benign influence of equality is correct, is it that we wholly miss France's good and agreeable type of life and manners? How is it that, if an educated American talks to a factory operative or farm hand, there will be on the part of one a condescending desire to avoid condescension, and on the part of the other a bumptious self-assertion? Why is it that not even the best disposed observer can discover in the American laboring classes that quickness and keenness of intelligence, that native tact and grace, which Mr. Arnold and Mr. P. G. Hamerton find in the French peasantry, and which raise that peasantry, in one sense, to a level with the cultivated classes?

The inevitable answer seems to be that precisely as our inherited sense for conduct has, on the whole, succeeded in maintaining its ascendency against the influences of immigration, the civil war, the constant shifting of population, so our inherited Puritanism, with the hideousness and ennui of its life and manners, on the whole maintains its evil ascendency against the influences of the humanizing force of equality.

Any improvement must be slow, the work of generations. It lies in us of to-day, by careful examination and proper attention, to assist in bringing into existence a better type of life a generation or two generations before it would otherwise appear. This is the duty which rests especially upon the dissatisfied: to make a comfortable world uncomfortable, if comfort means stagnation; to arouse the heavy slumberers; to create a proper discontent, — for discontent is the gift of the gods to man, by which he may raise himself to their level.

And it seems the necessary result of all this is to declare war upon Puritanism, that we may free ourselves from the bondage in which we have lain for two hundred years. It is chiefly Puritanism that lies in the way of our profiting by the equality we have. Were England to adopt Mr. Arnold's ideas, and introduce equality in inheritance and descent, the type of manners and life would continue to be as unlovely as it is to-day, and as ours is. I do England an injustice, perhaps. There is a refuge for an Englishman who is oppressed by the hideousness of English life: he has a history in which he can take refuge; he has a past, with its monuments and bequests; he has a country, nearly every inch of which bears testimony to past greatness and present stability, — a country which has in the highest degree the beauty of civilization, in spite of so many "counties overhung by smoke."

But we who are born in the midst of a narrower and harsher Puritanism even than that which environs an Englishman, — we have no past, no national tradition, no history, with one melancholy exception; and the hideousness of the type of life and manners begotten by Puritanism is emphasized by our unlovely villages, by the barrenness of our rectangular cities, by our ragged, ill-tended country, where the only beauty is that of unhumanized nature. The consequence is that when a man seeks to break the bonds of Puritanism, to burst forth from the prison where our spirit has lain for two hundred years enchained, he almost inevitably becomes an iconoclast, a radical by profession, — not for truth's sake, but for radicalism's sake. And this is not a proper condition.

These are the two cases we have to meet. To strike the mean; to ease the bonds gradually, so that freedom need not mean excess; to come easily to the proper point; to habituate ourselves to the light, so that we shall not go about running our heads against blind walls, — all this will be no easy work. On its proper performance rests, I believe, all hope of our ever acquiring a beautiful type of life and manners; of our infusing into our daily existence something of the goodness and agreeableness of life; of our adding to our one predominant civilizing power, the power of conduct, another, the power of social life and manners, which shall beautify and regulate it.

F. G. Ireland.

SWORD AND AWL.

DURING the late war an unkempt and illiterate Norwegian, who in some inexplicable way had acquired an Irish accent in learning the English language, succeeded by false representations in recruiting from the hospitals of the State of M—— a number of the abler-bodied and feebler-minded patients. These he equipped with uniforms and utensils. How he made the requisitions, or who approved them, no one ever knew. It was early in the rebellion, and before the kindly volunteer quartermaster had been chilled by contact with the second auditor of the treasury.

De V—— (he had a French name to adorn his Scandinavian origin and cast a romantic spell about his accent), having enlisted his invalids without authority, and holding no higher commission than a lieutenant's uniform of that amorphous grace which only the deft fingers of lovely woman can communicate to male garments, now procured transportation for his detachment, with the same mysterious facility that had attended his other operations, and soon reached Louisville. There he reported to General Buell.

The mode of dealing with a self-appointed officer in command of anatomical subjects not having been prescribed in the course of study at West Point, that distinguished soldier was at a loss how to dispose of our hero, — being, indeed, as much amazed at his appearance as Cadmus may have been at the crop springing from his eccentric husbandry. Happily, the chief of artillery came to the rescue with the suggestion that the military estrays should be assigned to temporary duty with a certain regular battery, then somewhat deficient in numbers. This advice was eagerly adopted by the bewildered Buell, and the emaciated cohorts, with their very irregular officer, were ordered to report accordingly. The officers of the battery learned with some astonishment that their little band of veterans, whose youngest noncommissioned officer wore three service stripes, was to be reinforced by Lieutenant De V—— and his dubious detachment, and waited with interest the coming of those Falstaffian allies.

When at last they arrived there was something sadly ludicrous in the appearance of the shambling creatures; and there was something revolting as well as ludicrous in the bearing of their coarse-jawed and carroty-haired leader, to whom they served but as shadows of the names on the muster-roll that should bring him his commission and his pay.

The officers refused to admit De V—— to their mess, and failing other companionship he was driven to the cheerful society of his deluded followers, who had already begun to entertain for him the most violent dislike of which their parting souls were capable. Many of the unhappy wretches pined away amid the cold and wet, and De V—— watched with anxious solicitude the gradual melting of his forlorn hope; he feared the governor would not issue his commission, and he knew the mustering officer would not swear him in on a roll of dead men, — no superintendents of national cemeteries having at that time been created. Fortunately for De V——, the survival of a few of the unfittest gave him still a frail tenure upon the hesitating pay-master, who much dreaded the disallowance of his vouchers in the case of this nondescript lieutenant; and the arrival of a half dozen or more fresh consumptives placed him upon a sufficient war-footing to secure the coveted muster.

A few weeks after this event, Lieutenant De V—— heard, as he marched, the distant roar of the guns at Pittsburgh Landing, and at day-break on the morning after this ominous sound fell upon his ears the battery was in action on the left of Nelson's division. Hardly were the guns unlimbered before a man was killed. This was a brutal shock to the

sensitive De V——. A deathly pallor overspread his countenance, and like the banker in the Hunting of the Snark, of whom it is written that when he met the fabled Bandersnatch "so great was his fright that his waistcoat turned white," even his red whiskers seemed to lose their fire and take an ashen hue. He nevertheless affected the deepest interest in the welfare of the battery, and, judging from his own sensations that retreating was the serious occupation of war, rode up to the captain, whom he asked, in a palsied voice, if the men were supplied with spikes. Upon receiving a negative answer from that thoughtless officer, he urged the necessity of procuring them at once, and volunteered to perform that dangerous service.

The captain, exchanging a wink with his subordinates, gave the proper orders, and the supernumerary De V—— started immediately for the Landing. His horse, nearly as frightened as he, "fled like a shadow," and soon bore our hero to the desired haven; where, as rumor after reported through the cook, he secluded himself in the battery wagon, under the lid of which, carefully closed, he remained, half-suffocated, until the noise of the cannonading died away.

That the rumor was not a lying one was proven by his not rejoining the battery until the close of the action; and its credibility is further confirmed by the following incident. The childish delight which De V——, to whom wearing a sash diagonally was a rapture, took in performing the functions of officer of the day caused the frequent imposition on him of the duties of any officer of the command whose laziness craved indulgence. On one of these occasions, when De V—— was enjoying his sash in the vicinity of the guard-tent, he chanced to arouse the ire of an old soldier whose chronic incarceration made his casual sober appearance in the ranks a matter of surprise. This venerable vagrant, who shared with his comrades in the general scorn for De V——, drunkard though he was, felt it humiliation to stand in the line when the guard and prisoners were turned out in honor of that officer's visit. A life-long respect for shoulder-straps and familiarity with the direful consequences of such an act prevented his openly insulting our hero; and yet he longed to do so. He was a man of dry humor, and it was not one of his least comical inspirations that led him on this memorable day to knock vigorously on the lid of the battery wagon, and call, in stentorian tones, "Come out, lieutenant; the fight 's all over." Nothing could have galled De V—— more; and yet he was powerless to revenge himself. The punishment of the old soldier would have been confession, and so that malicious inebriate withdrew to the guard-tent to chuckle with impunity over his victory.

Not long after the event just recounted, De V—— was enabled to show that, if wanting in pluck, he was not incapable of heroic self-sacrifice. The battery was ordered on a reconnoissance. No sooner had the news reached his ears than with an air of mournful resignation he appeared before the captain, and, expressing his confident belief that all the other officers wished to go to the front, intimated that should it be necessary for an officer to remain in camp with the baggage he would not raise the standard of revolt in the event of that loathsome duty falling to him.

While the army was in that comfortless bivouac of ten days on the field of battle which succeeded Shiloh, one of the officers of the battery, suffering under an acute attack of that evanescent devoutness which is often the sequel to escape from danger, began reading the Bible aloud to his comrades. De V—— was a consummate hypocrite, and, though lying and dishonest, affected an austere piety. He was much pleased with the Bible-reading, and fancied that now he might make his counterfeit religion a sort of passport into the society of the officers. So one evening, when our biblical student had finished his reading, and was engaged in the spiritual task of mixing a cocktail for next day's matins, De V—— approached the official group, and, regardless of the coolness of his reception, signified his approval of the outburst of Christian feeling indicated

by the Bible-reading. This courteous conduct had no softening effect on the officers, and, finding them inaccessible through sympathy, De V—— ventured an appeal to their vanity. There were few soldiers who were not gratified to see their names in print in connection with some deed of gallantry. As De V—— had no gallantry, he conceived the print to be the principal thing. He therefore remarked that he had in contemplation writing a letter to the New York Independent, descriptive of the great spiritual awakening caused by the horrors of Shiloh. The officers did not covet renown on the ground that they had been scared out of their dissolute courses, and moreover feared that the Independent, with the undeviating inaccuracy of true journalism, would assign the Norseman to their regiment, — a mortification too heavy to be borne; and so this handsome offer of celebrity was rejected.

De V——'s gorge rose at this second rebuff, and he cast about for some means to make the iron enter the soul of one officer at least. He changed the subject of conversation, and, in the guise of a seeker after truth, with cunningly malicious humility, submitted to the captain a point in tactics. "Captain," said he, "yesterday when I was out at drill with Lieutenant Gawain, I heard him give the command, 'Limber to the rear!' This morning I heard Lieutenant Galahad give the command, 'Limber to the front!' Lieutenant Gawain, being a graduate of West Point, I suppose was right."

"They were both right," said the laconic captain.

The ribald jeers that greeted his discomfiture excited in the bosom of De V—— a rage his prudence could no longer stem. His soul was in arms. The blood of his glorious ancestors, gone to drink mead in Valhalla, boiled in his veins. Not the god Thor when he smote the serpent Midgard could have been more terrible than was De V—— as he hissed forth the words, "I may not know much about tactics, but I can make a better pair of sewed boots than any officer in the regular army." Up to this time he had modestly concealed his previous occupation; but the violence of his anger and the strength of his desire to assert some kind of superiority to his persecutors had rent the veil.

After this ebullition of temper De V—— courted solitude. Zimmermann could not have been more lone. But soon there came to him a need for advice. General Nelson had offered a reward of five hundred dollars for a spy to enter Corinth, and the cupidity of De V—— had been excited thereby. His avarice seemed about to serve him as a substitute for courage. To the officers it was like a gleam of hope. A happy termination of their relations with De V—— seemed approaching. They became genial; they treated him with courtesy; they adorned him, as it were, with garlands, for the patriotic sacrifice. Not one of them withheld words of encouragement and cheer. They gave him an exoteric God speed, and an esoteric devil go with you.

They knew, to be sure, that his intelligence was too feeble for a spy's; but what cared they for that? They caressed the beatific vision of his sudden death so soon as he should penetrate the enemy's line. But, alas, he did not go. His courage oozed away like that of Bob Acres, — odds gibbets and halters! — and the disappointed officers were compelled to await the tardy recognition of his services by the governor of M——, who, not long after, removed from the battery, which had been supplied with recruits from the dépot, the few remaining unburied corpses. They were added to a skeleton M—— battery, to the captaincy of which the governor immediately promoted De V——, exhibiting therein that ready appreciation of a thoroughly worthless officer which so signally characterized the average war governor, and enabled him to avoid bestowing rewards where they were due with such unerring certainty.

De V——, soon after his promotion, managed to get ordered to the permanent garrison of Nashville, where, for the remainder of the rebellion, his military genius rusted in inglorious ease.

H. A. Huntington.

THE EUROPEANS, AND OTHER NOVELS.

To read Mr. Henry James, Jr., is to experience a light but continuous gratification of mind. It is to be intellectually *tickled*, provided one is capable of such an exercise. It is to take a pleasure so simple and facile that it seems only one step removed from physical content in the lavish cleverness of an almost incessantly witty writer, — a pleasure enhanced, no doubt, by a lurking sense that one must be a little clever one's self in order to keep pace with such dazzling mental agility. To people who have read a good deal of French, and read it because they liked it, — and why else should an Englishman or an American ever advance in that literature beyond the absurd Racine of his school-days? — the writing of Mr. James has the additional interest of offering the best of proof that the English language approaches the French much more nearly than is usually supposed, in its capacity for what may be called *current* epigram. Occasionally, also, Mr. James comes strikingly near to showing that our "sober speech" might, under proper cultivation, blossom as richly as that of the lively Gaul, into what Mr. Mallock calls "that perfect flower of modern civilization, the innuendo." But to do our countryman justice, he is too truly refined to indulge more than sparingly in this exotic species of literary ornament. The clean turns and crisp graces of his style are such as peculiarly befit an essayist, and some of his critical sketches are extremely admirable; but he is too freaky and irresponsible to be always a safe guide, even in matters of bookish opinion, and it is as a novelist only that we propose to consider him.

Within the last three years, Mr. James has written two noteworthy stories, both of which appeared first in these pages. One and the same purpose animates them, and that is to illustrate the different types of character and manners produced by European and American civilization; or, more strictly speaking, by European civilization and American semi-barbarism. On this one point our author keeps all his bright faculties intently focused, and studies the human specimens, which he has first carefully selected, with the methodical minuteness and ecstatic patience of a microscopist.

In The American, as the readers of The Atlantic undoubtedly remember, the hero, Christopher Newman, a self-made Yankee who has gathered a great fortune before the age of thirty-five, and gone to Paris to spend it, naïvely resolves to take him a wife out of the Faubourg St. Germain, gets the *entrée* in a sufficiently unlikely manner of that difficult stronghold and very nearly succeeds in carrying out his project. His wife is in fact promised him by her high-bred and fastidious family. But when these potentates see an unexpected chance of marrying her to an imbecile Irish lord they break their pledge. The passive bride, whose heart had really been won, has just spirit enough to baffle them by going into a Carmelite convent, and the American, after one rueful promenade round the walls of his lady's sepulchre, takes the self which he had made away to parts unknown.

In The Europeans,[1] which came as a kind of *per contra* to The American, we have a brother and sister of mixed Swiss and American parentage, who have passed all their lives (they are both in the neighborhood of thirty) on the continent of Europe. The sister, Eugenia, has made a morganatic marriage with a German prince, which, for state reasons, the reigning family desire to annul; and the brother, Felix, though a pleasant fellow and a clever artist, is virtually a penniless adventurer; so the two come to seek their fortune among their American cousins. These prove to

[1] *The Europeans.* By HENRY JAMES, JR. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

be people of wealth and the highest respectability, living puritanically and yet with dignified abundance at a fine old country-seat, seven miles and a half from Boston, — say in Watertown; and the equable currents of suburban life are of course terribly disturbed by this unlooked-for foreign irruption. In the end, Felix wins and carries away to the Parisian heaven the younger and more enterprising of his pretty cousins; while Eugenia, after a course of the most finished coquetry with a gentleman retired from the India trade, returns as she came. But whether it was because she could not, at the last, quite bring her own mind to the flavorless conditions of a virtuous New England life, or because Mr. Acton could not reconcile himself to her constitutional duplicity, we are left, after three steadfast perusals of this part of the narrative, absolutely in doubt.

It will be perceived at a glance that all these plans — they cannot be called plots — afford abundant opportunities for humor of situation, every one of which, it need hardly be said, Mr. James brilliantly improves. Newman, before the old Marquise de Bellegarde, replying to her slow and pompous explanations of the uncompromising pride of the race he dared seek to come among by the cheerful assurance that *he* was n't proud, and did n't mind them; Felix expatiating to his blameless uncle, sitting reluctantly for his portrait, on the ravishing novelty of "calling on twenty young ladies and going out to walk with them," sitting in the evening on the piazza and listening to the crickets, and going to bed at ten o'clock; Mr. Brand making a pale, intrepid confession of Unitarianism to the heathen strangers who had never heard of that form of faith; and the Rev. Benjamin Babcock taking a small bag of hominy with him to all the principal Continental hotels, and passing sleepless nights because he cannot make Newman feel, as he does, the overwhelming "seriousness of art and life," — all these are spectacles that minister a malign delight. It is in single scenes, detached portraits, and episodes like those of Valentin's duel and Newman's summer tour with Mr. Babcock, that Mr. James is at his very best. The habit of his mind is so irresistibly analytic that he must needs concentrate himself in succession upon each separate detail of his subject. His romance is a series of situations imperfectly vivified by action. There is a scene in The American, — a stormy night in the Rue de l'Université, when Madame de Cintré goes to the piano and plays, — and there are a dozen idle scenes in the more languid Europeans, which have absolutely no connection with the thread of the story. In like manner his portraits are a succession of uncolored features, and his philosophy is a succession of admirably quotable aphorisms. Here probably we have the reason suggested why we can hear Mr. James's characters so much better than we can see them. In the nature of things only one word can be spoken at a time, and Mr. James is an acute listener and an alert reporter; so that his conversations, except when he endeavors to put into the mouths of his creatures some of his own over-subtle considerations, are exquisitely real and just. But over and above all the items of aspect, whether in places or people, there is a physiognomy, a *look*, and this is what Mr. James never imparts. He tells us clearly, and with an almost anxious emphasis, that Claire de Cintré had a "long, fair face;" that Gertrude Wentworth had "sweet, dull eyes;" that his delightful and deplorable Valentin de Bellegarde had "a round head high above the ears," and "a crop of short silky hair;" and that the Wentworth mansion in Watertown had white wooden pilasters in front, supporting a pediment with one large central window and two small ones. And we listen as if we were blindfolded, and credit our informant certainly, but do not see at all.

It is a question whether Mr. James himself sees. He is so *spirituel*, and his conceptions are so subtle, that he has not *sense* enough (the term is used metaphysically and with entire respect) to give them form, still less flesh. And so, although a most entertaining chronicler,

he escapes being an artist, for an artist must *portray*.

The American is perhaps the finest fragment in modern fiction, but it is only a fragment. The Europeans is much less fine, but equally unfinished. His narratives are so fine-spun and so deficient in incident, so unpicturesque as a whole and weak in the way of sensuous imagery, that they are specially ill fitted for serial publication. His flavor is too delicate to be suspended and superseded for a month. But he never wrote anything which was not well worth a connected reperusal, and nothing strikes one with more surprise in re-reading him than the unremembered, one might almost say unintentional, *goodness* — pure and simple — of some of his characters. Christopher Newman is as noble a fellow, in essentials, as ever breathed. He is the soul of honor as distinguished from its code, which is gracefully personified in Valentin de Bellegarde. He is generous, gentle, and gloriously frank; he is delicate-minded and true. He has wrath and scorn only for what is vile, and in his forgiveness of the base injury done him by the elder Bellegardes, and the relinquishment of his vengeance, there is the essence of a Christianity usually considered as much too fine for every-day use as unalloyed gold would be. Yet all this sterling worth seems to be held not merely lightly, but cheaply, by Newman's biographer. Our final impression of this simple hero is of a man disconcerted and disheartened, and who more than half deserved his bitter discomfiture for the undeniable social enormities of having telegraphed his engagement to America, and shaken hands on his introduction to a duke with the affable remark that he was happy to make his acquaintance.

Again, in The Europeans Felix beguiles Gertrude away from a home, austere indeed, but singularly safe, dignified, and refined, into the dark ways of European Bohemianism; and Eugenia seems to have missed the affluent settlement which she had exiled herself to secure, because she disgusted a high-minded suitor by lavish and inappropriate lying; yet we cannot help feeling — and who but Mr. James makes us feel? — that Felix won a victory and Eugenia made an escape.

In general, one cannot help wishing that our native authors would have done with this incessant drawing of comparisons between ourselves and the folk in Europe, and our respective ways of living, thinking, and talking. Publicly to compare one's self with another is always ungraceful and undignified. It always proclaims self-consciousness, usually self-uneasiness. It was very well for Count de Gasparin, once upon a time, to write of America before Europe, but for America herself to be passing between two mirrors looks rather silly. We have our own life to live, our own resources to unfold, our own crude and complex conditions finally to compel into some sort of symmetry, our own youth to train. If we do not evolve some new forms adapted to our new environment, it will show pretty conclusively that there is small health in us. At all events, let us concentrate our wits on our affairs for a time, and not worry about our looks.

Mr. James has made his favorite theme piquant by the overflow of his own dainty drollery, but if we want to see how it appears when vulgarly and yet vigorously treated, let us read a recent novelette by M. L. Scudder, Jr., entitled Almost an Englishman.[1] There in a Cayuga County lawyer and a Suffolk County gentleman, who have been college classmates, cross the Atlantic in company with a father and daughter returning to England, and a husband and wife from Chicago. The lawyer, Ketchum, is a rabid American. The Bostonian, Hill, is an abject English admirer and copyist. Ketchum's character is drawn sympathetically, Hill's theoretically, but there is a certain brute ability in the way they are developed and discriminated. Ketchum has a "long nose and a keen, cold eye," and he announces to Mr. Hill his intention of making friends among their fellow-passengers in these terms: —

[1] *Almost an Englishman.* By M. L. Scudder, Jr. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

"I guess it will be money in our pockets to make our friends among these people right away. We 've got to know 'em, or some of 'em, and if we push right in we can take our choice before the sets are formed."

Lawrence Hill was shocked. He never "pushed in" anywhere.

Again, when Hill apprises Ketchum that the English maiden has promised to marry him, the lawyer thus felicitates him: —

"'Great Cæsar's ghost! Jerusalem crickets,' pulling his chin-beard in undisguised astonishment. 'You don't say so! I knew you were struck, but not that bad. Can't you — can't you get a new trial, or a change of venue, or an appeal, or something?'"

Nevertheless, Ketchum is the *deus ex machina* who by his energy and shrewdness unravels all the plots, detects the criminals, and prepares the way for the reward of virtue. At the last, Lawrence Hill receives his English bride from the hands of relatives, whose hearts thrill with joyful relief when they find that the Bostonian does not expectorate upon their drawing-room carpets, while Ketchum appropriately marries the widow of the Chicago defaulter, Ogle, to whom he had prudently proposed before her husband's release from the body. Mr. Scudder makes a rather good point when he represents the English bride as reproving her husband for despising his own country, and bracing him up to patriotism; but his prevailing purpose seems to have been to make both his Britons and his Yankees as unpleasant as possible.

What it might profit us to study — let it be said again as it has here been said several times already — is the vast superiority in method and workmanship of the average English novel to our own. Now here are two cases in point: a tale of English origin, though reprinted here without ceremony, and one of Harper's new library. A tolerably foolish pair of books may be surmised from the titles, Blush Roses[1] and Molly Bawn.[2] But as George Eliot once said that the ignorance of a man is of a better quality than the ignorance of a woman, so the folly of Molly Bawn is bewitching and brilliant compared with that of her American cousin. Both books are conspicuously immature, slight in characterization, and threadbare in plot, and there is not much reason in art or morals why either should be. Both affect unflagging sprightliness: in Blush Roses the claim is rested on the incessant employment by the English and American pupils in a French *pension* of the phraseology of Dickens, and in Molly Bawn, on an extremely copious vocabulary of what is claimed as fashionable slang. Of the two tales, Blush Roses is undeniably the more innocent and refined, and so, alas, it consists well enough with the perversity of human nature that one should drop it with an impatient sigh, wondering how long, in the mystery of providence, such futilities will continue to be written and read; while in the case of its ne'er-do-weel rival, we are for a time propitiated (it would be in the author's style to say *mollified*) by the saucy graces of the Irish heroine, and the genuine ardor of feeling which she appears to kindle in her numerous admirers. And since, if man, woman, or book cannot be useful, it is doubly incumbent upon them to be agreeable, it may be worth while to inquire a little more carefully what it is which makes this frivolous Molly Bawn so uncommonly — again we adopt the author's own choice language — "fetching."

It is partly, perhaps, the entire and audacious naturalness of most of the conversation. Here is a random specimen or two. Molly, whose real name, by the way, is Eleanor, has privately and provisionally engaged herself to Tedcastle George Luttrell, who is visiting in her brother's house, and it is thus that they discuss, one ardent summer morning, the practical aspect of the situation: —

[1] *Blush Roses.* A Novel. By Clara Frances Morse. Harper's Library of American Fiction. No. 7. New York. 1878.

[2] *Molly Bawn.* By the Author of Phyllis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

"'Are you poor, Teddy?'

"'*Very.* Will that make you like me less?'

"'Probably it will make me like you more,' she replies, with a bewitching smile, stroking down the hand that supports the obnoxious umbrella [the other is supporting herself] *almost* tenderly. 'It is only the very nicest men that have n't a farthing in the world. I have no money, either, and if I had, I could n't keep it; so we are well met.'

"'But think what a bad match you are making,' says he, regarding her curiously. 'Did you never ask yourself whether I was well off, or otherwise?'

"'Never!' with a gay laugh. 'If I were going to marry you next week or so, it might occur to me to ask the question; but everything is so far away, what does it signify? . . . The reason I like you [reverting to something which has gone before, and tilting back her hat so that all her pretty face is laid bare, etc.], the reason I like you — No! stay where you are! [seeing a tendency on his part to creep nearer] I only said I liked you. If I had mentioned the word *love*, indeed, — but the weather is far too warm to admit of endearments!'

"'You are right, as you always are,' says Luttrell, with superficial amiability, being piqued.

"'Ted,' says the girl, a little later on, 'it puzzles me why you should think so highly of my personal charms.' And leaning forward to look into her lover's eyes, 'Tell me this: have you been much away — abroad, I mean — on the Continent, and that?'

"'Well, yes, pretty much so.'

"'Have you been to Paris?'

"'Oh, yes, several times.'

"'Vienna?'

"'No. I wait to go there with you.'

"'Rome?'

"'Yes, twice. The governor was fond of sending us away between seventeen and twenty-five, — to enlarge our minds he said, to get rid of us he meant.'

"'Are there many of you?'

"'An awful lot. I would be ashamed to say how many. Ours was indeed a numerous father.'

"'He is n't dead?' asked Molly, in the low tone befitting the occasion if he should be.

"'Oh, no. He 's alive and kicking,' replies Mr. Luttrell, with more force than elegance. 'And I hope he 'll keep on so for many years to come. He 's about the best friend I have.'

"'I hope he won't keep on the kicking part of it,' says Molly, with a delicious laugh which ripples through the air and shows her utter enjoyment of her own wit."

Not to laugh when Molly laughs is impossible; so Luttrell joins her, and they make merry over his vulgarity.

It may gratify the apprehensive reader to know that though these lovers are but at the beginning of a very fluctuating experience, this formidable father is never mentioned again; but there is no denying that it requires a species of art to be as artless as all this, and the insignificant portion of the book which is not slang is in very nice, plain, few-syllabled English. There is also a good and quite fresh situation among the minor characters, where the parties to a marriage of the coolest convenience known in the highest circles, who had agreed to separate directly after the wedding ceremony, meet accidentally, and fall honestly in love with each other. The episode is not well worked out, however, the characters of this pair being mere reflections of the principal ones, — the man more or less of a Luttrell, the woman wearifully of a piece with Molly. And in general we must restrict our indulgence to the earlier and less edifying portions of the story. There is no real continuity between the irresponsible flirt of the chief part of the book and the austere artist of the last thirty pages; and by the time that Molly has achieved an instantaneous success as a concert singer, supported a beggared family for three months, and then opportunely fallen heir to a genteel sufficiency of twenty thousand pounds a year, we begin to fancy that we have heard this tale before, and to suspect that after all we have thrown our precious charity away. To Blush Roses belongs at least the

merit of not having deluded us for an instant.

There are possibilities in the Old Slip Warehouse[1] of a rather uncommon order, but it is greatly to be feared that they are past possibilities. The author has evidently had long practice in poor writing, and hardly suspects herself that she wastes her material wantonly. Dark deeds are done in her pages, and incontinently forgotten; secrets are vaguely hinted, but never divulged; characters are sketched in with spirit, and calmly belied; and what might have been a very fair melodramatic plot is offered to the public in a shapeless jumble, with four successive beginnings and no end at all. The conception of the old city warehouse itself, with the decayed dignity of its architecture, the thunder of trade before and the wash of the tide behind it, and of the two miserly old-maiden owners, living in thrifty comfort in low rooms on the seventh floor, and collecting their rents with anile enthusiasm, is worthy of Dickens in his best days, and if patiently elaborated might have been made extremely effective, even without the somewhat pointless crime which is committed within its walls. But we are vouchsafed only a passing glimpse of that which gives the tale its title, — a picture too disjointed even to be called a dissolving view. The same lack of vital connection with the story belongs to all the other promising and dramatic points, — the father's curse, the hero's birth-mark, and the discovery of the marriage certificate, whose existence nobody, by the way, seems ever to have questioned. Mrs. Denison could never, it may be, have created character, although the late apparition of Miss Crippen in the present story appears to show that she might, even now, draw caricatures cleverly; but the power, only less desirable by a novelist, of being able to concoct a multitude of strange and romantic incidents is undoubtedly hers. It is a pity that she, and the whole host of her careless confrères, should not learn, by careful study of that excellent second and third class work which literary craftsmen in England, France, and even Germany continually turn out, how to make a proper use of her own order of ability.

Sibyl Spencer[2] is a strictly and somewhat sternly American romance, the scene of which is laid — of all unromantic places and periods! — in Connecticut, during the war of 1812. The discouraging nature of his material considered, the author must, we think, be held to have managed it well. He appears thoroughly to have studied the fierce but heartless politics of that day, and the varying shades of opinion and degrees of passionate prejudice exemplified by the stately senator, the scholarly divine, the canny deacon, and the young volunteer soldiers, of different social grades, are graphically and even dramatically described. So much of the solid talk in these pages is put into the mouths of Deacon Knapp aforesaid, and of a certain shrewd and intrepid "hired help" brought up in the clergyman's family, that we feel like thanking the author for having been so merciful to us in the matter of dialect. In fact he manages the rustic speech of old New England, if not with the supreme good taste of Miss Jewett in her Deephaven sketches, at least modestly and like an artist; not as a prig, anxious above everything to show his exaggerated horror of all which falls below the high-school standard. The talk of Mr. Kent's more literate characters appears to us unnatural and stilted, but probably he meant to make it so; for it is matter of history and tradition that well-bred people did express themselves in those earlier days of the republic with very considerable pomposity.

While, however, commending Mr. Kent's politics and his historical portraits, we cannot speak so well of his dramatic power or his delineation of sentiment. In the not unfamiliar motto chosen for the title-page of Sibyl Spencer we are reminded that it is "Amour, Amour, Amour," which lies at the heart of every-

[1] *Old Slip Warehouse.* A Novel. By Mary A. Denison. Harper's Library of American Fiction. No. 8. New York. 1878.

[2] *Sibyl Spencer.* By James Kent. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

thing, but the sort of "Amour" which Mr. Kent depicts seems fully as problematical a motive power as Miss Hosmer's permanent magnet. It is probably a desperate sense of having failed to make the emotional part of his novel very thrilling which leads the author to take our breath away by a general massacre of his chief personages, in the last three pages. The device is barbarous, and worse yet it is futile. True tragedy is never unforeshadowed in art, seldom in life. There is a dead set of circumstances, a call of character, a consecration of spirit, which announces it. There is a pause before and after it, like that which precedes and follows the bursting of fatal storm. It will not be used as a mere *dernier ressort*, and avenges itself on the bungling workman who seeks so to employ it by utterly destroying the symmetry of that which he has made.

THE NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL IN NEW YORK.

It is now twenty years since the corner-stone of a new cathedral of the Roman Catholic church was laid by the late Archbishop Hughes, in the city of New York. The ceremony took place upon the 25th of August, 1858, and the day was almost a general holiday. The fact that it was so observed might be maliciously accounted for, if one were so disposed, by remembering that, of the one hundred thousand people said to have been present, by far the greater part was made up of the house-servants and laboring men of the city; and work being thus practically stopped for the day, there was nothing for the employers but to follow the employed, and amuse themselves with looking on at the festival. It is better, however, to consider the unanimity with which all classes in the community took part in the affair as a sign of the tolerance that in these days does really exist in this country, and which would be much broader and stronger than it is if it were not for bigots and sectaries in all denominations of so-called Christians.

So far as New York is concerned, it was a sign of much more than mere tolerance. The promise of a cathedral church, built by a body that can truly say, with ancient Pistol, "The world 's mine oyster," since, one way or another, every man's purse is theirs, the wide world over, was really received with a great deal of pleasure, because it was reasonably believed that, with money and zeal in equal quantities, the result could not fail to be a splendid addition to the architecture of a city that sorely stands in need of handsome building.

The building of a new cathedral to replace the old St. Patrick's in Mulberry Street was proposed by the late Archbishop Hughes, and his native energy and practical skill in affairs so successfully pushed forward the enterprise that although, when he first described his plans in a letter to a friend written May 18, 1858, he said he had not received a dollar towards the undertaking, yet in August of that same year, as we have seen, he laid the corner-stone of the building. Of course, it was a subject of no little wonder where the money was to come from, not only to build the church itself, but to buy the land, which under ordinary circumstances would have cost no small part of the whole sum. How this latter feat was accomplished we all know now, and New Yorkers are disposed to say as little about it as possible. The city was jockeyed out of the finest site on the island by a crafty and unscrupulous priest playing upon the political hopes and fears of as base a lot of men as ever got the government of a great city into their power. For the consid-

eration of one dollar the Archbishop of New York became possessor of the deed for the whole square bounded west and east by Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue, and south and north by Fiftieth Street and Fifty-First Street, — a plot of ground four hundred and twenty feet on the cross streets, and two hundred feet on the avenues, situated in the heart of the most fashionable part of the city, and on one of the highest points of the whole island. It may be remarked, in passing, that everywhere, in all our large cities, and wherever anything is to be gained by the ostentation, the American Catholics are following out to the letter the suggestion that a city set on a hill cannot be hid, and are securing all the highest points of land on which to build their churches.

We were once told by a friend of the late Archbishop Hughes, himself a distinguished man, but by no means a Catholic, that upon one occasion he bluntly asked the prelate with whose money he expected to build the cathedral. The response came quick: "With yours." And, certainly, if the money of Protestants and non-Catholics had not been forthcoming, the cathedral would not today be a foot above its foundations. The Irish house-servants and the laboring men and women of the diocese of New York have built the church with their money, and have bled at the same time to support a hundred other enterprises, set on foot by their zealous and unwearied rulers. The same is true of Catholic dioceses all over the country, but in New York the wages of servants, which rose at one bound, at the time of the civil war, to more than double what they had been, have never gone down as they have in other places, being the only form of labor whose price has not been affected by the hard times of recent years. The reason is that the receivers of these wages are obliged to pay the greater part of what they get to the support of their church, and are regularly taxed beside for the building of their cathedral, which is of course the church of the cardinal archbishop, and therefore not the church of any one parish. There is nothing to complain of in this on the part of Catholics themselves, nor, we venture to say, would there be any great amount of complaining on the part of Protestants and non-Catholics, if the result of this taxing had been something to give us all the pleasure that comes from seeing a beautiful building. For that we were willing even to wink at the scurvy trick by which the land belonging to all the citizens was given in fee to a minority for their own private use. "Let them have it," we said. "There is no other body of our citizens who can command money enough to build such a splendid structure as the Catholics can, especially with such a general to lead them as Archbishop Hughes."

But, in the very beginning, the archbishop went wrong in his choice of an architect. He went wrong just where he might have been expected to do so. For he was not a man of educated taste, nor — without offense be it said — was he a man of education at all. Perhaps he was something better, but he was not that. First of all, he was a politician, and one of the shrewdest and ablest of his class. And then he was a priest, and in this capacity one of the few men in the Catholic Church in this country who have been able to win, by their own character and energy, a national reputation; so that, in his heyday, his name was as well and as widely known as that of Seward, or O'Connor, or Butler. We are not saying it was an agreeable reputation. The archbishop belonged to the church militant, and he was a courageous, adroit general, always in the saddle, never weary, and what was more never desponding. He did not need, for the work he had to do, to be a finely educated man, a man of elegant tastes, and, if we may use the hateful word so much abused in these shoddy days, a man of culture. We say he was none of these, but we say it without the least wish to disparage him. He was a manly man, a gentleman in all his intercourse with gentlemen, and among his people so persuasive, or at least so convincing, that, when he called for money, if a

widow had but one penny, yet should he have a farthing ere he went.

We have not the slightest intention of saying a word against the architect chosen by the archbishop for the cathedral, in his professional capacity. No doubt he is perfectly competent for all ordinary undertakings, — no doubt he could build a cathedral if he would. But Archbishop Hughes wanted a man who would accept the situation as he found it, and would build a cathedral with a constant eye to saving and sparing, so as to produce the maximum of stage effect at the minimum of cost. Stage effect was the one thing absolutely needed: both populations, the Catholic and the non-Catholic, were to be impressed with size and splendor, and an architect with too large a baggage of professional ambitions and scruples would not answer at all. If the architect he finally chose had been specially created for him, he could not have been better suited.

This gentleman is not, as might be inferred, one of the humbugs of the profession. It is true that he is the author of several public buildings which cause his professional brethren to hang their heads, and which educated laymen are very unwilling to have seen by foreigners who visit us. But then he is far from being the only architect of whom this can be said. He did, indeed, build the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, with its picture-gallery lighted by large Gothic windows on both sides, and with no wall space on which to hang pictures, and with its cabinet for minerals ten feet square. He built also the Free Academy Building in New York, which resembles its models, the Belgian town halls of Bruges and Ghent, for example, as huckleberry-cake resembles plum-cake: both dainties are indigestible, and the Free Academy has all the faults that a strict taste finds in the Belgian town hall, without one of its merits. Finally, this architect built Grace Church in New York, a structure mean alike in proportions, in design, and in material, and pretending above all others in that unfortunate metropolis. The material, a coarse limestone from Westchester County, pretends to be marble; every part of the Gothic construction is unmitigated sham, and the spire is of wood, painted to look like the limestone it tops. When the architect is reproached with this dereliction, he naively responds that he advised the trustees to build the spire of wood instead of stone, because in less than fifty years they would find themselves unable to keep the land upon which the church is built, as it would be required for business purposes; and that when they had to move up town they would find it to their advantage to have saved the cost of a stone spire.

If the late Archbishop of New York ever heard this anecdote, he must have felt that a special providence had provided the man for the hour. An architect who would thus deliberately, and out of pure humanity, cut down his own commission, was a delectable monster, a kind of *lusus artis;* and he would be no true man, much less a true archbishop, to let him slip. It may reasonably be asked why an architect should not have given the advice that was given to the trustees of Grace Church. We hold that an architect is not merely a builder; he is, or ought to be, an artist, and he ought to consider whether the client for whom he is working is able to carry out his design by legitimate means to a fitting termination. If he be, the architect should then, for the sake of art, his client, himself, and the public good, encourage him in every way to have the work done well, and should leave to others the small business of devising arguments by which to get the show of a fine building without the substance. If the client be not able to afford it, then let the architect make a design that he can afford to carry out legitimately. The greater part of our architectural failures come from the desire of the parties who are responsible for them to get something precious in architecture without paying for it. It is this which has ruined the New York cathedral, and given us a sham building instead of the real one we had looked for, and which we had every right to count upon.

The cathedral is now completed in its

masonry, with the exception of the spires. The internal fittings of wood-work, with the flooring, wait for the funds which are expected as the result of the fair now being held in the building itself. The glass is all in its place in the windows, and the altar is ready to be set up so soon as the floor of the choir is laid; it is evident that, so far as essentials are concerned, all the means are here for forming a judgment of the merits of the building.

The material of which the cathedral is constructed is the same dirty-white limestone of which Grace Church, the work of the same architect, is built. It was a real misfortune for architecture in New York that this stone was ever discovered, yet so little is it liked by architects or by their clients that probably no one but the builder of this cathedral would, in the light of our experience, have proposed its use for such an important edifice. It refuses to lend itself to delicate carving, which is perhaps of no importance here, since the carving is of the clumsiest; but a more serious defect is that it shows all the shortcomings of the detail of the design with unpitying frankness, while in the mass the building modestly declines to look even as large as it really is, and the eye takes it in all at once, with no discoveries left to make. The principal door at the western end is perhaps in design the most discreditable part of the building. All the rest is clumsy repetition and copying of forms and arrangements found here, there, and everywhere in the crowd of Gothic monuments in Europe. But the great door-way came from nowhere, unless from some confectioner's shop. In place of the cavern-like entrances of some of the French cathedrals (Rheims is a notable example), richly molded, and with their thronging saints and angels, each on its pedestal and with its own deep, shadowing canopy, with its sculptured tympanum and its sweet-faced Virgin and child upon the central pillar, we have here a shallow embrasure, conveying no idea of thickness in the wall out of which it is hewn, with coarse and clumsy moldings and engaged pillars, and with a sort of trumpery frill of open-work stone, the beau-ideal of a cap-maker's apprentice, framing in the whole. And not a sacred emblem, not an inch of sacred imagery, to be found; nothing but the ostentatious display of a cardinal's hat, and the equally ostentatious and equally out-of-place display of the American shield. How many little parish churches there are in England, built at a period when Catholic archbishops knew something about architecture, that have door-ways more noble, for all their smallness, than this cathedral can boast!

If the exterior of the building be so unimpressive that it allows itself to be dwarfed by the hotel on the other side of the street and by the dwelling-houses in front, the interior is still more disappointing. For sham and veneer are everywhere, and in their most offensive forms. The way in which make-shifts are thrust upon us, whichever way we turn, has something impudent in it. The main columns are of the same coarse limestone as the outside, cut with the same gross moldings. But all the rest of the structure that looks like stone, even to the arches of the nave, is make-believe, the material employed being the Béton artificial stone; all the ornamentation is applied, or cut in the same cheap material; and so demoralizing has all this paltering with sincerity and reality been to the workmen, that the fitting and finishing throughout are of the same unworkmanlike character. Words cannot express the paltry character of the internal finish of this vaunted structure. It was some time before we could make up our mind to believe our eyes when they told us that the tracery about the transept and main door-ways, in the interior, is a part of the construction, and is meant to last. At the first glance, we seriously thought it was put up to make a shift while the recent fair was going on. But no, it is there forever.

The interior of the cathedral is entirely wanting in impressiveness, not from any absolute defect in the proportions, which are neither good nor bad, — mere commonplace, — but because of the color. This color does not suggest

any particular material, but is copied as closely as may be from the whitewashed interiors of some of the English parish churches and cathedrals, if there be any remaining that still retain this Puritan disfigurement. It is the meanest of all possible tints that can be found, and the sickly color of the glass makes it meaner still. It certainly was a very praiseworthy thing to fill all the windows with stained-glass at once (the choir windows are not yet up; we believe they are getting ready), but it is most unfortunate that the glass was made in nineteenth-century France. It will be remembered that several of the windows were exhibited at Philadelphia in 1876, and it is known with what discouragement our artists and all architects worth naming viewed the prospect of a cathedral lined with such crudity. Even if the interior of the luckless structure should be sobered down, by washing it with some other tint, the windows would not be helped; no richness could ever be got out of them, though by some device of dabbing them over with color on the outside, such as made the windows of the choir of St. Thomas's Church in New York endurable, they might be made less offensive to the trained and healthy eye.

Little remains to be added to our indictment, except to speak of the bins which are ranged along the side of the aisles, opening by low, flat arches under the aisle-windows, and which are to be utilized as chapels. Externally they project from the sides of the building, filling up the bays between the buttresses, and give no sign from without of their existence, the roofs being hid by the solid, unpierced parapet of the wall, and no windows being necessary, as each bin is lighted by a small sky-light filled with stained-glass. The effect of this long blank wall is very bad; apart from its clumsiness, it deprives the design of the effective light and shade that should have been got from the buttresses.

If we have spoken with what may seem undue severity of a building which is the source of so much pride and pleasure to the uneducated portion of the Catholic congregation in New York, it has been not only with no wish to hurt any one's feelings, but with real regret. The truth is that we ourselves are much disappointed in the result, and it is with the sincere wish that the Catholic society of New York would look seriously to the harm they are doing to an art in whose development their church claims so large a share, and to the fact that every such failure as this puts a weapon into the hands of their enemies, ever ready to assert that the church never did care a farthing for art as art, but only for the profit to be made from it, that we have spoken so roundly.

Clarence Cook.

THE RECENT GREAT FRENCH DUEL.

Much as the modern French duel is ridiculed by certain smart people, it is in reality one of the most dangerous institutions of our day. Since it is always fought in the open air, the combatants are nearly sure to catch cold. M. Paul de Cassagnac, the most inveterate of the French duelists, has suffered so often in this way that he is at last a confirmed invalid; and the best physician in Paris has expressed the opinion that if he goes on dueling for fifteen or twenty years more, — unless he forms the habit of fighting in a comfortable room where damps and draughts cannot intrude. — he will eventually endanger his life. This ought to moderate the talk of those people who are so stubborn in maintaining that the French duel is the most health-giving of recreations because of the open-

air exercise it affords. And it ought also to moderate that foolish talk about French duelists and socialist-hated monarchs being the only people who are immortal.

But it is time to get at my subject. As soon as I heard of the late fiery outbreak between M. Gambetta and M. Fourtou in the French Assembly, I knew that trouble must follow. I knew it because a long personal friendship with M. Gambetta had revealed to me the desperate and implacable nature of the man. Vast as are his physical proportions, I knew that the thirst for revenge would penetrate to the remotest frontiers of his person.

I did not wait for him to call on me, but went at once to him. As I expected, I found the brave fellow steeped in a profound French calm. I say French calm, because French calmness and English calmness have points of difference. He was moving swiftly back and forth among the débris of his furniture, now and then staving chance fragments of it across the room with his foot; grinding a constant grist of curses through his set teeth; and halting every little while to deposit another handful of his hair on the pile which he had been building of it on the table.

He threw his arms around my neck, bent me over his stomach to his breast, kissed me on both cheeks, hugged me four or five times, and then placed me in his own arm-chair. As soon as I had got well again, we began business at once.

I said I supposed he would wish me to act as his second, and he said, "Of course." I said I must be allowed to act under a French name, so that I might be shielded from obloquy in my country, in case of fatal results. He winced here, probably at the suggestion that dueling was not regarded with respect in America. However, he agreed to my requirement. This accounts for the fact that in all the newspaper reports M. Gambetta's second was apparently a Frenchman.

First, we drew up my principal's will. I insisted upon this, and stuck to my point. I said I had never heard of a man in his right mind going out to fight a duel without first making his will. He said he had never heard of a man in his right mind doing anything of the kind. When we had finished the will, he wished to proceed to a choice of his "last words." He wanted to know how the following words, as a dying exclamation, struck me: —

"I die for my God, for my country, for freedom of speech, for progress, and the universal brotherhood of man!"

I objected that this would require too lingering a death; it was a good speech for a consumptive, but not suited to the exigencies of the field of honor. We wrangled over a good many ante-mortem outbursts, but I finally got him to cut his obituary down to this, which he copied into his memorandum book, purposing to get it by heart: —

"I DIE THAT FRANCE MAY LIVE."

I said that this remark seemed to lack relevancy; but he said relevancy was a matter of no consequence in last words, — what you wanted was thrill.

The next thing in order was the choice of weapons. My principal said he was not feeling well, and would leave that and the other details of the proposed meeting to me. Therefore I wrote the following note and carried it to M. Fourtou's friend: —

SIR: M. Gambetta accepts M. Fourtou's challenge, and authorizes me to propose Plessis-Piquet as the place of meeting; to-morrow morning at daybreak as the time; and axes as the weapons. I am, sir, with great respect,

MARK TWAIN.

M. Fourtou's friend read this note, and shuddered. Then he turned to me, and said, with a suggestion of severity in his tone: —

"Have you considered, sir, what would be the inevitable result of such a meeting as this?"

"Well, for instance, what *would* it be?"

"Bloodshed!"

"That 's about the size of it," I said.

"Now, if it is a fair question, what was your side proposing to shed?"

I had him, there. He saw he had made a blunder, so he hastened to explain it away. He said he had spoken jestingly. Then he added that he and his principal would enjoy axes, and indeed prefer them, but such weapons were barred by the French code, and so I must change my proposal.

I walked the floor, turning the thing over in my mind, and finally it occurred to me that Gatling guns at fifteen paces would be a likely way to get a verdict on the field of honor. So I framed this idea into a proposition.

But it was not accepted. The code was in the way again. I proposed rifles; then, double-barreled shot-guns; then, Colt's navy revolvers. These being all rejected, I reflected a while, and sarcastically suggested brick-bats at three quarters of a mile. I always hate to fool away a humorous thing on a person who has no perception of humor; and it filled me with bitterness when this man went soberly away to submit the last proposition to his principal.

He came back presently, and said his principal was charmed with the idea of brick-bats at three quarters of a mile, but must decline on account of the danger to disinterested parties passing between. Then I said, —

"Well, I am at the end of my string, now. Perhaps *you* would be good enough to suggest a weapon? Perhaps you have even had one in your mind all the time?"

His countenance brightened, and he said with alacrity, —

"Oh, without doubt, monsieur!"

So he fell to hunting in his pockets, — pocket after pocket, and he had plenty of them, — muttering all the while, "Now, what could I have done with them?"

At last he was successful. He fished out of his vest pocket a couple of little things which I carried to the light and discovered to be pistols. They were single-barreled and silver-mounted, and very dainty and pretty. I was not able to speak for emotion. I silently hung one of them on my watch-chain, and returned the other. My companion in crime now unrolled a postage-stamp containing several cartridges, and gave me one of them. I asked if he meant to signify by this that our men were to be allowed but one shot apiece. He replied that the French code permitted no more. I then begged him to go on and suggest a distance, for my mind was growing weak and confused under the strain which had been put upon it. He named sixty-five yards. I nearly lost my patience. I said, —

"Sixty-five yards, with these instruments? Pop-guns would be deadlier at fifty. Consider, my friend, you and I are banded together to destroy life, not make it eternal."

But with all my persuasions, all my arguments, I was only able to get him to reduce the distance to thirty-five yards; and even this concession he made with reluctance, and said with a sigh, —

"I wash my hands of this slaughter; on your head be it."

There was nothing for me but to go home to my old lion-heart and tell my humiliating story. When I entered, M. Gambetta was laying his last lock of hair upon the altar. He sprang toward me, exclaiming, —

"You have made the fatal arrangements, — I see it in your eye!"

"I have."

His face paled a trifle, and he leaned upon the table for support. He breathed thick and heavily for a moment or two, so tumultuous were his feelings; then he hoarsely whispered, —

"The weapon, the weapon! Quick! what is the weapon?"

"This!" and I displayed that silver-mounted thing. He caught but one glimpse of it, then swooned ponderously to the floor.

When he came to, he said mournfully,

"The unnatural calm to which I have subjected myself has told upon my nerves. But away with weakness! I will confront my fate like a man and a Frenchman."

He rose to his feet, and assumed an attitude which for sublimity has never

been approached by man, and has seldom been surpassed by statues. Then he said, in his deep bass tones, —

"Behold, I am calm, I am ready; reveal to me the distance."

"Thirty-five yards."

I could not lift him up, of course; but I rolled him over, and poured water down his back. He presently came to, and said, —

"Thirty-five yards, — without a rest? But why ask? Since murder was that man's intention, why should he palter with small details? But mark you one thing: in my fall the world shall see how the chivalry of France meets death."

After a long silence he asked, —

"Was nothing said about that man's family standing up with him, as an offset to my bulk? But no matter; I would not stoop to make such a suggestion; if he is not noble enough to suggest it himself, he is welcome to this advantage, which no honorable man would take."

He now sank into a sort of stupor of reflection, which lasted some minutes; after which he broke silence with, —

"The hour, — what is the hour fixed for the collision?"

"Dawn, to-morrow."

He seemed greatly surprised, and immediately said, —

"Insanity! I never heard of such a thing. Nobody is abroad at such an hour."

"That is the reason I named it. Do you mean to say you want an audience?"

"It is no time to bandy words. I am astonished that M. Fourtou should ever have agreed to so strange an innovation. Go at once and require a later hour."

I ran down-stairs, threw open the front door, and almost plunged into the arms of M. Fourtou's second. He said,

"I have the honor to say that my principal strenuously objects to the hour chosen, and begs that you will consent to change it to half past nine."

"Any courtesy, sir, which it is in our power to extend is at the service of your excellent principal. We agree to the proposed change of time."

"I beg you to accept the thanks of my client." Then he turned to a person behind him, and said, "You hear, M. Noir, the hour is altered to half past nine." Whereupon M. Noir bowed, expressed his thanks, and went away. My accomplice continued: —

"If agreeable to you, your chief surgeons and ours shall proceed to the field in the same carriage, as is customary."

"It is entirely agreeable to me, and I am obliged to you for mentioning the surgeons, for I am afraid I should not have thought of them. How many shall I want? I suppose two or three will be enough?"

"Two is the customary number for each party. I refer to 'chief' surgeons; but considering the exalted positions occupied by our clients, it will be well and decorous that each of us appoint several consulting surgeons, from among the highest in the profession. These will come in their own private carriages. Have you engaged a hearse?"

"Bless my stupidity, I never thought of it! I will attend to it right away. I must seem very ignorant to you; but you must try to overlook that, because I have never had any experience of such a swell duel as this before. I have had a good deal to do with duels on the Pacific coast, but I see now that they were crude affairs. A hearse, — sho! we used to leave the elected lying around loose, and let anybody cord them up and cart them off that wanted to. Have you anything further to suggest?"

"Nothing, except that the head undertakers shall ride together, as is usual. The subordinates and mutes will go on foot, as is also usual. I will see you at eight o'clock in the morning, and we will then arrange the order of the procession. I have the honor to bid you a good day."

I returned to my client, who said, "Very well; at what hour is the engagement to begin?"

"Half past nine."

"Very good indeed. Have you sent the fact to the newspapers?"

"*Sir!* If after our long and intimate friendship you can for a moment deem me capable of so base a treachery" —

"Tut, tut! What words are these, my dear friend? Have I wounded you? Ah, forgive me; I am overloading you with labor. Therefore go on with the other details, and drop this one from your list. The bloody-minded Fourtou will be sure to attend to it. Or I myself — yes, to make certain, I will drop a note to my journalistic friend, M. Noir" —

"Oh, come to think, you may save yourself the trouble; that other second has informed M. Noir."

"H'm! I might have known it. It is just like that Fourtou, who always wants to make a display."

At half past nine in the morning the procession approached the field of Plessis-Piquet in the following order: first came our carriage, — nobody in it but M. Gambetta and myself; then a carriage containing M. Fourtou and his second; then a carriage containing two poet-orators who did not believe in God, and these had MS. funeral orations projecting from their breast pockets; then a carriage containing the head surgeons and their cases of instruments; then eight private carriages containing consulting surgeons; then a hack containing the coroner; then the two hearses; then a carriage containing the head undertakers; then a train of assistants and mutes on foot; and after these came plodding through the fog a long procession of camp followers, police, and citizens generally. It was a noble turnout, and would have made a fine display if we had had thinner weather.

There was no conversation. I spoke several times to my principal, but I judge he was not aware of it, for he always referred to his note-book and muttered absently, "I die that France may live."

Arrived on the field, my fellow-second and I paced off the thirty-five yards, and then drew lots for choice of position. This latter was but an ornamental ceremony, for all choices were alike in such weather. These preliminaries being ended, I went to my principal and asked him if he was ready. He spread himself out to his full width, and said in a stern voice, "Ready! Let the batteries be charged."

The loading was done in the presence of duly constituted witnesses. We considered it best to perform this delicate service with the assistance of a lantern, on account of the state of the weather. We now placed our men.

At this point the police noticed that the public had massed themselves together on the right and left of the field; they therefore begged a delay, while they should put these poor people in a place of safety. The request was granted.

The police having ordered the two multitudes to take positions behind the duelists, we were once more ready. The weather growing still more opaque, it was agreed between myself and the other second that before giving the fatal signal we should each deliver a loud whoop to enable the combatants to ascertain each other's whereabouts.

I now returned to my principal, and was distressed to observe that he had lost a good deal of his spirit. I tried my best to hearten him. I said, "Indeed, sir, things are not as bad as they seem. Considering the character of the weapons, the limited number of shots allowed, the generous distance, the impenetrable solidity of the fog, and the added fact that one of the combatants is one-eyed and the other cross-eyed and near-sighted, it seems to me that this conflict need not necessarily be fatal. There are chances that both of you may survive. Therefore, cheer up; do not be down-hearted."

This speech had so good an effect that my principal immediately stretched forth his hand and said, "I am myself again; give me the weapon."

I laid it, all lonely and forlorn, in the centre of the vast solitude of his palm. He gazed at it and shuddered. And still mournfully contemplating it, he murmured, in a broken voice,

"Alas, it is not death I dread, but mutilation."

I heartened him once more, and with such success that he presently said, "Let

the tragedy begin. Stand at my back; do not desert me in this solemn hour, my friend."

I gave him my promise. I now assisted him to point his pistol toward the spot where I judged his adversary to be standing, and cautioned him to listen well and further guide himself by my fellow-second's whoop. Then I propped myself against M. Gambetta's back, and raised a rousing "Whoop-ee!" This was answered from out the far distances of the fog, and I immediately shouted,

"One, — two, — three, — *fire!*"

Two little sounds like *spit! spit!* broke upon my ear, and in the same instant I was crushed to the earth under a mountain of flesh. Buried as I was, I was still able to catch a faint accent from above, to this effect, —

"I die for . . . for . . . perdition take it, what *is* it I die for? . . . oh, yes, — FRANCE! I die that France may live!"

The surgeons swarmed around with their probes in their hands, and applied their microscopes to the whole area of M. Gambetta's person, with the happy result of finding nothing in the nature of a wound. Then a scene ensued which was in every way gratifying and inspiriting.

The two gladiators fell upon each other's necks, with floods of proud and happy tears; that other second embraced me; the surgeons, the orators, the undertakers, the police, everybody embraced, everybody congratulated, everybody cried, and the whole atmosphere was filled with praise and with joy unspeakable.

It seemed to me then that I would rather be the hero of a French duel than a crowned and sceptred monarch.

When the commotion had somewhat subsided, the body of surgeons held a consultation, and after a good deal of debate decided that with proper care and nursing there was reason to believe that I would survive my injuries. My internal hurts were deemed the most serious, since it was apparent that a broken rib had penetrated my left lung, and that many of my organs had been pressed out so far to one side or the other of where they belonged, that it was doubtful if they would ever learn to perform their functions in such remote and unaccustomed localities. They then set my left arm in two places, pulled my right hip into its socket again, and re-elevated my nose. I was an object of great interest, and even admiration; and many sincere and warm-hearted persons had themselves introduced to me, and said they were proud to know the only man who had been hurt in a French duel for forty years.

I was placed in an ambulance at the very head of the procession; and thus with gratifying *éclat* I was marched into Paris, the most conspicuous figure in that great spectacle, and deposited at the hospital.

The cross of the Legion of Honor has been conferred upon me. However, few escape that distinction.

Such is the true version of the most memorable private conflict of the age. My recovery is still doubtful, but there are hopes. I am able to dictate, but there is no knowing when I shall be able to write.

I have no complaints to make against any one. I acted for myself, and I can stand the consequences. Without boasting, I think I may say I am not afraid to stand before a modern French duelist, but I will never consent to stand behind one again.

Mark Twain.

THREE SONGS.

I.

Life and Death.

If I had chosen, my tears had all been dews;
I would have drawn a bird's or blossom's breath,
Nor outmoaned yonder dove. I did not choose, —
And here is Life for me, and there is Death.

Ay, here is Life. Bloom for me, violet;
Whisper me, Love, all things that are not true;
Sing, nightingale and lark, till I forget, —
For here is Life, and I have need of you.

So, there is Death. Fade, violet, from the land;
Cease from your singing, nightingale and lark;
Forsake me, Love, for I without your hand
Can find my way more surely to the dark.

II.

Engaged Too Long.

Why do I grieve with summer here?
I want the flower that died last year;
I want the old drops of the dew,
And my old love, sir, — and not you.

Younger than you, nor quite so wise,
Was he who had your hair and eyes, —
Who said, "I love you" first, you see;
This you repeat, and weary me.

III.

Turned Away.

It may have been. Who knows? Who knows?
It was too dark for me to see.
The wind that spared this very rose
Its few last leaves could hardly be
Sadder of voice than he.

A foreign prince here in disguise
Who asked a shelter from the rain
(The country that he came from lies
Above the clouds): he asked in vain,
And will not come again.

If I *had* known that it was He
Who had not where to lay his head;
"But my Lord Christ, it cannot be, —
My guest-room has too white a bed
For wayside dust," I had said.

Sallie M. B. Piatt.

LIMITED SOVEREIGNTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE last state elections in Massachusetts were chiefly of local interest, but the vote which decided them, if carefully analyzed, possesses a national importance. There has been much rejoicing in Massachusetts and elsewhere over the defeat of General Butler. But if the event was fortunate, the manner of its accomplishment is a subject for the most serious reflection. It was generally anticipated that the bulk of the respectable democrats would adhere to their party nominee, and that the republican party, single-handed, would be able to crush Butler. These expectations were not realized. The respectable democrats, with comparatively few exceptions, voted for the republican candidate, and without their votes Mr. Talbot would probably not have obtained a plurality. The significance of this fact is sufficiently obvious. The wealth, the intelligence, the conservatism, the decency, of the State were arrayed on one side, without regard to party. On the other, demanding the suffrages of the people for the office of governor, appeared a man whose name has become a synonym for everything that is bad in American politics. His immediate and most zealous supporters were unknown, or known only for evil. He had plenty of money, but beyond this nothing personally "to back his suit at all, but the plain devil and dissembling looks." His whole career was known to the people who were to vote for him. Every evil act, every inconsistency, every meanness, of which he had ever been guilty was dragged into light and spread before the public, day after day, by a bitterly hostile press. As the returns show, the struggle became at the polls a simple contest between honesty and dishonesty; between all the best elements in the State and an artful, able, and unscrupulous demagogue. In that contest dishonesty and the demagogue were defeated, but they received in round numbers one hundred and ten thousand votes out of two hundred and sixty thousand. Of this vote, probably a very small proportion only was cast by mere political adventurers, or by men of ruined fortunes and broken reputations, who followed General Butler, as they would anybody else, with perfect skepticism and cynicism as to all principles, and solely with a view to their own material welfare. A portion of the vote was undoubtedly due to that general discontent caused by hard times, which is ready to try any change in the hope of relief. Yet even of this discontented vote a large part must have been merely thoughtless and ignorant, and not intelligently convinced that there was any real help to be found in General Butler. The great majority of those who voted for Butler did so simply because they were very ignorant. Any other hypothesis requires the admission that a great body of citizens not only knowingly and willfully supported dishonesty in finance, but that they cared nothing about personal character or morality on the part of their candidate. This supposition no man of patriotism or good sense wishes to accept. The fact is that these voters

were men who for the most part placed faith in General Butler's promises that if he were elected good times would return, wages would rise, and their individual fortunes would be benefited. Such beliefs indicate ignorance of the densest kind. It is not as if the voters had supposed that a certain financial policy would relieve them, or improve their condition. Any people may be misled by a specious and mistaken scheme of finance, and if this were all, the vote in Massachusetts would lose much of its significance. But a sincere faith in Butler's demagogue promises necessarily meant on the part of the believer an ignorance of the most fundamental and simple facts in regard to our institutions. It required a conviction that the governor of Massachusetts, besides regulating the immutable laws of supply and demand, controlled the financial policy of the general government, and that he also had possession of all political power in his own State. It compelled an acceptance of the theory that the governor is everything, and the legislature nothing, whereas every child is supposed to know that almost the exact contrary is the truth. Yet there were apparently nearly one hundred thousand voters in Massachusetts who believed these things, and who were ready to follow the first Jack Cade who should come along and promise them that when he should be in office two and two should make five. Such ignorance as this, when it is found to be so widely diffused, has a national meaning and importance. In a greater or less degree it must exist in every State, and the sum total is appalling. Every one concedes that the safety of our system rests upon education. In no State has more been done for public education than in Massachusetts, and the result is seen in the recent election. Such a thing would have been impossible a hundred years ago, in such a form and with a like candidate. Nothing can be plainer than that we are now, relatively speaking, less competent than we were in 1789 to conduct a government constituted on the same principles, and regulated in the same fashion, as the one then adopted. Our civilization and our material wealth have made enormous strides since that period, but we are not, as a people, so well able to make a democracy succeed as we were when the government was founded. In other words, education has not been able to deal with the growth of population, and meet the changes of occupation and of modes of life which do so much to shape the political character and habits of a people. No doubt if education reached every man in the community, or even a very large majority of men, all would be well. But it does not. There is a dangerous amount of ignorance on the part of those who hold sovereign power in the United States. Education can remedy it, and may ultimately do so, but a long time must elapse before this state of affairs can be brought about. Meanwhile, this ignorance is lowering the tone of public life and the character of our public men, and threatens the safety of our whole system.

It is not proposed to discuss here the merits or demerits of uneducated voters. Every honest and intelligent man admits that an ignorant suffrage is in itself and by itself an unmitigated evil. The amount of this ignorance is very large, as the surprising figures of Butler's vote most conclusively show. There is, however, another feature of our political life which is closely connected with such questions as are presented by the Butler vote. This is the feeling of distrust and fear in regard to the holders of sovereign power, which is manifesting itself more and more among the most intelligent classes of the community. No careful observer can have failed to notice the change of sentiment in this respect. The democratic principle, which triumphed with Jefferson and was established and extended by Jackson, left wholly to itself, ran rapidly to extremes, as far as American common sense would permit, and reached its culmination about 1850. The constitutions made and revised in the various States at that period are the best proof of this statement, and the mania for having every conceivable official, including judges, annually elected by a popular vote is the most striking exam-

ple of the prevalence of the ultra-democratic theory. It was at this point that theories and methods of government were lost sight of in the slavery conflict, and in the war which followed. When the war closed, the last class government in the United States had been swept away by the destruction of the slave power, and men found themselves face to face with a pure democracy from one end of the country to the other. Then it was that the change in public sentiment to which allusion has just been made began. Thirty or forty years ago it was considered the rankest heresy to doubt that a government based on universal suffrage was the wisest and best that could be devised. No man, whether he were whig or democrat, ventured publicly to question this great principle. Such is not now the case. Expressions of doubt and distrust in regard to universal suffrage are heard constantly in conversation, and in all parts of the country. They have already found utterance in literature, and before long they will make their way to the pulpit and the platform. It is easy to denounce such opinions, and to cast them aside with a sneer. Any demagogue or penny-a-liner is capable of it. But neither denunciations nor sneers can remove the hard fact. There is a growing disbelief in the system of universal suffrage, which cannot be concealed. It must not be supposed that there is any reference here to the opinions of those wretched creatures who from the precincts of the American colony in Paris scoff at their country and its institutions, or those others who ape the manners of the English aristocracy, and with unblushing snobbishness look on everything American as necessarily vulgar. The doubt and distrust intended here have begun at the top of our society, among some of the most intelligent, the most thoughtful, and the most patriotic men, and it is slowly and surely creeping downwards. No man will question that it is a grave matter. Only the shallow-minded will push it aside as the vain, speculative opinion of a minority who can never have power. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that because the intelligent, the educated, the wealthy, and the able men are in a minority, they are therefore powerless. They are loath to move, it is true, they act only in great emergencies, but when they are fairly pushed to the wall they always have won and they always will win in the end, because they have the greatest intellectual strength. The men of brains are sure to have the bulk of the property in any country, and they are equally sure to become its only rulers if matters are ever carried to the last extremity. If they cannot have liberty, they will at least have security. The world has always been governed by force in one form or another. When it is moral and intellectual force alone that rules, there is constitutional and peaceable government; when it is physical force alone, it is revolution or despotism. But in any event intellectual force sooner or later becomes master of the physical force, and then it is irresistible and permanent. The minority, therefore, is not to be despised. But, without supposing extreme cases, it is enough for us to admit that it is ruin when the people have not faith in their own theory of government, and that it is a serious misfortune when an intelligent minority, no matter how small, begins to distrust the political system of their country. This is the danger which is ever assuming larger proportions. To express the case in a few words, there is a considerable body of intelligent and patriotic men in the United States who fear and distrust their sovereign.

Opinions of this sort, it is needless to say, are greatly stimulated and increased by such an exhibition as the vote just cast for General Butler. Thus we have at the bottom a vast amount of dangerous ignorance, and at the top a growing distrust of the system which gives to that ignorance political power. The latter, if misdirected or left to itself, may become most mischievous; the former is simply a great and threatening danger. There is much misconception, too, in regard to this doubt and fear, and much injustice shown toward them. There is nothing treasonable or reactionary in

such feelings. On the contrary, resistance to the sovereign power, in English history at least, has usually proceeded from the wisest, the most public-spirited, and the most far-sighted men in the community. If the existence of such sentiments is a misfortune, if it proves that the sovereign has done wrong, it also shows that there are watchful and patriotic men ready to observe errors and publish them, which is the first step toward recovery, and is a sure sign that selfish indifference, the most deadly of all diseases incident to the body politic, has not yet set in. This spirit of opposition and criticism in regard to the sovereign has always been, and always will be, regarded at the outset as criminal and almost monstrous. Many men who applaud the resistance of the "country party" to the extension of the prerogative by James and Charles, and who look upon the principles of our own Revolution as sacred, are only too ready to condemn the spirit which cavils at the sovereign of the present day. It is always the old story of the right divine of kings to govern wrong, and arises in great measure from the very common confusion of ideas in regard to sovereignty.

That sovereignty is the ultimate power in the state possessed of ability to enforce its commands is pretty well understood. Where this sovereignty resides, and that it is always in its essence the same, is by no means equally well appreciated. There are but three kinds of government, if we classify them according to the nature of the sovereignty, which is after all the only fundamental and perfectly distinctive test. Sovereignty in any government must rest somewhere among the men who make up the society for which that government is constituted, and there are obviously only three places which it can occupy. It may reside in one man, in some men, or in all men. In the first case it is a despotism, in the second an aristocracy or class government, in the third a democracy. In all forms it is liable to error and excess. The aggregate of mankind are undoubtedly less likely to make mistakes than any single man, such as the Pope, for example, but at the same time neither is infallible. Nor is there anything more peculiarly sacred in one kind of sovereignty than in another. The numerical majority of a whole people may be or may become as tyrannical and bitterly oppressive as a Venetian oligarchy or a successful usurper. There is no sovereign that may not err, and the one effort under all systems should be to reduce his possible errors to a minimum.

That which is true of other sovereigns is true in a greater or less degree of our own. There is no use in attempting to propagate the "peculiar race" doctrine, or in trying to suppose that we are exempt from the operation of general laws, or are too clever to profit by experience. Let us on the contrary look into the past, and see whether we cannot find suggestions that will help us in our difficulties. There is no better guide than the history of our own race. We do not need to seek instruction beyond its pages, if we take to heart and act upon the lessons which we can there find set down.

No other people ever displayed political talents of so high an order as that derived from the Anglo-Saxon stock. They have surpassed even the Romans in the practical art of government, and in adapting political systems to new conditions and changing times. In their history, therefore, can be found the secret of their success, — the most important part of which lies in the constant effort to limit and restrain the sovereign power. This struggle runs through the whole story, and although the seat of sovereignty has changed, the doctrine of limitations never has. In England the contest began with the crown. Gradually the regal powers were limited, until the sovereignty shifted its place and rested with an aristocracy instead of with the king. A class government replaced a despotic one. That governing class has been steadily widening, in accordance with the democratic forces of modern times, but it is still a class government and a limited sovereignty. The same is true of that branch of the English family which founded and built

up the United States. Our own history teaches us the same lesson as that of our kindred. When the constitution was formed, one principal object of the men who gathered in convention at Philadelphia in 1789 was to check and limit the sovereign power in the state. They conceded sovereignty to the people, as defined by the laws of the various States. But so great were the existing limitations upon the suffrage that the scheme might fairly have been described as a broad form of class government. The exceptions to the system of a pure democracy were very numerous, and in some cases very considerable. In the convention of 1789, moreover, the chief desire of many, if not of most, members was to check the growth and power of the democratic principle. There was nothing more dreaded by the framers of the constitution than the excesses of the sovereign people. This dread was confined to no party, for we find among the opponents of unlimited democracy such men as Mr. Gerry, who afterwards was a leader of the democrats in the Jeffersonian period. The founders of our government sought to hedge the sovereign with artificial barriers which would modify and restrain his action. A similar policy was pursued by the great political party which carried the constitution, and organized, established, and set in motion the government. The federalists built the strong walls within which the current of democracy has thus far flowed strongly but safely. But the waters have always been rising; there are ill-looking leaks in the embankments, and the swollen stream threatens to overflow its dikes.

What is the cause of the danger, and of the consequent fear and distrust so strongly felt in certain quarters, and what is the remedy for these evils? The cause is clearly a defect in the character or actions of the sovereign. The sovereign is the whole people, and wields his power by means of universal suffrage, unqualified and containing a large amount of most perilous ignorance. The danger, the fear, and the distrust all spring from the same source, — universal suffrage, the very essence of our whole system. There is no use in crying out against unlimited suffrage. Denunciation may serve as a warning, but in every other way it is useless. Railing and invective only harden opposition, and make compromise and amelioration impossible. But if abuse is futile and bad, the unreasoning praise of the suffrage to which we are accustomed is still worse. Nothing can be more childish than the indiscriminate laudation of our institutions which is so common. It is every bit as bad and false as the flattery which high church clergymen were wont to pour out before the throne of Charles II. The English race has not achieved its successes by refusing to consider the defects of its state and institutions. The Revolution was not fought, nor the constitution made, by men who did not dare to inquire into the conduct and the limitations of their sovereign. We have got universal suffrage. We cannot directly limit it, except possibly in a very small way, or retrace our steps, without a social convulsion. There is no use, on the one hand, in railing at it, or, on the other, in looking upon adverse criticism as treason. Universal suffrage has its virtues and its defects. It is our duty to foster the one, and remedy, if we can, the other. During the century of our existence as a nation our system has worked well. There is no other system, except the English, which has worked anything like as well as our own, and there is absolutely none which has produced on the whole so great an amount of human happiness and well-being, or which has done so much to raise the condition of the average man. But in the process of time, and from a variety of causes, our system has begun to work less well. That which was admirably adapted to a small population, with an almost indefinite opportunity for expansion in 1789, is not equally well fitted for a people numbering fifty millions. The simple occupations of agriculture and trade have been succeeded by vast and complicated industries, by an immense commerce, internal and external, by an enormous system of railroads, and by all

sorts of interests of the greatest magnitude and value. Great cities have come into being. We have received and undertaken to absorb an almost unlimited immigration of adult foreigners, largely illiterate, of the lowest class and of other races. We have added at one stroke four millions and more of ignorant negroes to our voting population in the South, and we have not been able to reach with education even the natural increase of the native-born population. The result of such tremendous changes is that our system moves with increasing difficulty, and its faults become from day to day more conspicuous and more threatening. We have relied upon education to solve the problem, to keep ignorance in check and to make universal suffrage work acceptably. Education has proved itself insufficient to meet, in a manner which must remove all proper doubt, the demands we have made upon it. It cannot accomplish the desired results and provide the necessary safeguards, at least not within any reasonable time. This remedy having failed, is there any other? Universal suffrage is a fixed fact; there is no possibility of disfranchising the ignorant, and making the suffrage the reward and the badge of intelligence, except in a limited degree. It only remains to make the system as it is work as well and as long as we can, so that education may have a fair chance to render it ultimately and permanently successful. The lesson of our history is plain, and the example of the framers of the constitution and of the founders of our government is before us. The sovereign must be still further limited in conformity with the exigencies of the time, and no political devices which tend to his enlightenment must be passed over. There is nothing very startling in such a proposition. Practical limitation of our sovereign has occurred and is occurring all the time. In the South, where the civilization is not advanced and the people are poor, the suffrage or the sovereign is limited by the sabre and pistol. In great Northern cities, and in Northern States where parties are nearly equal, the sovereign is limited by money and by complicated party machinery. So great are these limitations in New York, for instance, that the seat of sovereignty shifts, or is supposed to do so, and we read of struggles against despotism and the "one-man power," and see John Kelly caricatured in the guise of Cæsar. In the city of Washington the people have been wholly deprived of the franchise, and have been placed under an arbitrary government created by act of Congress, and all the respectable and tax-paying portion of the community rejoice in this paternal and despotic rule. A more indirect way, but a precisely similar one, is that pursued by the large and respectable body of manufacturers who make it their business to elect, and afterward control, congressmen, in order that their interests as affected by the tariff may be properly watched. Thus violence and corruption and fraud, the influence of property and irresistible external power, come in to limit the sovereign, and to secure a representation to those interests which have no especial political rights conceded to them by law, and of which they cannot obtain a recognition from the sovereign by purely legal methods. Some of these various methods (and their name is legion) which are employed in practice to limit the sovereign are very rude, and are generally regarded, and with perfect justice, as immoral and debasing. Yet it is an open question, if we consider the political aptitude and shrewdness of the American people, whether they are not, in the majority of instances, the least of two evils, and whether they do not do more good on the whole than would be obtained by their abandonment, and the consequent license and mismanagement of the unfettered sovereign. They at least show that the need of limitations on the sovereign is so strongly felt that in practice they are constantly enforced. The probability is that under the present conditions of our civilization these rude and corrupting methods of limitation will be always more or less used. But is there no way of reducing them to the lowest possible point by changes which will obviate, in large measure, their ne-

cessity? Two obvious solutions at once suggest themselves, — the reading and writing qualification, and an increased poll tax. The first can only, as experience shows, be partially enforced; and the second, being in its nature a property qualification, arouses such deep hostility that it cannot as a rule be made effective. Direct disfranchisement, in short, on a large scale is out of the question, and its absolute necessity and consequent possibility could arise only under circumstances which no one wishes to contemplate. But there are other forms of limitation which would tend to diminish the dangers and defects of our system, and make it work with perhaps as little friction as may be under any form of government. The first step is to put aside all shams and fine language, and to admit frankly and manfully that universal suffrage has very grave defects, that the sovereign power has need of limitations and increased "checks and balances," and that it is desirable to devise and establish them. To describe all the possible limitations and improvements of this sort in detail would require a volume instead of an article. But some of them, at least, can be enumerated, as they are none of them very novel in themselves, and they illustrate sufficiently well the theory on which they rest and the advantages which it is to be hoped they would produce.

The right of voting cannot be taken away, but the subjects of voting can be much reduced. The numbers of the voters need not be diminished, but their action can be circumscribed and concentrated. In other words, the governments of our States and cities, in the latter of which the chief danger to our system lies, — a danger so great that many persons believe that only direct and extensive disfranchisement can remedy it, — ought to be assimilated as closely as possible to the national form. The only officers to be chosen by popular election ought to be the chief executive and the legislature. These are the delegated possessors of all the power of the sovereign who appoints them, and the nature of the sovereign body is not changed by making them only elected officers. The direct action of the sovereign is simply confined to those offices of whose incumbents it is the best and final judge, and which are the immediate recipients of the delegated power. Its action is withdrawn and made indirect with respect to those other offices, the requirements of which a large body of men cannot determine so well as their representatives. Few persons would advocate the choice of custom-house officers, or revenue inspectors, or cabinet officers, or government counsel, by a direct popular vote. Yet there is nothing more absurd in making these officers elective than in entrusting to the choice of the people, guided by caucuses and party machinery of all sorts, the selection of judges and sheriffs and district attorneys, of state treasurers and attorney-generals, of school commissioners and civil engineers. The greatest room for independent thought and action ought to be allowed in all these instances, and the men who hold such places ought to be as far removed as possible from the debasing influence which springs from the necessity of catching votes in order to make a living. At the same time that the number of offices would be reduced and the character of their holders improved by a better method of appointment, the attention of the sovereign would be more closely drawn to those cases in which direct action still remained; the standard of representation would be greatly raised, and responsibility would be increased. All this would react upon the appointed officers; the sovereign would be better served, and the greatest good of the greatest number would be furthered.

Closely allied to a reduction of the subjects of voting is a reduction of the opportunities for the exercise of that right. It has become a truism that frequent elections as well as a multitude of offices are in the direct interest of the worst political classes. The busy and therefore the best portion of the community cannot spare the time, and ought not to be compelled to give it to elections which recur annually. Such a system is a

direct injury to business, and ought to be checked on this if on no other ground. But its political effects are still worse. It gives a fuller scope to the designing and selfish to mislead the ignorant. Men who cannot attend to an annual election are, however, ready to give time and labor once in two years, and still more once in four years. If the opportunities for voting are limited, the right, too, is more highly prized, and more carefully and more intelligently exercised. To take again the example of the national government: no one considers that two years are too long a term for a representative, or diminish his sense of responsibility; while it is generally agreed that four years are too short a period for the president to hold office, and cause the disturbance involved in a general election to recur too frequently. If two and four years are not too long in the case of national offices, they are certainly not so in the case of States and cities, which are largely, especially the latter, mere business corporations. Thus, by limiting the occasions for the exercise of the sovereign power, as well as by limiting the subjects of its direct action, the cause of good government would be aided; there would be a still further improvement in the character of officials; the general welfare would be increased; and the whole machinery would work more easily.[1]

Another change, of almost equal importance with the two already suggested, would be a destruction of localization. This, instead of limiting the sovereign power, would tend to give it the free range of which it is now deprived. Under the present system, in order that a man may be eligible for a certain office he must reside in a certain place. To be able to go to Congress or to the legislature, a candidate must live within certain arbitrarily defined limits. The smaller the territory, the greater the trading and the rotation in office. Every little group and every small section must have its representative in turn, and the result is that no man holds office long enough to know his business, and politics offer no career for able and ambitious men. The constituencies, too, are deprived of the opportunity of selecting some man outside their own district, whom they may prefer on the ground of capacity and talent, and are restricted to their own neighborhood for a representative. This example merely shows that while it is important to limit the exercise of the suffrage, so that it may be used with the greatest care and give the fullest expression to all the best elements in the community, it is equally necessary that it should not be limited in the one thing where the utmost freedom is essential, — the opportunity of choosing the best men possible.

One other point occurs, which involves many and most intricate questions, but which admits of brief statement. It does not tend, perhaps, to limit so much as to guide the sovereign; but enlightenment is only another form of limitation, for both prevent excess and foster good government. We need more responsibility in office. Matters which should be entrusted to single ministers are confided to legislative committees, and no one is responsible. Affairs which could be better and more efficiently managed by one man are given to commissions of several men, and no one is responsible. The sovereign sees a wrong committed, and can find nobody to pay the penalty; We want more of the one-man power, not as the product of corrupt and dangerous party machinery, and veiled behind a net-work of intrigue, but in places of high administrative trust, so that the responsibility may be concentrated, publicity secured, and the sovereign be able to hold its officer to strict account. We must be prepared also to remedy the discontent which did so much to help Butler, and which will always become the prey of dangerous politicians. We must look to it that there be no reasonable cause of discontent, and then whatever exists is no longer to be dreaded. But there are just causes of discontent, and that they are not removed is due to the carelessness and ignorance of those

[1] Annual elections have been already abandoned in some of the States, notably in Maryland, and the result has been very satisfactory.

who hold the delegated sovereign power. Take, for instance, taxation. It is unjust, unequal, and oppressive, and falls with especial severity upon the laboring classes. Its reform has come before legislative bodies, state and national, again and again, and nothing is done. Look at the glaring instances of waste and profusion in national, state, and above all in city governments; and again nothing, or next to nothing, is done except to cut down salaries and reduce the police force. The usual practice, in other words, has been to economize where economy is most injurious, and to lavish money where it is only sheer extravagance. And yet very worthy people wonder that anybody should feel the need of reform, and that the laboring classes should be filled with a blind and savage discontent with existing administrations.

Suggestions of this sort might be almost indefinitely extended, but the examples that have been given illustrate sufficiently what is meant by limiting and enlightening the sovereign in the United States. Unless education can be made to accomplish what it has not yet accomplished, and to do that which seems beyond its strength, our system can be improved and made to work successfully only by the additional limitation and enlightenment of the sovereign, which the progress of time has rendered imperative. There is no reason to believe that we are free from danger because the sovereignty is vested in all men, instead of in one man or in a class. A tyranny as gross as that of the Cæsars is not so likely to issue from universal suffrage as from a military usurper. But it may do so, and tyranny of any kind and from any source is the greatest of political evils. Let it be remembered that there is one thing quite as precious as national freedom, and that is individual liberty. If a man's house is not his castle, it makes very little difference whether it is entered by the king, to imprison the person of the owner, or by the emissary of a government elected by the rabble, who is commissioned to take his property under forms of law. A fair field and no favor, combined with the greatest amount of individual liberty compatible with the general welfare, has always been the American doctrine, and it is the only safe one. If the sovereign, from ignorance or from any other cause, threatens the general welfare and endangers the cherished political system of the country, he must be educated; and if he cannot be educated sufficiently, he must be limited. Nothing is surer than that if these limitations, when they become necessary, are not made peaceably and reasonably, they will sooner or later be made by violence.

DEFIANCE.

Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos,
All your gain is not my loss.
Spin your black threads if you will,
Twist them, turn, with all your skill;
Hold! this one you cannot sever,
This bright thread shall last forever.

You 're defied, you, Atropos!
Draw your glittering shears across, —
Still it mocks your cruel art.
From the fibres of my heart

Did I spin it, this bright thread,
That will live when you are dead.

Hark ye, Fate! one thing I 'll teach:
There are some things past your reach, —
Woman's heart and woman's soul;
Woman's love 's past your control.
These are not threads of your spinning, —
No, nor shall be of your winning.

A. W.

THE LADY OF THE AROOSTOOK.

XV.

THE foreboded storm did not come so soon as had been feared, but the beautiful weather which had lasted so long was lost in a thickened sky and a sullen sea. The weather had changed with Staniford, too. The morning after the events last celebrated, he did not respond to the glance which Lydia gave him when they met, and he hardened his heart to her surprise, and shunned being alone with her. He would not admit to himself any reason for his attitude, and he could not have explained to her the mystery that at first visibly grieved her, and then seemed merely to benumb her. But the moment came when he ceased to take a certain cruel pleasure in it, and he approached her one morning on deck, where she stood holding fast to the railing where she usually sat, and said, as if there had been no interval of estrangement between them, but still coldly, "We have had our last walk for the present, Miss Blood. I hope you will grieve a little for my loss."

She turned on him a look that smote him to the heart, with what he fancied its reproach and its wonder. She did not reply at once, and then she did not reply to his hinted question.

"Mr. Staniford," she began. It was the second time he had heard her pronounce his name; he distinctly remembered the first.

"Well?" he said.

"I want to speak to you about lending that book to Mr. Hicks. I ought to have asked you, first."

"Oh, no," said Staniford. "It was yours."

"You gave it to me," she returned.

"Well, then, it was yours, — to keep, to lend, to throw away."

"And you did n't mind my lending it to him?" she pursued. "I" —

She stopped, and Staniford hesitated, too. Then he said, "I did n't dislike your lending it; I disliked his having it. I will acknowledge that."

She looked up at him as if she were going to speak, but checked herself, and glanced away. The ship was plunging heavily, and the livid waves were racing fast before the wind. The horizon was lit with a yellow brightness in the quarter to which she turned, and a pallid gleam defined her profile. Captain Jenness was walking fretfully to and fro; he glanced now at the yellow glare, and now cast his eye aloft at the shortened sail. While Staniford stood questioning whether she meant to say anything more, or whether, having discharged her conscience of an imagined offense, she had now reached one of her final, precipitous silences. Captain Jenness suddenly approached them, and said to him, "I guess you 'd better go below with Miss Blood."

The storm that followed had its haz-

ards, but Staniford's consciousness was confined to its discomforts. The day came, and then the dark came, and both in due course went, and came again. Where he lay in his berth, and whirled and swung, and rose and sank, as lonely as a planetary fragment tossing in space, he heard the noises of the life without. Amidst the straining of the ship, which was like the sharp sweep of a thunder-shower on the deck overhead, there plunged at irregular intervals the wild trample of heavily-booted feet, and now and then the voices of the crew answering the shouted orders made themselves hollowly audible. In the cabin there was talking, and sometimes even laughing. Sometimes he heard the click of knives and forks, the sardonic rattle of crockery. After the first insane feeling that somehow he must get ashore and escape from his torment, he hardened himself to it through an immense contempt, equally insane, for the stupidity of the sea, its insensate uproar, its blind and ridiculous and cruel mischievousness. Except for this delirious scorn he was a surface of perfect passivity.

Dunham, after a day of prostration, had risen, and had perhaps shortened his anguish by his resolution. He had since taken up his quarters on a locker in the cabin; he looked in now and then upon Staniford, with a cup of tea, or a suggestion of something light to eat; once he even dared to boast of the sublimity of the ocean. Staniford stared at him with eyes of lack-lustre indifference, and waited for him to be gone. But he lingered to say, "You would laugh to see what a sea-bird our lady is! She has n't been sick a minute. And Hicks, you 'll be glad to know, is behaving himself very well. Really, I don't think we 've done the fellow justice. I think you 've overshadowed him, and that he 's needed your absence to show himself to advantage."

Staniford disdained any comment on this except a fierce "Humph!" and dismissed Dunham by turning his face to the wall. He refused to think of what he had said. He lay still and suffered indefinitely, and no longer waited for the end of the storm. There had been times when he thought with acquiescence of going to the bottom, as a probable conclusion; now he did not expect anything. At last, one night, he felt by inexpressibly minute degrees something that seemed surcease of his misery. It might have been the end of all things, for all he cared; but as the lull deepened, he slept without knowing what it was, and when he woke in the morning he found the Aroostook at anchor in smooth water.

She was lying in the roads at Gibraltar, and before her towered the embattled rock. He crawled on deck after a while. The captain was going ashore, and had asked such of his passengers as liked, to go with him and see the place. When Staniford appeared, Dunham was loyally refusing to leave his friend till he was fairly on foot. At sight of him they suspended their question long enough to welcome him back to animation, with the patronage with which well people hail a convalescent. Lydia looked across the estrangement of the past days with a sort of inquiry, and Hicks chose to come forward and accept a cold touch of the hand from him. Staniford saw, with languid observance, that Lydia was very fresh and bright; she was already equipped for the expedition, and could never have had any question in her mind as to going. She had on a pretty walking dress which he had not seen before, and a hat with the rim struck sharply upward behind, and her masses of dense, dull black hair pulled up and fastened somewhere on the top of her head. Her eyes shyly sparkled under the abrupt descent of the hat-brim over her forehead.

His contemptuous rejection of the character of invalid prevailed with Dunham; and he walked to another part of the ship, to cut short the talk about himself, and saw them row away.

"Well, you 've had a pretty tough time, they say," said the second mate, lounging near him. "I don't see any fun in seasickness *myself*."

"It 's a ridiculous sort of misery," said Staniford.

"I hope we shan't have anything worse on board when that chap gets back. The old man thinks he can keep an eye on him." The mate was looking after the boat.

"The captain says he has n't any money," Staniford remarked carelessly. The mate went away without saying anything more, and Staniford returned to the cabin, where he beheld without abhorrence the preparations for his breakfast. But he had not a great appetite, in spite of his long fast. He found himself rather light-headed, and came on deck again after a while, and stretched himself in Hicks's steamer chair, where Lydia usually sat in it. He fell into a dull, despairing reverie, in which he blamed himself for not having been more explicit with her. He had merely expressed his dislike of Hicks; but expressed without reasons it was a groundless dislike, which she had evidently not understood, or had not cared to heed; and since that night, now so far away, when he had spoken to her, he had done everything he could to harden her against himself. He had treated her with a stupid cruelty, which a girl like her would resent to the last; he had forced her to take refuge in the politeness of a man from whom he was trying to keep her.

His heart paused when he saw the boat returning in the afternoon without Hicks. The others reported that they had separated before dinner, and that they had not seen him since, though Captain Jenness had spent an hour trying to look him up before starting back to the ship. The captain wore a look of guilty responsibility, mingled with intense exasperation, the two combining in as much haggardness as his cheerful visage could express. "If he 's here by six o'clock," he said grimly, "all well and good. If not, the Aroostook sails, any way."

Lydia crept timidly below. Staniford complexly raged to see that the anxiety about Hicks had blighted the joy of the day for her.

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Dunham vainly struggled to look him in the eye. "Staniford," he faltered, with much more culpability than some criminals would confess a murder, "I lent him five dollars!"

"You lent him five dollars!" gasped Staniford.

"Yes," replied Dunham, miserably; "he got me aside, and asked me for it. What could I do? What would you have done yourself?"

Staniford made no answer. He walked some paces away, and then returned to where Dunham stood helpless. "He 's lying about there dead-drunk, somewhere, I suppose. By Heaven, I could almost wish he was. He could n't come back, then, at any rate."

The time lagged along toward the moment appointed by the captain, and the preparations for the ship's departure were well advanced, when a boat was seen putting out from shore with two rowers, and rapidly approaching the Aroostook. In the stern, as it drew nearer, the familiar figure of Hicks discovered itself in the act of waving a handkerchief. He scrambled up the side of the ship in excellent spirits, and gave Dunham a detailed account of his adventures since they had parted. As always happens with such scapegraces, he seemed to have had a good time, however he had spoiled the pleasure of the others. At tea, when Lydia had gone away, he clapped down a sovereign near Dunham's plate. "Your five dollars," he said.

"Why, how" — Dunham began.

"How did I get on without it? My dear boy, I sold my watch! A ship's time is worth no more than a setting hen's, — eh, captain? — and why take note of it? Besides, I always like to pay my debts promptly: there 's nothing mean about me. I 'm not going ashore again without my pocket-book, I can tell you." He winked shamelessly at Captain Jenness. "If you had n't been along, Dunham, I could n't have made a raise, I suppose. *You* would n't have lent me five dollars, Captain Jenness."

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ards, but Staniford's consciousness was confined to its discomforts. The day came, and then the dark came, and both in due course went, and came again. Where he lay in his berth, and whirled and swung, and rose and sank, as lonely as a planetary fragment tossing in space, he heard the noises of the life without. Amidst the straining of the ship, which was like the sharp sweep of a thunder-shower on the deck overhead, there plunged at irregular intervals the wild trample of heavily-booted feet, and now and then the voices of the crew answering the shouted orders made themselves hollowly audible. In the cabin there was talking, and sometimes even laughing. Sometimes he heard the click of knives and forks, the sardonic rattle of crockery. After the first insane feeling that somehow he must get ashore and escape from his torment, he hardened himself to it through an immense contempt, equally insane, for the stupidity of the sea, its insensate uproar, its blind and ridiculous and cruel mischievousness. Except for this delirious scorn he was a surface of perfect passivity.

Dunham, after a day of prostration, had risen, and had perhaps shortened his anguish by his resolution. He had since taken up his quarters on a locker in the cabin; he looked in now and then upon Staniford, with a cup of tea, or a suggestion of something light to eat; once he even dared to boast of the sublimity of the ocean. Staniford stared at him with eyes of lack-lustre indifference, and waited for him to be gone. But he lingered to say, "You would laugh to see what a sea-bird our lady is! She has n't been sick a minute. And Hicks, you 'll be glad to know, is behaving himself very well. Really, I don't think we 've done the fellow justice. I think you 've overshadowed him, and that he 's needed your absence to show himself to advantage."

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back. Prodigal son's return, — fatted calf under his coat."

The reprobate ended his boastful confession with another burst of hiccuping, and Staniford helplessly laughed.

"Do me proud," said Hicks. "Proud, I 'sure you. Gentleman, every time, Stanny. Know good thing when you see it — hear it, I mean."

"Look here, Hicks," said Staniford, choosing to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, if any good end might be gained by it. "You know you 're drunk, and you 're not fit to be about. Go back to bed, that 's a good fellow; and come out again, when you 're all right. You don't want to do anything you 'll be sorry for."

"No, no! No, you don't, Stanny. Coffee 'll make me all right. Coffee always does. Coffee — Heaven's lash besh gift to man. 'Scovered subse-subs'quently to grape. See? Comes after claret in course of nature. Captain does n't understand the 'lusion. All right, captain. Little learning dangerous thing." He turned sharply on Mr. Watterson, who had remained inertly in his place. "Put me in irons, heh! *You* put me in irons, you old Triton. Put *me* in irons, will you?" His amiable mood was passing; before one could say so, it was past. He was meditating means of active offense. He gathered up the carving-knife and fork, and held them close under Mr. Watterson's nose. "Smell that!" he said, and frowned as darkly as a man of so little eyebrow could.

At this senseless defiance Staniford, in spite of himself, broke into another laugh, and even Captain Jenness grinned. Mr. Watterson sat with his head drawn as far back as possible, and with his nose wrinkled at the affront offered it. "Captain," he screamed, appealing even in this extremity to his superior, "shall I fetch him *one?*"

"No, no!" cried Staniford, springing from his chair; "don't hit him! He is n't responsible. Let 's get him into his room."

"Fetch me *one*, heh?" said Hicks, rising, with dignity, and beginning to turn up his cuffs. "*One!* It 'll take more than one, fetch *me*. Stan' up, 'f you 're man enough." He was squaring at Mr. Watterson, when he detected signs of strategic approach in Staniford and Captain Jenness. He gave a wild laugh, and shrank into a corner. "No! No, you don't, boys," he said.

They continued their advance, one on either side, and reinforced by Mr. Watterson hemmed him in. The drunken man has the advantage of his sober brother in never seeming to be on the alert. Hicks apparently entered into the humor of the affair. "Sur-hic-surrender!" he said, with a smile in his heavy eyes. He darted under the extended arms of Captain Jenness, who was leading the centre of the advance, and before either wing could touch him he was up the gangway and on the deck.

Captain Jenness indulged one of those expressions, very rare with him, which are supposed to be forgiven to good men in moments of extreme perplexity, and Mr. Watterson profited by the precedent to unburden his heart in a paraphrase of the captain's language. Staniford's laugh had as much cursing in it as their profanity.

He mechanically followed Hicks to the deck, prepared to renew the attempt for his capture there. But Hicks had not stopped near Dunham and Lydia. He had gone forward on the other side of the ship, and was leaning quietly on the rail, and looking into the sea. Staniford paused irresolute for a moment, and then sat down beside Lydia, and they all tried to feign that nothing unpleasant had happened, or was still impending. But their talk had the wandering inconclusiveness which was inevitable, and the eyes of each from time to time furtively turned toward Hicks.

For half an hour he hardly changed his position. At the end of that time, they found him looking intently at them; and presently he began to work slowly back to the waist of the ship, but kept to his own side. He was met on the way by the second mate, when nearly opposite where they sat.

"Ain't you pretty comfortable where

you are?" they heard the mate asking. "Guess I would n't go aft any further just yet."

"*You're* all right, Mason," Hicks answered. "Going below — down cellar, 's feller says; go to bed."

"Well, that 's a pious idea," said the mate. "You could n't do better than that. I 'll lend you a hand."

"Don't care 'f I do," responded Hicks, taking the mate's proffered arm. But he really seemed to need it very little; he walked perfectly well, and he did not look across at the others again.

At the head of the gangway he encountered Captain Jenness and Mr. Watterson, who had completed the perquisition they had remained to make in his state-room. Mr. Watterson came up empty-handed; but the captain bore the canteen in which the common enemy had been so artfully conveyed on board. He walked, darkly scowling, to the rail, and flung the canteen into the sea. Hicks, who had saluted his appearance with a glare as savage as his own, yielded to his whimsical sense of the futility of this vengeance. He gave his fleering, drunken laugh: "Good old boy, Captain Jenness. Means well — means well. But lacks — lacks — forecast. Pounds of cure, but no prevention. Not much on bite, but death on bark. Heh?" He waggled his hand offensively at the captain, and disappeared, loosely floundering down the cabin stairs, holding hard by the hand-rail, and fumbling round with his foot for the steps before he put it down.

"As soon as he 's in his room, Mr. Watterson, you lock him in." The captain handed his officer a key, and walked away forward, with a hang-dog look on his kindly face, which he kept averted from his passengers.

The sound of Hicks's descent had hardly ceased when clapping and knocking noises were heard again, and the face of the troublesome little wretch reappeared. He waved Mr. Watterson aside with his left hand, and in default of specific orders the latter allowed him to mount to the deck again. Hicks stayed himself a moment, and lurched to where Staniford and Dunham sat with Lydia.

"What I wish say Miss Blood, is," he began, — "what I wish say is, peculiar circumstances make no difference with man if man 's gentleman. What I say is, everybody 'spec's — What I say is, circumstances don't alter cases; lady 's a lady — What I want do is beg you fellows' pardon — beg *her* pardon — if anything I said that firs' morning" —

"Go away!" cried Staniford, beginning to whiten round the nostrils. "Hold your tongue!"

Hicks fell back a pace, and looked at him with the odd effect of now seeing him for the first time. "What *you* want?" he asked. "What you mean? Slingin' criticism ever since you came on this ship! What you mean by it? Heh? What you mean?"

Staniford rose, and Lydia gave a start. He cast an angry look at her. "Do you think I 'd hurt him?" he demanded.

Hicks went on: "Sorry, very sorry, 'larm a lady, — specially lady we all respec'. But this particular affair. Touch — touches my honor. You said," he continued, "'f I came on deck, you 'd knock me down. Why don't you do it? Wha 's the matter with you? Sling criticism ever since you been on ship, and 'fraid do it! 'Fraid, you hear? 'F-ic — 'fraid, I say." Staniford slowly walked away forward, and Hicks followed him, threatening him with word and gesture. Now and then Staniford thrust Hicks aside, and addressed him some expostulation, and Hicks laughed and submitted. Then, after a silent excursion to the other side of the ship, he would return and renew his one-sided quarrel. Staniford seemed to forbid the interference of the crew, and alternately soothed and baffled his tedious adversary, who could still be heard accusing him of slinging criticism, and challenging him to combat. He leaned with his back to the rail, and now looked quietly into Hicks's crazy face, when the latter paused in front of him, and now looked down with a worried, wearied air. At last he

crossed to the other side, and began to come aft again.

"Mr. Dunham!" cried Lydia, starting up. "I know what Mr. Staniford wants to do. He wants to keep him away from me. Let me go down to the cabin. I can't walk; *please* help me!" Her eyes were full of tears, and the hand trembled that she laid on Dunham's arm, but she controlled her voice.

He softly repressed her, while he intently watched Staniford. "No, no!"

"But he can't bear it much longer," she pleaded. "And if he should" —

"Staniford would never strike him," said Dunham, calmly. "Don't be afraid. Look! He 's coming back with him; he 's trying to get him below; they 'll shut him up there. That 's the only chance. Sit down, please." She dropped into her seat, hid her eyes for an instant, and then fixed them again on the two young men.

Hicks had got between Staniford and the rail. He seized him by the arm, and, pulling him round, suddenly struck at him. It was too much for his wavering balance: his feet shot from under him, and he went backwards in a crooked whirl and tumble, over the vessel's side.

Staniford uttered a cry of disgust and rage. "Oh, you little brute!" he shouted, and with what seemed a single gesture he flung off his coat and the low shoes he wore, and leaped over the railing after him.

The cry of "Man overboard!" rang round the ship, and Captain Jenness's order, "Lower a boat, Mr. Mason," came, quick as it was, after the second mate and two of the men were already in the boat, and she was sliding from her davits.

When the boat touched the water, two heads had appeared above the surface terribly far away. "Hold on, for God's sake! We 'll be there in a second."

"All right!" Staniford's voice called back. "Be quick." The heads rose and sank with the undulation of the water. The swift boat appeared to crawl.

By the time it reached the place where they had been seen, the heads disappeared, and the men in the boat seemed to be rowing blindly about. The mate stood upright. Suddenly he dropped and clutched at something over the boat's side. The people on the ship could see three hands on her gunwale; a figure was pulled up into the boat, and proved to be Hicks; then Staniford, seizing the gunwale with both hands, swung himself in.

A shout went up from the ship, and Staniford waved his hand. Lydia waited where she hung upon the rail, clutching it hard with her hands, till the boat was along-side. Then from white she turned fire-red, and ran below and locked herself in her room.

XVII.

Dunham followed Staniford to their room, and he helped him off with his wet clothes. He tried to say something ideally fit in recognition of his heroic act, and he articulated some bald commonplaces of praise, and shook Staniford's clammy hand. "Yes," said the latter, submitting; "but the difficulty about a thing of this sort is that you don't know whether you have n't been an ass. It has been pawed over so much by the romancers that you don't feel like a hero in real life, but a hero of fiction. I 've a notion that Hicks and I looked rather ridiculous going over the ship's side; I know we did, coming back. No man can reveal his greatness of soul in wet clothes. Did Miss Blood laugh?"

"Staniford!" said Dunham, in an accent of reproach. "You do her great injustice. She felt what you had done in the way you would wish, — if you cared."

"What did she say?" asked Staniford, quickly.

"Nothing. But" —

"That 's an easy way of expressing one's admiration of heroic behavior. I hope she 'll stick to that line. I hope she won't feel it at all necessary to say anything in recognition of my prowess; it would be extremely embarrassing. I 've got Hicks back again, but I could n't stand any gratitude for it. Not that

I'm ashamed of the performance. Perhaps if it had been anybody but Hicks, I should have waited for them to lower a boat. But Hicks had peculiar claims. You could n't let a man you disliked so much welter round a great while. Where is the poor old fellow? Is he clothed and in his right mind again? "

"He seemed to be sober enough," said Dunham, "when he came on board; but I don't think he 's out yet."

"We must let Thomas in to gather up this bathing-suit," observed Staniford. "What a Newportish flavor it gives the place!" He was excited, and in great gayety of spirits.

He and Dunham went out into the cabin, where they found Captain Jenness pacing to and fro. "Well, sir," he said, taking Staniford's hand, and crossing his right with his left, so as to include Dunham in his congratulations, "you ought to have been a sailor!" Then he added, as if the unqualified praise might seem fulsome, "But if you 'd been a sailor, you would n't have tried a thing like that. You 'd have had more sense. The chances were ten to one against you."

Staniford laughed. "Was it so bad as that? I shall begin to respect myself."

The captain did not answer, but his iron grip closed hard upon Staniford's hand, and he frowned in keen inspection of Hicks, who at that moment came out of his state-room, looking pale and quite sobered. Captain Jenness surveyed him from head to foot, and then from foot to head, and pausing at the level of his eyes he said, still holding Staniford by the hand: "The trouble with a man aboard ship is that he can't turn a blackguard out-of-doors just when he likes. The Aroostook puts in at Messina. You 'll be treated well till we get there, and then if I find you on my vessel five minutes after she comes to anchor, I 'll heave you overboard, and I 'll take care that nobody jumps after you. Do you hear? And you won't find me doing any such fool kindness as I did when I took you on board, soon again."

"Oh, I say, Captain Jenness," began Staniford.

"He 's all right," interrupted Hicks. "I 'm a blackguard; I know it; and I don't think I was worth fishing up. But you 've done it, and I must n't go back on you, I suppose." He lifted his poor, weak, bad little face, and looked Staniford in the eyes with a pathos that belied the slang of his speech. The latter released his hand from Captain Jenness and gave it to Hicks, who wrung it, as he kept looking him in the eyes, while his lips twitched pitifully, like a child's. The captain gave a quick snort either of disgust or of sympathy, and turned abruptly about and bundled himself up out of the cabin.

"I say!" exclaimed Staniford, "a cup of coffee would n't be bad, would it? Let 's have some coffee, Thomas, about as quick as the cook can make it," he added, as the boy came out from his state-room with a lump of wet clothes in his hands. "You wanted some coffee a little while ago," he said to Hicks, who hung his head at the joke.

For the rest of the day Staniford was the hero of the ship. The men looked at him from a distance, and talked of him together. Mr. Watterson hung about whenever Captain Jenness drew near him, as if in the hope of overhearing some acceptable expression in which he could second his superior officer. Failing this, and being driven to despair, "Find the water pretty cold, sir?" he asked at last; and after that seemed to feel that he had discharged his duty as well as might be under the extraordinary circumstances.

The second mate, during the course of the afternoon, contrived to pass near Staniford. "Why, there wa' n't no *need* of your doing it," he said, in a bated tone. "I could ha' had him out with the boat, *soon enough*."

Staniford treasured up these meagre expressions of the general approbation, and would not have had them different. From this time, within the narrow bounds that brought them all necessarily together in some sort, Hicks abolished himself as nearly as possible. He chose often

to join the second mate at meals, which Mr. Mason, in accordance with the discipline of the ship, took apart both from the crew and his superior officers. Mason treated the voluntary outcast with a sort of sarcastic compassion, as a man whose fallen state was not without its points as a joke to the indifferent observer, and yet might appeal to the pity of one who knew such cases through the misery they inflicted. Staniford heard him telling Hicks about his brother-in-law, and dwelling upon the peculiar relief which the appearance of his name in the mortality list gave all concerned in him. Hicks seemed to listen in apathetic patience and acquiescence; and Staniford thought that he enjoyed, as much as he could enjoy anything, the second officer's frankness. For his own part, he found that having made bold to keep this man in the world he had assumed a curious responsibility towards him. It became his business to show him that he was not shunned by his fellow-creatures, to hearten and cheer him up. It was heavy work. Hicks with his joke was sometimes odious company, but he was also sometimes amusing; without it, he was of a terribly dull conversation. He accepted Staniford's friendliness too meekly for good comradery; he let it add, apparently, to his burden of gratitude, rather than lessen it. Staniford smoked with him, and told him stories; he walked up and down with him, and made a point of parading their good understanding, but his spirits seemed to sink the lower. "Deuce take him!" mused his benefactor; "he's in love with her!" But he had the satisfaction, such as it was, of now seeing that if he was in love he was quite without hope. Lydia had never relented in her abhorrence of Hicks since the day of his disgrace. There seemed no scorn in her condemnation, but neither was there any mercy. In her simple life she had kept unsophisticated the severe morality of a child, and it was this that judged him, that found him unpardonable and outlawed him. He had never ventured to speak to her since that day, and Staniford never saw her look at him except when Hicks was not looking, and then with a repulsion which was very curious. Staniford could have pitied him, and might have interceded so far as to set him nearer right in her eyes; but he felt that she avoided him, too; there were no more walks on the deck, no more readings in the cabin; the checker-board, which professed to be the History of England, In 2 Vols., remained a closed book. The good companionship of a former time, in which they had so often seemed like brothers and sister, was gone. "Hicks has smashed our Happy Family," Staniford said to Dunham, with little pleasure in his joke. "Upon my word, I think I had better have left him in the water." Lydia kept a great deal in her own room; sometimes when Staniford came down into the cabin he found her there, talking with Thomas of little things that amuse children; sometimes when he went on deck in the evening she would be there in her accustomed seat, and the second mate, with face and figure half averted, and staying himself by one hand on the shrouds, would be telling her something to which she listened with lifted chin and attentive eyes. The mate would go away when Staniford appeared, but that did not not help matters, for then Lydia went too. At table she said very little; she had the effect of placing herself more and more under the protection of the captain. The golden age, when they had all laughed and jested so freely and fearlessly together, under her pretty sovereignty, was past, and they seemed far dispersed in a common exile. Staniford imagined she grew pale and thin; he asked Dunham if he did not see it, but Dunham had not observed. "I think matters have taken a very desirable shape, socially," he said. "Miss Blood will reach her friends as fancy-free as she left home."

"Yes," Staniford assented vaguely; "that's the great object."

After a while Dunham asked, "She's never said anything to you about your rescuing Hicks?"

"Rescuing? What rescuing? They'd have had him out in another minute, any

way," said Staniford, fretfully. Then he brooded angrily upon the subject: "But I can tell you what: considering all the circumstances, she might very well have said something. It looks obtuse, or it looks hard. She must have known that it all came about through my trying to keep him away from her."

"Oh, yes; she knew that," said Dunham; "she spoke of it at the time. But I thought" —

"Oh, she did! Then I think that it would be very little if she recognized the mere fact that something had happened."

"Why, you said you hoped she would n't. You said it would be embarrassing. You 're hard to please, Staniford."

"I should n't choose to have her speak for *my* pleasure," Staniford returned. "But it argues a dullness and coldness in her" —

"I don't believe she 's dull; I don't believe she 's cold," said Dunham, warmly.

"What *do* you believe she is?"

"Afraid."

"Pshaw!" said Staniford.

The eve of their arrival at Messina, he discharged one more duty by telling Hicks that he had better come on to Trieste with them. "Captain Jenness asked me to speak to you about it," he said. "He feels a little awkward, and thought I could open the matter better."

"The captain 's all right," answered Hicks, with unruffled humility, "but I 'd rather stop at Messina. I 'm going to get home as soon as I can, — strike a bee-line."

"Look here!" said Staniford, laying his hand on his shoulder. "How are you going to manage for money?"

"Monte di Pietà," replied Hicks. "I 've been there before. Used to have most of my things in the care of the state when I was studying medicine in Paris. I 've got a lot of rings and trinkets that 'll carry me through, with what 's left of my watch."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure."

"Because you can draw on me, if you 're going to be short."

"Thanks," said Hicks. "There 's something I should like to ask you," he added, after a moment. "I see as well as you do that Miss Blood is n't the same as she was before. I want to know — I can't always be sure afterwards — whether I did or said anything out of the way in her presence."

"You were drunk," said Staniford, frankly, "but beyond that you were irreproachable, as regarded Miss Blood. You were even exemplary."

"Yes, I know," said Hicks, with a joyless laugh. "Sometimes it takes that turn. I don't think I could stand it if I had shown her any disrespect. She 's a lady, — a perfect lady; she 's the best girl I ever saw."

"Hicks," said Staniford, presently, "I have n't bored you in regard to that little foible of yours. Are n't you going to try to do something about it?"

"I 'm going home to get them to shut me up somewhere," answered Hicks. "But I doubt if anything can be done. I 've studied the thing; I 'm a doctor, — or I would be if I were not a drunkard, — and I 've diagnosed the case pretty thoroughly. For three months or four months, now, I shall be all right. After that I shall go to the bad for a few weeks; and I 'll have to scramble back the best way I can. Nobody can help me. That was the mistake this last time. I should n't have wanted anything at Gibraltar if I could have had my spree out at Boston. But I let them take me before it was over, and ship me off. I thought I 'd try it. Well, it was like a burning fire every minute, all the way. I thought I should die. I tried to get something from the sailors; I tried to steal Gabriel's cooking-wine. When I got that brandy at Gibraltar I was wild. Talk about heroism! I tell you it was superhuman, keeping that canteen corked till night! I was in hopes I could get through it, — sleep it off, — and nobody be any the wiser. But it would n't work. O Lord, Lord, Lord!"

Hicks was as common a soul as could well be. His conception of life was vulgar, and his experience of it was probably vulgar. He possessed a good mind

enough, with abundance of that humorous brightness which may hereafter be found the most national quality of the Americans; but his ideals were pitiful, and the language of his heart was a drolling slang. Yet his doom lifted him above his low conditions, and made him tragic; his despair gave him the dignity of a mysterious expiation, and set him apart with all those who suffer beyond human help. Without deceiving himself as to the quality of the man, Staniford felt awed by the darkness of his fate.

"Can't you try somehow to stand up against it, and fight it off? You 're so young yet, it can't" —

The wretched creature burst into tears. "Oh, try, — try! You don't know what you 're talking about. Don't you suppose I 've had reasons for trying? If you could see how my mother looks when I come out of one of my drunks, — and my father, poor old man! It 's no use; I tell you it 's no use. I shall go just so long, and then I shall want it, and *will* have it, unless they shut me up for life. My God, I wish I was dead! Well!" He rose from the place where they had been sitting together, and held out his hand to Staniford. "I 'm going to be off in the morning before you 're out, and I 'll say good-by now. I want you to keep this chair, and give it to Miss Blood, for me, when you get to Trieste."

"I will, Hicks," said Staniford, gently.

"I want her to know that I was ashamed of myself. I think she 'll like to know it."

"I will say anything to her that you wish," replied Staniford.

"There 's nothing else. If ever you see a man with my complaint fall overboard again, think twice before you jump after him."

He wrung Staniford's hand, and went below, leaving him with a dull remorse that he should ever have hated Hicks, and that he could not quite like him even now.

But he did his duty by him to the last. He rose at dawn, and was on deck when Hicks went over the side into the boat which was to row him to the steamer for Naples, lying at anchor not far off. He presently returned, to Staniford's surprise, and scrambled up to the deck of the Aroostook. "The steamer sails to-night," he said, "and perhaps I could n't raise the money by that time. I wish you 'd lend me ten napoleons. I 'll send 'em to you from London. There 's my father's address: I 'm going to telegraph to him." He handed Staniford a card, and the latter went below for the coins. "Thanks," said Hicks, when he reappeared with them. "Send 'em to you where?"

"Care Blumenthals', Venice. I 'm going to be there some weeks."

In the gray morning light the lurid color of tragedy had faded out of Hicks. He was merely a baddish-looking young fellow whom Staniford had lent ten napoleons that he might not see again. Staniford watched the steamer uneasily, both from the Aroostook and from the shore, where he strolled languidly about with Dunham part of the day. When she sailed in the evening, he felt that Hicks's absence was worth twice the money.

XVIII.

The young men did not come back to the ship at night, but went to a hotel, for the greater convenience of seeing the city. They had talked of offering to show Lydia about, but their talk had not ended in anything. Vexed with himself to be vexed at such a thing, Staniford at the bottom of his heart had a soreness which the constant sight of her irritated. It was in vain that he said there was no occasion, perhaps no opportunity, for her to speak, yet he was hurt that she seemed to have seen nothing uncommon in his risking his own life for that of a man like Hicks. He had set the action low enough in his own speech; but he knew that it was not ignoble, and it puzzled him that it should be so passed over. She had not even said a word of congratulation upon his own escape. It might be that she did

not know how, or did not think it was her place to speak. She was curiously estranged. He felt as if he had been away, and she had grown from a young girl into womanhood during his absence. This fantastic conceit was strongest when he met her with Captain Jenness one day. He had found friends at the hotel, as one always does in Italy, if one's world is at all wide, — some young ladies, and a lady, now married, with whom he had once violently flirted. She was willing that he should envy her husband. That amused him in his embittered mood; he let her drive him about; and they met Lydia and the captain, walking together. Staniford started up from his lounging ease, as if her limpid gaze had searched his conscience, and bowed with an air which did not escape his companion.

"Ah! Who 's that?" she asked, with the boldness which she made pass for eccentricity.

"A lady of my acquaintance," said Staniford, at his laziest again.

"A lady?" said the other, with an inflection that she saw hurt. "Why the marine animal, then? She bowed very prettily; she blushed prettily, too."

"She 's a very pretty girl," replied Staniford.

"Charming! But why blush?"

"I 've heard that there are ladies who blush for nothing."

"Is she Italian?"

"Yes, — in voice."

"Oh, an American *prima donna!*" Staniford did not answer. "Who is she? Where is she from?"

"South Bradfield, Mass." Staniford's eyes twinkled at her pursuit, which he did not trouble himself to turn aside, but baffled by mere impenetrability.

The party at the hotel suggested that the young men should leave their ship and go on with them to Naples; Dunham was tempted; but Staniford overruled him, and at the end of four days they went back to the Aroostook. They said it was like getting home, but in fact they felt the change from the airy heights and breadths of the hotel to the small cabin and the closets in which they slept; it was not so great alleviation as Captain Jenness seemed to think that one of them could now have Hicks's state-room. But Dunham took everything sweetly, as his habit was; and, after all, they were meeting their hardships voluntarily. Some of the ladies came with them in the boat which rowed them to the Aroostook; the name made them laugh; that lady who wished Staniford to regret her waved him her handkerchief as the boat rowed away again. She had with difficulty been kept from coming on board by the refusal of the others to come with her. She had contrived to associate herself with him again in the minds of the others, and this, perhaps, was all that she desired. But the sense of her frivolity — her not so much vacant-mindedness as vacant-heartedness — was like a stain, and he painted in Lydia's face when they first met the reproach which was in his own breast.

Her greeting, however, was frank and cordial; it was a real welcome. Staniford wondered if it were not more frank and cordial than he quite liked, and whether she was merely relieved by Hicks's absence, or had freed herself from that certain subjection in which she had hitherto been to himself.

Yet it was charming to see her again as she had been in the happiest moments of the past, and to feel that, Hicks being out of her world, her trust of everybody in it was perfect once more. She treated that interval of coldness and diffidence as all women know how to treat a thing which they wish not to have been; and Staniford, a man on whom no pleasing art of her sex was ever lost, admired and gratefully accepted the effect of this. He fell luxuriously into the old habits again. They had still almost the time of a steamer's voyage to Europe before them; it was as if they were newly setting sail from America. The first night after they left Messina Staniford found her in her old place in the waist of the ship, and sat down beside her there, and talked; the next night she did not come; the third she came, and he asked her to walk with him. The elastic touch of

her hand on his arm, the rhythmic movement of her steps beside him, were things that seemed always to have been. She told him of what she had seen and done in Messina. This glimpse of Italy had vividly animated her; she had apparently found a world within herself as well as without.

With a suddenly depressing sense of loss, Staniford had a prevision of splendor in her, when she should have wholly blossomed out in that fervid air of art and beauty; he would fain have kept her still a wilding rosebud of the New England wayside. He hated the officers who should wonder at her when she first came into the Square of St. Mark with her aunt and uncle.

Her talk about Messina went on; he was thinking of her, and not of her talk; but he saw that she was not going to refer to their encounter. "You make me jealous of the objects of interest in Messina," he said. "You seem to remember seeing everything but me, there."

She stopped abruptly. "Yes," she said, after a deep breath, "I saw you there;" and she did not offer to go on again.

"Where were you going, that morning?"

"Oh, to the cathedral. Captain Jenness left me there, and I looked all through it till he came back from the consulate."

"Left you there alone!" cried Staniford.

"Yes; I told him I should not feel lonely, and I should not stir out of it till he came back. I took one of those little pine chairs and sat down, when I got tired, and looked at the people coming to worship, and the strangers with their guide-books."

"Did any of them look at you?"

"They stared a good deal. It seems to be the custom in Europe; but I told Captain Jenness I should probably have to go about by myself in Venice, as my aunt's an invalid, and I had better get used to it."

She paused, and seemed to be referring the point to Staniford.

"Yes, — oh, yes," he said.

"Captain Jenness said it was their way, over here," she resumed; "but he guessed I had as much right in a church as anybody."

"The captain's common sense is infallible," answered Staniford. He was ashamed to know that the beautiful young girl was as improperly alone in church as she would have been in a café, and he began to hate the European world for the fact. It seemed better to him that the Aroostook should put about and sail back to Boston with her, as she was, — better that she should be going to her aunt in South Bradfield than to her aunt in Venice. "We shall soon be at our journey's end, now," he said, after a while.

"Yes; the captain thinks in about eight days, if we have good weather."

"Shall you be sorry?"

"Oh, I like the sea very well."

"But the new life you are coming to, — does n't that alarm you sometimes?"

"Yes, it does," she admitted, with a kind of reluctance.

"So much that you would like to turn back from it?"

"Oh, no!" she answered quickly. Of course not, Staniford thought; nothing could be worse than going back to South Bradfield. "I keep thinking about it," she added. "You say Venice is such a very strange place. Is it any use my having seen Messina?"

"Oh, all Italian cities have something in common."

"I presume," she went on, "that after I get there everything will become natural. But I don't like to look forward. It — scares me. I can't form any idea of it."

"You need n't be afraid," said Staniford. "It 's only more beautiful than anything you can imagine."

"Yes — yes; I know," Lydia answered.

"And do you really dread getting there?"

"Yes, I dread it," she said.

"Why," returned Staniford lightly, "so do I; but it 's for a different reason, I 'm afraid. I should like such a voyage as this to go on forever. Now

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and then I think it will; it seems always to have gone on. Can you remember when it began? ''

'' A great while ago,'' she answered, humoring his fantasy, '' but I can remember.'' She paused a long while. '' I don't know,'' she said at last, '' whether I can make you understand just how I feel. But it seems to me as if I had died, and this long voyage was a kind of dream that I was going to wake up from in another world. I often used to think, when I was a little girl, that when I got to heaven it would be lonesome — I don't know whether I can express it. You say that Italy — that Venice — is so beautiful; but if I don't know any one there '' — She stopped, as if she had gone too far.

'' But you do know somebody there,'' said Staniford. '' Your aunt '' —

'' Yes,'' said the girl, and looked away.

'' But the people in this long dream, — you 're going to let some of them appear to you there,'' he suggested.

'' Oh, yes,'' she said, reflecting his lighter humor, '' I shall want to see them, or I shall not know I am the same person, and I must be sure of myself, at least.''

'' And you would n't like to go back to earth — to South Bradfield again? '' he asked presently.

'' No,'' she answered. '' All that seems over forever. I could n't go back there and be what I was. I could have stayed there, but I could n't go back.''

Staniford laughed. '' I see that it is n't the other world that 's got hold of you! It 's *this* world! I don't believe you 'll be unhappy in Italy. But it 's pleasant to think you 've been so contented on the Aroostook that you hate to leave it. I don't believe there 's a man on the ship that would n't feel personally flattered to know that you liked being here. Even that poor fellow who parted from us at Messina was anxious that you should think as kindly of him as you could. He knew that he had behaved in a way to shock you, and he was very sorry. He left a message with me for you. He thought you would like to know that he was ashamed of himself.''

'' I pitied him,'' said Lydia succinctly. It was the first time that she had referred to Hicks, and Staniford found it in character for her to limit herself to this sparse comment. Evidently, her compassion was a religious duty. Staniford's generosity came easy to him.

'' I feel bound to say that Hicks was not a bad fellow. I disliked him immensely, and I ought to do him justice, now he 's gone. He deserved all your pity. He 's a doomed man; his vice is irreparable; I suppose it 's inherited; he can't resist it.'' Lydia did not say anything: women do not generalize in these matters; perhaps they cannot pity the faults of those they do not love. Staniford only forgave Hicks the more. '' I can't say that up to the last moment I thought him anything but a poor, common little creature; and yet I certainly did feel a greater kindness for him after — what I — after what has happened. He left something more than a message for you, Miss Blood; he left his steamer chair yonder, for you.''

'' For me? '' demanded Lydia. Staniford felt her thrill and grow rigid upon his arm, with refusal. '' I will not have it. He had no right to do so. He — he — was dreadful! I will give it to you! '' she said, suddenly. '' He ought to have given it to you. You did everything for him; you saved his life.''

It was clear that she did not sentimentalize Hicks's case; and Staniford had some doubt as to the value she set upon what he had done, even now she had recognized it.

He said, '' I think you overestimate my service to him, possibly. I dare say the boat could have picked him up in good time.''

'' Yes, that 's what the captain and Mr. Watterson and Mr. Mason all said,'' assented Lydia.

Staniford was nettled. He would have preferred a devoted belief that but for him Hicks must have perished. Besides, what she said still gave no clue to her feeling in regard to himself. He was obliged to go on, but he went on as

indifferently as he could. "However, it was hardly a question for me at the time whether he could have been got out without my help. If I had thought about it at all — which I did n't — I suppose I should have thought that it would n't do to take any chances."

"Oh, no," said Lydia, simply, "you could n't have done anything less than you did."

In his heart Staniford had often thought that he could have done very much less than jump overboard after Hicks, and could very properly have left him to the ordinary life-saving apparatus of the ship. But if he had been putting the matter to some lady in society who was aggressively praising him for his action, he would have said just what Lydia had said for him, — that he could not have done anything less. He might have said it, however, in such a way that the lady would have pursued his feigned retreat from her praises with still fonder applause; whereas this girl seemed to think there was nothing else to be said. He began to stand in awe of her heroic simplicity. If she drew every-day breath in that lofty air, what could she really think of him, who preferred on principle the atmosphere of the valley? But it was very possible. "Do you know, Miss Blood," he said gravely, "that you pay me a very high compliment?"

"How?" she asked.

"You rate my maximum as my mean temperature." He felt that she listened inquiringly. "I don't think I'm habitually up to a thing of that kind," he explained.

"Oh, no," she assented, quietly; "but when he struck at you so, you had to do everything."

"Ah, you have the pitiless Puritan conscience that takes the life out of us all!" cried Staniford, with sudden bitterness. Lydia seemed startled, almost shocked, and her hand trembled on his arm, as if she had a mind to take it away. "I was a long time laboring up to that point. I suppose you are always there!"

"I don't understand," she said, turning her head round with the slow motion of her beauty, and looking him full in the face.

"I can't explain now. I will, by and by, — when we get to Venice," he added, with quick lightness.

"You put off everything till we get to Venice," she said, doubtfully.

"I beg your pardon. It was you who did it the last time."

"Was it?" She laughed. "So it was! I was thinking it was you."

It consoled him a little that she should have confused them in her thought, in this way. "What was it you were to tell me in Venice?" he asked.

"I can't think, now."

"Very likely something of yourself — or myself. A third person might say our conversational range was limited."

"Do you think it is very egotistical?" she asked, in the gay tone which gave him relief from the sense of oppressive elevation of mind in her.

"It is in me, — not in you."

"But I don't see the difference."

"I will explain some time."

"When we get to Venice?"

They both laughed. It was very nonsensical; but nonsense is sometimes enough.

When they were serious again, "Tell me," he said, "what you thought of that lady in Messina, the other day."

She did not affect not to know whom he meant. She merely said, "I only saw her a moment."

"But you thought something. If we only see people a second we form some opinion of them."

"She is very fine-appearing," said Lydia.

Staniford smiled at the countrified phrase; he had observed that when she spoke her mind she used an instinctive good language; when she would not speak it, she fell into the phraseology of the people with whom she had lived. "I see you don't wish to say, because you think she is a friend of mine. But you can speak out freely. We were not friends; we were enemies, if anything."

Staniford's meaning was clear enough to himself; but Lydia paused, as if in

doubt whether he was jesting or not, before she asked, "Why were you riding with her then?"

"I was driving with her," he replied, "I suppose, because she asked me."

"*Asked* you!" cried the girl; and he perceived her moral recoil both from himself and from a woman who could be so unseemly. He thought how delicious that lady would have found it if she could have known that a girl placed like Lydia was shocked at her behavior. But he was not amused. He was touched by the simple self-respect that would not let her suffer from what was not wrong in itself, but that made her shrink from a voluntary semblance of unwomanliness. It endeared her not only to his pity, but to that sense which in every man consecrates womanhood, and waits for some woman to be better than all her sex. Again he felt the pang he had remotely known before. What would she do with these ideals of hers in that depraved Old World, — so long past trouble for its sins as to have got a sort of sweetness and innocence in them, — where her facts would be utterly irreconcilable with her ideals, and equally incomprehensible?

They walked up and down a few turns without speaking again of that lady. He knew that she grew momently more constrained toward him; that the pleasure of the time was spoiled for her; that she had lost her trust in him; and this half amused, half afflicted him. It did not surprise him when, at their third approach to the cabin gangway, she withdrew her hand from his arm and said, stiffly, "I think I will go down." But she did not go at once. She lingered, and after a certain hesitation she said, without looking at him, "I did n't express what I wanted to, about Mr. Hicks, and — what you did. It is what I thought you would do."

"Thanks," said Staniford, with sincere humility. He understood how she had had this in her mind, and how she would not withhold justice from him because he had fallen in her esteem; how rather she would be the more resolute to do him justice for that reason.

XIX.

He could see that she avoided being alone with him the next day, but he took it for a sign of relenting, perhaps helpless relenting, that she was in her usual place on deck at night. He went to her, and, "I see that you have n't forgiven me," he said.

"Forgiven you?" she echoed.

"Yes," he said, "for letting that lady ask me to drive with her."

"I never said" — she began.

"Oh, no! But I knew it, all the same. It was not such a very wicked thing, as those things go. But I liked your not liking it. Will you let me say something to you?"

"Yes," she answered, rather breathlessly.

"You must think it 's rather an odd thing to say, as I ask leave. It is; and I hardly know how to say it. I want to tell you that I 've made bold to depend a great deal upon your good opinion for my peace of mind, of late, and that I can't well do without it now."

She stole the quickest of her bird-like glances at him, but did not speak; and though she seemed, to his anxious fancy, poising for flight, she remained, and merely looked away, like the bird that will not or cannot fly.

"You don't resent my making you my outer conscience, do you, and my knowing that you 're not quite pleased with me?"

She looked down and away with one of those turns of the head, so precious when one who beholds them is young, and caught at the fringe of her shawl. "I have no right," she began.

"Oh, I give you the right!" he cried, with passionate urgence. "You have the right. Judge me!" She only looked more grave, and he hurried on. "It was no great harm of her to ask me; that 's common enough; but it was harm of me to go if I did n't quite respect her, — if I thought her silly, and was willing to be amused with her. One has n't any right to do that. I saw this when I saw you." She still hung her head,

and looked away. "I want you to tell me something," he pursued. "Do you remember once — the second time we talked together — that you said Dunham was in earnest, and you would n't answer when I asked you about myself? Do you remember?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"I did n't care, then. I care very much now. You don't think me — you think I can be in earnest when I will, don't you? And that I can regret — that I really wish" — He took the hand that played with the shawl-fringe, but she softly drew it away.

"Ah, I see!" he said. "You can't believe in me. You don't believe that I can be a good man — like Dunham!"

She answered in the same breathless murmur, "I think you are good." Her averted face drooped lower.

"I will tell you all about it, some day!" he cried, with joyful vehemence. "Will you let me?"

"Yes," she answered, with the swift expulsion of breath that sometimes comes with tears. She rose quickly and turned away. He did not try to keep her from leaving him. His heart beat tumultuously; his brain seemed in a whirl. It all meant nothing, or it meant everything.

"What is the matter with Miss Blood?" asked Dunham, who joined him at this moment. "I just spoke to her at the foot of the gangway stairs, and she would n't answer me."

"Oh, I don't know about Miss Blood — I don't know what's the matter," said Staniford. "Look here, Dunham; I want to talk with you — I want to tell you something — I want you to advise me — I — There 's only one thing that can explain it, that can excuse it. There 's only one thing that can justify all that I've done and said, and that can not only justify it, but can make it sacredly and eternally right, — right for her and right for me. Yes, it 's reason for all, and for a thousand times more. It makes it fair for me to have let her see that I thought her beautiful and charming, that I delighted to be with her, that I — Dunham," cried Staniford, "I 'm in love!"

Dunham started at the burst in which these ravings ended. "Staniford," he faltered, with grave regret, "I *hope* not!"

"You hope not? You — you — What do you mean? How else can I free myself from the self-reproach of having trifled with her, of" —

Dunham shook his head compassionately. "You can't do it that way. Your only safety is to fight it to the death, — to run from it."

"But if I don't *choose* to fight it?" shouted Staniford, — "if I don't *choose* to run from it? If I" —

"For Heaven's sake, hush! The whole ship will hear you, and you ought n't to breathe it in the desert. I saw how it was going! I dreaded it; I knew it; and I longed to speak. I 'm to blame for not speaking!"

"I should like to know what would have authorized you to speak?" demanded Staniford, haughtily.

"Only my regard for you; only what urges me to speak now! You *must* fight it, Staniford, whether you choose or not. Think of yourself, — think of her! Think — you have always been my ideal of honor and truth and loyalty — think of her husband" —

"Her husband!" gasped Staniford. "Whose husband? What the deuce — *who* the deuce — are you talking about, Dunham?"

"Mrs. Rivers."

"Mrs. Rivers? That flimsy, feather-headed, empty-hearted — eyes-maker! That frivolous, ridiculous — Pah! And did you think that I was talking of *her?* Did you think I was in love with *her?*"

"Why," stammered Dunham, "I supposed — I thought — At Messina, you know" —

"Oh!" Staniford walked the deck's length away. "Well, Dunham," he said, as he came back, "you 've spoilt a pretty scene with your rot about Mrs. Rivers. I was going to be romantic! But perhaps I 'd better say in ordinary newspaper English that I 've just found out that I 'm in love with Miss Blood."

"With *her!*" cried Dunham, springing at his hand.

"Oh, come now! Don't *you* be romantic, after knocking *my* chance."

"Why, but Staniford!" said Dunham, wringing his hand with a lover's joy in another's love and his relief that it was not Mrs. Rivers. "I never should have dreamt of such a thing!"

"Why?" asked Staniford, shortly.

"Oh, the way you talked at first, you know, and" —

"I suppose even people who get married have something to take back about each other," said Staniford, rather sheepishly. "However," he added, with an impulse of frankness, "I don't know that I should have dreamt of it myself, and I don't blame you. But it 's a fact, nevertheless."

"Why, of course. It 's splendid! Certainly. It 's magnificent!" There was undoubtedly a qualification, a reservation, in Dunham's tone. He might have thought it right to bring the inequalities of the affair to Staniford's mind. With all his effusive kindliness of heart and manner, he had a keen sense of social fitness, a nice feeling for convention. But a man does not easily suggest to another that the girl with whom he has just declared himself in love is his inferior. What Dunham finally did say was: "It jumps with all your ideas — all your old talk about not caring to marry a society girl" —

"Society might be very glad of such a girl!" said Staniford, stiffly.

"Yes, yes, certainly; but I mean" —

"Oh, I know what you mean. It 's all right," said Staniford. "But it is n't a question of marrying yet. I can't be sure she understood me, — I 've been so long understanding myself. And yet, she must, she must! She must believe it by this time, or else that I am the most infamous scoundrel alive. When I think how I have sought her out, and followed her up, and asked her judgment, and hung upon her words, I feel that I ought n't to lose a moment in being explicit. I don't care for myself; she can take me or leave me, as she likes; but if she does n't understand, she must n't be left in suspense as to my meaning." He seemed to be speaking to Dunham, but he was really thinking aloud, and Dunham waited for some sort of question before he spoke. "But it 's a great satisfaction to have had it out with myself. I have n't got to pretend any more that I hang about her, and look at her, and go mooning round after her, for this no-reason and that; I 've got the best reason in the world for playing the fool, — I 'm in love!" He drew a long, deep breath. "It simplifies matters immensely to have reached the point of acknowledging that. Why, Dunham, those four days at Messina almost killed me! They settled it. When that woman was in full fascination it made me gasp. I choked for a breath of fresh air; for a taste of spring-water; for — Lurella!" It was a long time since Staniford had used this name, and the sound of it made him laugh. "It 's droll — but I always think of her as Lurella; I wish it *was* her name! Why, it was like heaven to see her face when I got back to the ship. Mrs. Rivers was very hot upon the scent, after we met her that day at Messina. She tried her best to get out of me who it was, and where I met her. But I flatter myself that I was equal to *that* emergency."

Dunham said nothing, at once. Then, "Staniford," he faltered, "she got it out of me."

"Did you tell her who Lu— who Miss Blood was?"

"Yes."

"And how I happened to be acquainted with her?"

"Yes."

"And that we were going on to Trieste with her?"

"She had it out of me before I knew," said Dunham. "I did n't realize what she was after; and I did n't realize how peculiar the situation might seem" —

"I see nothing peculiar in the situation," interrupted Staniford, haughtily. Then he laughed, consciously. "Or, yes, I do; of course I do! You must know *her* to appreciate it, though." He mused a while before he added: "No wonder Mrs. Rivers was determined to come aboard! I wish we had let her, — confound her! She 'll think I was

ashamed of it. There 's nothing to be ashamed of! By Heaven, I should like to hear any one" — Staniford broke off, and laughed, and then bit his lip, smiling. Suddenly he burst out again, frowning: "I won't view it in that light. I refuse to consider it from that point of view. As far as I 'm concerned, it 's as regular as anything else in life. It 's the same to me as if she were in her own house, and I had come there to tell her that she has my future in her hand. She 's such a lady by instinct that she 's made it all a triumph, and I thank God that I have n't done or said anything to mar it. Even that beast of a Hicks did n't; it 's no merit. I 've made love to her, — I own it; of course I have, because I was in love with her; and my fault has been that I have n't made love to her openly, but have gone on fancying that I was studying her character, or some rubbish of that sort. But the fault is easily repaired." He turned about, as if he were going to look for Lydia at once, and ask her to be his wife. But he halted abruptly, and sat down. "No; that won't do," he said. "That won't do at all." He remained thinking, and Dunham, unwilling to interrupt his reverie, moved a few paces off. "Dunham, don't go. I want your advice. Perhaps I don't see it in the right light."

"How is it you see it, my dear fellow?" asked Dunham.

"I don't know whether I 've a right to be explicit with her, here. It seems like taking an advantage. In a few days she will be with her friends" —

"You must wait," said Dunham, decisively. "You can't speak to her before she is in their care; it would n't be the thing. You 're quite right about that."

"No, it would n't be the thing," groaned Staniford. "But how is it all to go on till then?" he demanded desperately.

"Why, just as it has before," answered Dunham, with easy confidence.

"But is that fair to her?"

"Why not? You mean to say to her at the right time all that a man can. Till that time comes I have n't the least doubt she understands you."

"Do you think so?" asked Staniford, simply. He had suddenly grown very subject and meek to Dunham.

"Yes," said the other, with the superiority of a betrothed lover; "women are very quick about those things."

"I suppose you 're right," sighed Staniford, with nothing of his wonted arrogant pretension in regard to women's moods and minds, — "I suppose you 're right. And you would go on just as before?"

"I would, indeed. How could you change without making her unhappy — if she 's interested in you?"

"That 's true. I could imagine worse things than going on just as before. I suppose," he added, "that something more explicit has its charms; but a mutual understanding is very pleasant, — if it *is* a mutual understanding." He looked inquiringly at Dunham.

"Why, as to that, of course I don't know. You ought to be the best judge of that. But I don't believe your impressions would deceive you."

"Yours did, once," suggested Staniford, in suspense.

"Yes; but I was not in love with her," explained Dunham.

"Of course," said Staniford, with a breath of relief. "And you think — Well, I must wait!" he concluded, grimly. "But don't — don't mention this matter, Dunham, unless I do. Don't keep an eye on me, old fellow. Or, yes, you must! You can't help it. I want to tell you, Dunham, what makes me think she may be a not wholly uninterested spectator of my — sentiments." He made a full statement of words and looks and tones. Dunham listened with the patience which one lover has with another.

XX.

The few days that yet remained of their voyage were falling in the latter half of September, and Staniford tried to make the young girl see the surpassing loveliness of that season under Ital-

ian skies; the fierceness of the summer is then past, and at night, when chiefly they inspected the firmament, the heaven has begun to assume something of the intense blue it wears in winter. She said yes, it was very beautiful, but she could not see that the days were finer, or the skies bluer, than those of September at home; and he laughed at her loyalty to the American weather. "Don't *you* think so, too?" she asked, as if it pained her that he should like Italian weather better.

"Oh, yes, — yes," he said. Then he turned the talk on her, as he did whenever he could. "I like your meteorological patriotism. If I were a woman, I should stand by America in everything."

"Don't you as a man?" she pursued, still anxiously.

"Oh, certainly," he answered. "But women owe our continent a double debt of fidelity. It 's the Paradise of women, it 's their Promised Land, where they 've been led up out of the Egyptian bondage of Europe. It 's the home of their freedom. It is recognized in America that women have consciences and souls."

Lydia looked very grave. "Is it — is it so different with women in Europe?" she faltered.

"Very," he replied, and glanced at her half-laughingly, half-tenderly.

After a while, "I wish you would tell me," she said, "just what you mean. I wish you would tell me what is the difference."

"Oh, it 's a long story. I will tell you — when we get to Venice." The well-worn jest served its purpose again; she laughed, and he continued: "By the way, just when will that be? The captain says that if this wind holds we shall be in Trieste by Friday afternoon. I suppose your friends will meet you there on Saturday, and that you 'll go back with them to Venice at once."

"Yes," assented Lydia.

"Well, if Dunham and I should come on Monday, would that be too soon?"

"Oh, no!" she answered. He wondered if she had been vaguely hoping that he might go directly on with her to Venice. They were together all day, now, and the long talks went on from early morning, when they met before breakfast on deck, until late at night when they parted there, with blushed and laughed good-nights. Sometimes the trust she put upon his unspoken promises was terrible; it seemed to condemn his reticence as fantastic and hazardous. With her, at least, it was clear that this love was the first; her living and loving were one. He longed to testify the devotion which he felt, to leave it unmistakable and safe past accident; he thought of making his will, in which he should give her everything, and declare her supremely dear; he could only rid himself of this by drawing up the paper in writing, and then he easily tore it in pieces.

They drew nearer together, not only in their talk about each other, but in what they said of different people in their relation to themselves. But Staniford's pleasure in the metaphysics of reciprocal appreciation, his wonder at the quickness with which she divined characters he painfully analyzed, was not greater than his joy in the pretty hitch of the shoulder with which she tucked her handkerchief into the back pocket of her sack, or the picturesqueness with which she sat facing him, and leant upon the rail, with her elbow wrapped in her shawl, and the fringe gathered in the hand which propped her cheek. He scribbled his sketch-book full of her contours and poses, which sometimes he caught unawares, and which sometimes she sat for him to draw. One day, as they sat occupied in this, "I wonder," he said, "if you have anything of my feeling, nowadays. It seems to me as if the world had gone on a pleasure excursion, without taking me along, and I was enjoying myself very much at home."

"Why, yes," she said, joyously; "do you have that feeling, too?"

"I wonder what it is makes us feel so," he ventured.

"Perhaps," she returned, "the long voyage."

"I shall hate to have the world come back, I believe," he said, reverting to the original figure. "Shall you?"

"You know I don't know much about it," she answered, in lithe evasion, for which she more than atoned with a conscious look and one of her dark blushes. Yet he chose, with a curious cruelty, to try how far she was his.

"How odd it would be," he said, "if we never should have a chance to talk up this voyage of ours when it is over!"

She started, in a way that made his heart smite him. "Why, you said you" — And then she caught herself, and struggled pitifully for the self-possession she had lost. She turned her head away; his pulse bounded.

"Did you think I would n't? I am living for that." He took the hand that lay in her lap; she seemed to try to free it, but she had not the strength or will; she could only keep her face turned from him.

XXI.

They arrived Friday afternoon in Trieste, and Captain Jenness telegraphed his arrival to Lydia's uncle as he went up to the consulate with his ship's papers. The next morning the young men sent their baggage to a hotel, but they came back for a last dinner on the Aroostook. They all pretended to be very gay, but everybody was perturbed and distraught. Staniford and Dunham had paid their way handsomely with the sailors, and they had returned with remembrances in florid scarfs and jewelry for Thomas and the captain and the officers. Dunham had thought they ought to get something to give Lydia as a souvenir of their voyage; it was part of his devotion to young ladies to offer them little presents; but Staniford overruled him, and said there should be nothing of the kind. They agreed to be out of the way when her uncle came, and they said good-by after dinner. She came on deck to watch them ashore. Staniford would be the last to take leave. As he looked into her eyes, he saw brave trust of him, but he thought a sort of troubled wonder, too, as if she could not understand his reticence, and suffered from it. There was the same latent appeal and reproach in the pose in which she watched their boat row away. She stood with one hand resting on the rail, and her slim grace outlined against the sky. He waved his hand; she answered with a little languid wave of hers; then she turned away. He felt as if he had forsaken her.

The afternoon was very long. Toward night-fall he eluded Dunham, and wandered back to the ship in the hope that she might still be there. But she was gone. Already everything was changed. There was bustle and discomfort; it seemed years since he had been there. Captain Jenness was ashore somewhere; it was the second mate who told Staniford of her uncle's coming.

"What sort of person was he?" he asked vaguely.

"Oh, well! *Dum* an Englishman, any way," said Mason, in a tone of easy, sociable explanation.

The scruple to which Staniford had been holding himself for the past four or five days seemed the most incredible of follies, — the most fantastic, the most cruel. He hurried back to the hotel; when he found Dunham coming out from the *table d'hôte* he was wild.

"I have been the greatest fool in the world, Dunham," he said. "I have let a quixotic quibble keep me from speaking when I ought to have spoken."

Dunham looked at him in stupefaction. "Where have you been?" he inquired.

"Down to the ship. I was in hopes that she might still be there. But she 's gone."

"The Aroostook *gone?*"

"Look here, Dunham," cried Staniford, angrily, "this is the second time you 've done that! If you are merely thick-witted, much can be forgiven to your helplessness; but if you 've a mind to joke, let me tell you you choose your time badly."

"I 'm not joking. I don't know what you 're talking about. I may be thick-witted, as you say; or you may be scatter-witted," said Dunham, indignantly. "What are you after, any way?"

"What was my reason for not being explicit with her; for going away from her without one honest, manly, downright word; for sneaking off without telling her that she was more than life to me, and that if she cared for me as I cared for her I would go on with her to Venice, and meet her people with her?"

"Why, I don't know," replied Dunham, bewildered. "We agreed that there would be a sort of — that she ought to be in their care before" —

"Then I can tell you," interrupted Staniford, "that we agreed upon the greatest piece of nonsense that ever was. A man can do no more than offer himself, and if he does less, after he 's tried everything to show that he 's in love with a woman, and to make her in love with him, he 's a scamp to refrain from a bad motive, and an ass to refrain from a good one. Why in the name of Heaven *should n't* I have spoken, instead of leaving her to eat her heart out in wonder at my delay, and to doubt and suspect and dread — Oh!" he shouted, in supreme self-contempt.

Dunham had nothing to urge in reply. He had fallen in with what he thought Staniford's own mind in regard to the course he ought to take; since he had now changed his mind, there seemed never to have been any reason for that course.

"My dear fellow," he said, "it is n't too late yet to see her, I dare say. Let us go and find what time the trains leave for Venice."

"Do you suppose I can offer myself in the *salle d'attente?*" sneered Staniford. But he went with Dunham to the coffee-room, where they found the Osservatore Triestino and the time-table of the railroad. The last train left for Venice at ten, and it was now seven; the Austrian Lloyd steamer for Venice sailed at nine.

"Pshaw!" said Staniford, and pushed the paper away. He sat brooding over the matter before the table on which the journals were scattered, while Dunham waited for him to speak. At last he said, "I can't stand it; I must see her. I don't know whether I told her I should come on to-morrow night or not. If she should be expecting me on Monday morning, and I should be delayed — Dunham, will you drive round with me to the Austrian Lloyd's wharf? They may be going by the boat, and if they are they 'll have left their hotel. We 'll try the train later. I should like to find out if they are on board. I don't know that I 'll try to speak with them; very likely not."

"I 'll go, certainly," answered Dunham, cordially.

"I 'll have some dinner first," said Staniford. "I 'm hungry."

It was quite dark when they drove on to the wharf at which the boat for Venice lay. When they arrived, a plan had occurred to Staniford, through the timidity which had already succeeded the boldness of his desperation. "Dunham," he said, "I want you to go on board, and see if she 's there. I don't think I could stand not finding her. Besides, if she 's cheerful and happy, perhaps I 'd better not see her. You can come back and report. Confound it, you know, I should be so conscious before that infernal uncle of hers. You understand!"

"Yes, yes," returned Dunham, eager to serve Staniford in a case like this. "I 'll manage it."

"Well," said Staniford, beginning to doubt the wisdom of either going aboard, "do it if you think best. I don't know" —

"Don't know what?" asked Dunham, pausing in the door of the *fiacre.*

"Oh, nothing, nothing! I hope we 're not making fools of ourselves."

"You 're morbid, old fellow!" said Dunham, gayly. He disappeared in the darkness, and Staniford waited, with set teeth, till he came back. He seemed a long time gone. When he returned, he stood holding fast to the open fiacre-door, without speaking.

"Well!" cried Staniford, with bitter impatience.

"Well what?" Dunham asked, in a stupid voice.

"Were they there?"

"I don't know. I can't tell."

"Can't tell, man? Did you go to see?"

"I think so. I'm not sure."

A heavy sense of calamity descended upon Staniford's heart, but patience came with it. "What 's the matter, Dunham?" he asked, getting out tremulously.

"I don't know. I think I 've had a fall, somewhere. Help me in."

Staniford got out and helped him gently to the seat, and then mounted beside him, giving the order for their return. "Where is your hat?" he asked, finding that Dunham was bareheaded.

"I don't know. It does n't matter. Am I bleeding?"

"It 's so dark, I can't see."

"Put your hand here." He carried Staniford's hand to the back of his head.

"There 's no blood; but you 've had an ugly knock there."

"Yes, that 's it," said Dunham. "I remember now; I slipped and struck my head." He lapsed away in a torpor; Staniford could learn nothing more from him.

The hurt was not what Staniford in his first anxiety had feared, but the doctor whom they called at the hotel was vague and guarded as to everything but the time and care which must be given in any event. Staniford despaired; but there was only one thing to do. He sat down beside his friend to take care of him.

His mind was a turmoil of regrets, of anxieties, of apprehensions; but he had a superficial calmness that enabled him to meet the emergencies of the case. He wrote a letter to Lydia which he somehow knew to be rightly worded, telling her of the accident. In terms which conveyed to her all that he felt, he said that he should not see her at the time he had hoped, but promised to come to Venice as soon as he could quit his friend. Then, with a deep breath, he put that affair away for the time, and seemed to turn a key upon it.

He called a waiter, and charged him to have his letter posted at once. The man said he would give it to the *portier*, who was sending out some other letters. He returned, ten minutes later, with a number of letters which he said the portier had found for him at the *post restante*. Staniford glanced at them. It was no time to read them then, and he put them into the breast pocket of his coat.

W. D. Howells.

THE SECOND PLACE.

Unto my loved ones have I given all:
The tireless service of my willing hands,
The strength of swift feet running to their call,
Each pulse of this fond heart whose love commands
The busy brain unto their use; each grace,
Each gift, the flower and fruit of life. To me
They give, with gracious hearts and tenderly,
The second place.

Such joy as my glad service may dispense
They spend to make some brighter life more blest;
The grief that comes despite my frail defense
They seek to soothe upon a dearer breast.

Love veils his deepest glories from my face;
I dimly dream how fair the light may be
Beyond the shade, when I hold, longingly,
The second place.

And yet 't is sweet to know that though I make
No soul's supremest bliss, no life shall lie
Ruined and desolated for my sake,
Nor any heart be broken when I die.
And sweet it is to see my little space
Grow wider hour by hour; and gratefully
I thank the tender fate that granted me
The second place.

Susan Marr Spalding.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT BY JUDICIAL DECISION.

WITHIN the past year the old question of copyright has been revived on the other side of the Atlantic, and has engaged the attention of an English commission and a continental congress. In their discussions, as in most of those in which the matter has been brought up in the United States, the aim of reformers has been generally to effect some changes through legislation. Most of their efforts have been directed towards the abolition of the practice of international piracy, which the United States has done so much to encourage, and from which in turn we are now beginning to suffer. It must be confessed that so far as the relations between England and the United States are concerned, these attempts have in the main been productive of little good; it has probably impressed those who have examined the subject casually that the copyright agitation is a rather remarkable illustration of an ineffective agitation. No international agreement has been reached, and piracy still flourishes as a profitable branch of trade. It would certainly be singular, however, if all the energy devoted by speakers and writers to this subject within the past fifty years had been absolutely wasted, and as a matter of fact it has not. Although property in ideas has not by any means yet secured that international and universal recognition which other kinds of property enjoy, it has, during the last half century, made gains; and these seem to point to further advances in the not distant future. The legislation of both England and the United States has extended the protection first granted to authors to painters, sculptors, and composers, and it may be said that the legislation of each country, considered separately, is founded on the recognition of the general right which is still internationally denied. While this progress has been made in the tendency of legislation, what has been the course of judicial decision on the subject? It might perhaps be expected that copyright, since it has been made the subject of legislative treatment, would have received but little consideration from the courts. But, on the contrary, some of the best discussions of property in ideas are to be found in the pages of legal reports. The subject has engaged the attention of the most eminent judges in England and America, so that there is to-day probably no branch of the law of property which has been as thoroughly and exhaustively investigated. Nor has this investigation been devoid of practical results. It is the peculiarity of the

English and American system of law that its principles are supposed to have remained unchanged from time immemorial, and are merely applied by judges to new cases as these arise. This assumption, however, does not alter the fact that each new decision is really a new addition to the law, made by the judge who decides it, quite as much as a new act of Parliament or of Congress. Hence, even of subjects which the legislature undertakes to regulate, the courts in a measure retain control, and not uncommonly, in the course of time, establish principles as novel as any that have been introduced by legislation. This has certainly been the case with one branch of copyright, which has received a development in the courts of a surprising character. In the following pages it is not proposed to go into minute legal distinctions, or to undertake to state what the law on the subject of stage-right actually is, but merely to call attention to the practical tendency of the treatment the subject has received in the courts, where it will be found that judges have accorded to literary property of a certain restricted kind a protection which goes far beyond the wildest dream of agitators for international copyright, and where principles which seem at first to be fatal to the enjoyment of ownership in ideas have been, by a peculiar course of judicial decision, developed into most effectual safeguards for its protection. More remarkable still, this protection has been secured for a sort of literary property which is in principle not more deserving of protection than any other, and it derives its complete protection from a mere accident in no way connected with any principle of property or of public advantage.

When we speak of copyright, we generally have in mind copyright in books, and the word is unfortunately chosen to express the notion of property in ideas, because the only sort of ownership it suggests is that which may be enjoyed through the *multiplication of copies*. But it is apparent that this is an accidental result of the process of manufacture used for books. The art of printing enables any one who has a book to multiply identical copies to an unlimited extent; hence the only way of protecting the author is by preventing this. But if there is some other way of making use of the ideas contained in a book, the mere prevention of printing will not meet the difficulty at all. Now it so happens that there are, with a certain sort of literary composition, two ways of making use of the ideas. A play may be either printed or acted, and the latter of the two methods of deriving profit from it is in the case of most plays much the most important. This fact, however, though it is now obvious enough, does not seem to have occurred at all to the lawyers who drew up the first English copyright statute, and it is only in comparatively recent times that the important consequences that flow from it have been fully recognized.

By the mere accident to which we have just referred, while copyright in books fell, in the beginning of the last century, into the hands of the legislature, stage-right fell chiefly into those of the courts, and the different manner in which the two rights have fared might be cited — at least by those who think that literary property needs all the protection it can get — as a strong instance of the superiority of "judge-made" over statutory law. Copyright has been restricted to a brief number of years in the period of enjoyment, and internationally (unlike all ordinary kinds of property) is not recognized except by virtue of special treaties; stage-right, on the other hand, has received from courts of high standing a position which apparently makes its enjoyment perpetual and universal, restricted by the limits of no country, and impaired by no lapse of time.

The first copyright act passed in England for the protection of authors became a law in the eighth year of Queen Anne's reign, but no case of importance on the subject was decided in the English courts till half a century later. The act, but for the peculiar wording of which the great copyright discussion that has agitated the whole English-speaking race

for the past century would perhaps never have arisen, begins with a preamble declaring that books are frequently printed by persons without authority, to the very great detriment of "the authors or proprietors," and "too often to the ruin of them and their families;" and then provides that after a specified date, "the author of any book or books already printed who hath not transferred to any other the copy or copies of such book or books, share or shares thereof, or the book-seller or book-sellers, printer or printers, or other person or persons who hath or have purchased or acquired the copy or copies of any book or books in order to print or reprint the same, shall have the sole right and liberty of printing such book and books for the term of one and twenty years, to commence from the said tenth day of April, and no longer." With regard to books not yet printed and published, or not yet written, the act gave the author and his assigns the sole right of printing and reprinting for the term of fourteen years, and at the expiration of this period for an additional fourteen years, if the author should be then living. Stringent provisions for the enforcement of these clauses were added.

In 1766, Andrew Millar sued Robert Taylor in the court of King's Bench for a piracy of Thomson's Seasons, the right to publish which Millar had purchased of Thomson in the year 1729. It appears from the report given of this *cause célèbre* by Sir James Burrow [1] that at the trial the jury rendered a special verdict that "before the reign of her late majesty, Queen Anne, it was usual to purchase from authors the perpetual copyright of their books, and to assign the same from hand to hand, for valuable considerations; and to make the same the subject of family settlements, for the provision of wives and children." The time secured by the statute had expired, and therefore the question was whether Millar's purchase from Thomson had invested him with the copyright in the book, independently of the statute; or, in other words, whether he possessed a perpetual copyright at common law. Some idea of the extreme importance of this case, which was decided when Lord Mansfield was chief-justice, may be gathered from the space devoted to it in Burrow's reports (it occupies more than one hundred octavo pages), and the almost pathetic account given by Lord Mansfield in his opinion of the ineffectual attempts made by the judges to reach a unanimous opinion. "This is the first instance," he declares, "of a final difference of opinion in this court, since I sat here. Every order, rule, judgment, and opinion has hitherto been unanimous. . . . We have all equally endeavored at that unanimity upon this occasion; we have talked the matter over several times. I have communicated my thoughts at large, in writing, and I have read the three arguments which have now been delivered. In short, we have equally tried to convince, or be convinced; but in vain. We continue to differ." Of the judges of the King's Bench, three were in favor of the plaintiff; one, Mr. Justice Yates, took the opposite view. This case would therefore appear to have settled the law on the side of perpetual copyright at common law, or the complete recognition of literary property; but the same question came up in the House of Lords in 1774, when all the judges delivered their opinions separately. Their decision was to the effect that an author had at common law perpetual copyright; but that it was taken away by the statute of Anne, and that therefore the statutory right is substituted for the common law right.

At first sight this decision may seem very simple and natural. At common law perpetual copyright existed. The statute of Anne took it away. But it may be doubted whether another instance is to be found in which a right of property, admitted to have been in existence for hundreds of years, has been by means of this sort wiped out of existence. The report of the decision omits to give the reasons on which the judges rested their answers. There is no question that the statute was devised

[1] Millar *v.* Taylor, 4 Burr., 2303.

by its promoters for the better security of authors. Yet the result of it is that a perpetual right is changed into one lasting only for a limited number of years. There is no question, of course, that Parliament was competent to make such a change, and the decision of the judges must be considered as conclusive proof that it did so; but the singular thing concerning the matter is the high-handed manner in which we find an acknowledged right treated. If English legislation has one peculiarity more marked than another, it is its respect for vested rights of property; yet here we find an admitted right, said to have existed from time immemorial, swept away in the very act of protecting it. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that literary property was, even by those who looked upon it with favor, regarded in 1774 as differing in many essential respects from other sorts of property. An examination of the opinion of Mr. Justice Yates, in the case of Millar *v.* Taylor, furnishes ample grounds for this inference.

The conception of "property" or "ownership" in a literary composition is now so familiar that it costs an effort to imagine a state of mind in which it is not recognized. Yet nothing is more certain than that it is a conception of a very advanced character. The difficulty of framing and applying it when literary production first becomes common is in the dissimilarity between this and most other species of property. Lands, houses, money, horses, and cattle have corporeal substance, — are visible, tangible objects; the idea of property in them is consequently comparatively easy to grasp. But with regard to ideas, the difficulty consists in the fact that there is no visible corporeal object over which the rights of ownership can be exercised; and that while the value of most kinds of property consists in its use, the value of literary property consists, in a certain sense, in the ability to prevent its use. Turning now to the opinion of Mr. Justice Yates, who must be taken, from what Lord Mansfield states, to have brought the best energies of an unusually able mind to bear upon the question before him, we find that the idea of perpetual literary property is totally unintelligible to him. That a literary composition (that is, the manuscript) is the property of the author until he publishes it he admits to be plain; but this, he says, "holds good no longer than while it is in manuscript." Property, he continues, is "founded on occupancy," but "how is possession to be taken, or any act of occupancy to be asserted, on mere intellectual ideas? All writers agree that no act of occupancy can be asserted on a bare idea of the mind. Some act of appropriation must be exerted to take the thing out of a state of being common, to denote the accession of a proprietor; for otherwise how should other persons be apprised they are not to use it? These are acts that must be exercised upon something. The occupancy of a thought would be a new kind of occupancy indeed." Again, at what time could an author's property arise? In other cases it dates from the time of possession; but an author is fully possessed of his ideas when they arise in his own mind; yet the same ideas may occur to another, and in such a case how shall it be determined which is the owner of them? By publication the author makes his ideas common property. How can he, after publishing his work, confine it to himself? If he had kept the manuscript from publication, "he might have excluded all the world from participating with him, or knowing the sentiments it contained; but by publishing the work the whole was laid open, — every sentiment in it made public forever; and the author can never recall them to himself, — never more confine them to himself, and keep them subject to his own dominion." It has been a maxim of the law for two thousand years that "nothing can be an object of property which has not a corporeal substance." Nothing can be an object of property, either, that is not "capable of distinguishable proprietary marks;" and where are the *indicia* or distinguishing marks of ideas? "What distinguishing marks can a man fix upon a set

of intellectual ideas, so as to call himself the proprietor of them? They have no ear-marks upon them, — no tokens of a particular proprietor."

These quotations show that Mr. Justice Yates had very clear and definite notions as to the limits of property, but a reference which he makes to the civil law throws a stronger light on his view of the whole subject than any of his direct reasoning. What the Institutes have to say relating to "wild animals," he observes, "is very applicable to this case." And he then proceeds to draw a comparison between these two singularly related subjects. Animals *ferœ naturœ* are yours "while they continue in your possession, but no longer." So those wild and volatile objects which we call ideas are yours as long as they are properly kenneled in the mind. Once unchain or publish them, and they "become incapable of being any longer a subject of property; all mankindare equally entitled to read them; and every reader becomes as fully possessed of all the ideas as the author himself ever was."

If a judge were to-day racking his brain to discover an analogy in the law of property that should strike every one as forced and unnatural to the point of grotesqueness, it may be doubted whether a parallel between copyright and the law relating to wild animals would occur to him; and its use by Mr. Justice Yates is peculiarly interesting because its casual introduction in his argument proves conclusively that to his mind there was nothing forced about it. His opinion, singular as it appears to us at the present day, is full of evidence of his learning and his acuteness, and of his conception of property being such as to make the inclusion of literary property in it an impossibility. In the copyright cases which have subsequently arisen we shall find his ideas, in one form or another, continually recurring, and interfering with the adoption of what we are now accustomed to consider the natural view of the subject, until, at least with regard to stage-right, it substantially disappears, and in this restricted but important field perpetual copyright as it existed before the statute of Anne is reëstablished.

It will be seen that the two difficulties which appear to have stood most in the way of the recognition of copyright as a species of property were, first, that the subject of the property is not visible or tangible; and, second, that from analogy with other kinds of property, if literary ideas are within the exclusive ownership of the person who originates them, they remain so only as long as he retains them in his possession, or in other words until he publishes them, and that *publication* is a virtual abandonment to the public. Now, as suggested above, there is one species of literary property which admits of two sorts of publication: a dramatic composition may be made public by its appearance in a printed volume, or it may be given to the public on the stage. The latter method is that usually adopted, and is, strictly speaking, the analogue of the multiplication of printed copies in the case of a novel or poem. But it is apparent at the same time what great obstacles at the end of the last century stood in the way of the recognition of this fact. If perpetual copyright in books could be reduced to a short term of years by an act for the better protection of literary property, what chance was there for the right of representing plays on the stage? A playwright might own, as he undoubtedly would, his manuscript; but the moment he represented his play on the stage, that was a "publication," and a publication meant a dedication to the public. In his case there was not even an immemorial custom of stage-right, as there had been of copyright in books.

The first case involving dramatic copyright in England — at least the first of any importance — was that brought in 1770 by Macklin, the author of a farce called Love à la Mode, against Richardson and Urquhart, the owners of a magazine of the day. They had employed a person to take down the words from the mouths of the actors, and published the first act in their magazine, giving notice that the second act would be published the succeeding month. (It may

be interesting to know that the sum paid this reporter was one guinea.) Macklin applied for and obtained a perpetual injunction against their doing so. The author, in this case, had used every precaution. The play had never been acted without his permission. After every performance he had taken away the copy from the prompter. He made two actors who desired to have it performed at their benefits pay twenty and thirty guineas for one night's performance of it. In this case, as in Millar *v.* Taylor, we find the notion of publication at once making its appearance. The counsel retained by Richardson and Urquhart argued that the acting of the play was tantamount to a dedication to the public, and it may be inferred from the very few words of the decision that if the piracy complained of had consisted of a representation at another theatre the decision might have been in favor of the proprietors of the Court Miscellany. But representation was one thing, and printing was another, and whatever might have been done with regard to the former, there was no doubt that the author had never published the play as a book is published. It should be observed here, perhaps, with reference to publication, that the right of authors in their manuscripts, or original unmultiplied copies of works of all sorts, has always been recognized by the courts, and one of the curiosities of copyright has been that a right should be universally recognized until the possessor attempts to render it of value to himself, and should at that critical moment disappear altogether.

In 1793 a case was decided in the King's Bench which has proved the germ of much discussion, although it is difficult to see how any doubt as to its proper decision could ever have arisen. The copyright statute of Anne provided penalties, as has been already stated, against the publication of any works protected by it. Coleman, the manager, had purchased the copyright of an entertainment, called The Agreeable Surprise, from O'Keeff, and had it represented on his stage at Richmond, when it was unexpectedly brought out by one Wathen at a rival theatre. Coleman brought an action to recover the penalty provided by statute. The question on which the case turned was simply whether the representation was a publication within the meaning of the act. The language of the statute throughout excludes the possibility of such an interpretation; its framers had in mind the multiplication of copies of books, or other writings, by the process of printing. Coleman's counsel, however, advanced an argument which was, to say the least, highly ingenious: that the representation was sufficient evidence for the jury to conclude that there had been piracy within the statute, because it was inconceivable that the performers could by any other means than the use of a *copy* have exhibited so perfect a representation of the work. The case, however, was considered by Lord Kenyon, then chief-justice, and Mr. Justice Buller too plain for argument, and they did not think it necessary to hear the defendant's counsel. Lord Kenyon said, "There is no evidence to support the action in this case. The statute for the protection of copyright only extends to prohibit the publication of the book itself by any other than the author or his lawful assignees. It was so held in the great copyright case by the House of Lords. But here was no publication." Mr. Justice Buller added, "Reporting anything from memory can never be a publication within the statute. Some instances of strength of memory are very surprising, but the mere act of repeating such a performance cannot be left as evidence to the jury that the defendant had pirated the work itself."

It will be seen that there was no evidence that the play had actually been reproduced by memory, and Mr. Justice Buller's reference to surprising instances of strength of memory was evidently thrown out as a mere suggestion. The fact on which the case was decided was that there was no evidence of publication within the meaning of the statute. If Wathen had reprinted the play, he would clearly have been liable to the penalties provided in the act; but to argue that a representation on the stage

involved a previous reprint were to beg the whole question. The statement, therefore, that "reporting anything from memory can never be a publication within the statute" was wholly unnecessary to the decision of the case, and was what lawyers know as an *obiter dictum*.

Notwithstanding this, however, from the time of this decision, the notion that piracy by means of memory differs from other sorts of piracy has repeatedly made its appearance, the view taken of the law, rather by tacit assumption than by any actual decision, being somewhat as follows: The author of a play, kept in manuscript, undoubtedly owns the manuscript, just as he owns his clothes, or his house. He may sell it, or leave it by will, or suppress it altogether. Moreover, he may have it represented on the stage; but if he does this, he must be very careful how he does it. If he represents it to indiscriminate audiences, as Mr. Justice Yates might have said, those who witness it are not at liberty to take it down by short-hand; but they cannot be prevented from using their memory, and if they carry it away in their memory they may themselves represent it elsewhere. It is evident that this view of memory really rested on a denial of stage-right, properly so called. The manuscript was looked upon before as the thing actually owned, but the ideas contained in it were feræ naturæ, — liable to capture by the exercise of that faculty of the mind peculiarly adapted to the intellectual sport of piracy, the memory.

In this peculiar sort of limbo stage-right remained for nearly a century, and it was not relieved from it even when, in 1854, the whole subject of literary property again came up for discussion in the English House of Lords, in the case of Jefferys *v.* Boosey.[1] The composer Bellini, author of La Sonnambula, living at Milan and having a Milanese copyright of some sort, the exact nature of which did not appear in the case, assigned it to another Milanese citizen, who, in London, transferred it, in accordance with the forms of English law, to Boosey. The opera was unpublished, and the assignment transferred the right to publish in Great Britain only. Jefferys published an air from the opera, Come per me Sereno, and the question was whether this was an infringement. The case was decided in favor of the defendant, on grounds which it is not necessary to state here; it is chiefly interesting for the opinions of the judges, and of Lord St. Leonards (then lord chancellor) and Lord Brougham. It is impossible in this place to give extracts from these opinions, but any one who will read them will find them a mine of information on the subject of the legal aspect of property in ideas.

The further investigation of the question of piracy by memory was, however, not destined to be the work of English judges. Owing to another of the singular accidents of which the history of stage-right has been full, — the fact that most plays which are acted in the United States are produced in Europe or England, — the work of giving the final touches to the development of stage-right, and placing it on what seems destined to be a secure basis, was left to the courts of this country; and in order that the irony of fate upon our national pursuit of piracy might be complete, the play which was first to produce this result was designed and written as a satire upon American life, and was called Our American Cousin.

The play of Our American Cousin, described in one of the cases to which its representation in this country gave rise as a play "presenting, in suitable situations, those eccentricities usually attributed on the stage to Yankees," was written in 1852 by Tom Taylor. Whether the author had looked up the law of the subject as to the effect of publication, or was influenced by other reasons, the play was not printed; the manuscript, after going through several changes and vicissitudes, was in 1858 sold to Laura Keene, the well-known actress and manager, the transfer embracing the author's dramatic rights within the United States; Miss Keene, with the assistance of Joseph Jefferson, altered and adapted it for her

[1] 4 H. L., 815.

theatre in New York. The play, thus changed, was brought out for the first time on any stage in October, 1858, and proved a great theatrical success. Wheatley and Clarke were at this time lessees and managers of a theatre in Philadelphia, and they, in a singular manner, had become possessed of a copy of the play. It had been written originally for representation at the Adelphi Theatre in London, of which Mr. Benjamin Webster was manager, and where Joshua Silsbee, an American actor, had an engagement. A copy of the manuscript came into Silsbee's hands, and he retained it, brought it back to the United States, and at his death, in California, in 1855, it came to his widow, from whom Wheatley and Clarke finally got it. From Jefferson they afterwards procured the additions and alterations he had made, and they immediately produced it at their theatre in Philadelphia. It should be stated also that before this both Wheatley and Clarke, and the actress of their company who performed the principal female character, had witnessed the performance in New York, but there was no pretense that they had been enabled to reproduce it through an effort of the memory. They succeeded in producing a close imitation of Laura Keene's play, who brought a suit for the infringement in the United States circuit court for the eastern district of Pennsylvania.

At about the same time Our American Cousin was brought out at the Boston Museum, and Laura Keene also brought a suit again Moses Kimball, the manager of that theatre, in the Massachusetts supreme court. These two suits were identical in character and object, but they differed in one particular: in the first, the fact that the imitation was obtained through a surreptitious copy came out; in the second, this did not appear, nor did it appear by what means Kimball had obtained the play, unless it was through sending persons to see it and commit it to memory. Owing to this difference, the two cases were decided differently, though both decisions recognized the same principle with regard to dramatic property.

In the first case[1] it was at the outset decided that Laura Keene had no rights under the United States statutes relating to copyright, and the only remaining inquiry was whether her suit could be maintained independently of any such statutes; in other words, the old question of literary property at common law and the effect of publication upon such property came up. It was decided that by her purchase from Taylor she had acquired the full ownership of the play; that she also owned the changes incorporated in it by Jefferson, who had acted in the matter as her employee. But as to the question of publication, it may be inferred from what has gone before that considerable difficulty was found. Here was a case in which a play, not protected by any statute, had been publicly represented to indiscriminate audiences in New York, night after night. Is there any method of making a play more public than this? If, as Mr. Justice Yates had argued in 1770, there were a legal resemblance between intellectual ideas and wild animals, could there be a clearer case of escape from the control of their owner than this? But here, strange as it may seem, the suggestion of the court of King's Bench, in 1793, on the subject of the astonishing performances of the human memory made its appearance again, this time, however, not to impair but to strengthen the foundations of literary property. Laura Keene had clearly made a publication of the play; and in the opinion of the court, in such a case, "other persons acquire unlimited rights of republishing in any modes" in which the publication "may directly or secondarily enable them to republish." Therefore, "the literary proprietor of an unprinted play cannot, after making or sanctioning its representation before an indiscriminate audience, maintain an objection to any such literary or dramatic republication by others as they may be enabled, either directly or secondarily, to make from its having been retained in the memory of any of the audience." But if the republication is made, not through retention in the mem-

[1] Keene *v.* Wheatley, 9 Am. Law Reg., 33.

ory, but through a surreptitious copy, it is not a republication *in a mode which the original publication had directly or secondarily made possible*. On the strength, therefore, of the old principle with regard to memory, Miss Keene maintained her suit.

We must be permitted to doubt whether this reasoning is not in a vicious circle. The question is whether the dedication to the public by representation is complete (so as to entitle all the world to represent it) or limited (so as to entitle only those persons who have carried it away in their memories to the right); and it is said to be limited, because only those persons who have carried it away in their memories are entitled to reproduce it, while the sole reason that the right is restricted to them is that the dedication was limited. The idea that the owner had any *intention* of making either a limited or unlimited dedication is of course out of the question.

But it will be seen that this case introduced a very important modification or restriction of the doctrine of "dedication" of unpublished plays. And the other suit brought by Miss Keene to prevent an infringement of Our American Cousin, though decided against her, recognized this modification as sound. The suit against Wheatley had been decided when the suit against Kimball was tried. The Massachusetts supreme court expressly refer to it in their opinion. But owing to the fact that in the one case the court found that the surreptitious copy had been the means of reproduction, while in the second the court felt itself constrained to exclude all considerations of the kind, one suit was decided in Miss Keene's favor, and the other against her.

The result of these two last cases would be, practically, that the author of an unpublished play could produce it on the stage whenever he pleased, and sell the right to produce it in different places (as patent rights are sold), and that he, or those to whom he might sell such rights, could protect their property against unlicensed representations so long as it could be shown that these had not been the result of an exercise of the memory; but that if it could be shown that it was by memory that the unlicensed representations had been produced, the protection ceased. In 1870, however, a case was decided in the United States circuit court for the northern district of Illinois which showed that the position assigned to memory as a faculty peculiarly consecrated to piracy was to be still further weakened. It had been decided or conceded in a dozen cases, which it is unnecessary to cite here, that the purchase of a theatre ticket gave the buyer no right to take down phonographically the words of a play, for use elsewhere; and yet he could, if he confined himself to his memory, use as much as he could carry away. Here were two principles of law difficult to reconcile. In Illinois, the questions which arose turned upon the representation of another of Tom Taylor's dramas, entitled Mary Warner. The play was written by Mr. Taylor for Miss Kate Bateman, an actress of note, and after it was written he transferred all his right in the play and the manuscript, together with the exclusive right to its representation in the United States, for five years, to Miss Bateman's husband. The play was always kept in manuscript. One Aiken, the manager of a theatre in Chicago, produced Mary Warner there, and Crowe, the husband, brought a suit against him. In order to bring the question of memory before the court, it was alleged, on the plaintiff's behalf, that the defendant did not produce the play by that means, but by a surreptitious copy. It does not appear that the plaintiff succeeded in proving the use of any such copy; but the judge who decided the case was inclined to look at the question of memory from a new point of view. "There are cases," he said, "in some of the courts of this country, which hold that the representation of a play is a qualified publication, namely, to the extent in which the memory of the auditors can retain its language, scenery, or incidents, and if it is reproduced only in that way

the author of the work has no remedy. Of these cases it may perhaps be said that, in some instances, the court has not looked very rigidly into the proofs, considering the intrinsic difficulty of the subject. Indeed, as some of the affidavits in this case show, and as all experience proves, to write out a play from memory alone is well-nigh impossible. . . . I am of opinion that upon principle and authority the author, or his assignee, of an unpublished play has a right of property in the manuscript and its incorporeal contents; that is, in the words, ideas, sentiments, characters, dialogue, descriptions, and their connection, independent of statutes, and that a court of equity can protect it. I am also of opinion that, as the law now exists in this country, the mere representation of a play does not of itself dedicate it to the public, except, possibly, so far as those who witness its performance can recollect it, and that the spectators have not the right to secure its reproduction by phonographic or other verbatim report, independent of memory. . . . I cannot doubt that DeWitt obtained the copy of the play of Mary Warner, which he furnished to the defendant in this case, either in whole or in part, through a short-hand reporter, or in some other unauthorized or wrongful way, and not by memory only."[1] It will be noticed that the substantial difference between the case in Massachusetts and this is that in the former the court declined to assume that the means of representation was anything but memory; in the latter, the court declines to assume that the means of representation was memory. There can hardly be a doubt as to which of the two positions is more in accord with the actual probabilities.

We now come to the case of Palmer *v.* DeWitt, in which the infringement complained of, instead of being the reproduction of an unpublished play on a rival stage, was the printing of an edition of the unpublished manuscript. In 1868, T. W. Robertson, the English dramatist, sold to Henry D. Palmer the right of performing Play upon the stage, and of printing and publishing it within the United States. Play was first brought out on the 15th of February, 1868, in London. The defendant, Robert M. DeWitt, without Palmer's knowledge or consent, published and offered for sale printed copies. The defense to the action was that the play had been dedicated to the public by frequent representations; that the tickets admitting spectators to the performance "contained no notice or prohibition against carrying the said comedy away by memory or otherwise, and using, printing, or publishing the same;" that no notice to that effect was "posted in any of the theatres, in view of the spectators;" and that the defendant procured the play "from one or more persons, who obtained the same from its performance on the stage at such public representations, while witnessing the same as such spectators." The case came up in the New York superior court, but the judge who tried it dismissed the complaint. It was then appealed, and a decision was rendered reversing this action. It was again taken up to the New York court of appeals, the highest court of the State, where the same conclusion was reached. Here again the question of memory was discussed, and the remarks of the court which reversed the first decision are interesting. After admitting that in previous cases learned judges had inclined to the opinion that an auditor might "use his memory as a means of procuring a represented play," and might then "lawfully print and publish it," the court says: "The reason seems to be that as there can be no power over or restriction of the use of memory, therefore such use is not unlawful. It is enough, however, perhaps, for the present case to say that even if it is true that an auditor at a public representation may lawfully carry away the play in his memory, and afterwards put it in writing, and from such writing print and publish, there was no evidence in this case to bring it within that rule. The finding of the court is that the defendant received the words of the comedy, etc., from one or more persons who had seen or heard it

[1] Crowe *v.* Aiken, 2 Biss. 208.

performed. That finding is not enough to justify the conclusion that the person or persons who saw or heard the public performance had brought it in their memories from the theatre. The burden of proving the manner in which the play was procured was upon the defendant, and he was bound to show that he had obtained it in a *lawful* way. There are no presumptions in his favor. The right of the plaintiff as owner before publication was absolute, and could be defeated only by showing that the defendant had obtained the play through the memory of an auditor." The judge who delivered the opinion then went on to say that he felt compelled to dissent from the doctrine that a spectator may, "upon witnessing the public performance of a play, rightfully commit it to memory, and then publish it to the world." He proceeded to give his view of the law of the subject in the following: "It seems to me that any surreptitious procuring of the literary property of another, *no matter how obtained*, if it was unauthorized and without the knowledge or consent of the owner, and obtained before publication by him, is an invasion of his proprietary rights, if the property so obtained is made use of to his injury." He then pointed out that it is admitted that "a play cannot lawfully be taken down by a short-hand writer from the lips of the actors during a public performance," and asked, "If taken thus by a stenographer, is it different in its legal effect and resulting consequences from committing to memory and afterwards writing it out? In principle it is not. They are only different modes of doing the same thing, and if without the author's consent are alike injurious to his interests. The objection is not to the committing a play to memory, for over that no court can exercise any control, but in using the memory afterwards as the means of depriving the owner of his property. Such use, it seems to me, is as much an infringement of the author's common-law right of property as if his manuscript has been feloniously taken from his possession. I can see no difference." With regard to the fact that no warnings against infringement were printed on the tickets or posted in the theatre, he said: "Whatever means a prudent man may adopt to prevent his property from being feloniously taken from him, it cannot, I think, be successfully contended that if he chooses to take the risk he may not have it exposed without mark or other sign to designate it as his property; or that by thus exposing it he would lose his title, and could not afterwards recover it, or its value, from one who tortiously took it. A wrong-doer cannot get title to property, or escape the responsibility of his tortious or felonious act, merely because the owner has failed to give public notice or warning that it was not to be stolen. If carrying away in the memory of a spectator, or otherwise surreptitiously obtaining the contents of a play, is without the consent of, or unauthorized by, the owner, and therefore an infringement of his property in the play, the act is not caused by the omission of the owner to notify the audience that they will not be allowed or are forbidden to carry it away in that manner."

In the foregoing quotations from the decisions of the courts on the subject of stage-right, no attempt has been made to ascertain the exact state of the law; but enough has been said to show a prevailing tendency to the complete and absolute protection of a particular kind of literary property. Practically, although it would be difficult for a lawyer to advise a dramatic author exactly what the legal boundaries of his stage-right are, the right is now recognized so generally that, as we have seen, it has become the custom for foreign dramatists to sell the right to act their plays in the United States, unprotected by any international treaty or act of Congress. An American citizen may copyright a play for a limited number of years, under the laws of the United States, and the copyright protects him as well against piracy by the printing of his play as piracy by acting it; but stage-right is a protection above and beyond either of these, which protects the foreign author no less than the domestic, enabling him to prevent

the representation of his play for profit in any country in which the common law is recognized, and investing him with a right of property as sacred as any recognized in houses, lands, or chattels.

If Lord Mansfield's view of the subject of copyright had prevailed a hundred years ago in the House of Lords, all literary property would probably now stand upon the same footing that stage-right does. The author of a book would thus enjoy an ownership absolute, exclusive, and perpetual. The English author would be protected in America, and the American author in England. But owing to the decision then arrived at, all property in books is confined in its enjoyment to a limited period of years, while even for this period it is protected only scantily. The right to depredate upon it (which is recognized in reference to no other species of property) has been elevated to the dignity of a national privilege, and piracy to the standing of a respectable branch of trade. By a singular accident of the law, the right of representing a drama on the stage has escaped spoliation, and thus, in the course of a hundred years, a peculiar kind of copyright has well-nigh established for itself a position accorded to no other kind of intellectual property. A successful play is to-day perhaps the most valuable sort of literary property that a writer can produce. Owing to the unqualified protection afforded it, it can be disposed of to far greater advantage than any ordinary copyright, and of course its value must increase with its popularity. On this point the conclusion to which the law on the subject of dramatic copyright tends is amply confirmed by well-known facts. A curious letter has recently been published in a New York paper, giving an account of an interview of the writer with the head of a dramatic agency in London. It is part of this gentleman's business to sell in the United States the right to act foreign plays, which are, as we have seen, absolutely unprotected except by the decisions of our own courts. The following extracts from the conversation of the correspondent with the agent will be interesting reading to authors of books not capable of being put upon the stage.[1]

Correspondent. While benefiting your own house, you hold, then, you are a benefactor to authors?

Agent. Certainly I do. Take the Celebrated Case as an example. It was played over one hundred nights in New York. We paid the author in France several thousand dollars. It was infringed upon by Gilmore in Baltimore; we protected it, and got a decision in our favor. By this success we and others are enabled to make handsome offers to French authors for other plays.

Corr. Who adapted the Celebrated Case for America?

Ag. A New York author.

Corr. To what English authors have you paid most for American representations?

Ag. Byron, Gilbert, and Wills.

Corr. For what pieces most?

Ag. Our Boys, Charity, and Olivia.

Corr. To whom have you paid most?

Ag. Byron.

Corr. May I ask what you have paid him in fees for Our Boys?

Ag. Over five thousand dollars.

Now it will certainly be admitted that there is no reason for this anomaly, and that it was never anticipated as a desirable or probable consequence of the copyright laws. There can be no reason why dramatic production (no matter how elevated a view we take of the drama) should be favored beyond all other kinds of literary property. If copyright laws are passed for the encouragement of authorship, there can be no good ground for selecting dramatic authors as more deserving than all others, and enabling them to reap a richer harvest than historians, poets, or novelists. Our American Cousin is a very amusing play; but it is certainly not so valuable a contribution to human thought as Macaulay's histories or Lowell's poetry; and the mere accidental fact that one of them can be used in manuscript profitably, while the other must be multiplied in print, surely ought not to make any difference. If perpetual copyright

[1] New York Times, September 30, 1878.

is good for the stage, is it not good for all literature?

And this brings us to the important point recently mooted in a European congress. Has not the time come for a new consideration of the question of perpetual copyright in all literary property? It has been tacitly assumed now for a long time that authors ought to derive an advantage from their books only for a limited period of years. The reasons for this limitation are usually stated to be that the pub ic also have an interest which is hostile to that of authors; that "monopolies are odious;" and that the perpetual ownership of copyrights would involve confusion between the rights of rival publishers and the holders of the copyright. These reasons have hitherto seemed sufficient to justify the limitation of copyright to a short period (in this country to twenty-eight years, with a liberty of renewal for fourteen more). As to the first of these reasons, the supposed hostility of interest between the public and authors, the theory appears to be that there is a danger lest an author should suppress his ideas, or lest the copyright of valuable books should be bought up for the sake of driving them out of the market. This argument would be entitled to more consideration if any startling instances of this sort of danger could be adduced. The question is not as to the possibility of such an occurrence, but as to its probability. Against its probability there is the universal motive of authors to derive as much from their books as they can. Without adopting Dr. Johnson's opinion that "nobody but a fool ever wrote for anything but money," it is certainly fair to say that no one ever writes without having money before him as one of the inducements to writing; and it is out of the question that any sane author shall not desire to derive as great a profit as possible from the sale of his works. Therefore, if he were to enjoy a perpetual copyright, he would be no slower in disposing of it to a publisher than he is now; the only difference would be that he would profit more by the arrangement. The price of his book would be regulated, as it is now, by economic laws. The notion that the public has a right, after a certain time, to the ideas of the author without payment, or, to put it in another way, that the author has the right to profit by his intellectual labor only for a limited period, appears to rest on a communistic basis. Why have the public any greater, or the producer any less, rights with regard to this species of property than with regard to any other? If the public have rights hostile to those of the producer of books, have they not the same rights hostile to the accumulator of lands, or houses, or grain, or railroad securities? It is impossible that ideas can be of more immediate importance to the public than food and clothing; and if we are entitled to appropriate the ideas of an author after forty-two years, why should we not have the rest of his property? Of course, communists may consistently hold this view of literary as of any other property; but it is difficult to see how any one not a communist can distinguish between property acquired by literary, and that acquired by any other kind of labor.

The second reason, that monopolies are objectionable, would certainly be valid if copyright was a monopoly in the ordinary sense of the word. But it is no more so than all property is. There are of course monopolies which it may be for the interest of the state to grant for a limited time only; but these are privileges which are given to individuals, and secured against competition, where no original property existed. But in the case of literary ownership there is no monopoly at all; there is an accumulation of original ideas, the result of individual labor, and the only question is how far it is to be protected. There is no ground for calling perpetual copyright a monopoly which will not apply to any recognized form of individual property.

The last difficulty, that the perpetual ownership of ideas will be likely to cause practical confusion, may safely be left, one would think, to be dealt with when it arises. Exactly what the nature of

the difficulty is to be has never been clearly stated; and an argument in favor of destroying or seriously curtailing a right of property, on the ground that its enjoyment may give rise to difficulties not explained, would probably, if we were not accustomed to seeing literary property treated with savage disregard of right, strike us with amazement.

The attitude of the United States on the subject of copyright is more remarkable than that of any other modern country. Professing a desire to foster science and literature, it has passed innumerable laws giving protection to all kinds of intellectual property. It has at the same time, however, studiously fostered international piracy, and refused to foreigners the benefits of its copyright law; while in the development of stage-right, as sketched above, its courts have shown a tendency to recognize, in a more thorough way than the most advanced reformers could have desired, a kind of literary property which none of those who have discussed the subject have thought deserving of especial protection. It would seem as if the time had come when this country could with advantage engage in the work of a re-examination of the whole subject, such as has been going on in England and Europe.

Perhaps this is too much to hope for just now. But it is the object of the present article to call attention to the facts that in one branch of intellectual property perpetual and universal copyright is now actually in the progress of establishing itself in the American courts; that this is the work of judges, who are simply applying to literary property of a peculiar kind the principles which the enlightenment produced by the copyright discussion of the past century has shown must be applied to all such property; and that therefore those who are opposed to perpetual or international copyright, instead of reproducing the abstract arguments that have been repeated by rote from Mr. Justice Yates's time until to-day, ought to devote all their energies to discovering whether abuses and dangers to the rights of the public grow up from stage-right. If stage-right is a bad thing, it ought itself to be abolished. If it is good, it is difficult to perceive any reason why legislation should not be directed to extending a protection equal to that which it affords to dramatic authors to all literary producers.

Arthur G. Sedgwick.

LONDON STREETS.

I LIVED in London. I did not merely pass through it on my way elsewhere, stopping for two or three days at a hotel while I drove about the vast den of lions; nor was I content with passing a longer time in the same way. After a week or so of hotel life and sight-seeing, I sought diligently, and found not easily, lodgings in which I established myself as if I had been a bachelor born within the sound of Big Ben. Hence I made excursions on foot or by rail, but usually by both ways of travel, into the neighboring country, and chiefly into that which lies around the upper waters of the Thames. Into the great city itself, however, I made daily excursions; for so the walks by which I explored the various regions, far and near, of that thickly peopled region of bricks and stones might well be called. I set out sometimes with an end to my journey clearly in mind, but oftenest without one, wandering on over the vast distances, watching the people that I met, and scanning the houses and them that looked from the windows. But I never got to the end of London unless I took a steam-engine into service. Cabs and

omnibuses were of no avail. I used them, but generally I walked, following no guide but my curiosity.

I never felt so lonely as I did in these solitary rambles in London, — never so much cut off from my family and my home, I may almost say from humankind. In mid-ocean I did not feel so far removed from living contact with the world. Within these boundless stretches of streets, and of houses so same, and yet each with a physiognomy of its own, like the same number of men and women, — and I came to look at them as if they were human, and in the poor parts, which are of astonishing extent, where they stand crowded together as far every way as the eye can reach, to pity them for the gloomy life they led there, with the sweat and dirt oozing from their sad faces, — within these precincts, made oppressive, if not melancholy, by the apparently endless repetition of units, it seemed to me farther than I could conceive, not only to where I had come from, but to any other place out of my range of vision. I could not take in even London; and what was out of London was beyond beyond.

After I had walked about it enough to have in my mind a loose, exaggerated apprehension of distance, like that we have in childhood, and was yet not so much at home in the place as to become familiar with it and to lose its impression of strangeness, the thought of its vastness became vague and unmeaning, like that of astronomical distances, which are so far beyond apprehension that a change in them by the addition or subtraction of a million of miles or so is of no significance. And the feeling that the rest of the world was very far removed from me transferred itself afterward to England, with some variation. England began to seem to me the one place that I knew upon all the earth: out of England was out of the world. What we call "America," although I had come from there in ten days, and although my eyes hungered for the sight of faces and my ears thirsted for the sound of voices there, took on a nebulous shape and substance not much more cognizable than any other inchoate body within or without the solar system; and I began to understand the long indifference, and the ignorance, indifference-born, of Englishmen to the country which lay beyond the horizon edge of the ocean.

There is little architectural beauty in London, besides that wondrous beauty of the nave of the great Abbey church. Externally, even that venerable and most interesting structure is so marred by Wren's towers that the feeling which it excites is one of constant regret. Within, a very considerable part of it is defaced with ugly monuments, chiefly to titled nobodies; and the more insignificant the body and the grander the title, the more pretentious and ugly the monument. It is offensive to see the statues of great men jostled by such a crowd of vulgar marbles. St. Paul's, outside and inside, is the ugliest building of any pretension that I ever saw. A large inclosed space is always impressive; and the effect thus produced is all of which St. Paul's can boast. Its forms are without beauty, its lines without meaning; its round windows are ridiculous. Its outside is not only ugly in form, a huge piece of frivolity, but its discoloration by the black deposit from the London atmosphere, and the after-peeling-off of this in patches, give it a most unpleasant look, like that of a great black mangy dog.

The public buildings in the City, the Bank and the Mansion House and the Post-Office, and so forth, have the beauty of fitness; for they look just like what they are, — the creations, the abode, and the stronghold of British Philistinism; rich, substantial, tasteless, and oppressively respectable. The new Houses of Parliament present a succession of faint perpendicular lines in stone; even distance cannot make them imposing. Only the Victoria tower, whence Big Ben utters, four times hourly, his grand, sweet voice, has beauty for the eye as well as for the ear. The parish churches are mostly by Wren, or in his style, and are ugly with all the ugliness possible to a perversion of the forms of classic architecture.

My search for lodgings, in which I had not even the help of advice, took me over no small part of London, and into many London houses of the middling order. It extended from Covent Garden to South Kensington, and from Euston Square to the Thames, and even across it; for I was led off into Surrey by advertisements of the locality, of which I knew nothing. As to the lodgings that I saw, they had for the most part a tendency towards the suicide of the lodgers; so gloomy were they, so dingy, so stuffy, and so comfortless. On inquiry as to what rooms there were to let, I was generally told that there was "the dron-room floor;" and when I replied that I did n't want a whole floor, but a room or two, I was also generally told that there was a room to let "at the top o' the aouse." I found that these rooms were literally at the top of the house. In those which I looked at I found an iron bedstead with a bulgy bed, the stuffiness of which I smelt as soon as the door was open, and upon which was a dingy brown coverlet drawn over the pillow. A small wash stand with small ewer and basin, a chest of drawers, a looking-glass, and one or two not very robust chairs completed the furniture of the apartment, which always looked out upon the windows of like apartments, and the roofs above and the chimneys around them. For these rooms the price demanded was almost invariably "a paound a week." In Surrey and some other places it was somewhat less, — from fifteen to eighteen shillings. Bath-rooms were unknown, but "the servant would bring me a can of hot water in the morning."

I spent the greater part of four days in this search, not altogether unwillingly, because of the places into which it took me and the people with whom it brought me into contact. With some of these places I seemed to myself not unacquainted, so familiar was I with their names and their locality. This was particularly the case with the smaller streets around the lower end of St. James's Park. The houses in these, — old-fashioned and yet not old enough to be venerable or even antiquated, — with their plain, sombre brick fronts, the look of character and respectability which lingered about them, although they had long been deserted as the dwelling-places of people of condition, and the elaborate iron-work on the steps and before the areas of many of them, in which I noticed large conical iron cups, set at an angle, which, strangely never mentioned by any writer that I remember, I saw at once were huge extinguishers into which the link-boys thrust their links, — all these seemed to me like respectable, decorous old friends of my family who had been waiting to see me, and who now looked at me with serious and yet not unkindly eyes.

The newer part of London, near South Kensington, and by Hyde Park Gate and Prince's Gate, did not interest me so much externally; although some of the houses were made delightful to me by friends who had really been waiting to give me welcome. The houses here are very handsome. The talk that I have heard about houses in Fifth Avenue leads me to say that there are hundreds, almost thousands, of houses in the best parts of London — around Hyde Park, on Carlton Terrace, and in other like places — which are far finer, much more noble, as Pepys would have said, than any that are to be found in New York, in Boston, or in Philadelphia. I except some of the old houses in Philadelphia, — those built in the beginning of this century, in which, although there is little show of gilding, color, and French polish, there is that far higher beauty in domestic architecture which is given by ample and well-ordered space. I was in many of these houses in Mayfair; in not a few into which I was not invited; for if I passed a house which I saw was undergoing repairs, and the family was absent, I entered, and inquiring for the person in charge, I was generally able to go through it at the cost of a shilling or half a crown to my attendant. Sometimes houses were thrown open to workmen, and these I always went through unquestioned. The difference between houses of this class and those which may

be regarded as of a corresponding class in New York is that the former, while less showy than the latter, are more spacious, and have more of the dignity which accompanies large and well-proportioned size. The entrances, the passage-ways, and the staircases are very much larger; the halls in some are large enough to admit of support with pillars. The drawing-rooms are spacious and well-proportioned, and are not directly accessible to the front door. Both a drawing-room and a parlor are common in these houses, and two drawing-rooms and a parlor are not rare. But what is known in New York as an English basement house must be so called because there are none such in England. I did not see one in London, or in Liverpool, or in Birmingham, or in Oxford, or in any other English town that I visited. The notion also that rows of houses all alike are not found in England is altogether wrong. In the new part of London such rows, and of very handsome houses, are common; while in the new parts of smaller towns the houses built for people of moderate means stand in rows of from a dozen to two dozen, as like each other as one brick is like another. The pretense, and the consequent misrepresentation, of some British travelers on this score is like much more of their pretension, simply absurd. There is, however, a monotonous effect given to a long row of houses in New York by the hideous device known as a "high stoop," which is much more oppressive than that which could be produced by the indefinite repetition of any house that I saw in London. This and the absence of the mellowing, toning effect of the English atmosphere makes a row of "brown stone fronts" in New York the most unattractive and the most aggressively unhome-like-looking structures that the mind of man ever conceived.

Two simple contrivances are found in almost all moderately fine London houses which might be adopted with great advantage elsewhere. The first is a handsome square lantern, which is set in the wall over the street-door, and which lights from one side the vestibule and from the other the porch and steps. The comfort of this lighting is very great, as every one accustomed to our dark steps and porches sees immediately. The other is two bells, one marked "visitors" and the other "servants;" the convenience of which in the daily working of a household need not be told to any housekeeper. And much more numerous as servants are in London (and as much better as they are more numerous) than here, there is more pains taken there to save their labor and their steps than is taken by us. Over the street-door bell-pulls, or over the letter-boxes, of the best houses, it is common to see on bronze plates, "Please do not ring unless an answer is required." These little precautions tend much to the common comfort of master and mistress, and of servants.

There is a remarkable absence of show and pretension in the shops of London. Even in Regent Street and New Bond Street and St. James's Street there is little display, and almost nothing is done merely to catch the eye. And even in these quarters the shops are comparatively small. You may find the most splendid jewels, the richest fabrics, and treasures of art and of literature in little places that would provoke the scorn of the smallest dealer in Broadway. The publishers make no show at all. The greatest of them are to be found in unpretending quarters, with little display of their literary goods, which are stored elsewhere. The principals are in their counting-rooms or their parlors up-stairs, and quite inaccessible, except when they choose to see those who send up their names. The book-sellers are hardly more expansive. I found that, with one or two exceptions, the men from whom I had received, when I was a book-buyer, catalogues of books of great rarity and price were in small, unpretending shops which in New York would attract no attention. But a glance at their shelves was provocative of a woful sense of impecuniosity; and I found them intelligent, and with a notable knowledge of their business and of the literary world,

and also of the why and the wherefore of the value of their books. They were not all William Pickerings; still they were generally men of whom Pickering was in some degree the type and the model.

One day, as I turned the corner of a little street not far from Covent Garden, my eye and my admiration were attracted by a pair of little old yellow and blue vases which stood in a window among some other articles of the same sort, and I wished to inquire the price. The entrance to the shop or sales-room was in the cross-street, and proved to be merely the somewhat imposing door of a large, old-fashioned dwelling-house. I rang the bell; which seemed to be rather an odd way of getting into a place where articles were exposed to public sale. The door was opened. I ventured to say that I wished to know the price of a pair of vases in the window, speaking, I am sure, with some shyness and hesitation; for I felt rather as if I were intruding upon household privacy. This feeling was not diminished by the sequel. First, a stout, middle-aged man appeared descending the stairs. He was in a dressing-gown and slippers, with a smoking-cap on his head. He was closely followed by a middle-aged woman, plainly his wife, also stout, and clad in dingy garments of heterogeneous fashion. I was received with great distinction, almost with ceremony; and while I was repeating my simple wish to know the price of those vases, a young woman, doubtless the daughter of the respectable persons before me, descended the stairs, and taking up a position in the rear, joined her parents in looking at me. After her came a blowsy little Scotch terrier, who trotted to the front of the group, and stood, with nervous nostrils, looking up into my face through the chinks in his soft shock of hair. The servant who opened the door withdrew slowly and by stages, facing about like the rear-guard of a retreating army; and thus she, for a while, was added to the group. And all this merely because I wished to know the price of a pair of vases, — vases put in the window to catch the eye of the passer-by. I was marshaled into the show-room. I walked across it at the head of the party, keeping my countenance and pretending, impostor that I was, to take the whole performance as a matter of course, when in fact I felt as if I were making believe that I was a Highland chief with his tail on. I pointed out the pottery, whereupon my host — for such I felt he was — bowed, and blandly smiling said, "Hah! yessur, yessur; most helegant vawses; quite rococo, indeed; hin the Rennysawnce style; *hand* only sixty guineas." The stout wife repeated, "Quite hin the Rennysawnce style." The daughter did not speak, but I saw that she longed to do so; and if the terrier could have barked Rennysawnce I am sure he would, and perhaps would have pronounced it after another fashion, for he seemed by far the most intelligent of the party. I thanked my host, and said I would think about it, — another base imposture on my part, for I could not afford to give sixty guineas for a couple of little blue and yellow pots. But what was I to do when a man turned out the guard as if I were officer of the day making grand rounds, and all just because I wished to know the price of a pair of vases? I was about to withdraw promptly, feeling very much ashamed of myself; but I was not allowed to do so. I was asked to look at the rest of the stock, and with such heartiness of manner that I saw plainly that, altogether apart from the question of present purchase, they would all like to have me examine what they had for sale. I made the round of two rooms, escorted by the family; and after seeing many beautiful things, I bade good-morning to my entertainers, who courteously attended me to the door in a body, and stood there until I turned the corner; and all because I wished to inquire the price of a pair of vases.

I did not have quite such a formidable reception at any other of the many little shops which I entered to buy, or to make inquiries; but this instance is indicative of the style which I found in vogue. On the first occasion or two

when I did not buy, I felt quite ashamed of myself for putting such very polite people to so much trouble; but I soon got used to the fashion, and liked it. For indeed it is pleasanter than that carriage of the salesman or the saleswoman (who advertises herself as a "sales-lady") which seems to say, "I would die on the spot, or ruin my employer, rather than show you the least deference, or take any trouble to please you." I was struck by the readiness to sell to me, a perfect stranger and chance passer-by, and to send home my purchases without even asking payment. These good people could not have been readier to supply my wants if I had been an old customer. I remember buying an umbrella in Regent Street, and ordering my name to be engraved upon the handle. It was on my second day in London. I had given my address, but I expected to stop at the shop on my return, look at the engraving, and pay for the whole, and have it sent home. This I did not do, wandering back by another way. On reaching my hotel, there I found my umbrella, with the engraving nicely done, but not even a bill. The next morning I went and paid for it, and thanked the shop-keeper for sending it to me, a perfect stranger, and jestingly added, "How did you know I should come back again?" The answer, with a smiling shake of the head, was, "Oh, sir, we don't lose much money in that way." There was always a readiness to "book" anything I liked, but seemed reluctant to buy. Once, when the keeper of an old curiosity shop, a woman, earnestly suggested that she should send me home a magnificent pair of fire-dogs, which I lingered over in admiration, the dog part being reduced copies in bronze of Michael Angelo's Day and Night on the Tomb of the Medici, and, the price being eighty guineas, I had replied rather curtly, "Thanks, but I can't afford it; I've no money," the answer was, immediately, "Oh, sir, we 'd book it for you with pleasure." This readiness was but one mode of the manifestation of a general confidence which seemed to me remarkable, and the existence of which was a most pleasing social trait. If I had been a resident of London, and these good people had known but my name, the matter would have had a different aspect; but in every case it was my first visit to the shop. And when bills do come in with goods, or afterwards, they are sent "with the compliments" of Messrs. So-and-So, and with a request for further orders and the honor of your recommendation. If you express a wish to examine anything, it is sent to you for approval with compliments. If it is desirable that you should inspect anything which is in making for you, you have a respectful note asking you to do Messrs. So-and-So the favor of calling at your convenience; and this although your order may be only a matter of a pound or two, and Messrs. So-and-So may be able to "buy you" a thousand times over, and know it. If this is a result or a necessary accompaniment of aristocratic institutions, they certainly in one respect have a wholesome and elevating influence.

London shop-streets are in a great measure free from the abominable defacement of what we now call signs. Even in the Strand, in Oxford Street, and in Edgeware Road, where the shops are second-rate, there are few such great, glaring, gilded boards as affront the eye in every trading quarter of New York. There are signs, but they are comparatively few and small and inoffensive; and of flag-staffs and transparencies and other rag-fair appurtenances, there are none. This is one characteristic of London streets that makes walking through them a pleasant and a soothing process. And this unmarring modesty of outward show involves no inconvenience. I never had the least difficulty in finding any shop to which I wished to go, but once; and in that case the fault was my own. But there is one peculiarity of London streets which is somewhat embarrassing to a stranger: they are not, the long ones at least, numbered regularly from end to end, with the odd numbers on one side and the even on the other, but very irregularly and in sections; the sections being those parts of the street which run

through certain quarters; and the same street has different names in different quarters. The quarter in which a house or shop stands is generally named, as well as the street itself. This produces those double designations which strike us in London addresses; for example, "Bedford Street, Covent-Garden;" "Wellington Street, Strand;" and even "Bond Street, Regent Street." The complication makes no difficulty when once you are used to it; and it has a picturesqueness and individuality which seemed to me far preferable to the right-angled and numerical street arrangement which rules off a city in square blocks, and numbers the houses in one block 100, those in the next 200, and so on. It is difficult to attach any idea of personal possession or peculiarity to such an address as No. 1347 Chestnut Street, or No. 100 West Fifty-First Street. How much more character there is in the Black Swan without Temple Bar, the Queen's Head against St. Dunstan's Church, the Golden Ball in St. Paul's Churchyard, or the Kings Arms in Little Britain!

What we call signs, nowadays, are really not signs, but quite the contrary. A sign is a symbol, — a thing of one kind which represents or indicates something of another kind, or which is adopted as a designation for a particular place or person. Indeed, a sign is not a description in words, but, as Bardolph might say, a sign is — something — which — whereby — we make a sign of something. Thus we read in old books of such addresses as those mentioned above, and of the sign of the Bible, or of the Crown, or of the Rising Sun, or of the Cock, or of the Eagle, or of the Red Lion, or what not. These were really signs, and they came into use to designate shops or inns in times when few people could read. A board on which is written the name of the person over whose door it is, with a description of his business and the number of the house, is not properly a sign; although when these descriptions took the place of the old signs the name of the latter was naturally transferred to the former.

A few of the old sort of signs remain in London, and in some instances the name of an old sign remains as the designation of the house. One of these is the famous hostelry, The Cock, in Fleet Street, hard by Temple Bar. But lately Temple Bar has been removed from Fleet Street, and I believe the Cock itself has come down from the old perch, and crows no more. I took my luncheon there one day. It was a low, dark room, with a sanded floor. There were boxes, with little dingy green curtains along the top; the seats were as comfortable as those of a pew in an old New England meeting-house. It was probably in the same condition when Dr. Johnson, who lived not far off, took his dinner there. I observed that the score was still kept with chalk. The waiters were very sad and solemn. But for their black swallow-tailed coats and neckties that had once been white, you might have supposed them the very waiters that had just heard the news of the death of Queen Anne. The spirit of British Philistinism was concentrated in the place. The beef and the beer were indeed supremely good; but notwithstanding this and the interest attaching to the place, my luncheon was a rather doleful and depressing performance. What is to be done without Temple Bar across Fleet Street who shall say? I had thought that this obstruction, architecturally not very admirable, had its title to respect in some close connection with the British constitution, which is of about the same age; and this notion was not unsettled when I saw the props and makeshifts by which it was kept from falling into disastrous ruin. Its removal shows how, at the last moment, the English mind can rise to the emergency of a great reform; and its preservation in one of the parks shows equally that respectful consideration for the memory of the past which is one of the estimable and lovable traits of the national character.

Nothing is more remarkable in London than the suddenness with which you may pass from a street thronged and bustling with the business of the modern world into quiet and silence and verdure

and venerable memories. Out of Fleet Street you go through a gate-way that you would hardly notice, and a narrow, dim passage which promises nothing, into the Temple Gardens, where, hearing no sound but that of leaves rustling lazily and a fountain plashing drowsily, you may walk, on such a beautiful day as that on which I walked there, and muse amid a sweet stillness that could not be more undisturbed if you were in the rural heart of England. If you know one of the resident benchers or barristers, and choose to visit him, you will find his name painted in small black letters at the lintel of a door; and you will go up a rude staircase with a heavy beam hand-rail that will remind you of the stairs at Harvard and Yale in the halls that are the most old-fashioned and the rudest. You will find your friend's card upon the outside of a plain, dingy deal door; but that passed, you are likely to find yourself in chambers that are the perfection of unpretending luxury and comfort; and your friend's talk and the wine that he will offer you are likely to be such that you would gladly sit the whole day enjoying both, quite oblivious of London, the hum of which steals so lightly to your ears in the pauses that it seems less a thing of time present than a dim memory.

Stretching down to the Thames for half a mile below Charing Cross are little streets with narrow entrances which suddenly widen, and on either side of which are old houses now mostly let out in lodgings. They lead to gardens by the river-side; and there, too, you may walk or sit in silence, while just behind you roars the Strand. These streets bear the names of great families whose city residences were built there when the Strand was a suburban road by the river-side. These great houses have disappeared, most of them long ago; but the last of them, Northumberland House, was taken down quite lately. Two years ago its dilapidated basement and foundations still stood just beyond Trafalgar Square, the last ragged remnant of feudal magnificence in London.

From the upper end of Trafalgar Square, out of which issues Pall Mall, the street of the great clubs, and hard by which are the public offices of Downing Street, it is not five minutes' walk to St. James's Park, with its long stretches of green turf, its great trees and its water, where wild fowl dive and flit into hiding. Here Dorimants and Bellairs might make appointments, and keep them unobserved, just as they did in the days of Charles II. and of Etherege; although, indeed, prying eyes might look down from the gardens of the noble houses on Carlton Terrace, built in the reign of a king who had all of Charles's vices without any of his wit. Beyond St. James's, Green Park stretches along the unbuilt side of Piccadilly to Hyde Park, which is a wilderness of arboreal beauty, and where, if you prefer silence and solitude to the throng and display of Rotten Row, you may sit under the branches of great trees, and fancy yourself in the Forest of Arden, although cabs and omnibuses are dashing along within half a mile of you. London seems bound together less by its close-built streets than by its open spaces.

The London omnibus, or 'bus as it is universally called, is a much less pretentious vehicle than that which plies up and down Broadway and the Fifth Avenue; and in some respects it is much less comfortable. It is small, sober in color, and in form a mere ugly square box on wheels. It is in constant use as an advertising van. Its windows are immovable. At the upper end there is no window or aperture at all, nor is there any in the roof; the only means of ventilation being the window through which you see the conductor standing upon the step, where, like the head-waiter at the Cock, he keeps his score, or sometimes, at least, in chalk. On a muggy day one of these air-tight London 'buses, filled with the Queen's liege subjects, not of the upper classes (who rarely or never enter one), is not pervaded with the odors of Ceylon, or with the freshness of the breezes on the top of Mount Washington. If you use an omnibus, ride upon the outside; and this is something to do; for you have not seen London streets

unless you have looked down upon them from the top of an omnibus.

There is one comfort in the London 'bus which distinguishes it and all other public vehicles in England from those in the United States. They are not overcrowded. No one is permitted to enter a full 'bus or tramway car and stand up in it to the annoyance of other persons. Neither in London nor in any other part of England did I see this offense against good manners committed even once. If an omnibus were full, the conductor took up no more passengers. And yet the street travel in London is of course much greater than it is in New York, where omnibus proprietors and the managers of street railways, practicing for their profit upon the supineness of one part of the public and the dull perceptions and rude manners of another part, are permitted to carry people packed so closely together that they are pressed into a semblance of sameness, like the cells of wax in a bee-hive. Entering a car once on a tramway in Birkenhead, near Liverpool, I found every seat occupied. I purposely stood up to see what would come of it. I had found all sorts of public servants, guards on railways, beadles in churches, and vergers in cathedrals, very considerate and accommodating; but I had not stood a moment when the conductor of this car came to me, and said, with that mixture of deference and firmness which I have mentioned before, "Beg pardon, sir, but you can't stand here." I yielded, of course, immediately, and went out; but stopped, again purposely, upon the platform. "Beg pardon, sir," immediately said my conductor, "but you know no one is allowed to stand upon the platform. Please go on top; plenty of room there." And thither I went, where I had intended to go from the first.

Everything in the England of to-day is bound by visible links to the England of the past. This is manifest even on the railways, as I have before remarked; and the very omnibuses in London preserve these signs of the continuity of English national, municipal, and social life. London, from the time when it was a little walled city, has always had suburbs lying within a mile or two of the compact town, and these suburbs it has gradually absorbed; being in this respect like, but only in a certain degree, other great cities in other countries. No other great city has had so many suburban villages around it. But though London has taken them to itself, it has not destroyed them; they preserve their names, and still to a certain degree their individual existence. Thus Charing Cross, Kensington, Paddington, Putney, Hackney, Bayswater, Bompton, etc., more or less new quarters of metropolitan London (not the city proper), were once villages and parishes, separated from the city by green fields. Of this fact the London omnibus is a daily witness and record. It is not quite a mere public vehicle running through streets to take up chance passengers, but is still a sort of stage-coach plying between stage and stage, stopping regularly at each to take up passengers who assemble there. The fares are determined by this custom. They are not so much for the whole distance run by the 'bus, or for any part of it, but twopence from one stage to another, or threepence for a longer trip. Chance passengers are of course taken up and set down at any point; but much the greater number are taken up at these distinct stages, and leave the 'bus at some one of them. The various stages are set forth, with their proper fares, on a board at the upper end of the vehicle.

The practice in the United States has been just the reverse of this, and deliberately so. For example, omnibuses began to run in New York just as they did in London, between the centre of trade and suburbs which had become attached to the city. Greenwich and Chelsea were suburban villages, to the first of which people fled *from* New York, when the city was visited by yellow fever, some fifty and odd years ago. Fifteen or twenty years afterwards the first line of omnibuses was set up to ply between Wall Street and Greenwich, and "Greenwich" was painted on the 'bus, as Charing Cross, or Hammersmith, or The Elephant and Castle, is upon a 'bus

in London. But what trace of Greenwich is there now in New York? The name is never seen nor heard, and few New York people know that there ever was such a village at a place on the west side, not quite half-way from the Battery to Central Park. So Williamsburgh, a considerable town, has been united to Brooklyn within the last twenty-five years; but its old name is rapidly fading away before the glories of its new appellation, "Brooklyn East District," for which its real name has been changed, with conspicuous loss of convenience, individuality, and dignity. Names of streets are changed in the most ruthless manner. We have in New York not only the destruction of history long ago in the change of Queen Street into Pearl Street, and the late snobbish and silly change of Thompson Street to South Fifth Avenue, but within a year or two Amity Street has been made into Third Street; and there has been an attempt to wipe away the name of Lord Chatham from the thoroughfare to which it was given in honor of his protest against the oppression of the American colonies.

This foolish and vulgar fashion cannot rightly be called "American." It belongs chiefly to New York, the most characterless place in every respect that is known to me; but I am unacquainted with any of its Western imitations. In Boston they do not thus blot out all memories of the past, nor at the South. I have a friend in Annapolis who lives in Duke of Gloucester Street; and there is comfort in the date of her letters. But the New York numerical system will probably prevail until States and counties and cities are subjected to it, — why not? — and we shall have letters addressed to No. 243½ West 1279th Street, City Seven, County Twenty-Three, State Five. A lovely arrangement this will be, when it takes place. But it is merely a consistent carrying out of the plan already adopted. What associations of home or of happiness can there be with a number? With what face can a man speak of the time when he lived in dear old One Hundred and Seventy-Fifth Street? For my part, I would rather than this go back to the old addresses of London, and live over against the sign of the Black-Boy and Stomach-Ache in Little Britain. London does not retain these old names and things in their old form and force; but she does not wipe them out as with a wet sponge, and begin the world anew every generation. As to finding one's way about in London, there is no difficulty in it whatever; at least I had none, although I was a perfect stranger, and generally — because I preferred to be so — without a guide.

I saw no beggars in London streets. Even in the poorest quarters, where, but for the half-drunken look of half the people, it seemed to me that the very tap-rooms must have shut up for want of custom, and where I felt as if I were five miles from decency, so long had I walked without seeing a clean shirt upon a man or a clean face upon a woman, I found no beggars. This was not peculiar to London. In all England, town and country, I was begged of but once, and that was in effect for food, not money. Having at home every day, and many times a day, proof that there is nothing about me to forbid the asking of alms, I was soon struck by this absolute absence of beggars, and I threw myself in the way of solicitation, but with no success. I thought once that I should succeed with a poor woman who had a few faded little nosegays for sale, and who importuned me to buy. I said no, that I could do nothing with her flowers, but spoke kindly. She entreated me to buy, and followed me out of Bond Street into a little cross-street, holding out her sickly little bouquets, which I thought might be like the wan, feeble children she had left at home. I still shook my head, but did not tell her to go away, and I am sure must have looked the compassion that I felt. I meant to buy a nosegay, but I thought, Surely this woman will ask me to give her something. But no; she even followed me to the very door of the house where I was going, thrusting the flowers almost into my face, and saying, "Only sixpence, sir; please buy

one: " but she did not beg. I remained obdurate in vain, until the door opened, and then I took her nosegay, and put something into her hand which, little as it was, brought joy into her face, and the door closed upon her looking on her palm and making a half-dazed courtesy.

It was in the Strand, about nine o'clock in the evening, that I met my only beggar. As I walked leisurely through that thronged thoroughfare, suddenly I was conscious of a woman's presence, and a woman's voice asking, " Please, sir, would you give me tuppence to buy one of those pork pies in that shop? I 'm so hungry." I paused. The face that was looking up into mine with entreaty in the eyes was that of a young woman about twenty years old, not at all pretty, but with that coarse comeliness of face and figure which is not uncommon among lowly born Englishwomen. Her dress was neat and comfortable, but not at all smart. As I looked at her doubtingly, she said, " You think I want it for drink; but indeed, indeed, I don't, sir. You need n't give me the tuppence; you may come and buy the pie yourself, sir, and see me eat it, if you will." She pointed across the street to a little shop where pastry and other viands were in the window. I had no doubt that her object in walking the Strand at that hour in the evening was not to beg for pork pies, but I decided to do as she suggested. We crossed the street and entered the shop. It was a very small place, humble and rude; much more so than I expected to find it from the look of the window. However, it seemed perfectly quiet and respectable, — merely a tiny eating-house that lived by the chance custom of the poorest wayfarers along the Strand. Behind the little counter stood a woman so fat that she looked like a huge pork pie in petticoats. I said to the girl, " Never mind the pie; call for what you like." " May I?" she cried, her eyes brightening wide with pleasure; and then, turning to the little counter she said, with a largeness of manner and an intensity of satisfaction the sight of which was worth a Cincinnati of pork-pies, " Stewed tripe and potatoes!" We sat down in a little pen upon deal seats and at a deal board that had once been painted, but, I think, never washed. Stewed tripe was manifestly a standing dish; for we had hardly taken our seats when a plate, a soup plate, of it came up through a sort of trap-door just outside our pen, with two large potatoes on a smaller plate. My companion made a hasty plunge outside, and set them smilingly upon the table. The principal dish looked like a bucket of bill-sticker's paste, into which a piece of a bill had fallen, as sometimes happens, and become thoroughly soaked. It was steaming hot, and gave out a faint, sickening smell, in which I detected an element that reminded me of an occasion when, upon the recommendation of a professed good liver, I vainly tried to eat a little tripe broiled after some wonderful fashion. The girl seized upon the potatoes; and although they were so hot that she plainly could not touch them without pain, she squeezed them out of their skins into the pasty fluid in which the tripe was wallowing. At once she began to eat the grumous mess, and ate so hastily, almost voraciously, that she burnt her mouth. I told her not to eat so fast, but to take her time, and let the stuff cool. " But I 'm so hungry," was her reply. She abated but little of her eagerness, and soon finished her portion to the last morsel and the last drop. Upon my invitation she ate some trifle more; but when I asked her if she would have some beer, to my surprise she said no, adding, " They 've no tap here." This is the case in many eating-houses in London, of the better as well as of the lower order. At one where, early in my London experience, I had ordered and was eating a particularly juicy, high-flavored chop, I was asked if I would like anything to drink, and ordering a pint of half-and-half, I was surprised at the waiter's saying, " Please to give me the money." To my look of inquiry, he replied, " We 've no license, sir, and we send out." This just reverses the practice in New York, where the keeper of a bar will add a skeleton restaurant and

two beds to his establishment for the purpose of making sure his license to sell beer and spirits. I suppose that there are not half a dozen restaurants in New York where ale and beer may not be had for the asking.

When the girl had stayed her hunger, I led her to talk, to which she seemed not at all unwilling. She proved to be one of those simple, good-natured, common-sensible, but not quick or clever, women who abound in England. She told me a story, — with a man in it, of course. When was a woman's story without one? A man's story sometimes, although rarely, may have no woman in it; but a woman's without a man, — never. This one had no incident, no peculiarity, which gave it the slightest interest. It was the baldest possible narration of fact. She had been at service, and her child was born about four months ago; that was all. But there was also an entire absence of the pretensions and the complaints common in such cases; universal in the United States, but more rarely heard in England, I believe, where there is less sham upon all subjects. In this case, at least, there was not a word of reproach, and no talk of betrayal or of ruin. On the contrary, she said frankly, "I've no call to find any fault with him." I respected the girl for this candor. "But," she added, "I did think he need n't have run away just before my baby was going to be born. The poor little kid would n't have done him any harm." I more than heartily agreed with her here, when I found that she had neither seen the father of her child nor heard from him for nearly six months. But I could not but respect her simplicity, her uncomplaining endurance, and her cheerfulness; for she spoke hopefully, and with such slight but loving reference to her baby that I was sure that when it left her breast she would hunger before it did. To be sure, she had health and strength and youth and courage, and some humble friends who did not cast her off; but for all that that selfish and cowardly fellow knew, she might have been dead, or worse, lying ill and starving with his child on straw in a garret. Her feeling toward him seemed to be that of mild contempt, because he had lacked the manliness to face the consequences of his own conduct. She made no claim upon him whatever. From what I saw and heard I came to the conclusion that an unmarried mother is not in general treated so cruelly by her friends among the lower classes in England as in corresponding circumstances she is with us. As I made a slight contribution to the comfort of the little one, she begged me to go home with her and "see the little kid," with regard to whose prettiness she gave me very confident assurances. But although it was stipulated on her part that my proposed visit was to be one of domiciliary inspection merely, to this invitation I did not seriously incline. We went out into the glaring, gas-lit, bustling Strand. She shook hands with me in a hearty way, and with no profusion of thanks from her we parted. I turned after I had walked a few steps, and saw her standing still amid the hurrying throng, looking earnestly after me. I nodded to her, went on my way, and saw her no more.

I observed, as she was talking with me, that she did not maltreat her *h*'s. I found other instances of a like correctness of speech among people of her low condition of life in England; but they are very rare; rarest of all in London. The others that I met with were, if I remember rightly, chiefly in Kent and in Lancashire.

But here I must stop, and leave my tale of London streets half told.

Richard Grant White.

REMINISCENCES OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

I MET Bayard Taylor first in 1848. We were both young men, for we were born in the same year, 1825, he in January and I in July, and we both had one thing in common, — a love of poetry and a belief that we were poets. We may have doubted some things, but that supreme thing we did not and would not doubt. It was a consolation to me, and a glory to him. I was familiar with his writings before he could have been with mine, and, knowing something of his history from the newspapers, I was prepared to like him, if we should ever meet. He had been to Europe, and had published his Views Afoot, which had made his name widely known, while I had merely printed a few verses in the magazines. The Union Magazine, which had been started in New York a year before, was the immediate cause of our acquaintance. It was edited by Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland, an estimable woman and a charming writer, who had read a little manuscript volume of verse which I had inflicted upon her good nature, who had kindly loaned me books from her library, and who had accepted some of my verses for her periodical. She was the most judicious friend whom I had yet made, and she was also a friend of Bayard Taylor, who was one of her most valued contributors. She talked with me about him, and just before she went to Europe, leaving him to fill her editorial chair, she advised me to call upon him during her absence.

I have tasked my memory to recover the reason of my first calling upon Bayard Taylor, and I believe I may say that it was to learn the fate of a manuscript which he had received either from Mrs. Kirkland or from myself. I found him in the editorial room of the Tribune, which, I think, was on the same floor as the composing-room. It was certainly on an upper floor of the Tribune building, if not the uppermost floor of all. Compositors were at work close by the desk at which he was seated, which was lumbered with books and newspapers, not forgetting the necessary editorial shears. It was one of two desks which were placed back to back, for the accommodation of himself and a fellow-editor, who was charged with the shipping news of the paper. "Is Mr. Bayard Taylor here?" I asked, in a general way, of the two persons who were occupying these desks. The one who was nearest me looked up from his work, and replied, "I am he." "My name is Stoddard," I said, "and I have come to see whether you can use ——." Here I named an early production of mine, which, I believe, was addressed to Oblivion (if so, it has reached its destination), and he assured me that he not only could use it, but that it would appear in a certain number of the Union Magazine, which he specified, and which I was glad to learn was not a remote one. He must have risen during his conversation, for I saw that he was taller than myself. I have before me now a vision of him in his young manhood, — tall, erect, active-looking, and manly, with an aquiline nose, bright, loving eyes, and the dark, ringleted hair with which we endow, in ideal, the heads of poets. There was a kindness and a courtesy in his greeting which went straight to my heart, and assured me that I had found a friend. What conversation other than that I have indicated passed between us I have forgotten, though I know that he must have asked me to come and see him, both in the editorial room and at his own room, for I visited him at both places soon afterward.

Bayard Taylor and I met at night generally, for neither could call the day his own; he had his work to do on the Tribune, and I had mine to do in a foundry. Apart from politics, his was the cleaner of the two, but not the least laborious, I am sure. He wrote fifteen hours a day, he told me, scribbling book notices,

leaders, foreign news, reports, — turning his hand and pen to everything that went to the making of a newspaper thirty years ago. There was but one night in the week when he could do what he pleased, and that was Saturday night, which we always spent together when he was in town. I looked forward to it as a school-boy looks forward to a holiday, and was happy when it came. I have forgotten where his rooms were, but as near as I can recollect they were in a boarding-house on Murray Street, not far from Broadway. They were sky parlors, as the saying is, for he liked a good outlook; and besides, they suited his purse, which was not plethoric with shekels. In the first of these rooms, which was set apart for his books, there was a little table, at which he wrote late into the night, resting his soul with poetry after the prosaic labors of the day. It was poetry which had made us friends, and we never spent a night together without talking about it, and without reading the poems we had written since our last meeting. If the Muses had favored me, I brought their favors with me, and mouthed them out in innocent audacity. I thought well of my attempts, no doubt, but never in my wildest moments did I dream of comparing myself with him. He had an imagination which surpassed mine, a command of the fervors and splendors of language, and an intuitive knowledge of rhetoric and of sonorous harmonies of rhythm. I have been looking over his poetical works, and I find that there are but few of his early poems which I did not read, or which he did not read to me, in manuscript. His mind was so fertile and his execution so rapid that he generally had one or more new poems to show me when we met. I sit with him now in thought, and hear him read the Metempsychosis of the Pine, Hylas, Kubleh, and Ariel in the Cloven Pine. The last impressed me so deeply that I wrote a companion piece, in which I tried to embody the personality of Caliban.

The conversation and the poetic practice of Bayard Taylor were the only intellectual stimulant I had, and if I wrote better than I had done previous to making his acquaintance I felt that it was largely due to him. There was an enthusiasm about him which was contagious. We were a help to each other, and we were a hindrance, also, I can see now, for we admired too indiscriminatively, and criticised too tenderly. My favorite poet was Keats, and his was Shelley, and we pretended to believe that the souls of these poets had returned to earth in our bodies. My worship of my master was restricted to a silent imitation of his diction; my comrade's worship of his master took the form of an Ode to Shelley, which I thought, and still think, the noblest poem that his immortal genius has inspired. It is followed in the volume before me (Poems of Home and Travel, 1855) by an airy lyric on Sicilian Wine, which was written out of his head, as the children say, for he had no Sicilian wine, nor, indeed, wine of any other vintage. He had cigars, however, and he tempted me into the use of the Indian weed. He tempted me, also, into the eating of oysters before we parted for the night, and it was our custom to repair to a restaurant near by, and to supply ourselves with that succulent brain food. These Saturday nights of ours were more to me, I think, than they could possibly have been to Bayard Taylor; for if his days were passed in mental drudgery, they were passed in the society of gentlemen, while mine were passed in hard, physical labor amongst common workmen and apprentices. I had no friend except himself, and no companionship but that of books and my own thoughts. If I had not enjoyed myself at those seasons, I must have been more or less than human. As Cowley said of Hervey: —

> "To him my *Muse* made haste with ev'ry Strain,
> Whilst it was *New*, and *Warm* yet from the *Brain*.
> He loved my worthless *Rhymes*, and like a *Friend*
> Would find out something to *Commend*.
> Hence now, my *Muse*, thou canst not me delight;
> Be this my latest Verse
> With which I now Adorn his *Herse*,
> And this my *Grief* without *thy* Help shall write."

If Bayard Taylor had been in easy

circumstances in 1849, I hardly think he would have gone to California as the correspondent of the Tribune. But his circumstances were not easy, so he went manfully, and wrote a capital book about his experiences in the new Eldorado, and, better still, a number of California ballads, of which any poet might have been proud. They were so popular, I remember, that one of the best of them, Manuela, provoked an amusing parody from Phœbe Cary, which delighted the parodied poet, who was good-natured enough to take as well as to give.

The American Parnassus was a Bedlam in the autumn of 1850, and Bayard Taylor was the innocent cause of its madness. The Prince of Showmen had imported Jenny Lind to sing before his admiring countrymen, and, to flatter their national vanity, he offered a prize of two hundred dollars for an original song for her. All the versifiers in the land set at once to work to immortalize themselves and to better their fortunes, and as many as six hundred confidently expected to do so. Bayard Taylor came one afternoon early in September, and confided to me the fact that he was to be declared the winner of this perilous honor, and that he foresaw a row. "They will say it was given to me because Putnam, who is my publisher, is one of the committee, and because Ripley, who is my associate on the Tribune, is another." "If you think so," I answered, "withdraw your name, and put my name in place of it. You shall have the money, and I will bear the abuse." He laughed, and left me, as I thought, to do what I had suggested; but he concluded to acknowledge the authorship himself, and stand the consequences. The decision of the committee was published next day, and the indignation of the disappointed competitors was unbounded. They rushed to all the editors whom they knew, or could reach, and these sharp-witted gentlemen, having an eye for mischief as well as fun, published their prose and their verse, which ranged from an epigram up to an epic. The choice of the committee had fallen upon only two out of the whole number of manuscripts which had been sent to them, and being in some doubt as to which of the two was the most suitable for the occasion, they showed both to Jenny Lind, who chose the shortest one, as containing the feeling she wished to express in her greeting to America. It happened to be the one that Bayard Taylor had written, and it was accordingly set to music by Jules Benedict, and sung by her at her first concert in Castle Garden. I have recovered this unfortunate lyric, but I shall not quote it here, for Bayard Taylor desired to have it forgotten. "Did you see the Brooklyn announcement of my lecture?" he wrote to me in November. "('Bayard Taylor, the successful competitor of the Jenny Lind prize.') Is that song to be the only thing which will save my name from oblivion?"

I have been reading over the letters that Bayard Taylor wrote me at this time, and have been pained almost as deeply as when I first read them. They are darkened by the sickness and death of the woman he loved. Her health began to decline after his return from California. She was so ill in June that her physician had no hope, but in August she was able to make a summer trip with her parents. "Mary seems much improved by the mountain air," he wrote from New York, "and has herself strong hopes of her recovery. I dare not see anything but darkness yet, — I will not hope against hope and be deceived at last. We went to West Point, which was distractingly noisy and unpleasant; but, by a special godsend, Willis touched there accidentally the same day, and took us to a farm-house back of the Highlands, where his family was staying, — a beautiful, quiet spot. I stayed two days, and then came here. I was up again yesterday, and will go again on Tuesday, when they think of leaving. Mary has agreed with me that it is best for us to be married at once, so that she can be with me here. The winter will not be so hard in the city as in the country, and then if she is to be taken from me we will at least have a few days together. It will be a sad bridal, I fear."

He mentioned one of her relatives who was opposed to their marriage, and added, "But were we to die for it we could not do otherwise." He wrote me again in October from Kennett Square. There was no hope; the worst was certain. She might linger, but death was the end. "What agony we have endured in talking all this over I can never tell, but we now look to the end with calmness, if not with resignation." He visited her again in November. She was very weak when he reached home, and had been growing weaker ever since. "I found it a hard trial to see her going from me with so slow and certain a decay. My own health is already shattered, and if this were to last much longer it would kill me outright." As the end drew near, he strove to console himself by looking forward to what we might accomplish in the future. "We must both cling the closer to that worship which is the consecration of our lives, — the unselfish homage of that spirit of art and beauty which men call Poetry. Without that, I should be nothing in my present desolation. Let us work our way, whatever the toil and sorrow, from vestibule to chancel, from chancel to shrine, from the lowest footstool of the temple to the high priest's place beside the altar. The same incense that reaches us will sanctify and embalm our griefs: they will share in our canonization." Twelve days later (December 27, 1850) she passed through the valley of the shadow of death. "It is over. Perhaps you may already know it, but I wish to tell you so before we meet. She died on Saturday last, and was buried in the midst of that cruel storm on Monday. She is now a saint in heaven. She had no foes to pardon, and no sins to be forgiven."

Such was the close of this brief episode in the early love-life of Bayard Taylor. How deeply he was moved by it the readers of his poetry know, for in spite of his profound reticence it would force itself into his remembrance. It found a voice in that saddest of all dirges, the unnamed lyric, beginning, "Moan, ye wild winds, around the pane," in his Autumnal Vespers; and in The Phantom, where he describes himself sitting in the old homestead, where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other over the carpet at his feet. The arms of the sweet-brier have wrestled upward in the summers that have gone, and the willow trails its branches lower than when he saw them last. They strive to shut the sunshine out of the haunted room, and to fill the house with gloom and silence. Remembered faces come within the door-way, and he hears voices that remind him of a voice that is dumb.

"They sing, in songs as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

"And still, her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

"And, all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

"She stays without, perchance, a moment,
To dress her dark-brown hair:
I hear the rustle of her garments, —
Her light step on the stair!

"O fluttering heart! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

"She tarries long; but lo! a whisper
Beyond the open door,
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
A shadow on the floor!

"Ah! 't is the whispering pine that calls me,
The vine, whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

"But my heart grows sick with weary waiting
As many a time before;
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er."

Bayard Taylor sailed for Europe in the summer of 1851, and we corresponded until his return, towards the close of 1853. He wrote me from Constantinople on July 21, 1852, and wished that I might enjoy with him the superb view of two continents and their proudest city, which he saw whenever he lifted his head, and that he might relieve his heart by letting loose a fountain of talk

which had been sealed up for months. He had met with no one to whom he could speak of poetry and be understood, and was like a lover who had no confidant. "God be with us all, and speed the time when I may see you, and we may gossip away the midnights in my lofty attic. Fields promises to have copies of both our books waiting for me in London, so that I shall see something of you before I reach home."

I must have been the most negligent of letter-writers, for I see that Bayard Taylor wrote me nearly a year later, from China (August 13, 1853), and declared that he almost vowed never to write me again. "What a long, long time has passed since you last sat till the small hours in my attic! Was it in this life, or a former one, that I knew you? I shall be ready to greet you as a ghost, when I get home again, for you oblige me to think of you as I knew you in the past." He was curious (though he need not have been) to see what I had written during his absence, and whether I had not taken a different direction from what he had anticipated. As for himself, he feared he should return to me the same mere lyrist as of old, with a few orientalisms in his imagery, an additional glow and color, perhaps, in his cup of wine, but nothing else. "I have relapsed into a traveler and adventurer; seeking the heroic in actual life, yet without attaining it; satisfied with the sensation of animal existence; and more admiring and more thinking of the lusty joys of living and breathing among my fellow-men than of the glorious art to which I once devoted myself. It has repaid me, however, by inspiring me with a warm sympathy with all kinds and classes of men, and I shall have, for some years to come, friends in the deserts of Nubia, the mountains of Spain, and among the hardy seamen of our navy, who, I am sure, will remember me with kindly feeling. The experience of the last two years has been most valuable to me, in every respect. It has vastly increased my sum of mere knowledge, and most of all my knowledge of human nature. I have a rich store of material to work up in after-life, if I live, and my art does not forsake me."

During his absence abroad I gave a hostage to fortune in the person of a wife, and on his return to America he found two friends where he had left but one. We no longer met at night in his lofty attic in Murray Street (if it *was* Murray Street), but in my cosy rooms in Third Street, where we had oysters when we wanted them, besides whatever beverage was in the house. He came to us one night in high glee, with a flask of wine which he had obtained on board of a Greek vessel. He said that Homer had drank of it, and when it was opened, and we had tasted it, I wondered at the taste, not to say the courage, of Homer, for "the Homeric beverage," as he named it, was execrable. He stood up for it as long as he could, and tried to persuade himself that he liked it, but we laughed him out of his supposed liking, and made him confess that it was horrid stuff. He had his little enthusiasms, which he insisted on my sharing with him, though I fought against them strenuously. I tried once to smoke a nargileh in his room, but I could not do it; neither could he, when he set about it seriously, so I had the laugh against him. He brought me all the poems that he had written while abroad, and I was delighted at their excellence. If I had not been aware of the ease with which he wrote, I should have been surprised at the rapidity with which these poems succeeded each other.

He had copied them out, in the order in which they were composed, in a blank book, which he presented to me after they were fairly written out for the press, — "to keep when he was dead." ("Ah, woful when!") They are before me now, in his perfect manuscript, and as I turn the leaves slowly, the winter nights in which I first read them return, and the quarter of a century which has intervened rolls lightly away.

The first of these Poems of the Orient, the sonnet entitled Smyrna, is dated October, 1851; the last, Jerusalem, December, 1853. The Nilotic Drinking-Song

was written on the Nile, Ethiopia, and Kilimandjaro on the White Nile, Central Africa, both in January, 1852. Arab Prayer, Requiem in the South, Nubia, The Birth of the Horse, and Charmian were written in September; and the Ode to Indolence, A Lament, The Angel of Patience, Desert Hymn to the Sun, Hymn to Air, Gulistan, Saturday Night at Sea, Voyage of a Dream, The Sheik, The Mid-Watch, and the glorious Bedouin Song, in October, 1853. I doubt whether the genius of Byron ever produced more and better poetry than that of Bayard Taylor within the space of a single month. The manuscript readings of these poems, and others which I might name, differ but little from the printed versions of to-day. A few lines have been omitted here and there, and one stanza (the third, as it was originally written) has been dropped from the Ode to Indolence.

"Where thou dost sit the shadow of Despair
Fell never; Hate and Envy thence depart.
Turn from thy gate the baffled hounds of Care,
And the great strength of slumber fills the heart.
Even Love himself, far-exiled, in thy bower,
From the bright paths of rapture which he trod,
Folds up his wing; in Indian Song, the god
Was born beneath the sleepy lotus-flower.
The only fugitive escaped the riot,
His presence glorifies thy deep Elysian quiet."

I have found a Persian Serenade, which is not included in the poems of Bayard Taylor (1865), and which I copy from his manuscript. Whether it has been printed before, I have forgotten. It was written at Granada, Spain, in November, 1852.

PERSIAN SERENADE

Hark, as the twilight pale
Tenderly glows, —
Hark, how the nightingale
Wakes from repose!
Only when, sparkling high,
Stars fill the darkling sky,
Unto the nightingale
Listens the rose.

Here, where the fountain-tide
Murm'ringly flows,
Airs from the mountain-side
Fan thy repose;
Eyes of thine, glistening,
Look on me, listening:
I am thy nightingale,
Thou art my rose.

Sweeter the strain he weaves,
Fainter it flows
Now, as her balmy leaves
Blushingly close.
Better than minstrelsy,
Lips that blush kissingly;
Silence thy nightingale —
Kiss me, my rose!

I thought, and I think so still, when I read these spirited and picturesque poems that Bayard Taylor had captured the poetic secret of the East as no English-writing poet but Byron had; and I rejoiced heartily that they would add fresh laurels to his wreath. He knew the East as no one can possibly know it from books, or Moore would have reflected it with greater fidelity in Lalla Rookh. "I am quite Turkified in my habits," Bayard Taylor wrote me from Constantinople (July 21, 1852), "sitting cross-legged, smoking pipes, swearing by Allah, and wearing a big white turban. In Asia Minor I frequently went into mosques, and was looked upon as a good Mohammedan." That he was not so Turkified as he would have had me suppose was evident to me while I read the Winter Solstice, the Requiem in the South, and The Mystery, three touching and beautiful poems, which no Eastern poet could have imagined, much less written, and no Western poet, unless his soul had been touched to fine tones by a great loss and a mournful remembrance.

I recall many nights which Bayard Taylor passed in our rooms, and especially one when he made me proud and happy by reading me a poem about our poetic friendship, written in Greece, and inspired, I assured him, by a warmer and richer draught than the Homeric beverage! Great was our merriment; for if we did not always sink the shop, we kept it for our own amusement solely. Fitz James O'Brien was a frequent guest, and an eager partaker of our merriment, which somehow resolved itself into the writing of burlesque poems. We sat around a table, and whenever the whim seized us, which was often enough, we each wrote down themes on little pieces of paper, and putting them into a hat or a box we drew out one at

random, and then scribbled away for dear life. We put no restriction upon ourselves: we could be grave, or gay, or idiotic even; but we must be rapid, for half the fun was in noting who first sang out, "Finished!" It was a neck-and-neck race between Bayard Taylor and Fitz James O'Brien, who divided the honors pretty equally, and whose verses, I am compelled to admit, were generally better than my own. Bayard Taylor was very dexterous in seizing the salient points of the poets we girded at, and was as happy as a child when his burlesques were successful. He reminded me, I told him once, of Hatterfelts,

> "with his hair on end
> At his own wonders."

He blushed, laughed, and admitted that his cleverness pleased him, and he was glad that it pleased us, also. "It is good sport," he remarked; "but poetry, — that is a very different and very serious matter." I mention these trifling intellectual duels, because they were afterwards a continual source of amusement among our common friends, and because the practice which he thus acquired stood Bayard Taylor in good stead when he was preparing The Echo Club, which grew out of these early wit combats of ours.

When Bayard Taylor returned from abroad he found a great many invitations to lecture awaiting his arrival, and he concluded to gratify those who wished to hear and see him, for seeing had much to do with lecturing twenty-four years ago. Bating the inconvenience and occasional hardship of winter travel, it was an easy way of earning money, but it was not a way that he liked: he was naturally averse to crowds and strange faces, and eager for leisure in which to write poetry, which literally haunted him like a passion. We tracked him through his letters, which were very amusing. He was at Buffalo on the 5th of March, 1854. "I have lectured nine times since I saw you," he wrote, "and have had great success everywhere: crammed houses; women carried out fainting; young ladies stretching their necks on all sides, and crying, in breathless whispers, 'There he is! *That's* him!' etc. Believe me, Stoddard, it is a miserable business, this lecturing. There is some satisfaction in finding so many persons that have known you, and read what you have written, and feel a sincere interest in you, and are kind and hospitable towards you; but oh, the vanity and vexation of hearing the same remarks twenty times a day, and being obliged to answer questions that have become hideous by endless repetition! I wonder how I retain my patience under it all. Sometimes I snap them rather short off, but they think it is my way of talking, and are not offended. I find that this business of traveling has entirely swamped and overwhelmed my poetical reputation, except with a few sensible people here and there. People can't see that if I had not been a poet, I should never have had such success as a traveler. Then to hear remarks made about me and my lectures, in the cars and hotels, by people who don't know me personally; it 's amusing, yet humiliating, for I am not flattered by the value they put upon me. There is not the least fragment of discrimination in it. Most of them admire me hugely for having gotten over so much ground, and some are inclined to envy because the others admire. Altogether the experience is interesting and useful, but I foresee that I shall soon get enough of it." He sent me a song which he had written that morning, — an attempt at expressing a very vague and unsubstantial melody which had been dodging about his brain for some days. It will be found in the collected edition of his Poetical Works ("Now the days are brief and drear"), but shortened by the following stanza, which was inserted between the first and second stanzas as in the printed copy: —

> "Balm and brightness, bloom and glee,
> Filled the land from sea to sea;
> But the heavens grew dim with rains,
> Sunshine left the autumn plains,
> And the night sank down with snow,
> For the summers come and go."

Bayard Taylor departed for Europe the second time in the summer of 1856, accompanied by his sisters, to whom he

played the cicerone. "I never saw England so beautiful," he wrote to us from Paris. "The weather was clear and warm, and the country greener (if possible) than the fields of Kennett. I saw the loveliest ivy-grown cottages (Anne Hathaway's among the rest), the fairest meadows, the most dazzling poppy-fields, the picturesquest elms and oaks, but no trees, I swear (not even the venerable oaks of Carlicote, where Shakespeare poached), equal to my own. Kennett went with us through Warwickshire, a journey of four days; it was 'eavenly." He had made the acquaintance of Thackeray during the previous year, while he was delivering those famous lectures which we all remember so well, and had given him a breakfast at Delmonico's, where I had my first and last sight of that great writer. They became friends and bosom cronies, as the old rooms of the Century could testify, if walls had tongues; it was natural, therefore, that they should soon meet again. "Thackeray was in London," he went on to say, in the letter from which I am quoting, "and I found him as jovial and tender-hearted as ever. His daughters came to see the girls, took them out driving a whole afternoon, and we all dined together in the evening. The T.'s are good girls, charmingly honest, naive, and original. The dinner came off on the 1st according to promise: present, Thackeray, Mark Lemon, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks, Horace Mayhew, Leach, Bradbury and Evans, Hurlbert, Story, Olmstead, and myself.

"I breakfasted with Barry Cornwall and Browning. Dear old Barry! I loved him from the first minute. He is reputed silent, but he opened his heart to me, like an uncle. He showed me all his manuscripts, — lots of unpublished poems, etc., — and talked out of the abundance of his golden nature. Browning was most cordial."

Bayard Taylor spent the winter of 1856–57 in Norway, Sweden, and Lapland, from which countries I presume he wrote me, though I do not find his letters. In the autumn of the latter year, we learned (not directly, I think) that Benedict was about to become a married man, and the date of his marriage having been made known to his friends, we celebrated it, and drank his health over three thousand miles of sea. He was married at Gotha, Germany, in October, 1857, to Marie Hansen, daughter of Geheim-Regierungsrath P. A. Hansen, the distinguished astronomer. The Taylors proceeded to Athens, where they remained until May, 1858.

Bayard Taylor returned to America in the autumn of 1858, and after a short visit to his beloved Kennett concluded to reside in the same house with me and mine in Brooklyn, and we spent our first Christmas under the same roof. Twenty years have passed since then, and we have never failed to celebrate the day together, when he was in town, either at his house or mine, — never till the Christmas which has just gone, the last sad Christmas since his taking off. If he had been a delightful companion as a bachelor, he was no less so as a married man: his love of poetry was as ardent as ever, his heart as warm and tender, and he was as ready to sit up and talk and smoke into the small hours of the morning. He brought from the Old World the receipt of a wonderful punch, which was concocted of champagne and claret, pounded ice and oranges or pineapples, and which was christened cardinal punch. The bowl of it which graced our table that first Christmas Eve quickened the memory of the happy poet, who referred to a lyric of Kenyon's on Champagne Rose, which he admired greatly, and could repeat by heart. "Lily on legend roses floating," he began, and went through the poem without missing a word of it. We argued that the third stanza was the best, though we disclaimed the imputation in the first two lines: —

> "And true it is they cross in pain
> Who sober cross the Stygian ferry;
> But only make our Styx champagne,
> And we shall cross right merry,
> Floating away on wine!"

I told him I thought I could beat that, and I read him a song in praise of claret, written over two hundred years before, by Alexander Brome, the lawyer

poet. The closing lines, I remarked, were prophetic of what was before us: —

"Since we 're to pass through this Red Sea,
Our noses shall our pilots be,
And every soul a swimmer."

"Crown the bowl with flowers of soul," quoted the merry bard, as he handed me a goblet of punch.

We saw less of Bayard Taylor than we had hoped during the winter, for he was away from home most of the time lecturing. When spring came he determined to remove to New York. We must live together, he said; as he was more prosperous than I he would pay the rent of the house. It would be so jolly to have a library in which we could write. And how we would write! They would soon cease to call us "younger poets," and we should take our proper places among the Old Masters. Young, quotha? Why, we were thirty-four! It was impossible to resist his enthusiasm, or to refuse his generosity. I could do neither, so we set up our two households in one house in Thirteenth Street. It was a risky thing to do, perhaps, for the best of friends can see too much of each other; but we managed to do it, nevertheless, and without adding a fresh chapter to the Quarrels of Authors.

We were scarcely settled in our new quarters before the Taylors were in Kennett again, directing the building of a country-seat. Bayard Taylor was his own architect, and apparently his own superintendent, overlooking brick-makers, stone-cutters, haulers, *et id omne genus diabolorum*. It was a Napoleonic business for a poet. "To-day we placed the great corner-stone of the tower, with all due ceremony," he wrote on June 7th. "Under it is a box of zinc, containing a copy of Views Afoot; an original poem by me, to be read five hundred years hence by somebody who never heard of me; some coins; a poem by R. H. S. in his own MS.; and various small things. All of us — even Lily — contributed a trowelful of mortar. I broke the neck of a bottle on the stone, and poured oblation to all good Lares and Penates, and then gave the workmen cakes and ale."

If we had not lived so happily together, in town and country, during the next two years, I should doubtless remember the little events of our common life more clearly than I do. We were all young enough to be merry, and we passed our leisure as Cowper and Thurlow passed theirs when studying law, — in giggling and making giggle. We made the most of what we possessed, and were never so happy as when we had our friends about us. Our home was frequented by artists, by men of letters, and by poets. We were a nest of singing birds, as Dr. Johnson told Mistress Hannah More, when he showed her his old rooms in Pembroke College. We made much of Christmas, which we kept as the poet's wife had been accustomed to see it kept in her German fatherland. We had a Christmas tree, which was installed in state in the back parlor the day before Christmas, and was decorated with little glass globes, tiny candles, flags, ribbons, and what not, as full as it could hold. The ladies of the household were the only ones who had access to it, and they arranged our Christmas presents on its branches, and on tables and stands around it. The folding doors were closed, and we were not permitted to enter the room until the candles were lighted, and they were ready for us. We were as eager as children in the interim, laughing in our sleeves at the gifts we were to make, and puzzling our heads over the gifts we were to receive. We rode each other's hobbies, exhausting our ingenuity in selecting oddities to provoke laughter and promote good fellowship. We invited a young poet to spend a Christmas Eve with us, and showered upon him all sorts of musical instruments: drums, trumpets, fiddles, fifes, penny whistles, jew's-harps, — everything, in short, that would indicate his devotion to the Muse. We made more of our Christmas Eves than of all other nights in the year. And we shall never spend them together again, — never!

"No motion has he now, no force;
He neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees."

Bayard Taylor finished his country house, "Cedarcroft," in the summer of 1860, and gave his friends and neighbors a house-warming such as was never before known in Pennsylvania. Our families were together, as in New York, and we, their lords and masters, resolved to surprise them, and ourselves, by writing a play. We went into a quiet room, and sketched out a trifle with which we hoped to amuse the expected visitors. There was but one room in which it could be acted, and as scenery was not practicable we managed to have the action take place in the parlor of a hotel which we named the "Effervescing House," and located at Saratoga. We studied our company, and settled upon the number we thought we could depend upon, and upon the parts which would be likely to suffer least at their hands; then we set to work, and wrote as rapidly as our pens would travel over the paper, and when our company was letter perfect in the text, and in their stage directions, we went to an old disused printing-office in Kennett, and set up the bill of the performance, with flaming head-lines: —

CEDARCROFT THEATRE!
GREAT ATTRACTION!
Saturday, August 18, 1860,
Will be presented for the first time a
NEW COMEDY
In one act, entitled,
LOVE AT A HOTEL!
By the world-renowned dramatic authors, Mr. B. T. Cedarcroft and Mr. R. H. S. Customhouse.

This was followed by the *dramatis personæ:* Mr. Charles Augustus Montmorency, a fast young gentleman, without any visible means of support; Captain Morton Price, U. S. A.; Mr. A. Binks, proprietor of the "Effervescing House;" Barney O'Brien, porter; Miss Araminta Delaporte, a sentimental old maid of French descent, with a nervous dread of boys, mice, etc.; Miss Julia Grindle, her niece; and Mehitable Jones, of Squam Neck, chambermaid. The "comedy" was a great success, and deserved to be (before a country audience), for there was not an original scene, situation, thought, or word in it. It had been played so many times before, in one form or another, that it could not well have failed now; and it did not fail. We amused our audience in the acting, as we had amused ourselves in the writing, and we parted, on the best of terms.

If I were called upon to single out of my thirty years' reminiscences of Bayard Taylor the one above all others by which I should prefer to remember him, it would be the night on which we celebrated his fortieth birthday (January 11, 1865). His friends prepared for it beforehand, each thinking what would be most absurdly appropriate (or inappropriate) to present him, and all keeping their own counsel, ransacking invention for preposterous mementoes. It fell to my lot to act as the scribe, and as The Century had lately printed a voluminous account of its celebration of the seventieth birthday of Mr. Bryant, I resolved to burlesque that account. I imagined the decoration of Bayard Taylor's chambers, the gathering of his friends, and wrote letters of regret from those who could not be present, but who somehow happened to be present in spite of their letters. The reading of these missives and sundry copies of verse, and the bestowal of our mementoes, provoked more fun than had ever before, or has ever since, distinguished our Taylor nights. It was not so much that they were comical in themselves (though they *were*) as that we were willing to fool and be fooled to the top of our bent. The table was on a roar till long after midnight.

We had a meeting in Bryant's commemoration at the Century in November of the past year, a few nights after what would have been — if he had lived — his eighty-fourth birthday. Mr. John Bigelow, who had known him long, delivered an address, and three Century poets were present, one only in the spirit. Bayard Taylor was represented by an 'Epicedium,' which was read for him, and Mr. Stedman read a noble poem, which the readers of The Atlantic will remember.

Before two months were passed Bayard Taylor had joined the dead master! He is gone; and when I think that I shall never see his face nor take his hand

again, I am feelingly reminded of what we are. "There's nothing serious in mortality."

As I have mentioned Bayard Taylor's friend Thackeray, let me close my imperfect tribute to his memory by reading a little sermon by that great lay preacher, which was a favorite with us, and which has now a melancholy interest for me. "I mind me," he says, in the person of his *alter ego*, Mr. Brown, "I mind me of many a good fellow who has laughed and talked here, and whose pipe is put out forever. Men I remember as dashing youngsters the other day have passed into the stage of old fogies; they have sons, sir, of almost our age, since first we joined the 'Polyanthus.' Grass grows over others in all parts of the world. Where is poor Ned? where is poor Fred? Dead rhymes with Ned and Fred too. Their place knows them not; their names one year appeared at the end of the Club list under the dismal category of 'Members Deceased,' in which you and I shall rank one day. Do you keep that subject steadily in your mind? I do not see why we should not meditate upon Death in Pall Mall as well as in a howling wilderness. There is enough to remind one of it at every corner. There is a strange face looking out of Jack's old lodgings in Jermyn Street; somebody else has got the Club chair which Tom used to occupy. He has been sent for, and has not come back again. One day Fate will send for us, and we shall not return; then people will come to the Club as usual, saying, 'Well, and so poor old Brown is gone.'"

R. H. Stoddard.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The French must be changing; that is, the Parisians, — for in matters of literature and art Paris is France. London is by no means England, and New York not quite America; but Paris *is* France. A little while ago we had their Dosia, as mild a book as ever was written; and yet it had been "crowned" by the French Academy. Now we have L'Idée de Jean Têterol, and are told that it has attained in Paris "*un succès énorme.*" Yet there is in it nothing "sensational," nothing "epigrammatic," nothing "wickedly witty," nothing "out of the way," although these terms have been considered the proper adjectives to apply to French novels from the earliest days of their yellow covers down to now; those covers which, by the way, have done so much to jaundice the minds and eyes of good people against them, — good people who cannot read French! Can it be, then, that the wicked Parisians are becoming simple and idyllic under our very eyes, while we, the English-speaking puritanic peoples (to use Robert Browning's collective plural), with our Mallocks and our Ouidas, have not perceived it?

Jean Têterol is so unlike Cherbuliez's last that one wonders if he wrote it as a contrast. The plot of Samuel Brohl et Cie was intricate, and, in my opinion, excellent, — the only plot (by a good writer) which has really taken me by surprise in ten years. I say "by a good writer," because many plots by inferior writers would surprise even Solomon himself, if he could come back to earth, and be induced to read them; of course, when no attention is paid to probability or even possibility, the range of surprises is unlimited. In Jean Têterol there is no plot; there is only the "idea"! And even this is plainly stated in the very first chapter. A young assistant gardener, a slow, industrious fellow, at work trimming a pear-tree, is scolded unjustly and finally kicked, by his employer, a French baron, who happens to be out

of temper, and finds the gardener impertinent. Jean leaves his work, goes off, cuts a stick, sits down, looks at it, thinks, and finally comes to the following decision: he will go away, and become rich, — richer than this Baron de Saligneux, who permits himself the pleasure of kicking. Then he will come back to the village, and have his revenge. And — people will see!

That is the whole book. He does it, and people do see!

He amasses a large fortune, and returns to his native hamlet. Unfortunately the old baron is dead, but he buys up all the land sold off by his son, the prodigal younger baron, builds a great white house that cuts off his view, and finally manages to get possession of all the claims against him, and present them in a lump. The baron, a spendthrift man of the world, is at his wits' end; having tried all his methods of procuring money in vain, he goes to see the ex-gardener in his new mansion, preserving, however, throughout the interview his own grand air of the *ancien régime*. The ex-gardener meets him with an ultimatum: your daughter, Claire de Saligneux, aristocrat to the tips of her fingers, shall marry my son, Lionel Têterol. *Voilà!* The two fathers at last arrange it. Lionel Têterol, meanwhile, has had an excellent education, and has been brought up among gentlemen. He falls in love with Claire honestly; but when he discovers that she is, as it were, being sold to pay her father's debts, he tears the paper which binds the baron before his father's astonished eyes, and, barely escaping being strangled by him, flees to Paris, where he begins to earn his living as a writer (how easily they do that in books!). Of course, the moment Claire (who has been very scornful all along) finds him really gone, she turns around and now begins to love him of her own accord. An uncle fortunately dies and leaves her his estate, so that the throttling money obligation is ended. And then the two young people come together again, and the idea is carried out. The old baron is supposed to turn in his grave when the bells ring to celebrate the marriage of his own granddaughter to the son of the man whom he had "permitted" himself to kick.

Now, what is there in this tale to interest us? — for it does interest. What holds the attention, when Lionel is a shadow, Claire not much more, and her father, the baron, a mere figure-head, brought on labeled, "This is a nobleman and a spendthrift"? It is the intensity of the character of the ex-gardener that is the whole, — the intensity and the simplicity. He works night and day, he toils immensely, first with his hands, then with his head, through thirty-seven long years; he cares nothing for Paris, nothing for his daily life, nothing for himself, nothing for his great fortune, save for his one object, namely, to return to his little native village and revenge himself on the man who had treated him unjustly when he was a boy. It is the type of the "man of one idea," carried out to its fullest extent, painted in the strongest colors. And it is this that holds us. For it touches a fact of which we have a vague consciousness, although we are not willing always to admit it, namely, that many of the remarkable men of the world have been men of one idea. Columbus had but one, Martin Luther had but one; Elias Howe had but one, John Brown had but one. Now, in real life, we are apt to call men of this sort "narrow-minded," "enthusiasts," "fanatics." They wear us out with their one idea. But it is probable that in the beginning Luther wore out his friends, too; and without doubt many men thought Columbus a terrible bore. Although the power of one fixed idea is enormous, it is fortunately a gift granted to but few; otherwise, what a world we should have!

Cherbuliez's quick words have generally been so eager to bring out the stirring story they had to tell that they have taken no time to tell the public whether they had "a charming style" in reserve, or not. But in Jean Têterol they have taken the time. What can be nicer than this? When Têterol comes back to his native village, carrying in his hand the very same stick with which

he set out (he had preserved it carefully for the purpose), he is annoyed to find that there have been changes. Some new houses have been built, and he does not recognize the faces of the girls washing linen at the public basin. "Ce qui le consola, c'est que des vaches vinrent à passer et qu'il put croire que c'étaient les mêmes qu'il avait rencontrées jadis dans cet endroit. Toutes les vaches se ressemblent; elles portent toutes dans leurs yeux quelquechose de fixe et d'éternel, un rêve silencieux d'herbe fraiche." Then, again, when, after the baron's promise that Claire shall marry Lionel, the ex-gardener, accompanied by his son, pays his first formal visit at the château, as soon as he arrives, after the first formal words have been exchanged, he seeks the spot where once stood the pear-tree upon which he was at work when the old baron administered his famous kick, and, standing there, solemnly relates to his son and the young baron the story of the occurrence in exactest detail. It is the great and triumphant moment of his life, the culmination of his idea. There stands the nobleman's son, and there stands the peasant; and the daughter of one is to marry the son of the other! He concludes as follows, in a triumphant voice, his hands on his hips, his eyes sparkling:—

"Monsieur le baron, qu'aurait pensé monsieur votre père, si, au moment où il m'administrait cette petite correction, quelqu'un lui avait prédit qu'un jour j'aurais un fils qui épouserait sa petite-fille?"

To which the elegant nobleman replies, with an enchanting smile, "Monsieur Têterol, si mon père avait prévu qu'un coup de pied adroitement donné put avoir un jour pour sa famille de si heureuses conséquences, il aurait sûrement doublé la dose pour être plus certain de son effet."

—I have a question to ask. It is frivolous, I admit; yet it has been, in a small way (like a wasp in the room), a harassing presence in my mind for some time. The question is as follows: Do the English have beefsteak?

First, on the *pro* side. It has been a belief of mine, from my earliest babyhood, that if there was any one substance with which the strong white teeth of the English were familiar, it was beefsteak. And I have often found the same belief in French stories, where the Englishman, with his ill-humor and his "biftek," is a common figure. In addition, although I cannot take time to go through the authorities and quote exactly, I am haunted by the belief that I have seen allusions to beefsteaks in English books also. For instance, does not Crosby, in The Small House at Allington, order at an inn "some dinner,—with a beefsteak in it?" And in a recent sketch by Julian Hawthorne, describing a pedestrian tour to Canterbury, he, amid a careful use of such purely English terms as "tubbing," for instance, several times mentions ordering and eating beefsteak, after his thirty miles a day.

And now, *con.* An American family, with whom I am well acquainted, kept house last year in England; or rather they had lodgings, but attended to their marketing themselves. They were in a well-known country town; something of a resort, too. They tell me that beefsteak was unknown there; and that the butchers did not know what they meant when they asked for it. There was beef in abundance, but no steak; that is, nothing resembling our beefsteak. I was greatly surprised; so much so that I asked another friend, who has also been often in England, what he knew on the subject. I thought the absence of beefsteak might possibly have been local in the particular part of England where my other friends were. He reflected. "In London you can of course get anything," he said. "But—yes, they are right. There is no beefsteak in England like ours. They don't have it."

—I have moved into a neighborhood where there is a perambulating Boy. He spends a large portion of his time simply sauntering up and down the street. Such a boy is an advantage to any neighborhood. If land agents only knew it, a boy of this sort might be well set forth in prospectuses. He is a feat-

ure. He is an inducement to persons whose sense of humor needs to be fed; he is worth more dollars a month than a subscription to Punch.

We call this boy "the thirteen-hat boy." I saw him one day swinging his hat recklessly along the top of a picket fence.

"You 'll spoil your hat!" I cried out.

"Lor'," said he, "I spoil thirteen every year; takes thirteen to carry me through."

"No!" I exclaimed, "is that possible?"

"Fact," said he. "You can ask my mother."

After this he used to inform us every few weeks how far along he was in the numeration table of his hats.

"This is the third," he would sing out, as he passed our door. "This is the fourth," and so on. One day he called out, "Well, this is about seven and a half," taking off the hat, and eying the frayed brim critically. "About half wore out, I guess: just about seven and a half; next one 'll make eight."

This boy has a readiness, a facility of adaptation to the needs of the moment, which will stand him well in hand all through life. He gave a striking instance of this the other day in the school which he attends. It is a small private school; once a week a young lady goes to teach all the children drawing. Our boy is not fond of drawing; in fact, he cannot draw, will not draw, does not draw. One day, not long ago, his ingenuity in evading the drawing exercise reached its climax as follows: —

"I can't draw to-day; my throat 's too sore. It hurts it." Seeing in the teacher's face some incredulity as to this incapacity, he continued. "Besides, I don't feel like drawing; and my mother said I need n't ever draw, if I did n't feel like it."

"Are you sure your mother said that?" asked the teacher.

"Yes," he said stoutly, "she did. She said I was n't to draw when I did n't feel like it, and I don't feel like it now; my throat 's too sore."

"Very well," replied the teacher, "I shall go and see your mother. It won't do to have one pupil left out of the class, this way. When the rest of the children draw, you must draw. I shall go and speak to your mother about it."

This was a contingency the boy had not reckoned on. But he rose to the occasion. Quick as a flash, he replied, "Well, if I was you, I would n't take the trouble to go and see her; because, you see, it was way back when we was livin' in Wisconsin that she said that, and as like as not she 's forgot all about it by this time."

— The strong wind which for many years has been blowing against all forms of cant has dissipated a good many absurd notions about the literary profession, but some appear still to flourish in all their pristine vigor. One of these I find thus stated by a very popular author: "The majority of those who write," he says, "are sensitive to a high degree. . . . They have published a book, in which they have incorporated the results of a life of labor and thought and suffering, with the hope of doing good, and of adding something to the literary wealth of their country." In consequence of this, their literary productions are to be treated with a tenderness and reverence which no one would think of employing in the case of a defective plea or the bad law of a lawyer, however famous he might be for purity of morals and dignity of character.

Now, all this seems to me the most undiluted nonsense. It is the goodness of a good man, and nothing else, which makes him worthy of respect. Printed words, like spoken ones, are evidence of some value as to a man's character; but they are not very trustworthy evidence, and they are not proof at all. Industry, again, is an admirable quality, but no more admirable in a historian than in a carpenter. People who love art think its study more ennobling than is the study of physics, but few would say that, other things being equal, an artist is a better man than a physicist. In the same way, a person who writes with a moral purpose may, on non-literary grounds, have a stronger claim upon our respect

than one whose highest aim in writing is to satisfy a cultivated literary sense; still, the writings of neither are to be cited as evidence. Mr. Freeman, for instance, hates, with a deadly hatred, what he calls lies; and Mr. Carlyle, with equal strength, what he calls unveracities and sham. Shams and lies are very bad things, and whoever abates them does the world a service; but the abaters, as such, are no more deserving of its gratitude than is a renowned artist or sculptor. For the benefit the world gets is indirect and unintended, like the advantage accruing to the working and trading classes by luxurious living and lavish expenditure. Nobody will deny that while the motives of people who write are mixed, the all-predominant causes are need of money, and the hope of some sort of personal advancement; and for neither of these can any credit be taken. But let us suppose that Mr. Carlyle, or Mr. Freeman, or Mr. Ruskin, or Mr. Arnold, writes without being moved thereto by either of these considerations, and let us also assume that their writings do good service; are they to be honored on that account, except in the sense that any man who does his work well is to be honored? I think not. The minds of these writers are bent in a particular way, which prescribes the kind of intellectual enjoyment each can best enjoy. In hunting down a sham, or a historical error, or an artistic humbug, or Philistinism, they are not performing a moral duty, but essentially amusing themselves. Every author, be he poet or be he metaphysician, loves some things and hates others. Most flatter themselves that the world would be better if it adopted their ideas; but the non-material cause of their writing is solely the desire for sympathy, or, in other phrase, the love of propagandism.

— Your contributor who discusses Mr. Brooks Adams's article on Oppressive Taxation of the Poor makes his workingman speak as if he had acted upon the "idea so enthusiastically preached that it was an immense advantage to a workingman to own his own house." But he did not act upon that idea, — there is a bad fallacy here. He paid for one third of his house, and gave a mortgage on the rest. That is, he *really* owned only one third of his house; and that was the most insecure third, for if the property depreciated one third, he would have lost his portion, while the mortgagee would still be secure. The mistake — and it is a fatal one — consists in thinking that you *own* a thing for which you are in debt. The workingman alluded to should have bought a fifteen-hundred-dollar house if he had but fifteen hundred dollars, and not have run at all into debt, or into a mortgage, which is another name for the same thing. Then he would have escaped his excessive taxation and most of his miseries. Debt is a luxury which only the rich can afford; if workingmen indulge in it they must pay the cost, as they must of other luxuries; a financial stoppage is generally the result. If people could only be convinced that owning and owing for the same thing are incompatible, no matter what the law says, there would be much less complaint about taxes; and life would be easier, and business more honest.

— Mr. Crocker, in his careful article in The Atlantic for December, has so directly opposed received economic principles as hardly to fail in exciting adverse criticism. Mr. Mill so entirely covered the ground in the question as to whether the poor are benefited by the unproductive expenditure of the rich that there is little room left for further argument on this part of the subject: but there is a point which Mr. Crocker seems to have overlooked. His assertion that it is the duty of the rich, as members of the community, to spend, because by so doing they will supposedly add to the wealth of society, is really a concession of the whole question to socialism. The supposition that by so doing they may add to their own wealth by no means alters the case, for the socialists do not deny at all individual exertion or reward. They only claim that, as things are now, wealth is not distributed fairly, in that labor does not

receive its proper dividend from production; and therefore they call for a new social organization, in which the results shall be differently apportioned. Of course, the basis of the entire scheme is the assertion that wealth belongs to society, to be used for its good; and this is really what Mr. Crocker in effect asserts. Not only is the principle the same in both ideas, but the direct working must be alike. If Mr. Crocker's rich man increases his expenditure, it can only benefit the poor one — unless there is an increase of population — by giving him a larger share of existing wealth or capital than he now possesses. If there is an increase of population, no one is permanently benefited, except to the extent of the pleasure the rich man has received from his prodigality. But in any event the real complaint is that wealth is in few hands, when justice would demand its being in many, and that therefore part should be consumed by the few that a part of the many may thereby get back some of what belongs to them.

— In a contemporary story, one of the characters pronounces modern rural life in our land "the most arid and joyless existence under the sun." He calls attention to the desuetude of ball-rooms and academies, and even to "the decay of the religious sentiment, so that the church is no longer a social centre," and to the dreary gloom of the infrequent rustic assemblies, and ends his tirade by grimly remarking: "Upon the whole, I wonder our country people don't all go mad. They do go mad, a great many of them, and manage to get a little glimpse of society in the insane asylums."

Now this seems to me horribly true and ominous. It is not denied that in many a country town (this is notably true of Vermont within my knowledge) there is an element of vivid interest in nature, in classic and current literature, and even in art which permeates the entire community; so that chance city visitors find themselves, not infrequently, in the attitude of humble-pie eaters, as they hear some low-voiced woman on a hillside farm, or village dress-maker, or wayside smith, or the eager crowd about the post-office when "the train is in," discoursing of these high themes.

Existence in a community so learned could not be "joyless" except to a hopelessly dull soul, yet I fancy that even here an infusion of *gayety* might be most wholesome, while to the average American settlement it would be life to the dead. There is no doubt that with all our "faculty" we Americans are singularly dense as yet in regard to amusement. It is still a crime in many localities for any mortal who has outlived his sixth year to do anything for mere enjoyment. There is a shame-faced, apologetic air about most of our rural assemblies which is in itself a damper. The people gather, not from love of their kind and a desire to brighten themselves and others by friendly friction, but "to aid" the Five Pointers, or the Good Templars, or whatever the most plausible plea may be just then and there.

One of the most pathetic spectacles I remember to have seen was the persistent effort of one woman, during a long country winter (and I saw only one of a dozen similar seasons on her part), to breast the tide of traditional unsocialness. Born and nurtured in Paris, she found herself, by one of the myriad freaks of chance, a wife and mother (perfect in both relations) in this remote Western village, — one of the most brilliant women I ever knew, rarely accomplished, and with that sturdy good sense which we, in our ludicrous narrowness, claim as of New England growth alone. She being such a woman, and finding herself at home for life in such a place, spent not one breath in bemoaning the lost glories of Paris, but set herself instantly to brighten life around her. Her courage was indomitable, her spirits miraculous to one born American, but, alas, her success was hardly commensurate with even my tempered hopes. "Ah, but you have not the conception how difficult it is made for me!" cried she, after an attempt to introduce some mild sports (cards and dancing were of course tabooed at the outset) into a local temperance organization (shades of Burgundy, what a sacrifice was there!),

which her brave "enthusiasm of humanity" had carried her into. "The men will not come to the women, and the women do not know nor care to bring them; and they amuse themselves as if it were sin, and not a pleasant sin!" Here is indicated, perhaps, one great secret of the dullness of rural assemblies, — the notion of impropriety in the social intercourse of the sexes, particularly the married of both sexes. Only in an unclean novel are there such loathsome uncharitablenesses of opinion in regard to the impossibility of friendly reciprocity between men and women as run riot in some of our most respectable Puritan parishes; and society cannot even begin to be, fairly, until what a beloved old clergyman used to call "horizontal fractures," that is, the dissociation of the young from the middle-aged and old, and of the one sex from the other, be recognized as at the best hazardous. The second step will "count" also, being too long and high to be easily taken by our stiff sinews; the conviction must somehow be extirpated from our souls that *gravity*, no matter "whence it come or where 's its home," is virtue, and *vice versa*. One of your Club has elsewhere told the story of a budding polemic who, coming from church, met a playmate who confessed that he had failed to put in an appearance there. "But, you see, I got to reading the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, and forgot it was church time." "The Life of Napoleon, on Sunday!" cried the horrified little saint. "Well, I — I don't care," whimpered the sinner, "*it made me feel most as bad* as it does to read the Bible."

— As I perceive the "aching void" in our language that a common-gender pronoun should fill, the thought comes to me, "Why not make it correct to say, If Mr. or Mrs. Smith will come out on the train, I will meet *them*," — meaning one of the two, parsing *them* as singular number, common gender?

My argument is this: We use *you* in both singular and plural, and our pupils understand by the context which number is meant. A scholar parsing "Mary, study your lesson," says that *your* is singular because it refers to a singular antecedent; that in "Boys, study your lessons," *your* is plural because it refers to a plural antecedent. Then why not *they*, used of course with a plural verb, in the singular, common gender?

Then to our declensions of personal pronouns would be added: —

Third person, common gender, singular number.

Nom. They,
Poss. Their or theirs,
Obj. Them.

It would be easy to adopt this idiom, for we are continually struggling against its use, and how delightful it would be for once to make wrong right!

— I read Avis, and gave thanks. Its feverish intensity and occasionally vicious rhetoric did not escape me, but the brave, clear intent of the book was so all-engrossing to me, as to the author, that I was utterly bewildered by the hue and cry of the critics. Dare I confess it? Even yet I am not quite convinced that this book (of which I had said in my crass ignorance, "If ever I know a young man and maid, worth saving, to be betrothed, I will present each of them with Avis, that they may see how sacred a thing is holy matrimony; 'not to be by any enterprised nor taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly,' as the English service has it") bristles with hatred of marriage *per se*, disdain of homely duties, and all the other ugly appurtenances of a presumedly "woman's rights" creation — not quite convinced, I say, that these discoveries in Miss Phelps's book are not wholly evolved from the minds of the critics.

So, in regard to Mr. Henry James's Daisy Miller, I am shocked to find that what I gratefully accepted as an exquisitely loyal service to American girlhood abroad is regarded by some critical experts as "servilely snobbish" and "brutally unpatriotic."

Nevertheless, whenever Mr. James has occasion for a monument, which, however, I devoutly hope may not be while my reading-lamp holds out to burn, I will contribute my humble share towards perpetuating the memory of this

valiant champion (faithful among the faithless found) of the young American What-is-it, whose beauty and whose vagaries are the eighth wonder of the other hemisphere.

— Mr. James calls his short tale, Daisy Miller, recently published in the Cornhill and the Living Age, a study. His longer story of The Europeans is a collection of portraits of character carefully studied. It is perfect work of its kind, and delightful reading to those whom such study interests. There is great satisfaction in seeing a thing well done, and both in the substance and in the style of his books Mr. James always offers an intellectual treat to appreciative readers; of course it is obvious that he writes only for the cultivated minority. But among his admirers are many who complain of him as a disappointing author, — one who charms their interest from the first, and keeps it alive to the end, but who, at the end, is apt to leave them somewhat dissatisfied. The conclusions of his novels and tales, they say, seem to them a breaking off rather than a true finishing of the lives and fortunes of the personages he has made them acquainted with. He gives reality and vitality to his characters only to make the reader close the book, asking, Is that all about them? It is not enough, or not the end they should come to. This is a reproach, it seems to me, applicable to many weaker authors, less skilled in their art, but not to Mr. James. In his case the apparent failure to come to anything particular is foreseen by the author himself, because it is inherent in the nature of the theme chosen. It is certainly evident that the author of Roderick Hudson and The American has not the genuine story-telling gift, the power of inventing a story interesting for its own sake. His talent lies in another field, that of keen observation and fine discrimination of character, which he portrays with a subtle and delicate touch. It is unreasonable, I think, to complain of a writer for not being something else than he is, as it would be to find fault with a figure painter that he was not a landscape artist. When we have once recognized the quality of a man's talent, why not take what he can give, and not ask for something different? Let us do without a story in Mr. James's novels, and enjoy instead something certainly as admirable in its way. Observing the refined skill with which the contrast of typical characters is presented in The Europeans, I, for one, was not disposed to demand a more exciting *dénoûment*, the interest of each page as I read it being pleasure sufficient.

— Notwithstanding all that is said about the absurdity of Macleod of Dare, it seems to me that Mr. Black deserves great credit for his self-restraint. The temptation must have been almost irresistible to bring Miss White on the deck of the Umpire at the moment when the yacht took its final plunge, just to show her, white and blue, in a red light, for an instant, and the lunatic, in kilts, darting upon her with a wild "Ha! ha!" That would have wakened the Dutchman, and called Ulva, and got up a conversation with Fladda, and we might have expected a terrible remark from Lunga and wild laughter from Colonsay. It was too much to expect that the playful Hamish and the rest of that genial crew should tie up the madman when his purpose of murder became evident; that would have broken with all the traditions of the noble tribe. I do not complain of that; but what seems to me inexcusable in an artistic point of view — and I may say this after acknowledging the author's powerful self-control already mentioned — is this: the reader's amusement in the last scenes needs to be toned down by something, and a perfect artist, who knows Gaelic, would have introduced the bagpipe. The absence of Donald and his pibroch at the only time in the story when his efforts would have been in keeping with the general effect must be an oversight. And, besides, it would have enabled the author to bring in, by way of variety, the echoes of Colonsay, Dubh-Artach, Staffa, Fladda, Lunga, Mull, and the rest, and sobbing Ulva answering to the wail of the pipes with a prolonged howl of *Ool-a-va*.

And the bagpipe, which Miss White unreasonably hated, would have added a just element of retribution in the murder.

— Why is it we do not hear more about Thomas Hardy? We discuss Tourguéneff, in translations too, until he is threadbare; we dabble in Cherbuliez, likewise in translations for the most part; but this original Englishman we leave alone. Yet it seems to me that he is well worth attention, and a stronger writer in many respects than either Black or Blackmore. Have n't we all read his five stories? Or what is the trouble?

To my mind, Far from the Madding Crowd is as fine a piece of work as anything in fiction we have had from England in ten or fifteen years, — I make no exceptions; A Pair of Blue Eyes is an especially sweet little love story; Under the Greenwood Tree, a lesser sketch, is a rural picture so realistic that we know all the characters as neighbors, when we have finished it; and, as an offset, Desperate Remedies and The Hand of Ethelberta are failures. The best one, Far from the Madding Crowd, is a sheep story. The few characters, Bathsheba and her lovers and the little knot of farming people, move in a circle of meek sheep-faces from beginning to end. It opens with a vigil among lambs, followed by the tragedy of the ewes, where the young dog, who in his mistaken zeal has chased two hundred of the gentle creatures over the precipice to their death, is discovered standing alone, surveying his work, on the brow of the cliff, "against the sky, dark and motionless as Napoleon at St. Helena." Of the three lovers, one is a shepherd by profession, and comes on and off the scene either with lambs dangling from his shoulders, or grinding shearing-tools, or shearing sheep, or washing them, or something of the kind, from first to last. The second, although not a shepherd, is even more sheep-surrounded, poor fellow! The first time he tries to speak to the dark-eyed Bathsheba (a sheep-like name that too, and not unconnected with the ancient story of "one little ewe lamb," as told by Nathan the prophet), she is busy with the flock. He offers himself to her at a "sheep-washing," continues his suit at a "sheep-shearing," makes his second offer at a "shearing-supper," and, after she is left a widow, renews his addresses at a "sheep-fair." Times and seasons in this book are stated as follows: "It was now early spring, the time of going to grass with the sheep;" or, "It was the first of June, when the sheep-shearing season culminates." All through the story the mild woolly creatures accompany us. But what a strong tale it is that is set in these pastoral surroundings! The moment Troy, the soldier, steps on the scene, his scarlet coat contrasting with the green fields, we know how it is to be. Here is a man at last who has nothing to do with sheep; but rather "sword exercise," as when he spits the wandering caterpillar, that has crawled by chance across the front of Bathsheba's boddice, on the point of his flying circling sword, or severs a lock of her hair unfelt, with its swift and radiant edge. He tells her openly how beautiful she is! The others have not dared to say it; but Troy dares everything. This handsome soldier, to whom "the past was a yesterday; the future, to-morrow; never, the day after," one who, "perfectly truthful towards men," lies "like a Cretan toward women," wins Bathsheba, of course, from her slow, sheep-entangled suitors. He marries her, and — tires of her. Such men are always tired of their wives up to the age of forty or forty-five, when, if the wife has been patient meanwhile, they come back to her like schoolboys, and are good forever after. But Bathsheba is not patient. Tragedy now appears in the episode of Fanny. It seems to me that the chapter called On Casterbridge Highway, describing the inch-by-inch progress on foot of the dying girl, trying to drag herself over the three long miles to the poorhouse, her attempt with the crutches, her encounter with the homeless dog, and especially her woman's invention of pretending that the end of her journey was but five fence-posts distant, and then, having dragged

herself past the five by means of this self-beguilement, pretending it was but five posts more, and so on, is powerfully pathetic. And powerfully dramatic, too, the chapter where, all her sufferings over and in her poorhouse coffin, she comes back to conquer her splendid rival at last, and win again her recreant lover, by achieving "the one feat alone — that of dying" — which could make her powerful.

Hardy's descriptions of scenery are like no others with which I am acquainted, unless Thoreau's; I do not maintain that they are better than others, but they are certainly his own. They are not in the least poetic; nothing could be farther from what is known as "beautiful writing." Here are no "pearly," "opaline," "amethyst" tints at all. He selects generally rather sober times and scenes, and then describes them so that we actually see them. His landscapes have no moral meanings, for one thing. His sunsets and his thunder have no suggestions to offer respecting oblivion, remorse, or the infinite; his storm is simply an atmospheric disturbance, his fog a wet cloud. Here are some Thoreau-like bits. "A list of the gradual changes on a moor betokening the approach and arrival of winter. The retreat of the snakes. The transformation of the ferns. The filling of the pools. A rising of fogs. The embrowning by frost. The collapse of the fungi. An obliteration by snow." And this of the hue of very young tree-leaves: "a yellow beside a green, and a green beside a yellow." Of early morning: "It was so early that the shady places still smelt like night-time." Of nightfall: "He lingered till there was no difference between the eastern and western expanse of sky." The fog described in the Madding Crowd makes your own trees drip outside the window. And when this severely plain style rises at all, it is to such fine sentences as these: "To persons standing alone on a hill-top during a clear midnight, the roll of the earth eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars, or by the wind, or by the solitude; but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding."

But if the descriptions of scenery are good, those of the English farm-laborers are better; they seem to me the best we have had yet. For the dialect here is not simply an uncouth tongue, relying for its effect upon barbarous mispronunciations, but a quaint use of familiar, old-fashioned words and idioms, which seems to be taken bodily from actual life. Note the following: "There, 't is a happy providence that I be no worse, so to speak it, and I feel my few poor gratitudes." And this: "I knowed the boy's grandfather, a truly nervous man even to genteel refinement. 'T was blush, blush with him almost as much as 't is with me — not but that it 's a fault in me." "Not at all, Master Poorgrass," said Coggan. "'T is a very noble quality in ye." They discuss church and chapel. "Chapel-folk be more hand-and-glove with them above than we be," said Joseph, thoughtfully. "Yes," said Coggan. "If anybody goes to heaven, they will; they 've worked for it. I 'm not such a fool as to pretend that we who stick to the church have the same chance; but I hate a feller who 'll change his ancient doctrine for the sake of getting to heaven! No, I 'll stick to my side, and fall with the fallen." When the old master's age is doubted, they soothe the ancient man as follows: "Ye be a very old aged person, master; and ye must have a wonderful talented constitution to be able to live so long." The earl's wife dies, and after several hours have passed, they remark musingly, "She must know by this time whether she 's to go up or down, poor creature!" And here is an unapproachable bit: "Gabriel Oak is coming it quite the dand! When I see people strut enough to be cut up into bantam-cocks, I stand dormant with wonder, and says no more." The men discuss whether or not their mistress is in love, and one says, "But last Sunday, when we were in the tenth commandment, says she, 'Incline our hearts to keep this law,' says she, when

'twas 'laws in our hearts we beseech Thee' all the church through! Her eye was upon *him*, and she was quite lost, no more than a mere shadder at that tenth, a mere shadder!"

If Far from the Madding Crowd is a sheep story, A Pair of Blue Eyes is a tale of tombs. It is too bad to make sport of one of the sweetest little love-stories of the day, but there certainly is an omnipresence of "Jethway's tomb" which is gravely comic. There are three live lovers; and Jethway's tomb. The latter has an unpleasant way of shining "with singular weirdness." The first lover woos Elfride in the churchyard, while sitting on this tomb. The second lover, also with her in the churchyard, observes the tomb, and, after a while, finds out something of the truth. He questions her and she attempts to prevaricate by murmuring that the lover is dead; but, as she has already confessed to the love-making, he not unnaturally wishes to know "how in the name of Heaven a man can sit upon his own tomb!" Upon being informed at last, and falteringly, that there were two, he remarks with gloom that he hardly thinks *he* could have accepted the attentions of a new lover "while sitting upon the poor remains of the old one." He goes alone for an evening walk, again selecting "the churchyard;" he sits and regards "the white tomb." Meanwhile Jethway's mother having appropriately selected that day and spot to come by and be killed, lover number two is the one to discover the body, of course, and end the chapter sepulchrally. When poor discarded number one returns from India, it is in this churchyard again that Elfride promises to meet him. She does not come; but, has he not the companionship of Jethway? At last, when he meets her with number two, and is informed in so many words of their betrothal, the scene this time is a family vault into which by chance they have all descended. There are two fine breezy descriptions of churchyards in the book, with the merits and demerits of the style of graves in each; and there is a quaint account of masons at work in a vault among ancient coffins, which, in unlettered prose, rivals Hamlet. Last of all, when the two lovers, after long absence and alienation from Elfride, find out their errors, and after attempting to deceive each other by an affectation of utter indifference, meet at the railroad station in the early dawn, each hastening to her on the wings of the wind, they notice a singular dark car attached to their train; and it accompanies them all day. Once, by some mistake, it is detached, and they have to wait for it. "What a confounded nuisance these stoppages are!" one says, fretfully. When they reach the end of their journey, the dark van stops too; it turns out to be a funeral car, and from it is borne a coffin, — the coffin of Elfride. Struck dumb, they follow in silence, two miserable men, each, however, sure in his heart that she loved him to the last; sure! She was such a sweet, loving little creature! And then they learn that it is a countess who is being borne on before them, and that Elfride has been for five months the wife of the earl! The story ends in a vault, — her vault now; they visit it together the day after the funeral, only to find there the earl, who is number three, and before them both, and who loved her better than they all.

Hardy always has one woman and three or four lovers; it is his idea of a story. In Desperate Remedies and The Hand of Ethelberta he has ventured off his ground and into the field where Wilkie Collins' banner, inscribed with the motto, "Plots, not People," floats supreme; and of course he has been slaughtered.

In all his writings he quotes, as far as I can discover, but two American authors, namely, Hawthorne and Walt Whitman.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Essays in Anglo-Saxon Law[1] is a book that deserves more than a passing notice. The essays which it contains are four in number, and treat of The Anglo-Saxon Courts of Law (Henry Adams); The Anglo-Saxon Land Law (H. Cabot Lodge); The Anglo-Saxon Family Law (Ernest Young); and The Anglo-Saxon Legal Procedure (J. Lawrence Laughlin). Besides this there are a number of selected cases, and an index. The table of works cited is five pages in length, and embraces the names of the most authoritative writers on law, and institutions of all ages and countries, from Bracton to Bluntschli, and from Fleta to Freeman.

Anglo-Saxon law is a subject almost necessarily confined to a few specialists. Researches in it can have little or no bearing on any practical questions that advocates or judges discuss in the courts, for a very simple reason: the sources of the law, as we make use of it, must chiefly come from a comparatively civilized state of society. We find such sources in the Roman law, and in the feudal system. The latter, though we are accustomed to regard it as barbarous, was, when compared with the system which it supplanted in England, civilization itself; while the Roman system (though anterior in date) was as much superior to the Saxon as our modern jurisprudence is to it. The lawyer of to-day, in his examination of English authorities, rarely mounts higher than the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, when pure Anglo-Saxon law had long ceased to exist. When he goes behind this period, he reverts at once to the digest and the pandects. The period intervening between the disappearance of the Roman Empire and the establishment of English law in the reigns of Henry III or Edward I. has been, for practical purposes, a blank. It is not difficult to see from these essays the immediate practical reason of this. We may take two cases from the appendix, cited from Saxon authorities: one set down as belonging to the year 1040, and the other "before 1038." The last of the two is contained in these words: "+ Here is made known in this writing that a shire gemot sat at Aylton in King Cnutt's day. There sat Bishop Aethelstan, and Ealdorman Ranig, and Eadwine [son] of the ealdorman, and Leofwine, son of Wofsig, and Thurkil White; and Tofig Proud came there on the king's errand; and there was Sheriff Bryning, and Aegelweard of Frome, and Leofwine of Frome, and Godric of Stoka, and all the thanes in Herefordshire. Then came there Eadwine, son of Eanwine, faring to the gemot, and made claim against his own mother for a piece of land; namely, Wellington and Cradley. Then asked the bishop who was to answer for his mother; then answered Thurkil White and said that it was his part [to do so], if he knew the case. As he did not know the case, they appointed three thanes from the gemot, who should ride where she was; namely, at Fawley. These were Leofwine of Frome, and Aegelsic the Red, and Winsie Shipman. And when they came to her, then asked they what tale she had about the lands which her son sued for. Then said she that she had no land that belonged to him in any way, and she was vehemently angry with her son, and called her kinswoman, Leofled, Thurkil's wife, to her, and said to her before them, thus: Here sits Leofled, my kinswoman, whom I grant both my land and my gold, both raiment and garment, and all that I own, after my day. And she afterwards said to the thanes, Do thanelike and well! Declare my errand to the gemot before all the good men, and make known to them whom I have granted my land to and all my property; and to my own son, nothing whatever; and ask them to be witness to this. And they then did so, rode to the gemot and made known to all the good men what she had laid on them. Then Thurkil White stood up in the gemot, and asked all the thanes to give his wife clear the lands that her kinswoman granted her, and they did so. And Thurkil rode then to St. Aethelbert's minster by leave and witness of the whole people, and caused [this] to be recorded in a church book." This is cited as a case of an Anglo-Saxon civil suit and will. In No. 29 we have an Anglo-Saxon criminal prosecution: . . . "He [Harthacnut] was greatly incensed against Earl Godwine and Living, Bishop of Worcester, for the death of his brother Alfred, Aelfric, Archbishop of York,

[1] *Essays in Anglo-Saxon Law.* Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; London: Macmillan & Co.

and some others being their accusers. For this reason he took the bishopric of Worcester from Living and gave it to Aelfric, but the following year he took it back from Aelfric and graciously restored it to Living, who had made his peace with him. Godwine, however, to obtain the king's favor, gave to him an admirably constructed ship which had a gilded prow, and was perfectly fitted out and manned with eighty chosen men suitably armed, each of whom had two golden armlets weighing sixteen ounces on his arms, and wore a triple coat of mail, a helmet, partly gilded, on his head, a sword with gilded hilt girt to his side, a Danish battle-axe adorned with gold and silver hanging from his left shoulder, in his left hand a shield with gilded boss and studs, in the right hand a lance which is called in English *ategar*. Moreover, he made oath to the king, with nearly all the chief men and nobler thanes of England, that it was not by his advice nor by his will that the king's brother had been blinded, but that his lord, King Harold, had commanded him to do what he had done."

Now, we know that a "gemot" was a court, and it is not difficult to arrive at a tolerable degree of certainty as to the functions of a "shire gemot;" with the titles of bishop and sheriff we are perfectly familiar, as with that of "ealdorman." Expurgation by oath, too, is a process which all students of English history know something of. Nevertheless, it is as difficult to imagine this suit of Eadwine against his mother, or this prosecution of Earl Godwin, being used in a modern court of justice to settle a point about a will or an indictment, as to suppose English or American judges and lawyers citing precedents in a contested election contest from the Old Testament.

It is this fact, this lack of immediate practical utility, that has retarded the study of the Anglo-Saxon law in this country. The same devotion to purely practical results which secured from the late John Stuart Mill that concise and frank description of our national life which occurs, if we remember aright, in his Political Economy, — "dollar-hunting and the breeding of dollar-hunters," — has until recently made all researches into the primitive institutions of the race seem, even to those who were by training and profession best qualified to make them, almost like a waste of time. In the titles of works cited, to which we have referred above, we do not notice the name of a single American inquirer into the subjects of which the volume treats, and the only American writer on the list is the learned Lewis H. Morgan, whose investigations into Indian institutions have won him already such a world-wide reputation among scholars. Indeed, we are strongly inclined to suspect that the only work on the subject of primitive law which has yet issued from the American press is to be found in these essays.

In what we have said above of the difficulty of finding a practical use for such researches, we have only aimed at placing in the strongest light the lack of appreciation with which such a book has to contend. There hardly can be said to exist any public for it in this country, and the authors must look to Germany or to England for a proper recognition of their labors. That such a work should have been produced at all in the United States is a surprise, and it is worth while to inquire how such a thing has been possible.

The volume appears, then, to be in a certain sense an academic product. It is dedicated to "Charles William Eliot, President of Harvard College," as a "fruit of his administration," and all the essays are, we believe, the work of persons connected either as students or professors with the university at Cambridge. This is not the place to discuss the present administration of that institution of learning, but it is generally understood that both in the college proper and in its school of law the last few years have developed a new spirit of learning and emulation, which promise everything for the future. In too many of the colleges of the United States is the study of the law regarded in the purely commercial spirit which likens it to any other money-making trade. That higher conception of the subject which regards it as an elevated branch of learning, the most interesting perhaps that can be pursued by man, calling into play his highest faculties, revealing the most precious secrets of the past, and disclosing the immutable order of the development of human societies, — this is the conception which all those who are interested in this science, or in the cause of sound education, must desire to see substituted for the sordid and groveling spirit which sees in law nothing but a pathway for sharp wits to wealth or place. It is this spirit which it is the duty of such a university as Harvard to foster at all points. The unpractical character of such publications, to which we have already adverted,

makes it to the last degree unlikely that the work will be undertaken in a country like the United States, except it be helped forward by institutions having in charge the higher education, and the appearance of a book like these essays shows that one of them at least does not shrink from the task.

To the general reader perhaps the first and second of the essays will be found the most interesting, though to the student all are of equal value. By the "general reader" we mean of course that small but increasing class which has some acquaintance with the development of early institutions, rather than the reading public at large. Many topics besides those of a purely legal character will be found discussed. With regard to that most interesting question, the formation of large estates out of the early communal system, some valuable remarks will be found in Mr. Lodge's essay (p. 81). He points out that the efforts of most writers on the subject have been to support some one special form of organization as the typical Anglo-Saxon community, — Kemble taking the mark, Professor Stubbs rejecting this and adopting the township, as the constitutional unit. Mr. Lodge, however, does not think that the authorities justify us in adopting the mark or any other community as the unit of the land system. "The mark, the township, the vicus, in certain cases the vill, the hundred, the thorpe or dorf, were all what are now termed village communities." Throughout them all ran the great primitive principle of community of land; in all of them it existed in its three divisions, — house land, arable land, and wild land. In its pure form the community had the title vested in itself; but in some cases it grew up on lands of which the title was already vested elsewhere, as in the king, or in some large proprietor. In the last case "the commoners were presumably tenants of the land-owner." This was a direct and obvious cause in hastening the downfall of the independent community. It should be observed that the community land must not be confounded with the folc or public land, and Mr. Lodge points out the difference between the two by means of an example from modern times: "Here in America exist, side by side, the lands of the United States, the lands of the States, and the lands of the municipalities and townships. The land of the State, the municipality, and the township is private, as compared with the land of the United States. As the land of the State is to that of the United States, as the land of a corporation or township is to that of the single State, so was the land of the Anglo-Saxon community to the folc land." Again, the lands of the folc, or people, were treated as revenue-bearing lands, as a national fund to which no individual had a right of separate enjoyment. On the other hand, the communal lands were enjoyed in common and bore no revenue, every commoner having an inalienable right to the enjoyment of a specific amount of it for a definite time. The process by which these communal lands were absorbed by families and individuals in England must have been the same as that which we know went on on the Continent. First, the house land becomes private property, then the arable, last the waste. "In strict accordance with this order, the ordinary example of the communal system which has survived is in waste or wild lands. A few cases, comparatively speaking, have also remained to us of the community of the arable land. It is perfectly clear that the hereditary right to an allotment for a term of years was easily converted into an hereditary right to a certain parcel of land." The formation of large estates was chiefly brought about by the right of redemption from the waste There were of course always differences of rank and wealth, and it was natural that the richer members of the community, the owners of many slaves, should redeem land from the waste much faster than the poorer members. "Conquest, too, was an important factor in the problem; for the leaders, the kings, and the crown obtained much larger estates in the conquered territory than the common man. Deeds of lands introduced by the church for its own purposes, and occasionally sales, help to increase the current. The large estates once started grew rapidly. Their development was the development of the estates of individuals, of family estates." This process it was which gradually raised one man above another as a property holder, and "thus developed the lord of the Middle Ages, and destroyed the old Germanic community, based on the system of small free holds and equality before the law."

It will be seen from these extracts that the book is by no means confined to purely technical matter, but ranges over those wide fields of investigation which writers like Sir Henry Maine have already laid open to us. We trust that this pioneer effort may lead to others, and that it may help

to prove that American legal scholarship no longer lags behind that of Germany and England.

— In a small volume[1] of four hundred and thirty-two pages, of rather large type, Dr. Quackenbos has undertaken to give a compact history of Oriental and classical literature, omitting obscure names and wearisome details, giving "some of the most interesting facts of comparative philology," and explaining "the principles of the Egyptian picture-writing." Moreover, "the labors of European scholars during the last quarter century have thrown a chain of living interest around the subject [Sanskrit and Persian literature], and awakened on this side of the Atlantic as well a thirst for further knowledge, which it is here attempted to satisfy." This is undertaking a good deal in a single book, and a small one at that, and the execution is just what one would expect. There is a fluent stream of comment on all the great works of classical and Oriental literature, brief examples, in translation, are given of the different writings mentioned, and all the proper names are divided into syllables, and in every case the accented syllable is marked, for the greater convenience of readers.

"The present volume," Dr. Quackenbos tells us, "has grown out of the author's experience in the lecture-room; and in the belief that it is of a scope and grade that will meet the popular want he now offers it to high schools, academies, and colleges. From such institutions he feels that no class should graduate in ignorance either of the Greek and Roman classics . . . or of those precious remains of once great Oriental literature," etc. Of the scope of this book there can be no question, but the wisdom of supplying the young with the merest smattering of necessary knowledge is more open to doubt. It is like feeding day-laborers with toast-water, by means of a salt-spoon, this giving young men, students by name, the meagrest intellectual fare, the correct pronunciation of well-known proper names (Achilles=*a-kil-leez*), "the latest authorities" in "critical views," and, in a word, this shameless collection of platitudes, in the place of sound education.

[1] *Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical.* By JOHN D. QUACKENBOS, A. M., M. D., author of Illustrated School History of the World. Accompanied with Engravings and Colored Maps. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

— Mr. White, by his admirable translation of Schmidt's Introduction to the Rhythmic and Metric of the Classical Languages,[2] has earned the gratitude of all who are interested in Greek and Latin poetry. The labor of translation has not been confined to an accurate reproduction of the German in good English, but quotations from our well-known poets have been introduced, where German poems came in the original. The most useful additions which have been made are certainly the three indexes, of which there are absolutely no traces in the German book. Finally, the very artistic form of the book contrasts agreeably with the repulsive look of the German publication. To appreciate Dr. Schmidt's researches it is indispensable to notice what views had been entertained on Greek rhythmic before him. A well-known German authority has said, "The great fault in Greek rhythmic is that it distinguished only one long and one short time. Now every motion involves several kinds of longs and shorts, and even the recitation of a poem, not to speak of singing, in which this is not recognized is unnatural and wearisome." This condemnation of Greek rhythmic came before Dr. Schmidt had written the laborious works of which this volume is a summary. But now since Hermann's plan of determining the laws of Greek rhythm by a discriminating application of Kant's Categories has been given up, there is a very simple answer to the accusation above quoted. The Greeks did not confine themselves to the distinction between long and short, but, as Dr. Schmidt shows, had notes of six different values, ranging from five eighths to a sixteenth, — the ordinary short being the eighth. This removes the terrors of scanning, which, as ordinarily practiced, seems rather suited to the capacities of a phonograph than to those of a human being.

On this question Dr. Schmidt agrees with Rossbach and Westphal, whose work, as he acknowledges, first made him sure that there was in Greek rhythm something more than the monotonous clattering of a forge. The absurd theory that all Greek metres were made up of long and short syllables was handed down to us by the indus-

[2] *An Introduction to the Rhythmic and Metric of the Classical Languages.* To which are added the lyric parts of the Medea of Euripides and the Antigone of Sophocles, with Rhythmical Schemes and Commentary. By DR. J. HEINRICH SCHMIDT. Translated from the German, with the author's sanction, by JOHN WILLIAMS WHITE, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Greek in Harvard University. Boston: Ginn and Heath. 1878.

trious grammarians of Alexandria. Dionysius, the writer on music, contradicts them, however, and contrasts prose, which makes only this distinction, with rhythmic, which "fits syllables to time and not time to syllables."

The points where Dr. Schmidt does differ from his predecessors, and particularly from Westphal, are these: he does not allow one syllable to be indefinitely extended over many feet, protesting against this as suggesting too forcibly the comic word εἰειειειειειλίσσετε, made for Euripides by Aristophanes. The violence which modern composers of songs do to the rhythm of a poem is well illustrated by the translator, who instances Mendelssohn's music for "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast." So far the Greeks did not go. Other points of difference are that Dr. Schmidt rejects as impossible a pause in the middle of a word, and the suppression in a foot of the thesis to be supplied by the musical accompaniment. Thus far all his points are well taken. However, his use of the terms choree, trochee, and iambus seems needlessly confusing. The iambus, which plays so great a part in Greek poetry, he banishes entirely, while he speaks of iambic trimeter, but represents it in his notation as trochaic with anacrusis. When hard pressed he alludes to the iambus as an "inverted choree."

The great merit of this book is that it gives an interest to the subject of classical metres by showing that in this form of art, as well as in the other forms which the Greeks have left for the admiration of posterity, may be traced the same harmonious combination of perfect parts in a perfect whole which Plato so vividly expressed by saying that no sculptor would try to make the eyes of a statue beautiful by putting all his brightest colors on them, but would strive to make them beautiful eyes with due regard to the other parts of the statue. Moreover, in this book, as in no other suited for the use of beginners, the dry nomenclature of metrical forms has its true meaning infused into it, and no longer appeals to the memory alone.

— The preface tells us that this book[1] "is designed mainly for students at our universities and public schools, and for such as are preparing for the Indian Civil Service or other advanced examinations;" and there is no doubt that these persons will find here exactly what they seek, for it would be hard to name an English history of Roman literature that in anything like the same space treats its subject with more thoroughness and exactness. Naturally, the author has taken Teuffel's work for the basis of his own, and since that is unequaled on its own ground even by other German treatises, this slighter production secures accuracy and the last results of scholarship. Brief examples taken from here and there cannot prove the completeness of the book, which has stood well the examination we have given it, for this quality is one that will be best tested by actual use. The literary criticism is very fair, so far as it goes, and is certainly without the dull commonplaces which generally fill up books of this kind. The abstracts of different writings are full and satisfactory. It is not by studying Teuffel alone that the book is made what it is; the author has wisely used the works of other scholars, as his frequent notes show, in preparing this excellent hand-book.

— First, we believe, among the series of hand-books for students and general readers projected by Henry Holt & Co. is a little volume of one hundred and sixty pages, entitled The Studio Arts, by Elizabeth Winthrop Johnson.[2] It seeks to give a general view of the theory, practice, and history of art, with brief biographies of the ancient and modern masters so arranged as to illustrate the natural divisions of art and the main characteristics of its development in the several schools. There is also an outline bibliography of art, a well-arranged table of contents, and a full index of artists. This very comprehensive scheme is prepared, not for students, but for the public, and in the main its nature is such that, without making any great demand upon the time or the intellect of the reader, it is capable of making him, not a critic, perhaps, but certainly a more intelligent observer of such forms of art as are accessible to him. Part First, covering the large division of definitions, theory, and technique, is of course exceedingly elementary. Twenty-five pages can scarcely include all that even the general reader would find it convenient to know on these subjects. The author is thus compelled by her limit of space to confine herself to what is little more than a bald statement of commonplaces and truisms. As such, we must

[1] *A History of Roman Literature: From the Earliest Period to the Death of Marcus Aurelius.* By Charles Thomas Cruttwell, M. A., Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford. With Chronological Tables, etc., for the use of Students. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

[2] *The Studio Arts.* By Elizabeth Winthrop Johnson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.

needs scrutinize it jealously, for fear the popular comprehension of art may be poisoned at its sources. It is not captious, therefore, to take exception to the arbitrary general division of her subject into decorative art, pictorial art, and sculpture. Decorative art she defines as "art applied to the ornamenting of objects of practical use." Now, as sculpture and painting are themselves, in their highest uses, decorative arts, whether applied to small or great things, to ornamenting pottery or completing architecture; as architecture itself is an art, and the main inspiration of the decorative arts; and as all three are interdependent, there seems to be no good reason why the ordinary division of the arts into architecture, sculpture, and painting should not be adhered to.

Our author consistently carries her system of exclusion into the second part, and in her "sketch of the progress of art" takes no note of architecture or of its indissoluble connection with the other arts in their decorative capacities. She treats, moreover, successively of the antique or classic, the Renaissance, the intermediate, and the modern arts, but does not recognize the important expressions of art which occupied the great area of time between the classic and the Renaissance periods, and which, although the Renaissance was ostensibly a revival of classic art, formed a vast body of precedent, whether Romanesque or mediæval, which had its inevitable and important influence upon every subsequent work.

It is but fair to add, however, that we know of no book which so directly answers the questions which are most apt to be asked by those ignorant of the principles and history of sculpture and painting, — of none which so conveniently presents the generally accepted character, position, and influence of the principal masters of art.

— Mr. Camille Piton, principal of the National Art Training School at Philadelphia, has contributed his quota to the flood of literature on ceramics, for a better knowledge of which we have reason to infer the public mind is still athirst, in a little treatise entitled China Painting in America.[1] It is curiously made up of a brief discussion on the theory of color, followed by a practical elementary account of the natures of hard and soft porcelain and faïence, especially as regards their capacity to receive colors over and under the glaze; then ensue three pages on heraldry, somewhat grotesquely introduced, and a detailed account of the manipulations of palette, colors, and brushes in the transfer to the porcelain or faïence of certain decorations according to models given in the accompanying album; and these exercises are devoted wholly to mechanical processes, and do not touch upon the artistic qualities of the work. If properly used the book will be useful to the amateur, and may save the artist, who would express his inspirations in perdurable pottery, a world of preliminary trouble in experimenting under the unfamiliar conditions of material.

— Every one who writes of Rufus Choate from actual knowledge speaks of his indefinable, rare personal charm, and those who can remember his voice and manner will find the pages animated by much that is lost to those born too late to hear him speak. But there is in his addresses[2] a quality that survives the accidents of mortality, — that something which is the mark of genius, to which the orator's presence gave emphasis, but which yet fills the printed page with an undying glow. It seems as if in speaking of Choate's wit, presence of mind, eloquence, etc., one was actually blinded, by the number of qualities that claim the attention, to the poetical nature that underlay them all, and added so much to them all.

Choate's facile, buoyant style was but the fit representative of his rich imagination. When another man would have used a single, shivering, dimly descriptive epithet, Choate's imagination saw every detail and flooded it with a brilliant light, and his command of language enabled him to set the scene clearly before his hearers or his readers. A most noteworthy instance is the passage from the oration entitled The Heroic Period of our History, in which he describes, as an example of military heroism, the feeling that inspired Leonidas and his three hundred as they awaited the Persian onset at Thermopylæ. We have not space to quote in full the eloquent passage, but this final sentence fitly sums up the whole: "When morning came and passed, and they had dressed their long locks, and when at noon the countless and glittering throng was seen at last to move, was it not with rapture, as if all the enjoyment of all the sensations of life was in

[1] *A Practical Treatise on China Painting in America. With some Suggestions as to Decorative Art.* By CAMILLE PITON. With folio album of plates. New York: John Wiley and Sons. 1878.

[2] *Addresses and Orations of Rufus Choate.* Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1878

that one moment, that they cast themselves, with the fierce gladness of mountain torrents, on that brief revelry of glory?" This "fierce gladness of mountain torrents" seems just the one concentrating expression, the poetical and picturesque embodiment, of the whole scene, and it is in these frequent, swift images that Choate's style is particularly rich.

Of course, the beauty of language depends on the ideas to be expressed, and statesmanship is by no means the only quality to be found within this volume; there is always a generous appreciation of the importance of literature and study, such as has not been found in the speeches of all eminent orators. The same zealous interest in literary matters is to be found, not merely in the abundant signs of wide reading, but in the earnest pleas for sound cultivation which are to be met in some of the earlier speeches; and when we remember that these are but examples of Choate's many-sidedness, that hard reading and deep study were but the relaxations of a man busy in his profession and in politics, the impression of his greatness is only strengthened.

Of his eloquence fame speaks too loudly for further words to be needed. Take his Eulogy on Webster, for instance; happy the statesman who merits such glowing recognition as is contained in this touching tribute of one great man to another. To extract any one brief passage would be unjust, since no sentence, thus detached from its place, could be fairly judged. The reader must take up the book, and as he turns from one page to another, he will fall under the charm of the richly endowed man, with his many sympathies, his ardent, poetical nature, that seems like a plant of tropical luxuriance amid our New England coldness and aridity.

— Mr. Adams's book on Railroads[1] is divided into two very different parts, the first being a somewhat facetious history of the early days of railway travel in this country and abroad, while the second is a very serious discussion of what may be called the social relations of railroads at the present time. The historical part is well done, and, brief though it is, it may be regarded as the most exact and thorough account written of the establishment of this means of locomotion, and as such is of permanent value to the curious. It sinks into insignificance, however, in comparison with the immediate importance to us all of the treatment of the "railroad problems."

It may be stated, in the first place, that there is no person more competent than Mr. Adams to write about these questions. They concern us all, it is true: the business man has to estimate the uncertain chances of a railroad war; the man who has invested in railroads has every reason to follow the course of those who have charge of his money with considerable attention; those who control the railroads certainly seldom show indifference to meeting the difficulties that continually beset them, but none of these persons possess the combination of thorough knowledge and impartiality that Mr. Adams, by virtue of his position as railroad commissioner in this State, possesses. For many years now he has been dealing with the questions that continually come up about railroads, and every word that he says is of the utmost importance. It is only too seldom that an expert will expound difficult matters so fully and so clearly.

Mr. Adams's description of the recent railroad troubles — since 1873, that is — is particularly noteworthy. For once we have a succinct and impartial account of the granger movement, with full justice done to what was reasonable, or, possibly, what had some elements of reason, in that extraordinary outburst. He tells us what have been its consequences, and he states what we may look for in the future. Competition in railroads, which has long been regarded as the protection of the public, he shows to be a dangerous thing, and he illustrates this by mention of the different results of competition between two railroads running northward from Boston, and of the monopoly enjoyed by another well-known road in a different part of the State, and certainly the facts bear him out. The recent struggles between the principal roads have brought only a temporary settlement of the troubles; so that, Mr. Adams says, "taken as a whole, the American railroad system is in much the same condition as Mexico and Spain are politically. In each case a Cæsar or Napoleon is necessary. When, however, the time is ripe and the man comes, the course of affairs can even now be foreshadowed; for it is always pretty much the same. Instead of the wretched condition of chronic semi-warfare which now exists, there will be one decisive struggle, in which, from the

[1] *Railroads: Their Origin and Problems.* By Charles Francis Adams, Jr. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

beginning to the end, the fighting will be forced. There will be no patched-up truces, made only to be broken. . . . The result, expressed in a few words, would be a railroad federation under a protectorate. The united action of the great through lines is necessary to bring this about; and how to secure that action is now the problem." That there is something of the kind imminent, he does not doubt. This is but one of the shrewd remarks to be found in the book, very little of which is of a kind to give unalloyed satisfaction to any of the numerous contestants in railroad strife. Nor will the theorists who desire to put everything under the charge of a paternal government — which is to visionaries of the present day very much what nature was a century ago — get much encouragement from Mr. Adams.

French and German.

The second volume of Sainte-Beuve's[1] Correspondence, which includes the letters of the last four years of his life, is of the same somewhat disappointing quality as the first one. There are more of the formal notes of thanks to critics who had been civil to him; business notes to his friends and others on the work that he was busy about at the time, asking for dates, the corroboration of uncertain statements, etc.; and here and there a letter that it is a pleasure and a satisfaction to find printed. But the reader feels continually that Sainte-Beuve was too indefatigable a writer to spend much time in correspondence, so that his letters, for the most part, have hardly more literary interest than a business man's telegrams; and then we know that all of those more intimate remarks, those frank expressions of opinion, those revelations of the real feeling which make the charm of letters as contrasted with the printed page, have all found their place in his deadly footnotes, and his *pensées*, where he would concentrate his whole censure in one winged shaft of criticism devoid of compliment. Even with these serious drawbacks the book has considerable value; it is only in contrast with what every one has hoped for that it seems uninteresting.

Often we find him defending his views on religion from various forms of attack, and, at the time the incident occurred, setting right malicious false reports about the dinner on Good Friday, an event which created the most disproportionate excitement. He was by no means a believer, in the usual acceptation of the term, but he was far from making his lack of belief obnoxious to others, while he had to endure a good deal of misrepresentation from those who considered it necessary to remonstrate with him. In this volume are to be found two or three letters in which he takes pains to state his position very clearly.

These vague words of comment must suffice, and lack of space must explain our giving but one example of Sainte-Beuve's letters. It was written ten years ago to M. Émile Zola (the author, it will be remembered, of L'Assommoir), about his book, Thérèse Raquin. This novel is one of a good deal of what is called force, that is to say, no one can read it without receiving a very violent impression, and, except that it lacks the enormous amount of technical preparation which distinguishes the Rougon-Macquart series, it is hard to see why it is not fully equal to any of them. It certainly has to a very great degree all their faults. Here is the letter, dated June 10, 1868.

Dear Sir: I am not so sure that I shall send you this letter, for I do not feel that I have any right to criticise privately your Thérèse Raquin. . . . Your work is remarkable, conscientious, and in some respects it may mark an epoch in the history of the contemporary novel. But yet in my opinion it exceeds the limits, it abandons the conditions, of art viewed in any light; and by reducing art to pure and simple truth, it seems to me to lack this truth.

And in the first place, you choose a motto that is not justified by anything in the novel. If vice and virtue are only products like vitriol and sugar, it must follow that a crime explained and accounted for like this one is no such miraculous and monstrous thing; and one cannot help asking why, in that case, there is all this machinery of remorse, which is but a transformation and transposition of ordinary moral remorse, of Christian remorse, and is another sort of hell.

In the beginning, you describe the Passage du Pont Neuf. . . . Well, this description is not true: it is fantastic; it is like Balzac's Rue Soli. The Passage is flat, dull, ugly, and very narrow, but it has none of the blackness and of the Rembrandt-like tints that you ascribe to it. That is another way of being inaccurate.

[1] *Sainte-Beuve. Correspondance.* 1825-69. II. Paris: Lévy. 1878.

Your characters, too, if it was on purpose that you made them dull and vulgar (excepting the young woman who is something like an Algerian), are life-like, well drawn, conscientiously analyzed, and honestly copied. To tell the truth, little as I am of an idealist, I cannot help asking if the pencil or the pen must necessarily choose vulgar subjects, void of all charm (I asked the same thing about Germinie Lacerteux, by my friends the Goncourts). I am convinced that a touch of something agreeable, of something pathetic, is not wholly useless, even if only on one or two points, — even in a picture that one wishes to make perfectly gloomy and dark. But I will say nothing more about that. There is one place in which I find a good deal of talent in the way of invention: it is in the boldness of the rendezvous. The page about the cat, about what it might say, is charming, and does not fall into pure and simple copying. I find, too, great analytic skill and *vraisemblance* (the kind of novel being accepted) in the scenes before and after the drowning.

But there I stop, and the novel seems to me to go astray. I maintain that here observation, or divination, fails you. It is done with the head, and not from nature. And, in fact, passion is ferocious. Once unchained, it continues so long as it is not gratified. . . . So I do not understand your lovers with their remorse, and their sudden cooling before they had accomplished their ends. As to what might have happened later I say nothing. When the main passion is satisfied reflection commences, the inconveniences are seen, and remorse begins.

You see my objections, my dear sir. But they do not blind me to the technical merit in the execution of many pages. I can only wish that the word *vautrer* was used less frequently, and that that other word, brutal, which continually appears, did not come to enforce the dominant note, which has no need of this reminder to escape being forgotten.

You have done a bold thing: you have in this book defied the public and the critics. Do not be surprised at considerable wrath; the fight is begun; your name is connected with it; such contests end, when an author of talents wishes it, by another book, equally bold but somewhat more moderate, in which the public and the critics imagine that they see a concession such as they wanted, and it all ends with one of those treaties of peace which establish our reputation more.

When one recalls the amount of criticism that Zola's books have provoked, these words, which hit the very faults that have since made this author famous, are well worth consideration.

— Comte de Gobineau's La Renaissance[1] is a book that will be pretty sure not to tempt the reader who opens it and merely turns over the pages. A series of dramatic sketches demands pretty constant attention to be appreciated properly, and this form of writing has, in the course of time, gone very much out of fashion. The reader prefers being told something to finding it out for himself, and he has become distrustful of the necessary inaccuracy, or at least the formal inaccuracy, of even the cleverest attempts at dramatic writing. But Gobineau nowhere comes near a theatrical representation in what he has here written. He has rather told a series of slightly connected stories about the period of the Renaissance by means of a number of scenes, written with more resemblance to the manner of the stage than is to be found in Landor's Imaginary Conversations, for instance, but hardly so much as we see in Alfred de Musset's Lorenzaccio, which surely could never be acted without a good deal of clipping and filling-out. It is easy to see that a book of this sort is not likely to attract every one, but Gobineau has already shown himself so distinctly one of the most cultivated and thoughtful of contemporary authors — that this is not exaggerated praise those who know will doubtless be willing to affirm — that a new book of his cannot fail to attract attention.

The scenes he has chosen for illustration in this volume are most interesting. What one sees in looking at a great period like the Renaissance is apt to be what one looks for, and Gobineau has pictured here specimens of both the artistic and the political life of that time. The first division consists of Savonarola's career, which may be said to belong to the political life, and contains an account, put, of course, in dramatic form, of the career of that celebrated reformer. It sets him in no very favorable light, and brings out his fanaticism much more than any other of his qualities. But that is a small part of the author's performance; by a number of well-contrived scenes he brings

[1] *La Renaissance. Scènes Historiques.* Par Le Comte de Gobineau. Paris: E. Plon & Cie. 1877.

before us the busy life of Florence and its relations with other cities, the whirl of political strife, the feelings of the artists, and all the complicated civilization of that day. And this is the way Gobineau has treated the whole history that he has chosen to illustrate. The headings of the different divisions are of only slight importance; they are the merest pegs on which hangs a sympathetic and tolerably thorough exposition of the Renaissance. The Popes Julius II. and Leo X.; Raphael, Titian, Leonardo, and Michael Angelo; Machiavelli, Cæsar Borgia, Aretino, and Bembo, are but a few of the many figures that appear in the pages, and in their talk, which is based on the author's careful research and inspired by his keen sympathy, they live again, as it were, the main incidents of that stirring epoch.

It is very much the fashion nowadays to write about the Renaissance, and every one who has a grudge against the present time avenges himself by praising that period at the expense of these degenerate days; and there is a good deal of misplaced subtlety in the investigation of its literary and artistic excellence. The new crop of English æsthetic writers, who hold in scorn the old saying about the Italianized Englishman, outdo one another in decorative writing in the interpretation of old paintings and poems. By the side of these authors Gobineau seems simple and manly. He does not give way to "tall" writing, but sets forth his notion of a few of the main peculiarities that marked that era. These historical scenes will well repay those who will overcome their repugnance to the form in which they are written, and will take them up. The translation of a single detached scene would not give the reader a satisfactory notion of the merit of the book, or we should give some proof of our words; as it is, the reader can only be urged to examine the way the history of the Renaissance strikes a man like Gobineau, and he will be pretty sure to be interested, even if it is hard to discriminate between interest in the events themselves and interest in the author's way of writing about them.

— Although philology is in the main a German science, and all the workers in it have to go back to that country for precise and definite information, France, even if at a long distance, may be said to hold the second place. England shines mainly with a borrowed light; Italy contains but few students, of whom only one has a wide reputation; while Bréal, it is not too much to say, is a real ornament to French erudition. His masterly translation of Bopp's comparative grammar, which really has the value of a carefully revised and much-enlarged edition of the original work, has given him a very high position. His scattered essays and monographs have always found admiring readers, so that the publication of his various papers in a single volume[1] gives an excellent opportunity to form some sort of conclusion about his merit.

Doubtless the most important of the essays in this volume is the one upon the myth of Hercules and Cacus; it appeared some fifteen years ago in separate form, and although it did not actually lay open an unknown path to investigators, it was at the time recognized as a most remarkable unfolding of a very difficult matter. The study of myths had not then proceeded very far, and Bréal's investigation, of one widespread and obscure myth has always been a model of the way in which such work should be done. Without making invidious comparisons between the two nations, it is notorious that while German work is often graceless, French research produces flawless results, as complete as the multiplication table, which excite the suspicions of the cautious. But Bréal is a thorough scholar, while at the same time he is a delightful writer, — a rare and fascinating combination. This is not the place for an abbreviation of his excellent work, which, moreover, is no longer new, but it may be allowable to call attention to the way in which the fable of Hercules and Cacus is shown in the various modifications it underwent among different peoples, and the solution that explains all the incidents of the story. Every one who has paid any attention to the study of myths will at once recall the foundation underlying this, as so many other similar once incomprehensible legends. The clouds, with their coming and going, which so deeply impressed our early Aryan forefathers, inspired the original form which has cropped up in various literatures, notably in the Æneid. Nothing could be neater than Bréal's careful exposition, and those who are dabbling in some of the most interesting of modern stories cannot fail to be fascinated by this specimen of good workmanship. The essays on linguistics are also very instructive.

[1] *Mélanges de Mythologie et de Linguistique.* Par Michel Bréal, Membre de l'Institut, Professeur de Grammaire Comparée au Collége de France. Paris: Hachette. 1878.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S

LITERARY BULLETIN.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD *&* CO., *Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on page* 12.

Artists of the Nineteenth Century. — Mrs. Clement's hand-books of "Legendary and Mythological Art" and "Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, and their Works" — two volumes that condense within comparatively small space a vast amount of information regarding the world's artists and their achievements, principally previous to this century — have gained for her the confidence of all who are interested in art matters. She has been engaged for a considerable time, with Mr. Laurence Hutton, in preparing a work on "Artists of the Nineteenth Century." It includes biographical sketches of more than 2030 artists, of all nations in which there exists sufficient intellectual and æsthetic development to foster productive art. Of these artists the best attainable information is given, with an account of their works, the departments to which they belong, their characteristic styles, and the opinions entertained of them by competent critics.

The Introduction comprises a concise but comprehensive account of the academies and schools of art of all countries, describing their various systems of study and instruction, and the rewards they bestow on faithful effort and successful achievement.

The work will contain a list of the many authorities consulted in its preparation, a general index, an index of places, and indexes of artists, and of the critics, authors, and publications quoted in the critical estimates.

The above brief outline of the work cannot fail to indicate that it will fill a place not hitherto occupied, and that it must embrace a very large amount of information concerning art and artists, — information that will possess great interest for all lovers and patrons of art. It will be published shortly in two volumes, crown octavo.

Mr. Cook's Boston Monday Lectures continue to attract attention by the vigor, scholarship, and rhetorical pungency with which they discuss themes of vital importance. The *Baptist Magazine*, of London, for October, remarks: —

Mr. Cook's "Monday Lectures" have already become one of the most popular and useful institutions of America; and on this side the Atlantic we know of no author, either British or American, who is just now so widely read.

Professor Bowen, of Harvard, writing to Mr. Cook in regard to his recently-published volume entitled "Conscience," uses the following emphatic language: —

I do not know of any work in which the true theory of ethics is so clearly and forcibly presented, together with the logical inferences from it in support of the great truths of religion. Your review of the whimsical and shallow speculations of Matthew Arnold is especially able and satisfactory.

Professor Uhler, of the Johns Hopkins University, says that "this book grasps one of the subtlest questions which modern thinkers have had to meet, and draws it forth into the full light of midday," and expresses "the hope that it will find its way into the homes of all our people, to be read as a corrective of much of the moral instability which lies at the foundation of our religious life."

The volume on "Heredity" is just ready, and cannot fail to find an army of eager readers.

Holmes's "Memoir of Motley" receives the hearty welcome that could so safely be predicted for it. Both the subject and the writer guaranteed a work of more than ordinary interest. *Harper's Weekly* contains a discriminating and cordial notice, evidently from the pen of Mr. George William Curtis, who touches nothing but to adorn it. The article closes as follows: —

Dr. Holmes's task has been the loving duty of an old and intimate friend, and his work is a very model of a brief literary biography. . . . . Among our chief literary names the impression of this gallant and chivalric and brilliant nature is unique, and this little work will bring Motley personally nearer, and with vivid interest and admiration, to the great multitude of his countrymen.

The *Boston Transcript* remarks: —

The pleasant and intimate relations which existed for many years between Dr. Holmes and Mr. Motley, and the marked characteristics of the genius and life-work of the latter, give to his biographer a theme and an office eminently fitted to engage all his own fine and choice qualities as a writer. And so we have in these pages a most charming and beautifully wrought memorial of a

gifted man, a man finely endowed by nature, and one who with a noble ambition and an iron diligence, foregoing social attractions and easy leisure which had strong spells for him, gave himself to work on the value of which there is a universal accord of judgment.

The New York *Tribune* observes: —

The personal features which surrounded Mr. Motley with so brilliant a halo of admiration and love are painted by Dr. Holmes with singular felicity. Every one who knew Mr. Motley will recognize the truthfulness of the portrait, while the coolest stranger will detect no tendency to false or inflated eulogium.

The Death of Bayard Taylor recalls attention to his manifold productiveness and remarkable excellence as a writer, as well as to the noble simplicity and manliness of his character. On another page is given a list of his poetical works, including his superb translation of Faust, and the "Echo Club," which contains much admirable criticism of poets and poetry, together with poems in the styles of many authors, — poems which evince surprising skill and versatility in rythmic expression. Popular as Mr. Taylor's books of travel have been, and his novels also, it is unquestionably true that his first love and his last was poetry. Into the novels and travels he wove his observation and world experiences; but into his poetry he wrought his life. That which was deepest and most vital in his thoughts, sentiments, passions, aspiration, and faith will be found in his "Home Ballads," "Poet's Journal," "Lars," "Masque of the Gods," "Prince Deukalion," and other poems. His philosophy of man's religious development and progress is contained in "The Masque of the Gods" and "Prince Deukalion," probably the two poems which he most valued, and which cannot fail to impress every intelligent and thoughtful reader as remarkable for breadth of view, appreciation of the most dissimilar modes of thought, catholicity of judgment, perception of the steps and infinite motive powers of man's growth from barbarism to the utmost enlightenment, and mastery of poetic expression. It is worth a long life to have contributed to the world's literature two poems so grand in conception and so adequate in execution. But Mr. Taylor has done far more than this, and all generous souls gladly and tearfully acknowledge the large debt we owe him.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, Illustrated. — The new edition of this story recalls the intense feeling it originally excited, and the electric speed with which it went all over the civilized world. The *Cincinnati Commercial* says: —

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" should never be permited to go out of print. A copy of it should be kept in every family library, that succeeding generations of American children may read it, and weep over Uncle Tom as their mothers and grandmothers wept; yes, and their fathers, too. A hundred years hence artists will paint pictures from the scenes in this famous story, as they now do from the Waverley Novels, the stories of the Crusaders, and the church legends of the Middle Ages.

The New York *Examiner and Chronicle* remarks: —

Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co. have done the reading public a real service in issuing their new edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There has arisen a new generation that knows not "Uncle Tom," and they could not possibly make his acquaintance in a more pleasant way than in this elegant edition.

The *Providence Journal* observes: —

We have reread it, in the new edition, and, though the conditions are widely different, the story has not lost a particle of its inspired power. Mrs. Stowe's introduction adds greatly to the interest of the reprint; she describes, in her own graphic style, the inner power that impelled her to the task, the gradual growth of the work under untoward influences, the disheartening circumstances attending the publication, and its instantaneous and unexpected popularity.

A Revised and Enlarged Edition of Mrs. Clement's "Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art" has just been published.

In this book, which has passed through several editions and has proved of great practical service to travelers and art lovers, Mrs. Clement has gathered and arranged alphabetically those legends of mediæval popularity which form the subjects of the great body of religious art. Following this section is a collection of local European legends, mainly legends of the Rhine; and then there is given an alphabetical dictionary of classical myths. A chapter on the symbols employed in art, a thorough index, and a large number of illustrative engravings complete the book and render it invaluable to the cultivated reader. About twenty pages have been added to this new edition.

British Poets, Riverside Edition. — The latest volumes added to this edition are two containing the Poetical Works of Dean Swift. To these is prefixed a biographical sketch of the remarkable dean by Rev. John Mitford, and explanatory notes are plentifully sprinkled throughout the volumes, making all the allusions intelligible. This edition, so attractive in appearance and so inexpensive, will doubtless tempt many to read Swift's poems and to test the truth of Sir James Mackintosh's assertion that "his verse, like his prose, is remarkable for sense and wit." The next issues in this Riverside Edition will include Butler's Poems in one volume, and the poetical works of Churchill, Parnell, and Tickell in two volumes.

"Prince Deukalion" was reviewed in the *Atlantic* for January, and the high estimate there expressed of it is heartily confirmed by competent critics. The *Portland Press*, which contains some of the most acute and just of contemporary criticism of poetry, thus speaks of it: —

The appearance of this noble work of one of the first and best of living poets is a notable event in the literature of our age; and is doubly important, — first, as the rich fruitage and experience of a life whose action makes no discount upon its aim

and expression; and secondly, as the singularly complete and high representation of the most illuminated thought, hope, and belief of the age. . . . . It is a work of which the very greatness awes, and even a little represses, the language of praise. It is a noble poem, which crowns the honorable head of Bayard Taylor as a Master among Poets.

"The Family Library of British Poetry." — From an admirable review of this work which appeared in the *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, we extract a paragraph that calls attention to one important feature: —

In considering a "Family Library of British Poetry," we should specially emphasize its adaptation to the culture of the ordinary home. For this purpose the volume recommends itself by its chronological arrangement. Everybody who knows anything of English literature knows that it is important to study it in chronological order. The present volume presents the series of poets (some four hundred in number) from Chaucer to Swinburne, in this natural order. The age of Chaucer, the age of Elizabeth, the age of Charles I., of the Commonwealth, of Charles II., of Queen Anne, of the first two Georges, and the age of the grand revival of British poetry in the present century, are thus given as they succeeded each other in that history of British poetry which corresponds to the political and social history of Britain. Unless this order of chronological succession is followed, it is idle to suppose that the younger members of a family can obtain any idea of the relative worth and rank of English poets, or of their position in the particular age to which they belonged. By the arrangement according to topics, the members of a family may read much good poetry, but they will know little about poets; and they will also be liable to fall into the most ludicrous errors respecting the periods in which the different poets lived.

Poems of New England form two of the most inviting volumes in Mr. Longfellow's unique and all-embracing collection of "Poems of Places." It would require too much space to enumerate the localities and events celebrated, but the volumes are full of pieces that appeal to the memories, experiences, and daily life of all who now live in New England, all who live elsewhere but retain the "stern and rock-bound coast" pleasantly in their remembrance, and all who think kindly of New England, as well as all who love good poetry. Succeeding volumes will include Poems of the Middle, Southern, and Western States.

Mr. Howells in Germany. — A late number of the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes* devotes nine columns to Mr. Howells, apropos of a newly published German translation of his "Private Theatricals." It finds him "equal as an artist to the best French writers, and morally wholesome," and is much surprised that "a talent of this kind can be developed and appreciated in a country at whose culture, morals, and artistic sense we are rather apt to shrug our shoulders." Mr. Howells now adds, to his other most welcome claims on our grateful regard, that of having raised the German estimate of American intelligence, refinement, and literary taste.

Artist Biographies. — This excellent series of little books has won the hearty appreciation of the press and the public. The Boston *Courier* says: "Since Allan Cunningham wrote his Lives of the English Painters, there has been no such agreeable series undertaken in a similar field."

The *Congregationalist* remarks: —

With the publication of the volume on "Washington Allston," we understand this valuable little library is brought to a temporary conclusion. We say temporary, with a feeling of hope rather than certainty; knowing that no books lately published have more deservedly earned their success than these, and that the extension of the series would be sure to be gratifying and serviceable to a large and growing constituency of readers. The price of the volumes, fifty cents each, is a mere trifle when measured by their solidly valuable contents, and the fifteen together make as pretty a collection of booklets as one often sees.

Digestible Doughnuts. — The doughnut has from time immemorial been an honored New England institution. There are traditions that it came over in the *Mayflower*, and was at the battle of Bunker Hill. Yet, though of ancient lineage and high connections, it has proved often to have very much the effect of "the little book" mentioned in Revelation x. 9, 10. In fact, the doughnut has had the dyspepsia horribly. Mrs. Whitney is said to have found a perfect remedy, which she gives in "Just How." A well-known New England writer bears testimony as follows: —

"Just How" we think here a great improvement upon the more pretentious cook-books. We have just been regaling ourselves upon *digestible doughnuts*, — an article I have not before been familiar with, — made according to Mrs. Whitney's receipt.

Another person who had the good fortune to eat a Thanksgiving turkey (not the whole, but enough), roasted after Mrs. Whitney's directions, writes that "Thanksgiving somehow seemed to have a finer flavor than commonly, and gratitude kept even pace with my triumphal progress through the turkey."

It has been suggested that if American families would use "Just How," the great Republic would become the land of the healthy as well as the "home of the brave."

"Play-Days." — Miss Jewett's charming book for children has called forth a kind and heartiness of praise very rarely accorded to a juvenile book. It is the kind that must be most gratifying to a conscientious writer, who does not regard children as wild animals, to be amused by violent or grotesque contortions, but as boys and girls who are going to be men and women soon, and who should be helped by whatever they read to become cheerful, unselfish, noble men and women. This explains the unanimity and emphasis with which the critics commend "Play-Days" for children's reading.

Lord Bacon's Life, as depicted in the two volumes recently published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., is one of gigantic proportions in the intellectual history of mankind. It dwarfs ordinary biographies, by the scope and character of his studies and interests, and no one who wishes to understand aright the development of

philosophy and science can afford to neglect it. The New York *Times* justly says, apropos of this work : —

"The suggestion of evolution as a means of interpreting the facts of life may be assigned to Darwin, but we still go to Bacon for sentences which embrace a continent or suggest a science. The value of Mr. Spedding's labors in the elucidation of knotty points in his life and in the proper presentation of his works to the world is such that we can never be too grateful for his patience and untiring toil, and the present edition of "Francis Bacon and his Times" will go a long way toward placing the great Elizabethan thinker in a right relation to his own age and toward his recognition as the first English leader in the advance of modern scientific thought.

Dr. Putnam's Sermons have already passed to a second edition. The New York *Tribune* speaks with equal truth and felicity both of the preacher and the man : —

No written words can illustrate the gracious influence of his life; the form of fragrant and goodly speech remains, but the man, the soul which inspired his discourse, is embalmed only in the hearts of his hearers. Still the sermons collected in this volume must be regarded as choice and admirable specimens of the highest type of pulpit oratory. They are no less richly freighted with masculine thought than suffused with the tenderness of earnest feeling. With no search for novelty of conception or ingenious turns of thought, they enforce lessons of profoundest ethical import and the most pregnant religious significance, in language no less powerful in spiritual effect than it is impressive by its simplicity, and winning by its unaffected sweetness and beauty. They afford a noble illustration of the superiority of natural feeling and virile argument in the pulpit to all the blandishments of rhetoric and the inventions of literary art.

The History of our Country, by Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, heretofore sold by subscription, is now sold by booksellers generally. It is an octavo of 600 pages, with nearly 250 illustrations, including many portraits of persons illustrious in the civil and military history of America. When the volume was published Mr. Whittier said of it: —

The plan and execution of the work seem to me excellent, with its clear, picturesque details, and the unflagging interest, and at times fascinatingly dramatic action of a narrative not too brief for the reader's full comprehension, nor so minute and protracted as to become tedious. It is indeed the story of our country told simply, graphically, in good Saxon, showing a careful study of materials and a conscientious and judicious use of them.

And Mr. George William Curtis spoke of it as "a most timely work, most admirably done."

New Law Books.—The hundred and twenty-fourth volume of Massachusetts has just been published; also an important work on "Criminal Law as administered in Massachusetts," by Gen. Francis J. Lippitt, of the U. S. Department of Justice. It is of special value to all who have anything to do with the execution of criminal laws in Massachusetts; and the administration of justice in that State has usually been so judicious that this volume can hardly fail to be of service in other States.

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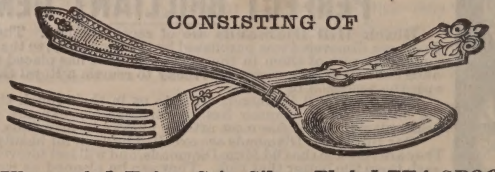

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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A ROMAN HOLIDAY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

II.

THE next day (Tuesday) we were all up at an early hour, ready to set off, but as the weather was still lowering we waited till nine o'clock, and then, there being a promise of good weather, we ordered our carriages. But now came a new difficulty. The rains had so swollen the stream that it was unfordable. We could not go to Atina. Nothing was left but to go to San Germano, where there was a good road with a bridge. The vetturino was again called up, and after a long discussion we canceled our former contract, and agreed to pay him four and a half piasters to take us in a single covered carriage to San Germano; for we were now determined, rain or shine, to get away from Sora, having come to the conclusion that it always rained there.

No sooner were we off than the rain held up, and after a few miles the sun began to struggle through the clouds. Looking back, we saw, however, that it still rained at Sora, a great gray cloud having, as it were, fastened itself to the overhanging cliff, with the intention to rain itself out there to its heart's content. The valley through which our road lay was exquisite, and the mountains behind us towered grandly into the air. After skirting along the Liris for three miles we approached Isola, where there are extensive manufactories of paper, cotton, and woolen. The influence of this industry was at once visible. Everything had a thrifty, spruce, neat look. Scattered about were nice, pretentious little *case di Campagna*, and houses for the operatives, and gardens; and on the summit of a hill, where once would have been a feudal castle, rose the Carteria del Fibreno, a large paper manufactory owned by Monsieur Lefebvre. The country all around is very charming; its broad slopes are covered with vineyards; grand mountains hem in the valley, and at their cloven base the Liris, sweeping down the shelving rocks, flings itself in foam over a precipitous cliff. The river was now greatly swollen by the rains, and its turbid yellow rapids roared and flung up their spray, as they plunged along between masses of green overhanging foliage, and tumbled into the gorge below.

About a mile beyond may be seen the old monastery and church of St. Dominico Abate, which are curious to the artist for their combination of various orders of architecture, reverend to Catholics as being the scene of the saint's death, and interesting to scholars particularly as occupying the site of Cicero's Arpinum Villa. Into the walls of the monastery and church are built many

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fragments of bassi-relievi triglyphs and Doric ornaments which once belonged to the villa, as well as several columns of granite and marble which were used in building the church. These are all that now remain of that beautiful villa where Cicero composed his orations for Plaucus and Scaurus, and held his dialogues with Atticus. There is nowhere in this country a vestige of the great Roman orator which does not show his perfect and fastidious taste, but nothing more plainly proves that he inherited it than the fact that his ancestors (for so he himself tells us) selected this place as the site of their villa. He might fairly call the little islands that the two rivers here embrace the μακάρων νῆσοι, the islands of the blessed.

In the second conversation De Legibus he says that whenever he can absent himself from Rome for a few days he delights to come to this villa, because of its amenity and healthiness. There is, however, he adds, another reason which brings to him a pleasure which it cannot bring to Atticus; and when Atticus asks "what that may be," he replies: "Because, to speak the truth, this is the native country of myself and my brother. Here we were born from a very ancient line of ancestors. Here are our sacred relics, here our family, here, the traces of our forefathers. This villa by the care of our father was enlarged and put into its present condition, and here, when he was infirm in health, his age was passed in study. In this very place, while my grandfather still lived and the villa was small and in its original state, like the Villa Curiana in the Sabine hills, I was born. There is some secret influence, I know not what, affecting my very soul and sense which gives this spot a special charm to me, so that I am like that wisest of men who is reported to have said that he would forego immortality so that he again could behold Ithaca."

To this Atticus says: "These, in my judgment, are very good reasons why you should like this place and find pleasure in coming here; and I myself, to speak the truth, also find the villa more delightful for this very reason, that you were here born and brought up. For we are moved, I know not how, by places themselves, in which are the imprints of those whom we love and admire. Thus our Athens itself affects me with delight, not so much on account of its magnificent works and the exquisite art of the ancients, as because the reminiscences of its great men are associated with the places in which they used to live, and to sit, and to discourse. Nay, even their tombs I contemplate with deep interest. And so, in like manner, I love this place the more because it is your birthplace."

And Cicero adds: "I am glad to say I can even show my swaddling-clothes here." Over eighteen centuries have passed by since this conversation was written, and we still find the same charm in this place, because Cicero was here born and lived and wrote and conversed with his friends. The wasting tide of time, which has obliterated so many landmarks, has, as it were, only polished and refined the antique memorials of this remarkable man, and his spirit still haunts the spot like a permanent presence and inspiration. We seem to walk in his footsteps, and almost to hear his voice, as we pace the paths he used to tread. Nature has changed but little since he passed away. Still, as of old, the Fibrenus sweeps along, opening its arms to embrace the whole island, and then, again, uniting them, flings its chill waters with a murmur into the Liris. The very sounds that Cicero and Atticus heard we still may hear, so many a year after their voices have passed away, and Quintus's description of it reads as if it were written yesterday: —

"We have now come," he says, "to the island, and nothing truly could be more delightful. Here as with a prow it divides the Fibrenus into two equal streams, that, after sweeping along its banks, again unite in one and inclose a space sufficiently large for an ordinary *palæstra*. This accomplished, as if its true office and duty were to afford us a place for our discourse, it precipitates itself into the Liris, and here, as if it had entered into a patrician family, it loses

its more obscure name. It also makes the Liris far colder, nor do I know any colder river, though I have tried many. Indeed, I can scarcely bear my foot in it."

The Fibrenus is still as cold as in those ancient days, and in its ordinarily transparent waters we were told that trout abounded. Mr. Blewitt also gives us his authority as to this fact in his excellent guide-book.

The narrow valley, after leaving Isola, widens out like a fan into a broad table-land of meadow, which constantly enlarges as the mountains recede, until it grows into a vast, richly cultivated plain of some twenty miles in diameter, surrounded by mountains of from two thousand to three thousand feet in height. These meadows, when we passed them, were covered with the light springing of young grain which was carefully planted in exact drills. Tall elms stood here and there, and at intervals large groves of trees clustered together. Everywhere were vineyards in which the vines were trained on lopped trees, after the manner of the Neapolitans, and from which they hung in rich festoons; and then there were fields blue with pale, delicate flax-flowers, or glowing with rich, red clover blossoms. The cultivation was perfect, not an inch of ground was wasted, and the fertile soil gratefully repaid the laborer with the promise of ample harvests. The scene was enchanting: the skyey roof of gray had broken; clouds floating off from the valley trailed along the mountains, clinging to their breasts, and letting through bursts of sunshine; and above us, on the slopes and peaks, were the little mountain towns of Arce, Rocca, Secca, Palazzuolo, Piedemonte, and Ponte Corvo, — all rich in history.

Now came the *ciociare* costume. The busto had gone, and rich-colored cloths of red, blue, and scarlet tied closely round the body took their place. At Arce we were stopped before a little dirty way-side house, where women were washing at a fountain and plaiting straw, to have our passports examined, and we took the occasion to transfer one or two of these figures to our sketch-books while we waited.

At last, after about six hours' driving, we arrived at San Germano, built on the ruins of the Volscian city of Casinum. There, frowning from its steep and lofty cliff, was the old feudal castle, with its towers, turrets, and walls still standing, where Charles of Anjou cut to pieces the Saracens and Germans of Manfred. Opposite, on a high hill, rose the square walls of the famous monastery of Monte Cassino, which still preserves the ancient name of the place, looking across the gap of valley at its rival castle; and crouching at the foot of both lay, far below, the little town itself. It was a significant emblem of the court, church, and people.

Just before reaching the town, the road passes within a stone's-throw of the ancient amphitheatre built by Umidia Quadratilla, and mentioned by Pliny. Here we ordered the carriage to stop, and running through the furrows of a plowed field ascended the slope of the hill upon which it stands. Although ruined in parts, it is a noble structure. The exterior walls of reticulated work are yet in good condition, and its main front is tolerably perfect. Time has tinged its marble facings with a rich yellow hue, but has failed to eat out the cement or to shake the solid courses of its stones. Here and there shrubs, flowers, and one or two fig-trees had found a footing and graced its walls. Climbing through one of the round arches of entrance, which was partially choked with rubbish, we found ourselves within the inclosure. The interior is far more ruined than the exterior; the seats are all crumbled away and obliterated, and indian corn, beans, and potatoes were growing in the arena. As we stood looking in silence upon this sad decay, we heard in the distance the pipe and *zampogna* of some shepherds, playing a melancholy pastoral tune. Nothing could be more charming, nor more perfectly in harmony with the mountains and the ruins. I could scarcely have believed such tones could come from a bagpipe. Softened by distance they lost their nasal drawl, and stole sweetly to our ears, with that special charm

which the rudest native music has when heard in its native place. As we looked through the archway over the distant valley and mountains, we listened to them, enchanted.

Returning to our vettura, we made our entrance into the town, and rattling quite through it passed out at the opposite gate, to make our headquarters at the locanda La Villa Rapida, which is charmingly situated on the plain, about an eighth of a mile beyond the Neapolitan gate, with a grand view of the mountains before it. We found the inn good and clean, and the landlord civil and attentive. Our rooms, which commanded a magnificent prospect, were tidy and well furnished, with iron beds and a general appearance of care and cleanliness. After ordering our dinner, we prepared for battle with our vetturino, it being necessary to make a new contract for to-morrow's journey. Accordingly we called in a new San Germano vetturino, who was the proprietor of a curious two-wheeled vehicle with a linen cover, in which he offered to convey us to Atina. But scenting afar the discourse, our old vetturino, Carluccio's brother, burst into the room, and in a voice of feigned wonder and indignation inquired if we did not intend to secure his services, and whether he had not treated us well, and whether his magnificent vehicle were to be set aside for that wretched thing that they might call a vettura at San Germano but not at Sora. We at once pitted the two vetturini against each other, and at it they went like two fighting cocks. We stood by, laughing and enjoying the sport, now and then urging on Carluccio's brother to observe that matters were different from what they had been at Sora, where he and his brother had it all their own way. But whereas they pulled both together like a capital double team at our expense there, here they were pulling against each other. The discourse was very loud, but good-natured; all was settled and unsettled again, and leaving the question in suspense we set off to the town. Gradually, as we proceeded, a crowd of boys and men attached itself to us as a suite, and thus attended we went through the place. It is a small town of about five thousand inhabitants, not particularly picturesque or interesting in itself, despite its historical associations and fragments of ancient and mediæval times. The people were decidedly good-looking, and among them was one of the most beautiful children I ever saw. She was about thirteen years of age, and was sitting in the street selling vegetables, — her sad, refined, delicate face entirely out of keeping with her occupation, and looking like that of a little angel in the dirty market-place.

Determined to have another string to our bow in our future arrangements for the carriage, we sought out a third vetturino, who with great pride exhibited to us a tall yellow vettura, painted over with grotesque faces and figures of men, women, flowers, and unknown birds, which, to his complete astonishment, instead of exciting our admiration provoked a very decided smile. "What do you ask to carry us to Atina and thence, returning, to Colle Noce?" "Sixteen piasters," he replied, after carefully examining us. We shrugged our shoulders and gave him a loud laugh for answer. Somewhat sad and crest-fallen at this reception of his price, he added the usual "Quanto vuol dare?" The half, we said. "Dice bene" (he's right), cried out at once an approving by-stander, "dice bene, alla napolitana." And all good-humoredly joined with him except the vetturino, who rather demurred, and said, "Époco" (it is little), by which we understood that we could have it at our price.

On rising the next morning (Wednesday) we found, to our great disappointment, that the weather was still lowering; but after a debate we decided to go to Atina, and having arranged with our vetturino that he should carry us there and back, and to-morrow take us on to Colle Noce, for eight piasters, off we set as soon as we had taken breakfast. It was rainy and very cold, and we shivered in our vettura. We all felt assured that we were too early in the season for our expedition. But no one said, "I

told you so." After safely fording a wild, swollen torrent, which was more than hub-deep and threatened to overturn us, we commenced our ascent to Atina. The road would have been charming had it not been for the rain and icy wind that blew through our wretched vehicle, and whenever the rain ceased, as it did at intervals, we enjoyed the magnificent panorama of mountain and plain which we saw constantly before us. At last, after a drive of about three and a half hours, we arrived at a little locanda or tavern just on the skirts of Atina. Nothing could be more picturesque than the room into which we were now ushered. Groups of contadini were gathered about, some around a huge chimney surmounted by a black, smoke-begrimed roof, and some around little tables, where they were talking, smoking, and drinking; and the light coming through a small yellow-stained window, and faintly illumining the dark interior and figures, made a picture worthy of Rembrandt. Here we warmed ourselves thoroughly, and then set off for the town, giving out that we were in search of panni and tappeti such as are worn by the people, which we had been given to understand were manufactured here. In this we were misinformed; there is no manufacture of these articles here. But as soon as it was known that we wished to purchase some, the whole town issued from their houses to bring us their old panni. Wherever we went we were escorted by crowds. Doors and windows were thronged, as on a festa day, by contadini, who screamed to us and offered us their carpets and panni. From garret and cellar curious old faces peered out to stare at us. All industry was suspended. The streets echoed with "Ecco uno bello! bello! Signore lo vuole?" The women looked savagely Indian, with swarthy complexions, deep black eyes, and straight raven hair. They are by no means as handsome as the people of Alatri; in fact, we did not find them handsome at all. Their faces were not bad in character, but animal-like. The costume they wear consists of the close cloth skirts of the ciociari, with worked woolen aprons and no busto. On their heads are little flat panni of white, sometimes alternated with chocolate-colored stripes. Sometimes, also, a colored handkerchief is bound round the forehead and knotted behind, which has an admirable effect. In their ears are large round gold rings. All the dress is picturesque except that of the feet, on which they wear common shoes instead of the laced skin sandals or *cioci*, which are everywhere else seen.

The town itself, which stands on one of the highest peaks of the Apennines, was a thousand years ago a celebrated city, and the remnants of its old civilization may still be seen in fragments of Cyclopean walls, a Roman gate-way called the Porta Aurea, portions of the ancient pavement, and the ruins of some old temples. But the time of its glory has utterly gone by, and it is now desolate, tumble-down, gray, windowless, and shabby. Yet what a prospect it commands, looking over the lovely valley of the Melfa below, and girdled by a lofty chain of mountain peaks, dotted here and there with gray old towns that seem to have grown there! Standing on its outer rampart, we saw Peccenesca opposite us, and still further Albito, from which so many models come every winter to Rome; and behind us rose Monte Cairo, whose summit looks all the way from Rome to Naples.

As we passed along the streets we were plucked by the sleeve, in a confidential way, and informed that if we were really in search of beautiful stuffs our informant could carry us where we would find them. "Andiamo," said we; and then we were conveyed along to a large house, into which we entered, followed by the crowd, whose curiosity got completely the better of their manners. An old gentleman now made his appearance, very shabbily dressed in slippers and *beretta*, who, shuffling along, led us into an interior room, shutting out the mob, who rebelled a little at such aristocracy, and made several incursions into the room, to see what treason we were hatching there. The old gentleman now

produced with an air of mystery a piece of antique brocade worked in gold, and a gray satin coat embroidered in silver. They had been splendid in their day, but were now worn and defaced, — relics of wealth and pride, like the Aurea Porta, where all else was decay and poverty. It was a piteous sight to see this poor, broken-down descendant of an ancient house, standing in his shuffling slippers and seedy frock coat, all white in the seams and polished and patched into decency, as he turned over the rich embroidered coat of his ancestor and the brocade that may have moved to stately music in ancestral halls, and haggled about selling it, unwilling to set a price on these memorials of his ancient glory, but longing for the money. "Ah," he said as he unfolded it and spread it on the bed, lovingly, "è bello, — magnifico; ma il prezzo dovrebbe essere un prezzo d'affezione. Il prezzo — il prezzo" — (It is beautiful, — magnificent; but the price must be a fancy price.) And here he sighed deeply, as if he could not make up his mind, and added, "Faccia lei," as much as to say, "You must fix the price. I cannot; it is priceless." We declined to fix a price, and he could not bring his mind to do so, hoping, perhaps, that we might name some enormous sum, and we left the faded old gentleman whose ancestors had "walked in silk attire and siller had to spend." Once fairly in the street, Cignale, who wanted the brocade to paint from, — it could serve no other purpose, — determined to do the liberal thing, and to offer the old gentleman five scudi for it. It was more than it was worth, but we had all been a little touched with the scene, and considered the offer in the light of a charity. With these glowing sentiments he therefore returned, and again saw the old proprietor of the brocade, and said if he would like to part with it for five scudi the money was at his service. "Five scudi! Cinque scudi," exclaimed the representative of the fallen house. "Cinque scudi! Why I had at least expected a hundred scudi for it. Nothing less than sixty-five would induce me to part with so wonderful a thing. There was a Russian here five years ago who gave two hundred scudi for a piece not so beautiful as this. Cinque scudi! Just look at it! è magnifico! Cinque scudi!" And so, rather crest-fallen, Cignale said adieu, while the old gentleman folded up his coat and brocade, saying, "Cinque scudi! Cinque scudi! O Dio! Cinque scudi!"

After making purchases of some panni and tappeti we returned to the osteria, still surrounded by a herd of men and boys, who pursued us quite into the room. Every now and then the host made a rush at them, and with pushes and oaths drove them all out; but back they came, swarming in like locusts, to be swept away again and again by the Balaclava charges of our host. Here we ordered our carriage, and while it was getting ready watched the company, who were busily engaged in eating roasted snails, which were considered by all the frequenters of the place as a rare delicacy.

The weather now began to clear up, and our drive back was very pleasant. When we arrived at San Germano it was two o'clock, but the sun was shining, the clouds were all disappearing, and there was every promise of a beautiful afternoon. We ordered dinner at once, and donkeys afterwards to carry us to the Benedictine monastery on Monte Cassino; and our dinner over we mounted and were off.

The donkey boys yelled and screamed, stoutly whacking the poor brutes, who only "squirmed" half round under the heaviest blow; and accompanied by a poor deaf and dumb fellow, who, by turning somersaults and gesticulating like a madman, endeavored to amuse us, the cavalcade in great spirits ascended the steep road to the monastery. The ride was exquisite. The sun shone out clearly over the valley with its cultivated meadows and its massive chestnuts and oaks, and at every turn we caught new and beautiful views. The cool, delicious air tempered the heat of the sun; the trees shook their last drops of rain on our faces as we passed beneath them. Birds were everywhere singing, and the

songs of the contadini in the valley came to us refined by distance.

In about an hour we began to approach the square gray monastery. On arriving at the great door, we found it closed. We rapped with the great iron knocker, and after a moment's delay it was cautiously opened, and in the crack we saw the figure of a little dirty priest who had evidently spilled his soup daily down the front of his black *sottana* for many a month, and wiped it off with his sleeve. He looked dubiously at the cavalcade, and still holding the door half open called out in a snuffy voice, "Chi volete?" (What do you want?) We were so completely taken aback by this salutation that nobody spoke; seeing our blank look of dismay he added, "Avete lettere?" (Have you letters?) We could only say, "No;" on which he turned upon his heel, and left us to a shabby little scrub of an attendant, who inquired if we wished to see the monastery. "Yes," we meekly answered, and he then let us in. First we went to see the church which Murray affirms to "far surpass in elegance, in taste, and in costliness of decoration every other in Italy, not excepting St. Peter's itself." It was certainly decorated in the most costly manner, with all the splendor which the rich marbles in which it was completely sheathed could bestow. But to me it appeared as ugly, inelegant, and tasteless as it was costly. It was of the very worst style of *barocco* architecture, and the superfluity of ill-conceived ornament and wretched pictures only made it more tawdry and repulsive. It was like a fat, vulgar, ugly old woman covered with diamonds and rubies. The carvings of the choir, however, were beautiful.

Our guide then conducted us round the interior arcade, past the dormitories (where we were not to sleep), showed us the famous library through a grating which he would not open, and then issued with us on to a grand open loggia commanding a magnificent view over the country. The variegated valley, rich in the evening light, lay far below, covered with vineyards, grain fields, and lofty chestnuts and oaks. Above us a lofty mountain reared its crest white with snow, and beneath us were the ruins of an ancient wall with square courses of rock. What pleasant hours one might have lingered and chatted here, if one only had brought letters!

From the terrace we were conducted to the four old rooms once inhabited by St. Benedict. The walls were covered with such execrable pictures that we got away from them as soon as possible. The attendant then gravely conducted us to the gate, pouched six carlini which we gave him, and shut the door of the monastery. We looked in each other's faces, and did what the ancient augurs did when they met in private.

We now retraced our steps to the belvedere, where taking out Murray we lighted on these words: "Though the high and palmy days of Monte Cassino have passed away, the hospitality of the brethren continues to be extended to strangers with unaffected kindness and courtesy. Several large and comfortable rooms are set apart for the accommodation of visitors, and a cordial welcome is never wanting." To which statement we added, "With a letter and for a consideration."

I was somewhat disappointed in not seeing the library on the inside of the grating, well knowing what treasures it contains of old manuscripts. I should have liked to peep into the MS. Dante of the thirteenth century; and the Virgil of the fourteenth, copied from a MS. of the tenth century in Lombard characters; and the translation of Origen's Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans; and the famous vision of Albericus; and also to look at a few of the old ducal and imperial charters and diplomas and papal bulls, with their curious seals and portraits, and the MS. letters, all of which I know are there; but I had not a letter to one of the twenty brethren, and one does not see much through a grating.

This old monastery has claims on our gratitude, too, for here were preserved during the darkest of the Middle Ages many a valuable manuscript, which the

monks, in the intervals of praying, copied and illuminated. But when the light had come upon the outer world, the shadows began to creep over the monasteries, and they were as reckless in destruction as they had before been in salvation. In the early days it was the occupation of the monks to copy the rarest classical manuscripts, in which work the Abbot Didier, who was the head of the monastery in the eleventh century, zealously encouraged them. To him we are said to be indebted for the preservation of the Fasti of Ovid and the Idyls of Theocritus. But at the time of Boccaccio everything was going to rack and ruin in the library. Benevenuto da Imola, his friend and pupil, tells us that "when Messer Giovanni went to the monastery of Monte Cassino, celebrated for the number of manuscripts which lay there unknown, he begged to be introduced into the library; a monk answered him, simply, 'Go in; it is open,' pointing him to a tall ladder. Mounting this Boccaccio found all the books so mutilated and lacerated (*mutilati e laceri*) that, groaning and weeping over the sad spectacle, he departed. In descending the ladder he met a monk, whom he asked how it happened that the books were in such a state; to which the monk answered, 'We make covers for prayer-books out of all the manuscripts written upon parchments, and sell them for two, three, and sometimes even for five sous.'" [1] Who can imagine what precious writings, which now can never be replaced, were thus destroyed by these barbarous monks!

When Mabillon was sent over from France, in the year 1685, to collect rare books and manuscripts in Italy, under commission of the king, he found the convents and libraries which were the repositories of these treasures in a terrible condition. No regard was paid to the conservation of them by the monks, who were as stupid and reckless as they were ignorant. But he makes an exception to his general condemnation in favor of the Benedictines of Monte Cassino, of whom Michel Germain, his friend, says, "They are worthy to keep the ashes and the spirit of the great Benedict;" [2] and Mabillon adds, in reference to their library, "L'observance est en assez bon état pour l'Italie; elle y peut passer pour une reforme." [3] But the codices and manuscripts had already greatly suffered. Many were lost, many burned, and many cut up into covers of prayer-books; so that out of twelve hundred only five hundred existed at the time of Mabillon. Of these many were then taken and carried to Rome by the cardinals, writes Germain, and at the present day there are but few remaining in the library of the monastery.

The abbey itself was founded by St. Benedict in 529, on the site of an ancient temple of Apollo, the ruins of which are still visible. It has gone through many changes since then, having been destroyed by the Lombards, rebuilt by the Abbot Patronates, burnt by the Saracens under Manfred, again rebuilt by the Abbot Desiderius, utterly destroyed by an earthquake in 1349, and restored by Urban V. immediately afterwards. In 1649 its walls fell down during some repairs, and were again rebuilt and reconsecrated for the last time by Benedict XII., on the 19th of May, 1727; since which time it has managed to escape all accidents. It was admired by Dante, who mentions it in a passage in his Paradiso (xxii.), and on his return from Naples to Rome, just before his death, Tasso went there to venerate the body of St. Benedict, and spent several days with the monks.

But to return, after this digression, to the belvedere. As we sat there looking upon the lovely scene below and around us, one of the monks came up and joined us. We found him very agreeable, enlightened, and liberal in his views. He sighed over the restrictions of the press in Italy, and told us that before '48 the monks had projected an Italian period-

[1] B. da Imola in Muratori Antiq. Ital. Med. Aev. Tom. I. See also the Paradise of Dante, canto xii. 47, and note by B. da Imola.

[2] See Rassegna dei Libri. Archivio storico Italiano. Appendice No. 26, p. 505. Correspondenze di Michel Germain.

[3] Correspondenze, i. 153.

ical somewhat on the plan of the English Athenæum; but, he added, "the sad experiences of '48" had broken up the project. Some of the brothers, he said, were contributors to the new review of San Giovan-Battista Vico, and had written some clever papers; but he shook his head over the degeneracy and bigotry of the times, and hoped that the church might be induced to give a little more freedom to literature in Italy, to which I said Amen. On discovering that we were Americans he expressed great astonishment and pleasure, saying frankly that as for himself he had a terrible fear of the sea, and could not imagine how we had the courage to brave it. When we arose to go he accompanied us for a mile on our way, and I was really sorry that, not having letters, we could not continue our conversation under his hospitable roof.

When we approached the town the shadows of twilight were lengthening across the plain, and we seated ourselves to enjoy the beauty of the scenery in the sunset light, while the nightingales bubbled into song in the trees, and a zampogna played sweetly in the distance. We were now glad enough not to have stayed with the monks. We were really carrying out our original intention, and we had all the fun of the joke without the meagre fare of the convent and an hour's longer ride to-morrow; and saving the pleasure of saying we had slept at the monastery we were all far better off at the inn.

The next morning, on ordering the vetturino to uncover the vettura, according to his agreement, he declared it to be impossible. Thereupon Campo towered in magnificent and half-simulated anger, and became so grand and *imponente* that the vetturino gave in, and professed his willingness to do anything in the world.

While he was preparing the vehicle we strolled on through the town to spend a half hour at the amphitheatre. As we passed through the gate we saw at the corner of the street the dead body of a little child lying in its cradle. It was dressed in white, precisely as if it were still living; a little cap with colored ribbons was on its head, and round its neck and over its little hands, which were clasped upon its breast in the attitude of prayer, were strings of large beads. It looked so simple and life-like as it lay there in the open square that one could scarcely believe it dead. The contadini and towns-people as they went by paused, gazed at it respectfully, said "Poverina," and recommended it to the Madonna. It had been brought in from the Campagna, cradle and all, just as it lay, on the head of the peasant woman who sat beside it. She was to carry it to its little grave after it had lain, as in state, in the public square for all the people to see.

Passing on, we then went to the amphitheatre, and thence on to an antique tomb, which has been converted into a modern chapel, chiefly by the addition of an altar. It is built in massive blocks of limestone, and is in as perfect condition as if the stones were laid yesterday.

After we had spent a half hour or so here the carriage came up, and we went on. The day was cloudless and the air delightful. After driving a few miles, we turned off the main road to visit the village of Aquino, which still retains its ancient name, and was the birthplace of Juvenal and the "angelic doctor," St. Thomas Aquinas. Of the old city there remain only fragments and ruins scattered about on the plain, but they are all eminently picturesque. On the site of the antique temple of Hercules stands an interesting old church, called by the peasants La Chiesa della Madonna Libera, now utterly deserted and going to decay. Weeds choke up its nave and aisles, the roof has fallen in, and the tower has partially crumbled away. It is ruin upon ruin. The very floor of the church has become a cemetery, where you may stumble over old stone sarcophagi, modern grave-stones, and whitening human bones. The old steps which once led to the ancient temple still remain in tolerable preservation, and over them you ascend to the church. Over the door is a curious mosaic of the Ma-

donna and child, with a figure of a woman lying in a coffin beside them; and worked everywhere into the façade are fragments and cornices and ornaments taken from the old temple, out of the ruins of which it was built.

Close by is the antique arch of triumph, with its ornate Corinthian capitals, through which went the great processions of its glorious days; now it is half choked up with débris and weeds, and forms the sluice-way and dam over which flows the mill stream that turns the wheels of a factory a few paces beyond. Tall reeds and flowers bend and nod over the clear water that rises nearly to the capitals from which the arch springs, and the whole scene forms a singular and interesting picture. What a change since Juvenal walked here, composing his Satires, perhaps as he paced the old pavement under this very arch, through which only the trout now dart!

Several other massive ruins of temples still remain standing at intervals on the plain, and one well-preserved old gate-way; and scattered here and there are triglyphs, fragments of cornices and columns, and huge blocks of stone, which attest the magnificence of the ancient city. Nothing can be imagined more peaceful and beautiful than the scene. Lofty hills encircle it, and directly over it rises a great gray peak, which, when we were there, was fringed with snow. At the foot of this stretched the sunny and sheltered plain, with here and there the ruins of a temple rising out of the green grain; and the old Via Latina leads through it, with the antique slabs of its pavement still fresh and passable by carriages. Over this we walked along, — our vettura following us for a mile, — listening to the larks that filled the air with their music, and thinking over the old "days that are no more."

Our road thence led through a beautiful country, all in good cultivation, with occasionally meadows covered with the blue flax flowers that showed in the distance like little lakes with the sky reflected in them. At Colle Noce we took a new vettura, which we had already ordered to be there to meet us, and drove on through a rolling country of hill and valley, highly cultivated, and covered with vineyards trained in the Neapolitan fashion on trees; wherever we stopped we heard scores of nightingales singing in the groves and bushes, and larks making musical the high air. And all along the road at the side of the streams and rivers of water we saw the yellow iris growing luxuriantly.

All day long, and indeed during the greater part of our journey, we have constantly met swine-herds seated on the side of the road and tending their droves of pigs. It seems to be the fashion for everybody in these towns to keep a little black pig, which is not penned up at home in a sty, but trots about after his owner wherever he goes, like a dog. They seem always to be on the most friendly terms with each other, the pigs having the freedom of the house and making themselves quite at home in all the rooms. Sometimes they are tied to the peasant by a long string; and one I saw attached to the tail of the donkey on which his master was mounted.

A light shower overtook us towards night-fall, but it soon went by, and the sunset sheathed everything with gold as we came up to Ferentino. Here we found a civil landlady, and a landlord who had taken so much wine that he tumbled very drolly about among his words. His wife excused him by stating to us that he had been over to Frosinone to purchase wine for the fair which was to take place on the morrow, and that he had been obliged to taste too much, poor fellow. Here we made ourselves very comfortable; we had a good supper and clean beds, and were in every way well treated.

The next day we were off from Ferentino for Rome at seven o'clock. A more exquisite morning never dawned; the grass was spangled with diamonds dropped from the clouds, and all nature was bathed in freshness. The mountain of Ascurgola (as our vetturino called it) rose constantly at our side: grand, delicate, dreamy, opaline, as the Mount Abora, of which the Abyssinian maid sang when on a dulcimer she played

to Kubla Khan. The light shooting athwart it, as it lay in its misty veil of purple, brought out the minute details of its structure and organization, yet so refined and harmonized by distance that it looked almost visionary. On one of its ridges lay blocked out in shadow, with squares of dark, the little town of Ascurgola, from which it takes its name. From the valley white fleecy mists, gathering into long clouds, rose gradually and hung around its neck, and then trooped off into the upper air. Larks were everywhere singing; the road was thronged by figures in scarlet who were coming to the fair at Ferentino, some of them accompanying wains drawn by great gray, wide-horned oxen. The grain dazzled the eyes with its wet, brilliant green. White and blue jessamine peeped out of the bush hedges, over which the convolvulus and wild honeysuckle trailed, and the brown, broken ground, wet with yesterday's rain, made a rich background to the light green. Now and then we passed some of our old acquaintances of Sora, with baskets on their heads covered with brilliant striped panni, on their way to Rome.

As we went on the vines began to be trained on yellow canes; old towers, the remnants of feudal times, the ruins of ancient tombs, showed themselves here and there; the broken vertebræ of gigantic aqueducts stretched before us; the dome of St. Peter's bulged up in the distance. We were on the Campagna of Rome; our little excursion was over.

W. W. Story.

THE BALLAD OF CHRISTOPHER ASKE.

(CATHOLIC REBELLION OF 1536.)

COME gentle sweet ladies, with kerchief and fan;
Come lily-fair maidens, who love a brave man;
Come all ye gay gallants from wine-cup and flask,
To hear my good ballad of Christopher Aske.

There was fighting in Lincoln and firing in Trent,
The bells were all ringing, the bows were all bent;
The commons had risen at Catholic call,
And the Askes left their hunting at Ellerkar Hall.

There was Robert the rebel, one brother of three;
They nursed at one bosom, and prayed at one knee;
But true men and loyal stood two against one, —
Jolly brave Christopher, sober-sides John.

Lord Clifford in Skipton lay all but alone,
For Cumberland's vassals to Robert had gone;
And all the West Riding was up and away,
While there with a handful Earl Cumberland lay.

"They may hew us in gobbets," said Christopher then,
"They 'll make no curst rebels of Harry's true men!
Come saddle and bridle, to Skipton with speed,
To help our good cousin in time of his need!"

Full glad was Lord Clifford to welcome the pair,
Though dark was his look as they mounted the stair.
"Good gentles and cousins, ye come at our need,
For Skipton's old castle is empty indeed!

"My wife and my babies to Bolton have fled;
Would God they had tarried by board and by bed!
And Rosamond Temple, and Mary Kildare,
And Isabel Darcy are all with them there.

"With murder and outrage the rebels have sworn
To visit my darlings ere Friday at morn,
If we hold the gates fast to their rascally crew.
And the Abbot 's a coward. Friends, what shall I do?

"A traitor I must be to king or to wife;
My heart 's like to burst in the terrible strife, —
For Clifford and traitor were never at one.
Yet if Nell and the babies — my life were well done!"

Up sprung gallant Christopher, red to the brow,
He had sworn to proud Rosamond many a vow:
"Bide here in your castle, and Robert defy;
I 'll bring back the women and children, or die!"

The darkness of midnight hid forest and fell,
But loud through the tree-tops whirled roaring and yell,
For a storm was abroad, like the morning of doom,
When out of the postern, and into the gloom,

With soft-pacing horses and armor of black,
By many a by-path and intricate track,
Rode the vicar of Skipton, Earl Cumberland's squire,
And Christopher Aske, with his eyes like a fire.

Proud Rosamond sat by the casement awake;
She longed and she sighed for the daylight to break;
When clear in the darkness a signal she heard, —
A cry that came never from beast or from bird.

It was Christopher's call; to the wicket she crept.
Full soundly the Abbot that midnight had slept;
For long ere the dawning came, stormy and red,
Far over the moorland his guests had all fled!

They muffled the horse-hoofs with wrappings of silk,
They blackened the palfrey, whose coat was like milk;
The babies were Clifford's, they uttered no cry,
And scorned the brave women to tremble or sigh.

They crept in the heather and slid through the trees,
They stalked the wild rebels like deer on their knees;

Like a vision of spirits, so silent and fleet,
Save the throb of the hearts in their bosoms that beat.

In stillness and darkness sped maidens and men,
But the dark was as daylight to Christopher's ken;
As sure as an arrow, as true as a hound,
Through the host of the rebels a pathway he found.

At the dawning of day, on the battlement high,
Those women and children the rebels did spy;
They raged like the ocean along a lee shore,
But Clifford laughed softly to hear the wild roar.

"We 're safe from your mercy, good rascals!" quoth he,
"But a shaft might still find us, so high as we be.
Go down, my sweet ladies, and rest you to-day;
I think our brave gallant comes hither away!"

And there on the dais, in midst of them all,
The Rose of the Tempests stood stately and tall;
And Christopher, stooping, or ever she wist,
Before all the maidens her red lips he kissed.

"Fie!" rustled the ladies; but Rosamond laughed:
"I give thee good-will to the cup thou hast quaffed.
Thou hast done thy devoir like a courteous knight,
And becomes a true lady to give thee thy right."

Then Christopher louted full low at her feet:
"I could go to the death for a guerdon so sweet;
But the poor ride to Bolton, — the guiding thee back, —
'T were no hazardous deed for a friar, good lack!

"'T was the trick of a coward to steal through the moor;
Yet we were but three men, you women were four.
It was terrible odds from those devils to ask,
And behooved to be careful!" quoth Christopher Aske.

Yet again and again ere the rebels had fled,
On errand as valiant had Christopher sped;
Till summer came smiling with blossoms and sun,
And England had rest, for the wars were all done.

But Nicholas Tempest hung high on the tree, —
And kin to proud Rosamond's father was he;
And Robert the rebel, that villainous Aske,
On a gallows still higher had ended his task.

Yet for all that was dead and for all that was gone,
The living and loyal made never a moan;
At the bravest of weddings did Rosamond ride,
With Christopher Aske on his charger beside.

A mighty carousal saw Skipton that day,
With lords and with ladies in goodly array.
Their souls are in heaven to-day, we do trust,
For Christopher Aske and his comrades are dust.

Give a smile to his memory, sweethearts, I pray;
Come fill him a bumper, my gallants so gay!
Full loath do I finish my excellent task,
Such a jolly brave fellow was Christopher Aske!

Rose Terry Cooke.

GHOST STORIES.

More than thirty-five years ago, when my husband left the army till again summoned to military duty by the fatal Crimean war, it was agreed that we should live for at least a year with my father and mother, as some compensation to us all for the enforced and painful separation occasioned by our wandering army life. My father, Colonel D——, had just taken on lease an old-fashioned, picturesque-looking house on the banks of the Medway, close to Maidstone. Before the dissolution of monasteries by Henry VIII. this building had been a branch establishment of the great nunnery in Maidstone, and was called the New Wark of Prestehelle, now corrupted into the more modern appellation of Newark House. The mansion and the estate belonging to it had been for more than two hundred years in the possession of an old Kentish family of the name of Browne, whose portraits, collected from generation to generation, were still in the house, but, to clear the place for the new tenant, had been ignominiously consigned to one of the large attics. Just before my father took the place a very beautiful chapel, part of the old property, into which we had a private door from our grounds, had been opened for divine service as a chapel of ease. It had been for years in the possession of a farmer to whom the lands of the estate were leased, and who used it as a barn, when the admiration of a wandering tourist was attracted to its groined roof and the delicate tracery here and there perceptible through desecrating piles of hay and straw. This tourist having drawn public attention to its beauty, a subscription was opened, and very soon the ancient building was cleansed, restored, and rededicated to its original purpose. Tradition averred that from our wine cellar to the friary at Aylesford, a distance of eight miles, there was a subterranean passage which had served in the olden time as a means of communication between the monks and the nuns. Be this as it may, there certainly was a very large opening in the cellar which the workmen employed in repairs seemed most reluctant to enter, and which my dear father, very insensible to romantic adventures, but tenderly concerned for the safety of his valuable wines, had most securely bricked up before any of his property was removed into the house. When we did take possession, it was found that large as was the house there was barely sufficient sleeping-room, my nursery establishment being added to the family staff of servants. Under these circumstances my mother was compelled to assign one of the attics as a bedroom for her own cook and housemaid, to which they made no objection, for the room was large, and though rather gloomy, from the small, old-fashioned casement windows, it had a de-

lightful view of the river and the town beyond. I believe that the first night passed off quietly enough, but in the morning, when Mrs. Harris, the cook, went as usual to my mother's dressing-room for orders, she requested permission to turn the old portraits which had been ranged round the room with their faces to the wall, it being dreadful, as she phrased it, "for them horrid Brownes to be a-watching everything she did, and a-following her with their eyes to every corner of the room." Permission for this change was easily granted, but it would appear that the buried originals of the portraits, indignant at being so unceremoniously displaced, resolved to avenge themselves, and very soon mysterious whispers of what took place nightly in the attic reached me through my nurse, whose face looked as pale as if she had shared in the terrors of her fellow-servants. The cook and housemaid both declared that as soon as they were in bed and the light put out, a trampling as of many feet began all over the room; in the calmest night the old casements rattled violently; an indistinct murmur of angry voices was heard, apparently muttering threats; however closely they drew the bed-curtains they were withdrawn by unseen hands; angry faces looked in upon them if they ventured their heads from under the clothes; and the bedclothes themselves were often forcibly pulled away, in spite of their frantic efforts to hold them fast. And all this went on during the whole night, only ceasing with the dawn of day, when they mostly fell into a troubled, uneasy sleep which was far from refreshing them. Of course this state of affairs could not go on. The cook, a hard-featured, strong-minded woman, determined to give warning, and Lucy, the housemaid, a young woman of very delicate health, became alarmingly ill. I had to represent to my dear mother the absolute necessity of yielding to their fears, and although at *that time* we both utterly repudiated the *possibility* of ghostly visitations, yet it was thought better to give up to the terrified women a spare bedroom, kept for visitors, on the floor with ourselves. Peace and tranquillity were again restored to the family, and as far as I know no member of it ever went near the haunted attic. I have often deeply regretted that I did not myself take some pains to investigate these mysterious occurrences.

A stout Yorkshire farmer of the name of James Wreggit, having emigrated to Canada, settled himself and family on a good farm which he rented in one of the townships. He was considered fair-dealing and honorable in all transactions with his neighbors, and in every respect bore a most excellent character. In the farmer's house was a first-floor sitting-room with a large fire-place. In this room the children slept, but from the first night evinced the greatest dislike to going to bed there, screaming with terror, and saying that a man was in the room with them. For a long time the parents paid no attention to their complaints. During harvest time a change was made, and the farmer himself slept in this room, as it was cooler and more convenient. The first night he slept there he was about to rise almost before the break of day, when, glancing towards the fire-place, he saw standing there a stranger of a dissipated, drunken appearance. "Hallo! What 's thee doing there?" was his very natural exclamation. Receiving no reply, "Won't thee speak? I'll make thee speak!" and picking up one of his heavy boots from the bedside he was preparing to throw it at the intruder, when the man, suddenly raising his arm as if to ward off the blow, vanished in a moment from before his eyes. Wreggit, unable to get this matter out of his head, brooded over it till the next day, when about noon he entered into conversation with a neighbor who was working with him, and asked him to describe the former tenant of the farm, who had died from excessive drinking. The description so entirely resembled the man he had seen in the room that he at once exclaimed, "I saw him last night!" Wreggit recounted this to some old friends near whom he had lived before taking the farm,

and it is from the dictation of one of his auditors that I have written down this remarkable circumstance. At the time neither Wreggit nor his friends had the slightest belief in apparitions.

An English family, who lived for years in the Rue Neuve at Calais, were constantly annoyed by ghostly visitations, mostly from a little withered-looking old woman, who obtained in the family the *sobriquet* of "the old woman of the pear-tree," from her so often disappearing at a pear-tree which stood close to the spot where an old stone staircase had been discovered leading down to a large subterranean vault. The house and garden stood upon part of the old site of the great Capuchin convent, and though the vault was at this time closed all round, with no visible mode of egress, yet tradition whispered that there were passages leading from it in all directions, one in particular extending as far as Fort Neuilly, a considerable distance off. The old pear-tree had been blighted while in full bloom, or, as the French curiously phrased it, "moonstruck." Soon after the family took possession of their apartments, the visits of the old woman began. They saw her in the bedrooms, they met her on the staircase, and often, when the four young ladies of the family stood talking at twilight in the garden, they would find one more than their number standing with them; but if they ventured even to whisper a remark about her presence she would glide away, turning an angry look upon the young party, and vanish by the pear-tree. At first they were much alarmed, and the eldest daughter mentioned the circumstance to the lady from whom they hired the house. She minutely described the quaint, old-fashioned dress of their unwelcome visitor, and even the bunch of keys at her girdle. Her auditor turned pale, and begged the young lady not to talk to any one of the old woman's visits, as they had already been the cause of her apartments remaining long unlet; that she was said to have been a former proprietress of the house, who had been a dreadful miser, and had passed a long life in prowling about the premises day and night in search of buried treasure. Her most disagreeable visitation was to the bedroom of the mother of the family, who for a long time could not be persuaded that the younger children had not been lying on her bed, as every evening the marks of its having been lain on were distinctly visible. She was also much disturbed in the night by the bedclothes being forcibly pulled away; and whenever the father of the family (a lawyer in England) came over for a little recreation from his labors, he complained that he could not get a night's rest, so incessant was the jerking of the bedclothes, while strange noises filled the room. In this room the old woman's husband had died, and she seemed still to frequent it. One evening the third daughter ran gayly up the stairs, exclaiming that she "did not care for the old woman, and was not a bit afraid of her!" Just as she was passing her mother's room, the door of which was open, the old woman appeared at it, struck the young girl a violent blow on the shoulder, and disappeared into the room, slamming the door violently in her face. An hour after this two of the other sisters saw her passing up the stairs before them, turning into another door. This particular night the mother of the young ladies heard all through the night some one moving about her room.

But the old woman of the pear-tree was not the only one who lingered in the precincts of the old monkish domain. The second daughter gave me an account of what befell her in one of the rooms, which account I give in her own words:—

"It was in the winter of 1852 that I was sent up-stairs by mamma to get her a pocket-handkerchief from the drawers in the room opposite to hers. It was about six o'clock on a winter's evening, and as the passages up-stairs were but imperfectly lit by the hall lamp, I went with considerable fear and reluctance. On entering the room I took a good look all round to make sure that none of the children were hiding there to

frighten me. Having got the handkerchief from the drawers, I once more looked round before quitting the room, and, to my great astonishment, saw a lady kneeling in the attitude of prayer by the bedside; she turned her head as I approached, and I saw that her face was very beautiful, her hair most luxuriant, her dress long, falling in elegant folds around her. My fright was great, but I did not scream, and indeed was so certain that it must be a living person that I softly approached and laid my hand upon her head. What was my surprise when my hand fell completely through her head, meeting with no obstruction of solid flesh, but passing, as it were, through air. Turning round she looked at me in a severe and reproachful manner, as if for disturbing her at her devotions. I saw no more. I fled from the room, and only remember finding myself at the foot of the staircase; how I got there I was never able to tell."

Mrs. G——, with her two little girls of the respective ages of eight and nine years, had been staying in the country on a visit to her sister-in-law; but having taken a house near London, she sent the two children with their nurse off by an early train, following herself by one a few hours later. Towards the evening of the same day, one of the little girls walked into a room of the house which they had quitted in the morning, where a cousin, to whom she was much attached, was sitting at his studies, and said to him, "I am come to say good-by, Walter; I shall never see you again." Then kissing him, she vanished from the room. The young man was greatly startled and astonished, as he had himself seen both the little girls and their nurse off by the morning train. At this very time of the evening both the children in London were taken suddenly ill, while playing in their new home, a few hours after they had arrived. The doctor called in pronounced their complaint to be small-pox of the most malignant kind. They both died within the week, but the youngest died first. The day after she was buried, the poor bereaved mother was anxiously watching the last hours of the one still left, for whom she well knew no chance of life remained. Suddenly the sick child woke up from a kind of stupor, and exclaimed, "Oh, look, mamma! look at the beautiful angels!" pointing to the foot of the bed. Mrs. G—— saw nothing, but heard soft, sweet music, which seemed to float in the air. Again the child exclaimed, "Oh, dear mamma, there is Minnie! She has come for me!" She smiled, and appeared greatly pleased. At this moment Mrs. G—— distinctly heard a voice say, "Come, dear Ada; I am waiting for you!" The sick child smiled once again, and died without a struggle. Long did the poor mother remember overhearing a childish conversation between the two little ones, in which the youngest said to the other that she felt sure she should die first, and would be certain to come and fetch her.

If it appear strange to us mortals, and even awful, that the disembodied spirit can, under certain conditions unknown to us, revisit the scenes of its previous existence, how much more awful and difficult of belief is it that spirits which have quitted their earthly life in the unrestrained indulgence of angry and malevolent passions can yet exercise such an influence over the corrupting clay which they apparently left behind them as to violate the sacred repose of the tomb, and terrify and appal the living! Such a circumstance certainly occurred at H——k Hall in Lincolnshire, and was long the theme of conversation in that county. H——k Hall had been in the possession of the H—— family for hundreds of years; at the time of which I am writing the ancient line had dwindled down to two individuals, — the old squire in present possession, and his only brother and destined successor, who was unmarried, and very little younger than himself. The hall, which had once been so full of life and gayety, had become the abode of sorrow and gloom, in consequence of the early death of the squire's young daughter, his only child, and the heiress of all his possessions.

This death followed in less than a year by that of his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, had quite broken down the old squire's health and happiness. The lady and her daughter were deposited in the family vault amid the tears and regrets of the villagers, by whom they were much and deservedly beloved. For years the squire had had no intercourse whatever with his brother, between whom and the lady of the hall there had been a life-long feud: the hatred on her part having been quite of a passive nature, as she was never heard to mention his name; but on his, of the most abusive and virulent kind, which made his exclusion from the hall an absolute necessity. The cause of this hatred could only be guessed at even by the most curious, as none was ever assigned by either party. When the old squire, after his double bereavement, became almost heart-broken, the good pastor of the village, whose friendship with the family had existed for fifty years, effected a meeting and a thorough reconciliation between the long-estranged brothers, and the younger one took up his abode once more in the home of his ancestors. One only condition was made, — that the name of his deceased sister-in-law should never pass his lips. A year passed away. The old squire, soothed and comforted by the companionship of his early playfellow, began to recover both his health and spirits; but at this time a malignant fever broke out in the village. Among its victims was the squire's brother, who during his whole life had known neither sickness nor disease. He was prostrated at once, and never rallied. The good minister before mentioned, who well knew the family history, unmoved by that fear of infection which made him a solitary watcher, took his stand by the bed of the dying man and vainly endeavored to draw his thoughts to the eternity which was fast opening before him. His pious words fell upon a dull, unlistening ear, but as he touched upon the duty of forgiveness, and cautiously alluded to his well-known hatred of the deceased Mrs. H——, the effect was appalling; all apathy vanished, and though a few minutes before apparently past the power of speech, yet now the sick man broke out into fierce imprecations, and by a last supreme effort raising himself upright in the bed exclaimed, "I know that I am dying; but mark my last words: if, when I am dead, you dare to bury me in the same vault with that accursed woman, the living as well as the dead shall hear of me!" He fell back with a frightful oath on his lips, and expired. The horror-struck minister kept close in his own breast this dreadful death of one he had known so long, and thought it more kind, as well as more prudent, to keep the poor squire in ignorance of his brother's last hours. As was the invariable custom in the H—— family, the body, after lying in state for a time, was consigned with much pomp and ceremony to the family vault, and was placed next to the coffins of the squire's wife and daughter. That very night the villagers living near the church-yard were disturbed by doleful shrieks and cries proceeding from the vault, — a noise of strife and struggling and blows, as if of enemies engaged in close fight. The next morning at daylight the strange tale was carried to the rectory, and the good clergyman thought it best, under the circumstances, to disclose to the squire his brother's last fearful words and threats, and to suggest the opening of the vault. To this the squire, greatly shocked, consented, and the vault was unlocked and entered by a party sent to examine into the cause of the strange noises heard the night before. A scene perfectly inexplicable met their eyes. The coffins of the squire's lady and daughter were lying in a far corner of the vault, the young girl's coffin across her mother's, as if to protect it. Close to them, standing erect and menacing, was the coffin of the squire's brother, so recently and decorously placed upon black trestles. Amazement seized the by-standers, but under the superintendence of proper people the coffins were restored to their original places, and the vault was again closed up. At night the noises began again; the sound of blows, shrieks of

pain, and a frightful contention of struggling enemies appalled the party of villagers set to watch the place, in order to prevent the possibility of deception. The tale was whispered far beyond the precincts of the village, and *savans* from the neighboring city, who laughed at the idea of anything supernatural, suggested that an explosion of gas from the foul air of the vault might have occasioned the displacement of the coffins. The squire was induced to have large ventilators placed in the vault; but this did not in the least abate the nuisance, which to the terror of the village rather increased than diminished. At length the squire himself resolved that a strong brick wall should be built up in the vault, so as to separate effectually the coffins of those who even in the solitude of the tomb seemed to keep up their antagonism. This had the desired effect; from that moment all was quiet in the vault, and the noises were never heard again; but for long afterwards the strange story was current in Lincolnshire.

More than forty years ago some circumstances occurred at Port Royal, in Jamaica, which at the time made a great noise in the civil as well as the military circles of the place, and which ended tragically for some of the parties concerned. It was only recently that I became acquainted with the full details of the affair from the recital of one who was at the time an inhabitant of the island, although not mixed up in what took place, and who had the story from written documents carefully preserved in the family. Many years before the date of the present story, an insurrection and massacre in the island afforded, as is too often the case, full scope for the indulgence of personal hatred and revenge, cloaked under the specious pretense of patriotism and public zeal. One of the most opulent merchants of Port Royal, retired from business, but occupying a situation of great public importance, had made himself obnoxious to the popular party by his strict adherence to his duties as a citizen and a magistrate. He had one deadly enemy, a neighbor as wealthy as himself, but whose infamous and licentious character had caused him to be entirely rejected by the family, not only as a suitor for the hand of one of Mr. M——'s lovely daughters, but even as a common acquaintance. Mr. M——'s house was in the outskirts of the town, in the midst of lovely gardens, and was furnished with a taste and splendor which only tropical luxury could suggest. The house, securely shut up and well defended, was considered so impregnable that Mr. M——, his large family, and his numerous dependents believed themselves in perfect safety when the insurrection broke out, and never thought of seeking safety by flight to a more distant spot. Their cruel enemy, however, found means to corrupt one of the inferior servants, and by the aid of this traitor obtained entrance at midnight for himself and a well-organized band of miscreants, to whom the certainty of rich plunder would have been a sufficient inducement even without the specious plea that Mr. M—— had been the adviser of some harsh measures deemed necessary by the government to restore public order. The work of murder speedily began, and in spite of the resistance offered by the whole household, who nobly seconded their master, the family were driven from story to story, till they could go no further, having reached a large room at the top of the house, which, having no outlet, left them no chance of escape. No mercy was shown either to infancy, beauty, or helpless old age; every individual of the doomed family was massacred, and after securing a rich booty of jewels and plate the murderers would have set fire to the princely mansion, but that a body of troops came down upon them, too late to save their victims, but in time to save the house and much of its valuable contents from spoliation. The prime mover in this fiendish deed was killed in the conflict with the military while trying to escape; the house and grounds became utterly desolate, and were shunned by all. Passers-by after night-fall averred that shrieks of murder and cries for help were invariably heard proceeding up-

wards from the bottom to the very top of the house.

Such was its condition at the opening of the year 18—, when, the barracks at Port Royal being full to overflowing, and at this inopportune moment fresh troops arriving, it was found expedient to quarter some of them in the town. The haunted house, from its great size and close vicinity to the town, was mentioned to the general commanding as a suitable place, and it was settled that a large party of the newly arrived regiment, with their officers, should be quartered in the long-deserted mansion. All seemed to go well; the soldiers, glad to be again safe on land, roamed about at pleasure, and viewed with astonishment the spacious rooms, the rich carvings, the marble staircases, and the half-decaying but still magnificent furniture profusely scattered about. The officers of the garrison, always hospitably inclined, had got ready a pleasant entertainment for the new-comers in one of the splendid saloons, and towards midnight all was glee and conviviality. About this time a loud noise was heard at the outer gates, which seemed as it were to fly open for the entrance of numbers, then a battering sound and confused demand for admittance at the great door of the hall, which opened in like manner of its own accord; then piercing shrieks as of people ascending the great staircase, and the cries of women and children flying madly from a pursuing enemy. The amazed officers, hastily snatching up their swords, rushed in a body into the entrance hall, where numbers of their men, attracted by the fearful noise, were also looking wildly about them. They saw nothing, and only felt a chill current of outer air which at once extinguished all the lights. The shrieks and noise of people pursuing others up the stairs still continued, but high up in the house; and we must now leave the tenants of the lower apartments in a state of alarmed bewilderment, and follow the shadowy "rabble rout" to a large room at the top of the mansion, which had been assigned as a sleeping place for twelve of the young soldiers who could not find accommodation below. They were all preparing for rest when the tumultuous cries of people ascending the stairs, and of others in hot pursuit, made them fear that an insurrection had broken out in the town, and though a few of the bravest proposed their making a rush down-stairs to the assistance of their officers and comrades, they were overruled, and the door of the room was hastily barricaded with heavy articles of furniture dragged from their places for the purpose. The noise advanced, the door was assaulted, every obstacle gave way, and the astonished occupants of the room felt themselves seized with a strange, cold horror as a rush of air extinguished the light, and all who stood in the way received heavy blows from invisible hands, which left some of them senseless and the rest in a state of idiotic bewilderment. One only of the number retained full and clear possession of his senses, and seems to have had a perception of the ghostly nature of what was passing. When the door was burst open he was standing in the middle of the room, and so escaped the blows showered on his comrades. With great presence of mind he relit the lamp, but it went out again directly; still he described being able to see by a kind of shadowy twilight which pervaded the room. He distinctly remarked a throng of spectral figures, which appeared like bluish vapors, with dim and indistinct outlines, passing swiftly to the top of the room. When they reached it the noise was deafening; he heard the wailing cries of little children, the shrieks and prayers for mercy of women, the bitter oaths and imprecations of men, the clashing of weapons, the deadly stabs, and the dull thud of falling bodies as each victim was in turn dispatched; in short, the bloody drama of long years before was reënacted on that fearful night. At length an appalling silence settled upon the horrors of the scene, and the hitherto spell-bound spectator knew and felt no more till he awoke to life in a ward of the regimental hospital, having been brought with difficulty through the dangers of a brain fever.

Three of his companions were dead of the same complaint, and two more were in a state of hopeless idiocy. The strictest inquiries were made, and a searching examination took place in the endeavor to detect any fraud or deception, but nothing was elicited in the way of reasonable explanation, and the matter was hushed up by the authorities. Soon afterwards the government purchased the estate, and razed every building on it to the ground.

Captain W——, a friend of mine, was telling me, while we were on the subject of ghosts, of a circumstance which had occurred while he was in India, and which had entirely removed his disbelief in the possibility of apparitions. He was the nephew of the general commanding the troops in cantonments near Delhi, in the north of India, in the year 18—. Attached to his regiment was a young ensign, Arthur G——, quite a lad in years, being only seventeen. He was an orphan with no near relations, and his guardians had yielded to his enthusiastic love for a military life. He had been a year with Captain W——'s regiment, when he began to droop and to feel an increasing languor and sense of illness, very depressing to his buoyant spirit. This alarmed his friends, by whom he was greatly beloved; in fact, he was the general pet of the regiment, being a warm-hearted and genial comrade, often enlivening the dull routine of regimental life by his merry humor and boyish pranks. After some weeks of total prostration, the fatal verdict of "decline" was given by his medical attendant, and, anxious to give a last chance of recovery to one so young and so amiable, the general in command sent him a sick certificate to Calcutta, from thence to embark for England after due examination by a medical board. That no care or attention might be wanting on his journey, a regimental surgeon, a very dear friend, was sent with him. In due time this officer rejoined the regiment, reporting that his young patient had borne the fatigue of the journey better than could have been expected, that he had himself seen him on board of a homeward-bound vessel, and that every possible comfort had been provided for his passage, the surgeon of the ship having taken the especial charge of him. This was satisfactory, and after a time his comrades almost ceased to talk of him and of his chances of recovery. A few weeks after the doctor's return, the officers of Arthur G——'s regiment were sitting over their wine after the mess dinner, the mess-room being a long, large tent with an opening at each end. Captain W—— said afterwards that he was just thinking of poor Arthur G——, and wondering if he should ever see him again, when Arthur himself came in at one door of the tent, and passing down the whole length of the dinner table went out at the opposite door. He was dressed as they had last seen him; he was deadly pale, but smiled and nodded to several of his friends as he had been wont to do, and gave a long and earnest look towards Captain W——, who had been his most intimate friend.

The mess broke up at once, some going to look for their old comrade in the mess-room of the regiment in cantonments with them, and Captain W—— to the tent of his uncle the general, whom, however, he found alone writing some dispatches, and who, looking up with astonishment, declared that he had seen nothing of the young officer. When on inquiry it was found that he had also passed through the mess-room of the other regiment, and had been recognized by many of the officers, and also by the servants in attendance, and yet could nowhere be found, his sudden appearance and disappearance seemed equally mysterious. Eventually letters arrived from Calcutta bringing the sad intelligence that Arthur G—— had died at sea on the very day and at the very hour that he was seen in the camp before Delhi.

People who can look back to Calais as it was twenty years ago may remember a small shop kept by a tobacconist, which stood at the corner of the Rue de Guise, nearest to the Place. The house belonged to a maiden lady, who, like

most French shop-keepers, lived on the ground-floor, and was glad to let the first and second floors, comprising some elegant apartments, to English families, who swarm over to Calais in the summer season for sea-bathing. French people carefully abstained from renting these apartments, as the mysterious disappearance of the last occupant three years before had caused rumors of all kinds to circulate in the town. The tenant in question was a military man, a captain in the regiment then on garrison duty, was unmarried, and lived by himself, passing most of his time in one of the numerous cafés which are the invariable resort of French officers. He seldom had any visitors, but a sergeant of the same regiment came morning and evening to receive his orders and to attend to his personal requirements. One morning this man walked into the shop below, where the mistress of the house was serving her customers, and asked if she had seen his master, for he had found the private door open, and on going as usual up-stairs had seen that the bed had not been slept in, and that all in the room was as he had left it the night before. The lady replied that she had heard no sound whatever in the apartment above since the sounding of the *retraite* the night before at half past eight, when she certainly heard the hall door shut, and supposed it was the captain coming in, as was his wont, at that hour. The whole town was searched; the police were applied to; the sergeant, on whom suspicion at first fell, was subjected to a searching examination; but no result followed, except that upon looking over the things in his room one large sheet was missing from the newly made bed. In short, his fate remained shrouded in the deepest mystery.

Three years after this event, the apartments, newly and elegantly furnished, were let for the summer to the family of Judge D——r, consisting of his wife and some young people, mostly grown up. Having settled themselves comfortably, they were at tea one evening in a sitting-room which opened immediately on the stairs going down to the private entrance, and which reached to within a few feet of the hall door, which space formed a very narrow, dark passage, a common mode of saving room in old French houses. As the family sat at tea the drums on the Place began to beat the retraite, and just as they finished three loud knocks were given on the door of the sitting-room. Having in vain given the usual response, "Entrez!" one of the family opened the door and looked down the staircase. No one was there, and as was natural they thought their unknown visitor had left the house. As this knocking occurred two or three evenings in succession with the same result, the family determined to lock the house door at the foot of the stairs, and to watch for the mysterious knocker. The knocks came as usual when the retraite sounded, but before the third knock was given the watchers inside suddenly threw open the door, and confronted a tall figure, closely wrapped in a large white sheet, which immediately vanished down the stairs, and sank out of their sight at the bottom. The next night the same thing happened, and Judge D——r found it necessary to remove his family, who were much alarmed and agitated by what had occurred.

Soon after this the owner of the house, finding it impossible to let her rooms, had the whole building taken down, and an entirely new house and shop built on the old site. When the workmen removed the staircase and took up the flooring of the narrow passage at its foot, they found the decaying body of a military man wrapped round and round in a large white sheet. There could be no doubt that this was the unfortunate captain, who had been foully murdered and buried in the silence of the night, but by whom could never be found out, as the sergeant, who was always under deep suspicion, had died in hospital of dissipation and *absinthe* more than a year before the discovery.

Soon after we went to France we were fortunate enough to obtain a very excellent servant. Fanny was a speci-

men of the best of her class. She was active and intelligent, made nothing of the entire work of our large family, was always bright, cheerful, and good-tempered, and soon became a great favorite with us all. She had been in our service for about three years, when she received a letter urgently requiring her to go without delay to the death-bed of a sister-in-law to whom she was much attached, and who lived with her husband and one little boy in a small village near Gravelines. Fanny went at once, and was in time to nurse her sister-in-law for a few days before her death. She returned after an absence of some weeks, but we soon noticed that she was quite altered both in manner and appearance. All her French vivacity had vanished; she went about her work in a languid, listless manner, seemed always preoccupied, and even had from the first morning a worn and fatigued look upon her face which greatly distressed us. She acknowledged that she had lain awake the greater part of the night, and indeed my sister, who slept in the room underneath Fanny's, told us that whenever she happened to wake up she heard Fanny talking, as she supposed, in her sleep. Some months went by, at the end of which Fanny appeared seriously ill, and wished to go home to her mother, who lived in Calais. Before she left, she confided to my eldest sister the reason of her altered looks and sleepless nights. She said that from the time of her sister-in-law's funeral she had come to her bedside every night, and remained some hours, talking of the events of her past life, and making many inquiries after her husband and child, about whose welfare she manifested the greatest anxiety. Fanny invariably locked her door when she went to bed, and always found it open in the morning. Her sister-in-law, just as midnight struck, used to glide noiselessly in, dressed in her peasant's cloak and hood, sit down by the bed, and enter into conversation, after throwing back her hood so as to leave her face exposed. Sometimes there were long intervals of silence, but as soon as the day dawned she would rise, draw her hood over her face, and simply saying, "I must go now," vanish from sight. At first Fanny was dreadfully frightened, but became at last so habituated to the nightly visit of the apparition that she used to sit up in her bed as a matter of course, and remain sitting up till her visitor departed. Fanny was by no means a rigid Roman Catholic, but her sister-in-law had been very punctual in all the duties of her religion, and on her death-bed besought Fanny to have masses said for her soul. Not attaching equal importance to these prayers for the dead, she had quite omitted to fulfill her promise; but when she went home her mother advised her to go to the priest, who strongly recommended her to repair the omission. This she did, and she told us afterwards that after the masses were duly said the nightly visits of her sister-in-law entirely ceased.

H. B. K.

THE GREAT REVOLUTION IN PITCAIRN.

Let me refresh the reader's memory a little. Nearly a hundred years ago the crew of the British ship Bounty mutinied, set the captain and his officers adrift upon the open sea, took possession of the ship, and sailed southward. They procured wives for themselves among the natives of Tahiti, then proceeded to a lonely little rock in mid-Pacific, called Pitcairn's Island, wrecked the vessel, stripped her of everything that might be useful to a new colony, and established themselves on shore.

Pitcairn's is so far removed from the

track of commerce that it was many years before another vessel touched there. It had always been considered an uninhabited island; so when a ship did at last drop its anchor there, in 1808, the captain was greatly surprised to find the place peopled. Although the mutineers had fought among themselves, and gradually killed each other off until only two or three of the original stock remained, these tragedies had not occurred before a number of children had been born; so in 1808 the island had a population of twenty-seven persons. John Adams, the chief mutineer, still survived, and was to live many years yet, as governor and patriarch of the flock. From being mutineer and homicide, he had turned Christian and teacher, and his nation of twenty-seven persons was now the purest and devoutest in Christendom. Adams had long ago hoisted the British flag and constituted his island an appanage of the British crown.

To-day the population numbers ninety persons, — sixteen men, nineteen women, twenty-five boys, and thirty girls, — all descendants of the mutineers, all bearing the family names of those mutineers, and all speaking English, and English only. The island stands high up out of the sea, and has precipitous walls. It is about three quarters of a mile long, and in places is as much as half a mile wide. Such arable land as it affords is held by the several families, according to a division made many years ago. There is some live stock, — goats, pigs, chickens, and cats; but no dogs, and no large animals. There is one church building, — used also as a capitol, a school-house, and a public library. The title of the governor has been, for a generation or two, "Magistrate and Chief Ruler, in subordination to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain." It was his province to *make* the laws, as well as execute them. His office was elective; everybody over seventeen years old had a vote, — no matter about the sex.

The sole occupations of the people were farming and fishing; their sole recreation, religious services. There has never been a shop in the island, nor any money. The habits and dress of the people have always been primitive, and their laws simple to puerility. They have lived in a deep Sabbath tranquillity, far from the world and its ambitions and vexations, and neither knowing nor caring what was going on in the mighty empires that lie beyond their limitless ocean solitudes. Once in three or four years a ship touched there, moved them with aged news of bloody battles, devastating epidemics, fallen thrones, and ruined dynasties, then traded them some soap and flannnel for some yams and bread-fruit, and sailed away, leaving them to retire into their peaceful dreams and pious dissipations once more.

On the 8th of last September, Admiral de Horsey, commander-in-chief of the British fleet in the Pacific, visited Pitcairn's Island, and speaks as follows in his official report to the admiralty: —

"They have beans, carrots, turnips, cabbages, and a little maize; pineapples, fig-trees, custard apples, and oranges; lemons and cocoa-nuts. Clothing is obtained alone from passing ships, in barter for refreshments. There are no springs on the island, but as it rains generally once a month they have plenty of water, although at times, in former years, they have suffered from drought. No alcoholic liquors, except for medicinal purposes, are used, and a drunkard is unknown. . . .

"The necessary articles required by the islanders are best shown by those we furnished in barter for refreshments: namely, flannel, serge, drill, half-boots, combs, tobacco, and soap. They also stand much in need of maps and slates for their school, and tools of any kind are most acceptable. I caused them to be supplied from the public stores with a union-jack for display on the arrival of ships, and a pit saw, of which they were greatly in need. This, I trust, will meet the approval of their lordships. If the munificent people of England were only aware of the wants of this most deserving little colony, they would not long go unsupplied. . . .

"Divine service is held every Sunday

at 10.30 A. M. and at 3 P. M., in the house built and used by John Adams for that purpose until he died in 1829. It is conducted strictly in accordance with the liturgy of the Church of England, by Mr. Simon Young, their selected pastor, who is much respected. A Bible class is held every Wednesday, when all who conveniently can attend. There is also a general meeting for prayer on the first Friday in every month. Family prayers are said in every house the first thing in the morning and the last thing in the evening, and no food is partaken of without asking God's blessing before and afterwards. Of these islanders' religious attributes no one can speak without deep respect. A people whose greatest pleasure and privilege is to commune in prayer with their God, and to join in hymns of praise, and who are, moreover, cheerful, diligent, and probably freer from vice than any other community, need no priest among them."

Now I come to a sentence in the admiral's report which he dropped carelessly from his pen, no doubt, and never gave the matter a second thought. He little imagined what a freight of tragic prophecy it bore! This is the sentence:

"One stranger, an American, has settled on the island, — *a doubtful acquisition.*"

A doubtful acquisition indeed! Captain Ormsby, in the American ship Hornet, touched at Pitcairn's nearly four months after the admiral's visit, and from the facts which he gathered there we now know all about that American. Let us put these facts together, in historical form. The American's name was Butterworth Stavely. As soon as he had become well acquainted with all the people, — and this took but a few days, of course, — he began to ingratiate himself with them by all the arts he could command. He became exceedingly popular, and much looked up to; for one of the first things he did was to forsake his worldly way of life, and throw all his energies into religion. He was always reading his Bible, or praying, or singing hymns, or asking blessings. In prayer, no one had such "liberty" as he, no one could pray so long or so well.

At last, when he considered the time to be ripe, he began secretly to sow the seeds of discontent among the people. It was his deliberate purpose, from the beginning, to subvert the government, but of course he kept that to himself for a time. He used different arts with different individuals. He awakened dissatisfaction in one quarter by calling attention to the shortness of the Sunday services; he argued that there should be three three-hour services on Sunday instead of only two. Many had secretly held this opinion before; they now privately banded themselves into a party to work for it. He showed certain of the women that they were not allowed sufficient voice in the prayer-meetings; thus another party was formed. No weapon was beneath his notice; he even descended to the children, and awoke discontent in their breasts because — as *he* discovered for them — they had not enough Sunday-school. This created a third party.

Now, as the chief of these parties, he found himself the strongest power in the community. So he proceeded to his next move, — a no less important one than the impeachment of the chief magistrate, James Russell Nickoy; a man of character and ability, and possessed of great wealth, he being the owner of a house with a parlor to it, three acres and a half of yam land, and the only boat in Pitcairn's, a whale-boat; and, most unfortunately, a pretext for this impeachment offered itself at just the right time. One of the earliest and most precious laws of the island was the law against trespass. It was held in great reverence, and was regarded as the palladium of the people's liberties. About thirty years ago an important case came before the courts under this law, in this wise: a chicken belonging to Elizabeth Young (aged, at that time, fifty-eight, a daughter of John Mills, one of the mutineers of the Bounty) trespassed upon the grounds of Thursday October Christian (aged twenty-nine, a grandson of Fletcher Christian,

one of the mutineers). Christian killed the chicken. According to the law, Christian could keep the chicken; or, if he preferred, he could restore its remains to the owner, and receive damages in "produce" to an amount equivalent to the waste and injury wrought by the trespasser. The court records set forth that "the said Christian aforesaid did deliver the aforesaid remains to the said Elizabeth Young, and did demand one bushel of yams in satisfaction of the damage done." But Elizabeth Young considered the demand exorbitant; the parties could not agree; therefore Christian brought suit in the courts. He lost his case in the justice's court; at least, he was awarded only a half peck of yams, which he considered insufficient, and in the nature of a defeat. He appealed. The case lingered several years in an ascending grade of courts, and always resulted in decrees sustaining the original verdict; and finally the thing got into the supreme court, and there it stuck for twenty years. But last summer, even the supreme court managed to arrive at a decision at last. Once more the original verdict was sustained. Christian then said he was satisfied; but Stavely was present, and whispered to him and to his lawyer, suggesting, "as a mere form," that the original law be exhibited, in order to make sure that it still existed. It seemed an odd idea, but an ingenious one. So the demand was made. A messenger was sent to the magistrate's house; he presently returned with the tidings that it had disappeared from among the state archives.

The court now pronounced its late decision void, since it had been made under a law which had no actual existence.

Great excitement ensued, immediately. The news swept abroad over the whole island that the palladium of the public liberties was lost, — may be treasonably destroyed. Within thirty minutes almost the entire nation were in the court-room, — that is to say, the church. The impeachment of the chief magistrate followed, upon Stavely's motion. The accused met his misfortune with the dignity which became his great office. He did not plead, or even argue: he offered the simple defense that he had not meddled with the missing law; that he had kept the state archives in the same candle-box that had been used as their depository from the beginning; and that he was innocent of the removal or destruction of the lost document.

But nothing could save him; he was found guilty of misprision of treason, and degraded from his office, and all his property was confiscated.

The lamest part of the whole shameful matter was the *reason* suggested by his enemies for his destruction of the law, to wit: that he did it to favor Christian, because Christian was his cousin! Whereas Stavely was the only individual in the entire nation who was *not* his cousin. The reader must remember that all of these people are the descendants of half a dozen men; that the first children intermarried together and bore grandchildren to the mutineers; that these grandchildren intermarried; after them, great and great-great-grandchildren intermarried: so that to-day everybody is blood-kin to everybody. Moreover, the relationships are wonderfully, even astoundingly, mixed up and complicated. A stranger, for instance, says to an islander, —

"You speak of that young woman as your cousin; a while ago you called her your aunt."

"Well, she *is* my aunt, and my cousin too. And also my step-sister, my niece, my fourth cousin, my thirty-third cousin, my forty-second cousin, my great-aunt, my grandmother, my widowed sister-in-law, — and next week she will be my wife."

So the charge of nepotism against the chief magistrate was weak. But no matter; weak or strong, it suited Stavely. Stavely was immediately elected to the vacant magistracy; and, oozing reform from every pore, he went vigorously to work. In no long time religious services raged everywhere and unceasingly. By command, the second prayer of the Sunday, morning service, which had customarily endured some thirty-five or forty

minutes, and had pleaded for the world, first by continent and then by national and tribal detail, was extended to an hour and a half, and made to include supplications in behalf of the possible peoples in the several planets. Everybody was pleased with this; everybody said, "Now *this* is something *like*." By command, the usual three-hour sermons were doubled in length. The nation came in a body to testify their gratitude to the new magistrate. The old law forbidding cooking on the Sabbath was extended to the prohibition of eating, also. By command, Sunday-school was privileged to spread over into the week. The joy of all classes was complete. In one short month the new magistrate was become the people's idol!

The time was ripe for this man's next move. He began, cautiously at first, to poison the public mind against England. He took the chief citizens aside, one by one, and conversed with them on this topic. Presently he grew bolder, and spoke out. He said the nation owed it to itself, to its honor, to its great traditions, to rise in its might and throw off "this galling English yoke."

But the simple islanders answered, —

"We had not noticed that it galled. How does it gall? England sends a ship once in three or four years to give us soap and clothing, and things which we sorely need and gratefully receive; but she never troubles us; she lets us go our own way."

"She lets you go your own way! So slaves have felt and spoken in all the ages! This speech shows how fallen you are, how base, how brutalized, you have become, under this grinding tyranny! What! has all manly pride forsaken you? Is liberty nothing? Are you content to be a mere appendage to a foreign and hateful sovereignty, when you might rise up and take your rightful place in the august family of nations, great, free, enlightened, independent, the minion of no sceptred master, but the arbiter of your own destiny, and a voice and a power in decreeing the destinies of your sister-sovereignties of the world?"

Speeches like this produced an effect by and by. Citizens began to feel the English yoke; they did not know exactly how or whereabouts they felt it, but they were perfectly certain they did feel it. They got to grumbling a good deal, and chafing under their chains, and longing for relief and release. They presently fell to hating the English flag, that sign and symbol of their nation's degradation; they ceased to glance up at it as they passed the capitol, but averted their eyes and grated their teeth; and one morning, when it was found trampled into the mud at the foot of the staff, they left it there, and no man put his hand to it to hoist it again. A certain thing which was sure to happen sooner or later happened now. Some of the chief citizens went to the magistrate by night, and said, —

"We can endure this hated tyranny no longer. How can we cast it off?"

"By a *coup d'état*."

"How?"

"A coup d'état. It is like this: Everything is got ready, and at the appointed moment I, as the official head of the nation, publicly and solemnly proclaim its independence, and absolve it from allegiance to any and all other powers whatsoever."

"That sounds simple and easy. We can do that right away. Then what will be the next thing to do?"

"Seize all the defenses and public properties of all kinds, establish martial law, put the army and navy on a war footing, and proclaim the empire!"

This fine programme dazzled these innocents. They said, —

"This is grand, — this is splendid; but will not England resist?"

"Let her. This rock is a Gibraltar."

"True. But about the empire? Do we *need* an empire, and an emperor?"

"What you *need*, my friends, is unification. Look at Germany; look at Italy. They are unified. Unification is the thing. It makes living dear. That constitutes progress. We must have a standing army, and a navy. Taxes follow, as a matter of course. All these things summed up make grandeur. With unification and grandeur, what more can

you want? Very well, — only the empire can confer these boons."

So on the 8th day of December Pitcairn's Island was proclaimed a free and independent nation; and on the same day the solemn coronation of Butterworth I., emperor of Pitcairn's Island, took place, amid great rejoicings and festivities. The entire nation, with the exception of fourteen persons, mainly little children, marched past the throne in single file, with banners and music, the procession being upwards of ninety feet long; and some said it was as much as three quarters of a minute passing a given point. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the history of the island before. Public enthusiasm was measureless.

Now straightway imperial reforms began. Orders of nobility were instituted. A minister of the navy was appointed, and the whale-boat put in commission. A minister of war was created, and ordered to proceed at once with the formation of a standing army. A first lord of the treasury was named, and commanded to get up a taxation scheme, and also open negotiations for treaties, offensive, defensive, and commercial, with foreign powers. Some generals and admirals were appointed; also some chamberlains, some equerries in waiting, and some lords of the bed-chamber.

At this point all the material was used up. The Grand Duke of Galilee, minister of war, complained that all the sixteen grown men in the empire had been given great offices, and consequently would not consent to serve in the ranks; wherefore his standing army was at a stand-still. The Marquis of Ararat, minister of the navy, made a similar complaint. He said he was willing to steer the whale-boat himself, but he *must* have somebody to man her.

The emperor did the best he could in the circumstances: he took all the boys above the age of ten years away from their mothers, and pressed them into the army, thus constructing a corps of seventeen privates, officered by one lieutenant-general and two major-generals. This pleased the minister of war, but procured the enmity of all the mothers in the land; for they said their precious ones must now find bloody graves in the fields of war, and he would be answerable for it. Some of the more heart-broken and inappeasable among them lay constantly in wait for the emperor and threw yams at him, unmindful of the body-guard.

On account of the extreme scarcity of material, it was found necessary to require the Duke of Bethany, postmaster-general, to pull stroke-oar in the navy, and thus sit in the rear of a noble of lower degree, namely, Viscount Canaan, lord-justice of the common pleas. This turned the Duke of Bethany into a tolerably open malcontent and a secret conspirator, — a thing which the emperor foresaw, but could not help.

Things went from bad to worse. The emperor raised Nancy Peters to the peerage on one day, and married her the next, notwithstanding, for reasons of state, the cabinet had strenuously advised him to marry Emmeline, eldest daughter of the Archbishop of Bethlehem. This caused trouble in a powerful quarter, — the church. The new empress secured the support and friendship of two thirds of the thirty-six grown women in the nation by absorbing them into her court as maids of honor; but this made deadly enemies of the remaining twelve. The families of the maids of honor soon began to rebel, because there was now nobody at home to keep house. The twelve snubbed women refused to enter the imperial kitchen as servants; so the empress had to require the Countess of Jericho and other great court dames to fetch water, sweep the palace, and perform other menial and equally distasteful services. This made bad blood in that department.

Everybody fell to complaining that the taxes levied for the support of the army, the navy, and the rest of the imperial establishment were intolerably burdensome, and were reducing the nation to beggary. The emperor's reply — "Look at Germany; look at Italy. Are you better than they? and have n't you

unification ? " — did not satisfy them. They said, " People can't *eat* unification, and we are starving. Agriculture has ceased. Everybody is in the army, everybody is in the navy, everybody is in the public service, standing around in a uniform, with nothing whatever to do, nothing to eat, and nobody to till the fields " —

" Look at Germany; look at Italy. It is the same there. Such is unification, and there 's no other way to get it, — no other way to keep it after you 've got it," said the poor emperor always.

But the grumblers only replied, " We can't *stand* the taxes, — we can't *stand* them."

Now right on top of this the cabinet reported a national debt amounting to upwards of forty-five dollars, — half a dollar to every individual in the nation. And they proposed to fund something. They had heard that this was always done in such emergencies. They proposed duties on exports; also on imports. And they wanted to issue bonds; also paper money, redeemable in yams and cabbages in fifty years. They said the pay of the army and of the navy and of the whole governmental machine was far in arrears, and unless something was done, and done immediately, national bankruptcy must ensue, and possibly insurrection and revolution. The emperor at once resolved upon a high-handed measure, and one of a nature never before heard of in Pitcairn's Island. He went in state to the church on Sunday morning, with the army at his back, and commanded the minister of the treasury to take up a collection.

That was the feather that broke the camel's back. First one citizen, and then another, rose and refused to submit to this unheard-of outrage, — and each refusal was followed by the immediate confiscation of the malcontent's property. This vigor soon stopped the refusals, and the collection proceeded amid a sullen and ominous silence. As the emperor withdrew with the troops, he said, " I will teach you who is master here." Several persons shouted, " Down with unification! " They were at once arrested and torn from the arms of their weeping friends by the soldiery.

But in the mean time, as any prophet might have foreseen, a Social Democrat had been developed. As the emperor stepped into the gilded imperial wheelbarrow at the church door, the social democrat stabbed at him fifteen or sixteen times with a harpoon, but fortunately with such a peculiarly social democratic unprecision of aim as to do no damage.

That very night the convulsion came. The nation rose as one man, — though forty-nine of the revolutionists were of the other sex. The infantry threw down their pitchforks; the artillery cast aside their cocoa-nuts; the navy revolted; the emperor was seized, and bound hand and foot in his palace. He was very much depressed. He said, —

" I freed you from a grinding tyranny; I lifted you up out of your degradation, and made you a nation among nations; I gave you a strong, compact, centralized government; and, more than all, I gave you the blessing of blessings, — unification. I have done all this, and my reward is hatred, insult, and these bonds. Take me; do with me as ye will. I here resign my crown and all my dignities, and gladly do I release myself from their too heavy burden. For your sake, I took them up; for your sake I lay them down. The imperial jewel is no more; now bruise and defile as ye will the useless setting."

By a unanimous voice the people condemned the ex-emperor and the social democrat to perpetual banishment from church services, or to perpetual labor as galley-slaves in the whale-boat, — whichever they might prefer. The next day the nation assembled again, and rehoisted the British flag, reinstated the British tyranny, reduced the nobility to the condition of commoners again, and then straightway turned their diligent attention to the weeding of the ruined and neglected yam patches, and the rehabilitation of the old useful industries and the old healing and solacing pieties. The ex-emperor restored the lost trespass law, and explained that he had stolen it, —

not to injure any one, but to further his political projects. Therefore the nation gave the late chief magistrate his office again, and also his alienated property.

Upon reflection, the ex-emperor and the social democrat chose perpetual banishment from religious services, in preference to perpetual labor as galley-slaves "*with* perpetual religious services," as they phrased it; wherefore the people believed that the poor fellows' troubles had unseated their reason, and so they judged it best to confine them for the present. Which they did.

Such is the history of Pitcairn's "doubtful acquisition."

Mark Twain.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF POLITICS.

It was long ago noticed — first, I believe, by Louis Agassiz — that the life on the different continents exhibited different rates of advance in gradation of structure. He called attention to the fact that the existing forests of North America were essentially like the fossil forests of Switzerland, which flourished during the middle tertiaries; that the mammalian life of South America found many representatives among the earlier tertiaries of Europe; and that the existing flora and fauna of Australia can best be compared with the Jurassic life of the European seas and shores. This last-named feature has been frequently dwelt upon, and is one of the most striking facts in the distribution of organic life. Carrying farther the observations made by Agassiz, I have endeavored to attain a more precise result by taking the organic life of Europe as a standard, and then seeking in each continent the forms which had been represented in the past life of Europe, but which had been overridden in the rapid on-going of the organic life of that continent. Placing against the name of each continent the forms still existing there which could be regarded as obsolete European forms, I found that the series so obtained showed North America to be next to Europe in the advance of its organic life, Asia and Africa next, South America below these, and Australia the lowest in the series. That is to say, Europe has fewest ancient types; North America has a rather fuller share of antique forms; Asia and Africa more than the North Atlantic continents; South America is still more archaic in its life; and Australia is thicker peopled with archaic organic forms than any of the other before-mentioned areas. If now we could find that there was a corresponding series in the variety of physical conditions in these several continents, we should have an important confirmation of the hypothesis. Here again we must have recourse to indirect methods. It is not possible to measure with accuracy the variations of environment on the surface of the several continents. Generations, possibly centuries, will pass away before these conditions are known well enough for detailed comparison. An observation of Ritter, however, makes it possible for us to attain our end: he noticed that the extent of shore line compared with the square-mile area of the several continents varied greatly, — Europe having far more shore line than any other continent. If we desire to institute this comparison between shore line and internal area of the continents complete, we must reduce them to the same area, preserving their form, and then compare their shore lines with their internal areas. This I have approximately done, and find that the succession of continents in this series is essentially the same as in the series given us by the number of ancient forms retained on the several areas, — Europe coming first, North America next, Asia

and Africa next, and near each other, then South America, and last Australia. It will be evident to the reader that the ratio between the length of shore line and the internal surface will be a fair measure of the variety of that surface. Nearly every mountain chain in Europe contributes to the diversity of its outline; the sea serving to give one plane of comparison by which we may measure the variety of configuration of the several continents. We may reasonably suppose that the various mountain chains in the other continents are as fairly indicated by the accidents of the shore line. It would be better if we could have all the contour lines of all the continents, but there is every reason to believe that the one given by the sea in its present position fairly represents the average diversity of surface conditions. The general fact may therefore be accepted that the continents have their rate of advance in the organic progress reasonably well measured by the variety of their surface conditions.

This brings us to consider another element in the conditions of the continent, namely, new changes of climate. Out of the many alterations which the climate of the world has undergone, it is that set of changes alone which affect the general aspect that writes a record which is as yet intelligible to us. The effect of these variations on the organic life of the land is demonstrably great, and the regions subjected to them must be expected to exhibit many traces of their results in the condition of the life they bear. Only Europe and North America have taken the full brunt of the last glacial periods, and it is here that we find the most important modifications in organic life. It is far from our purpose to do more than touch upon these great questions; still it is not without value that we see that all these forces, which we know to be effective in producing great diversities of the conditions of organic life, have operated with the most power upon those continents which are the farthest in their advance towards the highest level of life, and that the continent which has had the least of these diversifying accidents remains singularly backward in all its types of life.

It is impossible to do more than suggest the reasons why we are driven to the conclusion that variety of conditions is most intimately connected with the progress of organic life from its lower to its higher stages. It may, however, be assumed that the following propositions have a firm basis of support: —

(1.) That other things being equal the rate of advance of organic life in any region will be proportionate to the number of variations of the species produced therein.

(2.) That the number of these organic variations on which selection works will be proportionate to the variety of conditions afforded by the several areas.

(3.) That a diversified surface, geological accidents, such as elevation and depression, and changes of temperature, forcing migration and change of habits, all tend to multiply variations and to accelerate the change of species. Through this, directly or indirectly, comes the evolution of life.

When the student has satisfied himself that the diversity of local conditions is a most important element in the advance of the organization of animals, the important question at once arises, How far is this law common to man and to the lower animals; how far does human progress depend upon this capacity of a region to develop local peculiarities connected with intellectual and social development? Is there, in a word, any reason for concluding that the march of development among men is closely related to this production of variations arising from local peculiarities? In the first place, we may notice that the organic life of Europe has been recognized as having what has been termed a *prepotency* over other life. The forms are not only higher, but they have, what is a necessary consequence, a stronger nervous system, and greater vigor in every way, as is proven by the fact that they extirpate the native species on continents of less advanced life where they may become naturalized. It is beyond question that the European species of animals have something of the

same superiority over the animals of other districts that the European man has shown over the man of other continents. What part of this superiority is mental and what part physical, supposing we can make any such distinction, is not determinable. It is more reasonable to conclude that it is in a general advantage shared by brain as well as limbs. It is reasonable to conclude that the superiority of European life, including plants as well as animals, is in some way connected with the more vigorous struggle that has gone on there, and this greater activity of the contest that brings advance is doubtless in large part due to the greater variety of conditions afforded by that continent.

There can be no doubt that the view suggested by Mr. Wallace, that man has by his civilization in a great measure emancipated himself from the action of natural selection, is essentially true. As I shall hereafter try to show, it is almost equally clear that his greatest present or future dangers arise from his liberation from the old selective forces which have lifted him to his lofty estate, and that the first duty of the statesman is to fight against the dangers which have arisen from this emancipation of man from the ancient law; to see to it that the destruction of the old beneficent slavery of the selective forces shall not leave him a prey to accumulating ills. It is not yet time for us to weigh these questions. We ought first to consider the extent to which localization of conditions has affected the history of man in the earliest stages of society.

Sir John Lubbock, Mr. E. B. Tylor, and others have already devoted attention to the fact that the action of natural selection must have remained strong among the disconnected tribes out of which our states have been built. Small tribes sufficiently localized to take an impress from their surroundings, and sufficiently coherent to permit the development of individualities which can strengthen or weaken the incipient states, give us a basis on which natural selection can operate. The tribe having mental or physical peculiarities which are decidedly advantageous will hold its ground, or gain in power; the tribes weakened by any cause will be destroyed. There is every reason to believe that natural selection goes on in this condition of society with something of the vigor that it has among contending species in lower groups of animals. Within the tribe it breaks down and removes the weak members; among the tribes it selects the strongest for dominion and increase. In the early history of Europe we can see at every step the effect of those geographical insulations which characterize that continent. The great tides of people poured out from Asia, possibly under the impulse of climatic changes which have been going on since the close of the glacial period, found in the conditions of Europe forces which rapidly divided and subdivided them, giving to each isolated fragment its individual character. After a few centuries these localized peoples, though derived from a common stock, are so separated from each other that the most delicate tests of language are required to prove their original unity. These separated nationalities, more or less developed, contend together as the tribes in an earlier state, and from their interaction has come much of the advance of human life on that continent. Had South America or Australia received the stream, there is little reason to believe that they would have given us the faintest approach to the peculiar differentiation of nationalities which we find in Europe. Although every step in the progress from the tribe to the state has served to limit the struggle for existence in certain ways, it must not be assumed that it at once checked this action. Starvation, or the endless combats of peoples in the lowest stage, would in a measure cease, but intellectual selection would begin with the beginnings of organization, and strengthen with every advance towards its complication. Moreover, the selection as between social organizations brought about by war would remain strong, and did remain strong in Europe until defeat ceased to mean utter destruction to a race. At present this selection as between states

has been reduced in efficiency with every improvement of the art of war. War had a natural justification as long as overthrow meant destruction. Perhaps unhappily, the progress of civilization, while fostering war, has limited its selective action by preserving the vanquished.

The development of the tribe into the state, and especially the modern advance of the state and of civilization, has limited the action of natural selection in two ways: in the first place, by the intermingling of the people it has tended to average the results of local peculiarities, and so diminish their value in furnishing variations; in the second place, it has caused the survival of many lives which would have been sacrificed in the ruder struggle of the scattered tribes. It is the first of these influences which we should now consider. It may be asked by many persons whether it is necessary to believe that the capacity to develop variations is an essential or even valuable feature in a state; whether it is necessary for nations far emancipated from the domination of natural selection to consider the maintenance of the conditions which gave effect to that force. A little consideration will, however, bring one to the conclusion that, on any reasonable theory of the office of the state and its true greatness, we must hold as of the first value its capacity to produce a varied and contrasted people. Consisting as it does of all possible forms of human activity, requiring the utmost variety of capacities for the accomplishment of its work, the modern state is founded on diversity of character, and is strong in proportion to its power to diversify its people. It is hardly too much to say that no centralization was ever made from a homogeneous people, and much could be said in favor of the theory that states are great in proportion to the variety of character and capacity they may contain within their population. Surely, it is like other mechanisms, as strong and no stronger than its weakest part; and the infinite variety of parts requires an infinite variety of peculiar adaptations to make it all strong alike. Conditions producing the uniform population that continually offers men cast in one mold to the infinite needs of the state are not the ideal conditions of the state as the naturalist conceives it. So then these peculiarities of place, which have served so great a need in offering a choice to the selective forces that have elevated man, are still of invaluable use in giving the variety of characteristics that are required in the endless adaptations necessary in the making and keeping of a nation.

Even a glance at the world's history will show that at every turn we have illustrations of the truth of this view. The two perfect though widely different flowers of all the culture of the world, Greece and Scotland, have both had diversity of composition so eminently connected with their development that it is difficult to resist the conclusion that they are essentially the results of that concentration of variations which their geographical conditions brought together. No likeness of climate or other conditions can be discovered between these twins of the world's life. It may be said that nothing can be more dangerous than the effort to explain a civilization by a reference to a single force; such results are necessarily of infinite complication. This view of the origin of these two remote and exceptional successes in the world's history, which is here suggested, is only seemingly liable to this objection, for it puts the complication of conditions itself as an explanation of the result. While it is these two most diversified states that have given us two remarkable successes in development, it is, on the other hand, in massive, uniform populations, where unity of race and equality of physical conditions have brought men to one level, that we find the eminent failures among states. Wherever we find these uniform surroundings life moves slowly: the living and the dead may be heaped into the earth in countless millions; the soil may be worn out and washed into the sea; and no real advance in the race be effected. He who has gained the proper sense of economy — the sense

that nature teaches, despite all her seemingly wasteful ways — will be compelled to the belief that it is after all of little moment how many get the doubtful boon of life as it is, but of infinite importance that human life be carried on towards that end where it will receive the precious heritage of the life to come; where all these possibilities of man will be fruitful realities. He will begrudge the waste of every human life that does not count something for this on-going. These accumulations of human beings, where generation after generation follows the same hopeless round that does not lead anywhere, will be even less tolerable than the swift descent that takes states downward into oblivion. And when he sees that it is the absence of variety among the constituents of these states that is the principal cause of their motionlessness, he will come to look upon the diversifying influences as the infinitely precious things of our state.

In the modern society, the success of its social structure must be acknowledged to be dependent upon this element of individuality; the differences of opinion must be concerning the methods of securing and guarding this precious element. To make the most out of the qualities born in a man, for himself, his contemporaries, and his successors, will be freely acknowledged to be the noblest end of our social system. We have to go but one step farther, and to claim that there is yet one higher aim: namely, to secure the birth of those qualities which can give a varied character to a state, and afford in each generation that supply of diverse powers which is necessary to fill the existing and ever-growing demands of its social system. We shall need its statesmen, its soldiers, its men of science, its artisans of every different line of work, its varied range of productions, each calling for particular capacities. It needs different sorts of training, that cannot coexist in the same period; different kinds of natural capacity, which can be produced only under peculiar conditions of environment, each on its own particular soil. In many states, as at present in Great Britain, some of these abundant diversities are brought about by a mixture of diverse races developed in various regions, and long ago intermingled, but never completely blended. This was probably also the case in Greece, though there the peculiarities were largely indigenous, and due to conditions of environment. But the tendency of modern social changes is to make an end of these race individualities, and to bring all the elements of a society to a thorough confusion of blood. This renders it even more necessary to guard the existing power of the great natural diversifiers of organic life, soil, climate, food, and habits related to environment against the uniforming tendencies of our modern life.[1] If the reader is prepared to grant that local peculiarities, as determined by natural diversifying agents, have a great value in the development of life, we may fairly proceed to the consideration of the second branch of our inquiry, namely, How can the organization of society effect this desirable end without endangering any of those elements of structure which are essential to its safety?

This is a great question, — one which in time will demand the consideration of the ablest minds. At present we can do little more than repeat the question itself, and show the direction whence the response will come. At the outset, however, we see that the main point is so to order our governmental system as to leave this natural individualizing power of the earth free to perform its work. We must have that feature of local government, long claimed as a convenience, understood as a sacred right, founded in the supreme equities of nature, as are the rights to the exercise of the faculties of the body or the natural affections. But these governmental protections to the force of locality should be exerted in complete relation with that principle of combination out of which has grown

[1] There is a little danger that this suggestion may be taken in other than the intended sense; of course it is not desired to preserve the old simply because of its age, nor to keep up local differences simply because they are local.

the organized state. In other words, each government, looked at from this ideal point of view, should represent two elements: the local areas which each for itself evolves special characteristics, and the coöperation or integration of these elements into the consolidated state. At present the consolidating force is that which is most efficiently working. The military need of the strength arising from unification, pride, commercial interests, all incline to give a great prominence to this tendency. The faults of weakness in this age of strength worship are the least tolerable faults; its blessings have not been sufficiently understood. The advantages of complete unification are in their nature conspicuous, and appeal to the strongest prejudices of men, while the advantages of localized institutions are not so readily or immediately appreciable. Numbers are felt by the vulgar to be good in themselves. There is to most people a satisfaction in being a unit in fifty millions that would not be felt were the total but fifty thousand. This greed of numbers is a thing of our day. Among the Greeks, a people who had a keen sense of the interests of government, and had gone well past the tribal stage, there was a longing for that local individuality, that autonomy of cities, which was the most prominent factor in their organization, and though it may have brought about the death of the state in the end, yet it gave them their conditions of vigorous, interactive life. We are on the other track in the social advance: every city hungers to absorb its neighboring villages, and they generally hunger for the consolidation; the scattered units of Germany fly into each other's arms at the first sign of danger, and all the slow grown states of Italy fall down before a vague tradition of an ancient unity and the longing for national power. Fortunately, there is still, at least among that branch of the Teutonic race to which we ourselves belong, a natural appetite for local government, a prejudice of place, that will, under proper management, secure to the English people for centuries to come the best effects of localization. This instinct — for such we may fairly call it, since it is the inheritance of our time from the old conditions of human organization — was never stronger or better manifested than in the early settlement of our country. The original colonies, after they had been a century in their development, acquired a thorough individuality in character and purpose, — an individuality held to with such pride that the gravest dangers of external assault or internal conflict did not in the least overcome it. The result of this great contention among obstinate diversities was to build a government which, though in part, as time has shown, defective in its plan, was still as a whole more satisfactory to the theory of the relations of localization and consolidation in the state than any other governmental experiment. At the time of the origin of the federal government, the several colonies had already acquired a singular individuality, considering the great deficiency in geographical limitations which characterize our continent, or at least the habitable part of it. These States were admirably individualized by their conditions. A considerable variety of surface, a great range of climates, an equally great range of productions, differences of traditions, all combined to make that variety so necessary to the greatness of a state. Although never formulated by them as a fact in the science of statesmanship, those vigorous statesmen, trained in the many local schools of statecraft, the state assemblies, distinctly propounded to themselves the doctrine to which the naturalist gives his fullest assent: that these local peculiarities were the supremely precious thing, and that the federal government found its first duty in securing their perpetuity. They foresaw for that general government these functions: namely, first, to secure the identity of the sphere of action of the separate centres of development, by providing for the commerce between the States; then, to guard these localized commonwealths against the dangers of external violence. All their machinery was devised to secure these ends, and to prevent an assumption of other duties.

As before noticed, the continent of North America is far less fitted than Europe for the localization of life, — a feature, we may remark in passing, that makes the preservation of its individualizing powers of greater moment; so that when new States came to be made out of the waste to the west of the Alleghenies, there was little basis of a geographical kind to determine their boundaries, and naturally little in the way of local peculiarities of soil surface or natural industries to differentiate these new-made States; but such is the natural capacity of organizations of men to take on a local character that something of individuality is already discernible in these States, and in some of them there is a considerable prospect of important local characteristics being developed. In other cases, the localization has been hindered rather than helped by the ungeographical method of division which was followed in the making of our new States, and endless jarrings result therefrom. Several States have half a dozen distinct interests, each trying to drag the commonwealth their own way. Scarce one has the integrity of interest of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, and other original elements of the government. This diversity is, however, productive of no very powerful result, except in so far as it may hinder the growth of a local life. It is likely to be mended by further division of the existing States when the attaining of local life comes to be well accepted as one of the first objects of government.

The relation between local government and the development and retention of local life does not require much discussion, because it is a matter that is tolerably clear in a general way, and is furthermore a matter of such complication that it would require a treatise for its complete discussion. The fact that local government is the fosterer of local life is a truism in the mind of every student of such matters. Government, at least ideal government, is the expression of the average opinion and action of each generation, and the strongest means of transmitting that precious heritage to each successive generation. In no other way can local peculiarities be secured save by some such frame-work as government. Religion can do it, but religion as an institution is rapidly losing the hold upon men that will enable it to unify the work of one generation with another. Practically, we find but one means of securing the full effect of the influence of local conditions upon men: that is, by giving each naturally individualized district its own local government, and allowing that government to regulate all matters of strictly local concern. With this system of control in their hands, there can be no doubt that each district will be in the best possible condition for the development of those peculiarities which their environment may serve to put upon them. Nothing so keeps in mind the great question of the means whereby we may hand down to those who take life from our bodies all the gains we leave behind us as this power to control the law. With its machinery always in their hands, a people must become considerate of the consequences of their action. They must feel that they do not act for a day, but for the time to come. This sense is the first fruit of civilization, and it is of the first importance to keep it alive; nothing will do this so well as localized governments, which accustom the mass to the great underlying possibilities of human control, forethought, and hope.

Constituted as our government is, with a common scheme for all the States, with a population more homogeneous to its education, its occupations, and its theory of life than any other, we have more reason to fear a loss of the individualizing process than any other people of our race. If the African race retains its foothold on our soil, which is very doubtful, it will possibly make a large compensation for the difficulties it has brought upon the land by giving in time the basis of special industries and peculiarities; for it is an eminently tractable, and within certain limits an eminently teachable race.

The limestone district of the Ohio Valley, the mountain district of North Carolina, and the adjoining States, the

peninsula of New England, the borders of the Great Lakes, Southern Florida, the lowlands of the Gulf, the elevated valley of Virginia, all have considerable definitions of climate and production, and already exhibit corresponding specialization for their men. The Cordilleras of North America and the highly individualized climates of the Pacific border lands abound in regional peculiarities, from which we may expect invaluable contributions to the complicated needs of our civilization of the future. Unfortunately, the population-sustaining capacity of this district is not great, it being doubtful whether the agricultural value of the district west of Denver and within the boundaries of the United States is as great as that of Illinois. North of our northern boundary we have some admirable geographical limitations, each characterized by its special features. Nova Scotia, for instance, is already making a noble gift of vigorous manhood to the life of North America. Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, the old Canadian provinces, are all highly specialized regions, full of promise for the future. South of the United States, in the Antilles and in Mexico, there is the most diversified region of the continent, — one from which we could hope great things, were it not that the land is preoccupied by a race that promises little in the way of the world's work. In the modern relations of states we have no means whereby one population can completely replace another, and the future of man south of the Rio Grande cannot be looked on with much hope without a wide-spread replacement of the populations now in possession of those lands. The future of North America is largely the future of the valley of the Mississippi. There will be the centre of population and of power; beside the far-reaching waters of that wonderful river system will dwell, in the century to come, at least two thirds of the people of this continent. Into its cities will pour the tributary streams of population from the outlying districts. The greatest danger this future life has to fear is the evil of our uniformity. A consolidated government will bring there a uniformity far greater than that which now weighs upon France. It is only by the most complete localization of government, and the resulting utilization of the limited diversifying influences of that region, that this untoward result can be avoided.

We may advantageously conclude our glance at the outlines of this far-reaching question by a brief consideration of one or two conspicuous cases, where the localization and consequent diversification of populations has produced the most important results. I have cursorily alluded to the uniformity of France. No one is better aware than the writer of the essential diversities of that country in all important regards. Peculiarities of race, occupation, climate, etc., have done much to vary its admirable population, but a consolidated government, having uniformity as its first object, or at least its prime result, has crushed out everything like local life, and thrown the active spirits of its population back on the narrower ends of life, the greeds of gain or of personal pleasure; the devotion to others which makes public spirit and develops statesmen or soldiers is as nearly dead as it can be among a people in whom this spirit is deeply implanted. On the other hand, the localization of interests and of action, and the consequent activity of the spirit of emulation and devotedness, may have contributed much to the immeasurable superiority of the armies that crushed them in the campaign of 1870.

During our own civil war the principle of localization in the strengthening of a government was very clearly shown. If the North had been one government, rather than a society of States, it never could have displayed the elasticity of life it showed in that great trial. It was the local governments that saved the nation in the time of its peculiar tribulation, and their strength came from their nearness to the people and the variety of their modes of action. In the South the effects of the individualization were even more striking. Localized conditions which cannot be discussed here,

and which are in good part beyond the reach of inquiry, made Virginia, as indeed she has been for a century, a marvelous source of good soldiers. That State, from the forty thousand square miles east of the Alleghenies, with not over eight hundred thousand people on its soil, has given more great soldiers than any other equal population in an equal time. Out of two millions and a half of that population in Virginia, Kentucky, and neighboring States came far more than half of the military capacity shown during the war. Scott, Robert E. Lee, Longstreet, Jackson, the Johnstons, George H. Thomas, Farragut, and a host of other names could be cited in support of this assertion. Massachusetts, however, with an equally able population, derived from the same stock, as like in blood as any two counties in England, did not give a soldier to be named with a score of those from the sister commonwealth in the South. On the other hand, if we look at the victories of peace, Virginia has but a name or two to set against the score that have attained eminence in literature, science, or the inventive arts in Massachusetts.

In the combats of the future, perhaps less sanguinary, but surely none the less fateful, this North American civilization will need the soldier and the statesman of Virginia, as well as the man of science, letters, and economics of New England. Its greatness depends on just such associations of diverse capacities in one great national field.

N. S. Shaler.

FAINT HEART.

She stood before him, tall and fair
And gracious, on that summer's day,
With June's first roses in her hair,
And on her cheek the bloom of May.
But rosy cheek, and dimpled chin,
And raven lashes drooping low,
Conceal the answer he would win:
It might be Yes; would it be No?

Ah, if 't were No — his throbbing heart
Stood fairly still with sudden pain;
And if 't were Yes, the world so wide
His deep content could scarce contain.
So wondrous fair! how could she stoop
To favor such a one as he?
Ah, sweet suspense that still leaves hope!
Ah, pain of sad uncertainty!

He held her hand so white and small,
And moved to press it with his lips,
But changed his mind, and let it fall,
With chillest touch of finger tips,
And took the seat she offered him
Upon the sofa by her side,
Nor made the space between them less,
Which seemed so narrow, yet so wide.

Then gazing on the perfect face,
The dimpled mouth, the serious eyes,
And drinking in with eager ears
The music of her low replies,
He let the bright hours drift away,
Nor told the secret of his heart,
But when the shadows lengthened lay,
Rose, all reluctant, to depart.

And stammered forth, with blushing cheek,
An eager, timorous request
That she, for old acquaintance' sake,
Would grant the rosebud from her breast.
She gave it him, with downcast eyes,
And watched him leave her, with a sigh.
"So good," she said, "so true, so wise;
Ah me, if he were not so shy!"

Lucy Lee Pleasants.

ROSAMOND AND THE CONDUCTOR.

Sarah Merchant, Al James, and Rosamond Ware were going to Willet's Ravine. Mr. Ware drove them over to Bethel Plain to take the Towasset railway, but their watches were slow, or else they forgot to look at them, and as they were leisurely driving down Depot Street Rosamond spied the train just leaving the station and moving slowly towards them. Al shouted, and the girls waved their handkerchiefs, to arrest the attention of the engineer, but the train came on with increasing speed. Mr. Ware reined in the horse.

"Jump out!" he cried. "May be you can get on."

Al seized the lunch basket, and they all sprang out and ran over to the track. Rosamond jumped on the forward platform of the baggage car. Sarah and Al were not quite quick enough, and waited for the next platform: Al gained a footing easily, and Sarah made a brave jump, and clung kneeling to the steps till the frightened conductor ran out and pulled her up. Rosamond hurried breathless through the train to see if her friends had succeeded, wondering, as she ran, what she should do if they had n't. She found them receiving a severe and deserved reprimand from the conductor.

"It was a very foolhardy and improper thing to do," said he, turning to include her, as she came up. "I was just about to stop for you. We never take on passengers while the train is moving."

"But you don't put them off after they once get on, do you?" said Rosamond, triumphantly.

"No, we do not," he replied, not exactly discomfited, but as if reproof was thrown away upon such exultant success. So he took their fares, and said no more, but Rosamond watched him curiously whenever he came through the train, feeling a particular antipathy towards him. He was a tall, fine-looking young man, with the appearance and manners of a gentleman, and a certain personal dignity and distance about him that made Rosamond sensitive to his evident disapproval of her and her friends. She felt that he was still gravely disapproving of them whenever he passed by, and could not impress him with the air of

triumph she wished to maintain. Rosamond had never noticed individual railway officials before; she had a general idea that they were all alike, and all disagreeable, like the steam-escapes on the locomotives, and perhaps she would never have remembered this one if she had not seen him a few weeks later, when she went to Newfield with her little brothers. She amused the boys by telling them how that conductor gave her a scolding once; and the awakened recollection brought with it the old feeling of resentment, as she looked at him. There was no sign of recognition on his calm, impassive face, as he passed quietly through the car, taking the tickets and manifesting no further interest in anything about him. Rosamond soon ceased to notice him, and never thought of him again until Christmas time, when she went to New York to spend the holidays at the house of an older sister. She took the train for Newfield, where it made a close connection with the express for New York. When the conductor came for her ticket, she at once remembered him, but her former feelings of anger and dislike had faded away, and she only wondered a little if he remembered her, and decided that of course he did not. When about half-way to Newfield they stopped a long time at one of the stations, and Rosamond began to feel anxious lest she should lose the New York train, and grew so nervous that she could scarcely control herself. She sat twirling the little check the conductor had given her, and carelessly read the inscription: —

"If you wish to stop over at any way-station, please notify and receive a special check from G. W. Ingleside, conductor."

"Ingleside! That 's a pretty name," she thought. "I wonder what he would say if I should call him by it; I want to ask him about the connection. I 'll give him a surprise." So the next time he passed by she said softly, —

"Mr. Ingleside!"

He heard her above the roar of the train, and turning quickly bent over her.

"I am going to New York," she said; "am I likely to miss the train at Newfield?"

"We are behind time," he answered, looking at his watch. "We were delayed by a hot box at the last station, but we can make the connection, yet. I have never failed to do so. Do not give yourself any uneasiness. I will see that you get your train."

It was not much that he said, but the grave and gentle courtesy of his manner, some subtle quality of deference and respect that he paid her, made Rosamond follow with her eyes his retreating figure until the door closed behind him, and she muttered to herself, —

"That 's the nicest conductor I ever saw; he has such a pleasant manner."

He stopped once or twice afterward to reassure her, when she began to grow anxious; she felt that he had her on his mind, and the comfortable sense of protection and help relieved her of all her trouble. Just before they reached Newfield he came to her again.

"If you will give me your checks," he said, "I will see to the transfer of your trunks. You will not have time to buy a ticket, but cross at once to the other side of the depot, and get on the train which stands there, — you cannot mistake it, — and I will bring your checks. I must run across and speak to the conductor of the New York train. We shall have time enough; don't be at all uneasy."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," began Rosamond, gratefully.

"Get on the forward car, please, and I will find you," said he, interrupting her eager thanks, and was gone before she could renew them. She leisurely crossed the depot, and entered the forward car of the waiting train, with a sense of perfect security and relief, and of devout gratitude to Mr. Ingleside for his courtesy and kindness. Just as they were starting, he entered, dropped the checks in her hand, raised his cap, and dashed out at the door. Rosamond saw him alight from the moving train with the sleight of foot that railroad men acquire, and stretched her neck to catch a glimpse of his figure, as he walked rapidly away.

A week of holiday gayeties effaced the recollection of the conductor from Rosamond's mind, but after she had been at home again for some weeks she began to notice how frequently the thought of him recurred to her. Once and again during her life she had met some bright and pleasant young man whose handsome face or winning ways had pleased her fancy, and she had thought of him a great deal, looked forward eagerly to another meeting, dreamed of him, woven fancies about him, and cared for him, until perhaps nearer acquaintance had dispelled the illusion, and changed her sentimental liking to indifference or disgust; or perhaps, again, her interest had died for want of further acquaintance to keep it alive. Experience of this sort was by no means uncommon with her, and she never gave it any serious thought. She had a strong, vivid imagination, which she had trained from childhood for her own amusement, and she lived much in an inner world of fancy, to escape the dullness and monotony of her outer world of fact.

In this world of fancy now appeared the handsome conductor, and Rosamond found herself recalling the few incidents of their intercourse, his looks and tones and pleasant manners, and looking forward she imagined their meeting again, and invented situations of interest where they should be brought together

"I wonder when I shall see him again," she often thought; and she laid her plans for the future with reference to her chances of meeting him. "I shan't go to New York again before next fall, but I can make some excuse to go to Newfield next summer, and I 'll get up another excursion to Willet's Ravine, and go on his train; but that won't amount to much. I wish I could see him just often enough to have him remember me from one journey to another as some one he has seen before."

Rosamond did not travel on the railway again that winter, and her fancy nearly starved to death. Wareham had now its own station, two miles distant, and she sometimes drove her father to or from the train, and had then a glimpse of Mr. Ingleside; and she sometimes saw him, too, in Bethel Plain, a town eight miles away, upon whose shops and stores the people of the country round depended. Mr. Ware drove often to Bethel Plain, and Rosamond sometimes went with him, and when she was in town at the hour when Mr. Ingleside's train went through, she had once or twice made some excuse to run over to the railway station, for the sake of seeing him; but of this she was a little ashamed, and it was also very unsatisfactory. But when midsummer came, the city boarders began to appear in the farm-houses of Wareham, and the season of picnics and excursions arrived. Mrs. James, the sister living in New York, came to her father's, with her little ones, and Mr. Ware's hospitable house was opened wide to all the James relations and friends and cousins, to the remotest degree. Life brightened for Rosamond during those pleasant weeks, and was full of joyous excitement. Mr. Ware's was the centre of interest in all that was going on, and Rosamond's active brain and local knowledge made her the recognized leader in the plans for amusement. It was easy for her to turn the current whither she would, and she chose to turn it in the direction of the Towasset railway. Bethel had a mountain, tower, and waterfall, and beyond, along the line of the railway, were Willet's Ravine, Rolling River, and the lakes; so she seemed likely to realize some of her dreams.

The first excursion of the season was planned to Bethel Plain, to go up the mountain and tower, and a party of a dozen started off, one morning, to walk to the station and go down on the cars. Rosamond felt excited and expectant, as they sat in the little depot, waiting for the train. She was proud of the appearance of her friends, and felt sure that Mr. Ingleside must be impressed with the style and distinction of the party, which were unmistakable, even through their plain walking dress. As the train drew near, Rosamond saw her conductor's familiar figure standing on the steps. He glanced rapidly over the group, and his eyes rested an instant on

her face, but she was not sure he remembered her.

There was a great deal of bustle and confusion after they were on the train. The fare between Wareham and Bethel Plain had been fixed at fifty cents, for a distance of six miles, and this announcement was received with indignant protest. Then the young men insisted on paying for the girls, and there was more confusion.

Mr. Ingleside stood by, grave and dignified, with no appearance of haste or impatience, waiting till the war of words should cease and the fares be forthcoming, and after recording them in his notebook he passed on.

"What a nice conductor!" said Amy James, who sat in the seat beside Rosamond. Amy was a New York girl, with the most fastidious notions, and Rosamond was both amused and gratified that she should have noticed Mr. Ingleside, though she felt that Amy might have remarked in just the same way a nice coachman or colored waiter.

"Yes," was the reply; "is n't he handsome?"

"It is n't so much his fine appearance," continued Amy; "there 's something so nice about his manner, — gentleness, dignity, — I can't quite define it, but you feel it, and it seems so out of place in a conductor."

"Prince in disguise, I guess," was the careless reply, and the subject dropped from the conversation, but not from Rosamond's mind. They saw him again on their return, and other excursions followed, until Rosamond knew he must remember and notice them, though he gave no sign of recognition, and never spoke more than the brief words necessary in taking the fares. Rosamond wanted some excuse for further conversation, and one day mustered up courage and made a bold venture.

"Mr. Ingleside," she said, "are you never going to reduce the fare to Bethel? We shall all be impoverished."

"I 'm afraid not," he replied, smiling, and passed on; but in a few moments he returned, and seated himself on the arm of the opposite seat. "I 'm very sorry," he said, "to ask you so much. I think, myself, twenty cents would be enough, but you know I have no control of the fare, and must ask what others decide."

"Oh, no, I did n't suppose you did," said Rosamond; "but you know we must grumble at somebody."

"The fact is," he resumed, "the company don't want to stop there any way; it is a hard place to stop a train, and it costs" —

"Oh, I 've heard all about that," she interrupted, laughing; "how heavy the grade is, and how it costs seventy-five cents to brake up a train."

"Well, it does, to stop this train here," said he. "However, I would be happy to let you ride up free, if I might."

After a few more pleasant words on both sides, he rose to go as the train drew near the station. As soon as they had alighted and the train moved off, Rosamond was assailed by a chorus from her companions.

"What was that man talking about?" said Al James. "I could n't imagine what you were saying."

"Oh, I shan't tell you," she answered them. "His tender speeches won't bear repeating any more than other people's," looking mischievously at Al. But she enjoyed the teasing, and was happy as a bird all the way home. It seemed to her there would be some change in his demeanor after that, and she was vaguely disappointed next time she met him, when he was grave and distant as ever, and took the fares without a word.

The first of September scattered the gay New Yorkers; there were no more picnics and excursions, and Rosamond sorely missed her journeys on the train. She could feel now that Mr. Ingleside recognized and remembered her as a frequent passenger, but she was not satisfied, and longed to see him more than ever; so she went off to Newfield again, for a visit. On her journey home, when about an hour from Wareham, she was taken with bleeding at the nose. When her handkerchief was soaked with blood, she tried putting her head out at the window, but the strong wind blew the

fast-dropping blood back in her face. Just as she was in utter despair, she heard her name, and looking up saw Mr. Ingleside regarding her kindly.

"Miss Ware," he said, "if you will come into the baggage car, I can give you some water, and perhaps help you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" she answered, the tears springing to her eyes; and rising, she followed him into the forward car, to a retired corner behind a pile of baggage. Mr. Ingleside brought a basin of water and placed it on a trunk, and Rosamond knelt before it, and gladly washed her blood-stained face.

"If you will allow me, Miss Ware, I think I can stop the bleeding."

"Oh, mercy, yes; do anything you 've a mind to," she replied. So he took both her hands and clasped them above her head. Then he tore a piece from his handkerchief and made a tight little roll, and, kneeling beside her, crowded it up her nostril, and then with his thumb and finger gently clasped her throat, compressing the artery there. His manner was so quiet and matter of fact that she did not feel the slightest embarrassment. After a few minutes she began to laugh. "I feel as if you were going to strangle me."

"It does have rather that look," he replied, smiling, as he dipped the corner of the towel in water, and wiped her face. "Does the blood run down your throat?"

"No; I think you have stopped it entirely."

"Then I must leave you a few moments," he said, as they approached a station. When he came back, he found her sitting on a trunk, and looking white. He brought an arm-chair. "You are faint, I know; sit here."

Rosamond took the seat. He threw his overcoat over the pile of trunks behind her, for her head to rest upon, and having made her comfortable went away.

"Oh, how good and gentle you are!" mused Rosamond, as she leaned back and closed her eyes. "You called me by name, too; I wonder how you found that out."

He did not return for some time, though she saw him near, and felt herself still under his care. Just as they reached Wareham he came to her, asked if she felt quite well again, and quietly turned aside her profuse acknowledgments with a few phrases of courtesy, as he helped her off the car. Mr. Ware was there to meet her, and she rode home almost in silence, absently answering her father's questions, her mind full of happy thoughts and fancies: recalling Mr. Ingleside's kindness and true courtesy, his look and voice and gentle touch; wondering how he came to know her name; and wishing she might soon see him again, to enjoy the nearer acquaintance which chance had brought her. But no opportunity came for several weeks. Home cares and duties claimed her attention, and her life was very busy. Mrs. James came up for Thanksgiving, and insisted on taking Rosamond back to New York for a couple of weeks. Her spirits rose at the thought of again meeting the conductor. She looked forward to it for days; planned how she would begin just where she left off in their acquaintance, — greet him by name with a smile and pleasant salutation, as mere politeness required. But when she was finally on the train, things began to look different, and when she saw him coming through the car, looking distant and impassive, with no appearance of recognizing her, her salutation froze in her throat, and she never said a word, or even looked at him, while her sister arranged for their fares and baggage. Mrs. James then leaned back in the corner and closed her eyes for a nap, while Rosamond devoted herself to looking through the glass doors into the baggage car for glimpses of Mr. Ingleside. After an hour or more Mrs. James roused herself.

"What a serene face that conductor has!" she said. "I 've been watching him as he goes through the car."

"Yes," replied Rosamond; "he always makes me think of those lines from Longfellow's Sandalphon: —

> "'But serene in the rapturous throng,
> Unmoved by the rush of the song,
> With eyes unimpassioned and slow.'"

"Very good," smiled Mrs. James. "Are you acquainted with him?"

"Margaret!" exclaimed Rosamond, in a most expressive tone.

"Well, what?"

"The idea of my being acquainted with the railway conductor!"

"I don't think there 's anything so ridiculous about it," maintained Mrs. James. "You often go on this train and I thought you might have made his acquaintance. I don't see why a conductor is n't perfectly respectable. Besides, in the country, where people eat with their servants, you can't keep up all these distinctions. You expect to know everybody."

"Not brakemen and conductors," suggested Rosamond.

Mrs. James subsided into her corner once more. Newfield was soon reached, and just before the train stopped Rosamond took her note-book from her pocket, and slyly dropped it under the seat. "I 'm going to correspond with him, if he won't speak to me," she thought. And that night, after she had gone to her room, she chose the nicest paper and envelopes she could find, and wrote two or three little notes before she produced one that suited her exactly, in its stylish handwriting and careless but exquisite finish of execution.

MR. INGLESIDE: —

DEAR SIR, — I think I dropped, in your train to Newfield this morning, a little black note-book, containing some memoranda and addresses of considerable value to myself. If by any chance it was picked up and preserved, might I ask you to post it to the address below. I inclose stamps for the postage, and regret that my carelessness should give you trouble. Very truly yours,

ROSAMOND WARE.

She watched for the postman eagerly after that, and one morning at breakfast Mr. James handed her a letter that brought a bright blush to her cheek. She was grateful that he was absorbed in the newspaper, and Mrs. James busy with her own letters, while she read: —

MISS WARE, — Since your note came to hand I have made many inquiries regarding the lost note-book, and regret to say that I have been unable to get any trace of it whatever. Very respectfully, etc.,

GEORGE W. INGLESIDE.

Rosamond hurried off to her room as soon as breakfast was over, happy to possess, at last, some tangible memento of this man who had taken such hold upon her fancy, and sitting down, studied her precious letter until the turn of every pen-stroke was familiar to her eye. The handwriting was bold and handsome, but with a slight flavor of copy-book stiffness in its careful precision, and she decided that he did not write a great deal, and had taken much pains this time.

"Your name is George Washington, you poor unfortunate," she said aloud. "I 've suspected it all along."

When she returned home, she took Mr. Ingleside's train from Newfield; she would have contrived that, if it had involved any amount of inconvenience. When he had been through the train, he came back, and sat down in the vacant seat before her, handing her the envelope she had addressed to himself.

"I return your stamps," he said, "and am very sorry I could not find your book, but I have inquired of everybody on the road; and one day, when I was in Newfield, I went through all the coaches we have, as I was not sure what coach we had on that day."

"Oh, I am sorry to have given you so much trouble," said she.

"It was no trouble," he replied. "I think some one must have seen you drop it, and picked it up and kept it, as we can usually find and return articles left on the train."

He began to sort over a handful of tickets he had taken, and Rosamond sat and eyed him critically, noting every detail of his personal appearance, and detecting, with her quick, keen apprehension, the careful refinement of a thorough-bred gentleman, even to the handsome and nicely-kept finger nails. She

longed to continue the conversation with some pleasant, general remark, but an uncontrollable shyness held her tongue; and at last he rose and went away, leaving Rosamond to sit and muse upon the strong attraction which drew her toward this man, and the strange reluctance, equally strong, which she felt to making any perceptible advances. "I feel like a little bird," she thought, "that tries to fly out at a plate-glass window, and finds itself held back by something which it can neither see nor understand. I make up my mind beforehand just how I will treat Mr. Ingleside the next time I see him, and what I will say to him, and I perfectly satisfy my pride and dignity, and all that, and they make no objection to what I mean to do. Yet when I sit in the car, and see him coming, it is an actual impossibility for me to carry out my plans, and I am utterly and entirely different from what I had expected. I don't care, — it 's fun to watch myself, and see what I 'll do."

It must not be supposed that Rosamond had lived through all this experience without a great deal of inward remonstrance. There was that in her nature (she could not quite detect whether it was her conscience or her pride) that protested most vigorously against her yielding to such thoughts and fancies. She had peremptorily stifled all these protests, but at last they made her so uncomfortable that she decided to look the matter squarely in the face, hear all these muffled voices, and "have it out with her *alter ego*," as she expressed her idea of self-examination. She set a certain night for the trial, and went to her room determined upon it. During all her preparations for retiring, she was instinctively arranging her plans for both attack and defense, and when all was ready she threw a warm wrapper around her, and sat down before the mirror, leaning both arms on the dressing-table, and looking straight into the honest blue eyes of the grave face before her.

"Now, Alter Ego, what have you got to say?" was her inquiry.

Rosamond was accustomed to pretty distinct mental conversations, and a great part of the thoughts that now passed through her mind were expressed in definite, though unspoken words.

"You are yielding to a feeling or sentiment wholly unworthy of you," began her inward accuser. "It is beneath your dignity as a woman, and lowering your moral tone, to spend your time in fond and tender feelings toward a man you know absolutely nothing about, and who may be the worst scamp that ever walked. How inexpressible would be your shame if any one should know how you have thought and dreamed of this fellow, and how you have schemed and manœuvred and spent money for the sake of seeing him! You are wasting the use of your mental powers in vain and foolish thoughts, when you might be employing them to some noble and worthy purpose. If your common sense can't tell you, your woman's instinct ought to show you the shame of what you are doing. It is not as if you were a silly girl of sixteen. You are a woman now, and ought to know something of the high aims and purposes of life. Besides, you are playing with edged tools; take care lest, before you know it, your heart" —

But the prosecution could get no further, for here the eager and indignant defense began: —

"Heart! My heart has nothing to do with it. It is purely an affair of my imagination, to which I yield free rein, for my own amusement. I know it is pretty poor entertainment, but I should like to know what I have that is better. I am lonely — horribly lonely — and unhappy. I have a bright and active mind. I love excitement, mental stimulus, whatever rouses and interests me. My taste has been carefully cultivated for the society of intelligent and intellectual people. I love the companionship of my superiors, — men and women with thoughts and ideas, and the power to express them. And here I am, shut up in the dullest and most stagnant of all country villages, where, outside my own family, there is not one person that I don't know to be my inferior, or that I ever care to see again. I have no so-

ciety, no excitement, no pleasant companionship of friends of my own age. Most people of my age, or any age, want excitement, and they take it, and nobody thinks they are wasting their energy, or injuring their minds. And I want excitement, and there is nothing to give it to me; so I must amuse myself as best I can. I am tied to cares and duties I hate, and my mind is worried and fretted and harassed; and I can't read Emerson's essays, and study German, for my sole relaxation. And if I've got a fertile and ingenious imagination, and can find amusement in my own fancies, I ought to be thankful. I don't know what I should do this winter if it was n't for the pleasure I take in thinking of Mr. Ingleside. There is constant, well-bred friction between my step-mother and me, — we can't get on together, and never shall; and my sweet step-sister, Sally Merchant, I have to keep at arm's-length, for if she was n't afraid of me she would impose upon and annoy me; and I am troubled and unhappy. And then you tell me I have no business to be unhappy and that it is wrong; and I am tired to death thinking about myself, and if I had n't something else that was absorbing to turn my mind to, I don't know what would become of me. Mr. Ingleside is just a handsome and convenient figure for me to weave fancies about; I don't love him any more than I love the man in the moon. I dare say if I were to know him, I should n't like him. I presume he is a very common man. I never want to see him off a railway train. I would not meet him socially and know him personally, if I could. I have had such smashes before, and know they don't amount to anything; but they amuse me as society and dressing and dancing and admiration amuse most girls, and would me if I had them. My moral tone is not lowered. I shall do nothing in my acquaintance with Mr. Ingleside to overstep the bounds of the most perfect propriety. I would scorn to flirt with him, and if he ever presumed upon the politeness I show him I would soon teach him his place. And I do not think it any proof that our secret thoughts are unworthy, because we do not want to have them known."

"How about treasuring up his letter so carefully?"

"Well, if you object to that particularly, I own it does n't look quite right, and I 'm perfectly willing to burn it up."

She reached for her desk, and took out the letter, opened and read it slowly and carefully, and then, with a sudden impulse of tenderness, softly laid it against her cheek.

"Don't that look like" — began her alter ego.

"Yes, it does look like — but it is n't," was the quick retort, as Rosamond snatched a match, and, striking it, kindled the corner of the sheet. She put it in the stove, with the envelope, and taking from her drawer the remnant of a handkerchief, laid that in the flame, and watched them burn with the satisfaction of one who yields everything to conscience, and humors its most frivolous demands. She heard a few more arguments on both sides, with the indifference of a judge who has already decided a case, and then rendered a verdict for the defendant without delay, giving herself full leave to amuse herself just as she pleased, wiped the tears from her cheeks, gayly kissed her hand to the mirror, and went to bed.

After that, her alter ego was not allowed to say a word, and she thought of the conductor almost constantly. She reviewed all their past intercourse, recalling its most trivial incidents, and looked forward to their next meeting, imagining it in a thousand different ways, and planning what she would say to him. She imagined him on his train, going through his daily routine, and learned the hours on the time-table, and kept all the clocks by railway time that she might know just where to think of him at any hour of the day; and when the train went by, two miles to the east, she slipped up to her room, and leaned out at the window to listen for the whistle and the rolling of the wheels. The eastern horizon spoke to her of him, and she knew in just what direction to look, at any hour, and think he was there,

now at one terminus, now at another, or somewhere along the road. She named the cat after him, and lavished all tender epithets upon her "darling George." She even liked the smell of gas, when the coal was put on the stove, because it reminded her of a locomotive. She wondered where he came from, — what were his antecedents, his history, his interests, and his friends. She kept her ears open to hear what she could about him, but never dared to ask, for fear of betraying too much interest. She sometimes heard him mentioned casually, and always with the warmest praise, by those who had traveled on the cars and noticed his courtesy and kindness; but that was all.

"I presume father knows all about him, and could tell me everything I want to know," she thought, "if I only dared to ask."

She did not travel on the railway again that winter, but she had glimpses of Mr. Ingleside occasionally in Bethel Plain, or when she drove to Wareham station to meet the train; so she hoped he would not forget her, but consoled herself by thinking that if he did she would see him often next summer, and renew their acquaintance. She studied the map diligently to discover places of interest along the railway, that she might plan for new excursions, and after her New York friends arrived, in July, she led them off somewhere, on the train, every few days.

So she saw Mr. Ingleside often, and their acquaintance slowly but surely progressed. She came at last to greet him with a smile and a good morning, and though he often just punched her ticket and passed on without speaking, still Rosamond could generally contrive some excellent reason to detain him for a few words. Sometimes she wanted to inquire the time of the trains on a connecting railway; sometimes she asked him to get excursion tickets for her party to some point on the line; sometimes her carelessness helped her, and a book, or umbrella, or lunch-basket was left on the train, and Mr. Ingleside must look it up. She liked him all the better because he never presumed upon the opportunities she gave him, nor lingered after the necessary words were spoken; and yet she wished that he would make some further advances, that her vanity might be gratified, even while she relentlessly snubbed him.

"He knows his place, and keeps it," she thought. "It is n't his business to be making himself agreeable to the ladies on the train; and yet I wish he would n't dash off so, the minute he gets through." The roar and motion of a railway train do not give favorable opportunity for the interchange of casual remarks; graceful little nothings become ridiculous when shouted in a high key, and then repeated because not heard at first. So poor Rosamond had much to contend with; but she found, by standing in the door at the end of the train for the breeze, when heated by walking, that she had a much better opportunity to talk with the conductor, as he lingered there to record the fares. So she sometimes ventured on a general remark, to which he responded promptly and pleasantly, going just about as far as she did, but making no further advances. One comfort she had: she was the only one of the party of whom he ever took the least notice. Folly loves company, as well as misery, and Rosamond was pleased and amused to see how the other girls were attracted by her handsome friend, and how they were actually piqued that they could draw from him only the few words their questions required. Even fastidious Amy James must compare her watch with Mr. Ingleside's, to see if it kept its New York time, or ask for a drink of water. They called him "Rosamond's conductor," and Al James vowed that fellow would stop his train anywhere if he saw Miss Rosamond's hat." All this was delightful to her; yet she sometimes longed for a little variety, and felt an irresistible impulse to say or do something startling. One week there were races at Newfield that attracted a good deal of attention, and extra trains were run, and a few days after they were over Rosamond and her friends were

going to Bethel on the train. As they stood in the space about the door of the car, Mr. Ingleside among them, she asked, "What do you write in that book?"

"I write the names of all the passengers," he said, looking into her eyes.

"Dear me," she laughed, "what an interesting list you must have!"

"Yes, it is, very," he answered, stepping out on the platform. It seemed to Rosamond that the train always stopped at the station when she was having a good time.

"What is the charm of that conductor's manner?" said Amy James, meditatively, as they walked away from the station. "I've been trying to detect it."

"It's just because he's tall, and good lookin', and got broad shoulders," said Al, scornfully. Al was a small man.

"No," continued Amy, not deigning to notice the interruption, "there's something in his manner; it's respect without civility, and deference without gallantry. I hate mere gallantry, and it's the beginning and end of Al's politeness."

Al's face flushed, and he walked quickly away beside Rosamond, who was very gracious to him, as she always took pains to be when Amy snubbed him.

So the summer passed, and Rosamond's feelings swayed her to and fro. She was restless and dissatisfied, but she was excited, and with her anything was better than monotony. She watched Mr. Ingleside like a hawk, and studied his every look and tone, thinking one day that he carefully improved every legitimate opportunity to exchange a few words with her, and was only deterred from further advances by the fear of presumption, and the next day deciding he was utterly indifferent to her.

September came, and Mrs. James went back to the city, taking Rosamond with her for a visit. Rosamond was glad of the change of scene and diversion for her mind. It was a real relief to her to be occupied for a week with new and exciting amusements. But she did not forget the conductor, and when the day of her return came her thoughts turned to him with resistless force, and she laid all her plans for a fresh attack. "Mr. Ingleside has never seen me with my war paint and feathers on," she thought. "I always wear some plain old thing to travel in, and tie myself up in a veil, or else he has seen me in that rough picnic dress. Now, I'll put my good clothes on, and give him a scare." So she chose the prettiest and most becoming suit she had, and dressed with unusual care. Mrs. James came in while she was thus employed.

"I'm so sorry to have you go," she said; "and I can't be reconciled that you won't come and spend the winter with me. I had set my heart on it; and Mr. Herbert James being with us will bring us a great deal of that literary and improving society you like so much, and I can't see why you should n't come. It's all nonsense to stay at home and teach those boys. Why can't they be sent to school?"

"No, Margaret, we can't afford it; and I ought to stay. You can't feel as badly as I do. I am tempted almost beyond my strength, I want so to come." She turned away to hide her tears.

"Rosamond," exclaimed Mrs. James, suddenly, "you are not going to wear that lovely suit to travel in!"

"Yes," replied Rosamond, carelessly. "I shall stop three hours in Newfield, and dine at the Grays', and I want to look nice."

"You shan't wear it; it's a perfect shame!" said Mrs. James. "It looks vulgar to travel in your best clothes, and you will get it all dust and cinders, and it will never look nice again."

"Oh, Maggie," said Rosamond, a lucky thought striking her, "if you must know, Tom Jennings is going up on the train with me, and I want to look nice."

"Oh, well, that makes a difference," said Mrs. James, relaxing her hold on the trunk straps. "I did n't know you had an escort." She heard the baby cry, and flew to the rescue.

Rosamond nodded significantly at the

door that closed behind her. "What would you say, Mrs. James, if you knew all this fuss was for an obscure conductor on the Towasset railway, and that I care more for one smile from him than for ten years of Tom Jennings's devotion? I don't care! If he has n't got better manners than Tom Jennings, or any of your New York snobs that ever honored me with two stares and a drawl and a sneer at the country, then I don't know a gentleman when I see him." She turned to the mirror. "Dress does make such a difference," she said, noting how pretty she looked, and, better yet, how stylish.

Rosamond spent the day in a fever of impatience. The ride from New York, Tom Jennings's languid devotion in the intervals he could spare from the smoking-car, the hours in Newfield, the dinner at the Grays', were all over at last, and she felt calm and happy when she was seated in Mr. Ingleside's waiting train. She had what she thought was a good excuse to ask for a conversation with him, but she did not mean to be in any hurry; so she waited until they were half-way to Wareham, and then leaned forward to arrest his attention, as he passed through the car.

"Mr. Ingleside," she said, "by and by, when you have an interval of leisure, I would like a few moments' talk with you."

"I will be back in a moment," he replied, bowing, and she presently saw him coming toward her. She noted his rapid, hesitating glance at the seat beside her, and gathered up her dress to indicate he should take it. She leaned towards him confidentially.

"There is one thing I think I ought to speak to you about, Mr. Ingleside, but I do not want to make any trouble for you with your subordinates, and if you do not think it best to notice it you will let it pass, of course; but I will at least mention it. My sister and I went to Wareham station last week Tuesday, to take your train. Papa was with us, and signaled as usual. I saw the engineer looking at us, as he approached. Just as the locomotive came abreast of the station papa laid down the flag to help us on board, but the train ran by without stopping. It seemed to me rather a serious matter for an engineer to disregard a signal, and I thought perhaps you would like to know of it."

"I was very much mortified by that occurrence," he said, "and I owe you an apology. I was not looking out, for if I had seen you I should have stopped. Your father notified the superintendent, and the matter has been investigated, and the engineer discharged. I did not have my regular engineer on, that day. He was off duty for a day or two. You did right to speak to me of it, and I am much obliged to you, though you had been anticipated."

"You have n't your regular engine on to-day, have you?" she asked.

"No; the Towasset has gone to the shop for repairs."

"I noticed the difference in the whistle," said Rosamond. "The Towasset has a high, shrill whistle; I always know it, and when we are going to the station, and hear a freight train coming, it does n't scare me as it does the rest, for I know it is n't our train."

"Yes, the whistle is different from all the rest," he said, looking pleased.

"Have you been on the railway ever since it was opened?" she went on.

"Yes," he answered. "I took this train the first day it ran over the road."

Then they went on to talk of the railway, the scenery, and the towns along the road, and various other things, till the train reached the next station, and he rose and left.

"What a real nice talk," she mused; "and he enjoyed it too. He is quite ready to improve his opportunities."

She had short time for her happy thoughts before she saw him coming, and he sat down beside her again.

"I should think you would enjoy going to New York sometimes," he began.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I came from there this morning."

"That 's the place to live," he said, emphatically.

"Do you think so?" said she. "I would n't want to live there."

"Why! why not?" he asked, in surprise.

"Oh, I enjoy visiting there ever so much," she replied, "but I would n't want to make it my home for life. I have a sister who lives there, and she has lost all her individual tastes and opinions. I should just wear what 'they' wore, and think what 'they' thought, and do what 'they' did. The current of life there is too strong for me; I would n't want to drift with it, and yet I never could help myself."

He looked at her, amused. "I like the theatres," he said. "I enjoy going to the theatre so much."

"I never go," she said, smiling. "Ah, how amazed you look! I like to tell people that, especially New York people, and see them stare."

"Why, do you think it wrong?" he asked.

"No, I don't know as I do. I 'll tell you what makes more difference with me than anything else: I have many friends in New York, — good people, far better than I am, — and they urge me to go to the theatre, to see really fine plays; and they take high moral ground, and talk about Shakespeare and the ennobling influence of the drama, and tell about the inspirations they get at the opera, and all that. But I notice that when they once get to going they forget all about the high moral part, and go to all sorts of plays indiscriminately, even to those they acknowledge are bad, just to see what they are, you know, or because the scenery is so magnificent, or something like that."

"Just as soon go to a variety show as anything," he interrupted.

"Yes; and so I think if I once began I should end as they do, for I am no better than they; so I keep out of it."

They talked a little more about the theatre, and then the conversation turned to other things. Rosamond guessed she would make herself most agreeable by leading him to talk about himself; she made him tell her how to run a train, and explain the air brake and the Miller platform, and a good deal about a conductor's life. He told her he had been in the business since he was seventeen years old; she longed to ask him if he began by selling prize candy, but did not quite dare. In all her acquaintance with Mr. Ingleside, she had never forgotten their first interview, when she had incurred his displeasure, and had always liked him better because she was a little afraid of him. He kept his place at her side, only leaving her for a few moments after the train stopped at each station. When they were but a few miles from Wareham the engine suddenly whistled down brakes, and the train stopped with a rude shock. Mr. Ingleside sprang to his feet and hurried forward, and all the men on the train got out to see what was the matter; some of them soon returned to report that a large rock had fallen on the track ahead. It was now after dark, but Rosamond put her head out at the window, and could see the locomotive of the train and the group of men before it. She could distinguish Mr. Ingleside's powerful figure towering above the rest, and admired his activity and energy as he laid hold of the work. An hour passed by before the train at last started, and in a few moments Mr. Ingleside entered, and hurried to Rosamond.

"Miss Ware," he said, "will this detention give you any trouble about getting home?"

"Oh, I never thought!" cried she. "I was going up in the stage, and I shall miss it; but then," she added, "I can easily walk up, so it is no great matter."

"You ought not to walk up alone," he said, "and if you will allow me I will put my train in the care of the baggage-master, and go up with you. I can get back in time to go over to Towasset to-night on the late train."

"Oh, no, Mr. Ingleside!" exclaimed Rosamond. "I could n't think of giving you so much trouble."

"Very well; suit yourself," said he, coldly; "but you ought never to do as you propose;" and he turned and left her.

"Oh, dear," thought she, "now I've offended him; he thinks I don't want to accept his escort. I never thought of

the thing, and I am horribly afraid to go up alone."

She got off the train at Wareham in great distress, and was just ready to cry, when, hearing a step behind her, she turned and saw Mr. Ingleside. He raised his lantern and it shone full in her face.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you," said he, stiffly, "but your father would never forgive me, if any harm came to you, for letting you go up alone. There were four rough-looking fellows got off the train here this morning, and they may be still lurking about."

"Oh, Mr. Ingleside," said she, earnestly, laying her hand upon his arm, "indeed you mistake me. I am horribly afraid to go up alone, and I shall be grateful and glad beyond measure for your protection and escort; but I hesitated to give you so much trouble, and spoke hastily, without reflection."

"It is no trouble," said he, his face bright with pleasure. "I will put your trunk in the station before we go."

Rosamond tucked up her dress for walking, while he put the trunk and lantern in the depot, and picked up her traveling bag. She noted his slight hesitation, and took his arm as a matter of course, and they started off.

Ah, what a walk that was! The night was mild and clear, the road lay through the woods, and the full September moon shone softly through the branches. The ground was hard and smooth from a recent shower. Mr. Ingleside proved a rapid and vigorous walker, like herself, and kept her step perfectly, and she enjoyed the exercise as a town-bred girl enjoys a dance. They laughed and talked gayly, though in all their conversation they never alluded to their previous acquaintance, but talked as two congenial strangers might who were just introduced to one another. Rosamond was entirely happy, and wished the walk might last forever, till the lights of the village began to twinkle before them, when she felt a sudden embarrassment. What should she do with her conductor when she reached home? she was afraid he would go in if she asked him. He stopped as they drew near the first house.

"Do you live right here in the village street?" he asked.

"Yes," said she, "only a few houses beyond."

"Then I will leave you, for I have but just time to get back to the train."

"Oh, Mr. Ingleside," she began, "I can never thank you enough for your kindness."

"Don't try, then," he said. "It has given me nothing but pleasure, and has been the nicest walk I ever took in my life, to say nothing of the satisfaction of being of service to you. Good night."

She gave him her hand; he held it an instant in a warm, tight clasp, and turned away. Rosamond walked slowly on, her heart beating fast with sudden terror. Did she love this man, whose mere presence gave her such perfect happiness? She turned aside the thought as troublesome. "I'll enjoy my happiness," she thought, "and be glad to get it, without picking it to pieces to see where it comes from."

It lasted her a long time. She did not even care to see him again. The memory of that evening was enough, as she recalled its every incident. But when, a few weeks later, she received a letter from a friend in Bethel Plain, asking her to join positively the last party to the Tower, to enjoy the autumn foliage, she rejoiced in the opportunity it gave her, and wrote her friend she would come down on the train and meet them, if they would send her home at night.

She started off in fine spirits one glorious October morning. She knew how it would be now. There would be no more reserve or distance between them, but Mr. Ingleside would come and sit beside her, and she would have some more pleasant talk. She did not see him when the train stopped, but took her seat and waited, with calm assurance. At last the door opened, and he came in, with a beautiful child upon his arm. He did not notice Rosamond, for his attention was absorbed with the little creature, who clung close to his neck. He passed by, but returned in a moment alone, said good morning pleasantly, took Rosamond's ticket, and went forward in

the baggage car. Two men sat just behind her, and she listened eagerly to the following conversation: —

"Is that Ingleside's young one?"

"Yes; that 's his woman back there. They 're movin' to-day."

"Ain't goin' away, is he?"

"Yes. I heard him tellin' in the baggage car: he 's goin' to Californy; goin' to start to-morrow. This is his last run on the train."

"What 's the matter? Had a row?"

"No; he says he likes his place first-rate, and likes the folks along the road; but he come here from Californy, and she belongs there, and all her folks are there, and she wants to go back; so he just had a first-rate offer out there, and concluded to go."

"That 's too bad. Ingleside 's a clever fellow."

"Yes; mighty takin' way with the women folks. My gals think everything of him."

Rosamond's first impulse was to look into her own mind, and see what was going on; but there was n't much to see. Her next desire was to look at Mrs. Ingleside, and she hastily arose and went back through the car. She identified her by the child. But Mrs. Ingleside looked at her curiously, so Rosamond could not stare as hard as she wanted to. She saw a slight, frail little woman, wrapped in a long, gray traveling-cloak, with a gray hat and feather. Her face was so concealed by a thick gray veil that Rosamond could get no idea of it. The train now stopped at Bethel Plain, and Rosamond alighted, beginning to be conscious of mental pain. She felt it all the afternoon, though she resolutely forgot it in the gayety of the picnic, and laughed and talked in her jolliest mood. She came home late, and went at once to her room and faced her trouble.

"I suppose this is n't heartache," said she, grimly, "for my 'heart has nothing to do with it;' but I must say that imagination-ache is n't a pleasant sensation. Oh, the long, dreary winter, how shall I ever get through it, if I may not think of him, or look forward to seeing his pleasant face again?" She felt a wild, unreasonable rage, like a passionate child whose toys are rudely snatched away. "Oh, my mother, my own precious mother! Life would n't have been so hard for me if you had only lived!"

She burst into a passion of tears for the mother who had died when she was six years old. She thought of her lonely and isolated lot; of the dear sister of her love, who died a few years before; of every sad and unhappy circumstance she could remember, and worked herself up into a delicious melancholy, sobbing and crying with all the luxury of uncontrolled grief. She threw herself upon the bed, and wept a long time, and at last awoke at an indefinite time in the night, stiff and cold and ashamed, and hastily undressing crept into bed.

The next morning, after breakfast, her father called her aside: —

"Rosamond," he said, "your mother and I have been talking over your sister's invitation to you for this winter. Your mother was much gratified, and so was I, at your cheerful readiness to stay at home and teach the boys. But we know you must want to go, and as I had an unexpected return from a poor investment, your mother has been corresponding with a friend in Andover, who offers to take the boys so advantageously that we have decided to send them to the academy there, and set you free. So pack up your clothes, and be off," he concluded, smiling, and rising to go.

"Oh, father," began Rosamond, "I don't want to leave you."

"No, dear, I know," said he, "that will be hard all round. But you want to go, on the whole, and we want to have you," and he kissed her and went out.

Rosamond stood still a few moments, a great wave of feeling sweeping over her, at the bright prospect so suddenly opened. Long weeks of happiness, excitement, congenial friends, society, intellectual delight, ease, luxury, and pleasure, a new bright life worth the living, — these were realities; where were

her unreal fancies? The house was too small for her, and she ran out into the yard, where a cold, fresh breeze was blowing, and skipped about like a happy child in the bright October sunshine. She felt like one awakened from a restless dream, and glad to be in the actual world again, or as if she had been walking in a thick, unwholesome mist, which was suddenly dispelled by a clear, fresh wind, and she saw realities once more.

"Good-by, old Ingleside!" she cried aloud. "I knew I never really cared about you. Good-by, dreams and fancies; welcome, happy life. Oh, alter ego, I'll take you to New York with me, I'll mind every word you say, and won't we have a good time!"

"Rosamond," called her step-mother from the window, "your breakfast dishes are standing." And she scampered into the house.

Rosamond's winter in New York brought her all the happiness she expected, and she returned the next summer to Wareham, a light-hearted and happy woman. But, somehow, she never goes on that train now, when she can possibly avoid it; she hates with a cordial enmity the new conductor, a burly man with brusque, official manners; and away in an inner recess of her pocket-book there is still a little yellow Towasset railway check, with three holes punched in it, and bearing this inscription: —

"If you wish to stop over at any way-station, please notify and receive a special check from G. W. Ingleside, conductor."

Katharine Carrington.

OUR LAND POLICY.

THROUGH all the vicissitudes of American politics, from the close of the revolutionary conflict to the present time, the land question has ranked among the first in magnitude and absorbing interest. It entered into the formation of the government, and was vitally connected with the success of its early administration. It has been the bone of contention in every dismal phase of our Indian policy from the beginning. It was one of the cardinal issues which divided the whig and democratic parties, till the former ceased to exist. It kindled the jealousy of the South, which found such eloquent expression through Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, in the memorable senate debate of 1830, in which Mr. Webster carried off the honors; and moreover it was complicated with the great question of internal improvements by the general government, which so long agitated the country as a party issue. Our preëmption and homestead laws, our system of land grants to railway companies, our land bounties for military service, our grants of land for various educational purposes, our swamp-land legislation, our laws governing the disposition of mineral lands and the transfer of Indian reservations by treaty, are all so many phases of the great problem. Only a small proportion of agricultural land yet remains to be disposed of by the government; but it has to deal with its vast magazines of mineral wealth, its extensive coal and timber lands, its vast areas of grazing and desert lands, and its swamp lands, aggregating, with the remnant of agricultural lands, more than eleven hundred million acres, exclusive of Alaska. The classification and disposal of these immense interests will call for a new land policy, and a statesmanship quite as comprehensive and far-seeing as that which wrestled with the question in the beginning, and finally found expression in the preëmption and homestead laws, affecting lands fit only for tillage.

The action of the government in dealing with the public domain forms a curious chapter in the history of politics, and affords an instructive study. The early land policy of the United States had its birth in a great financial exigency, and was cradled in the poverty which a long war had entailed upon the colonies. They emerged from the struggle for independence under the burden of an appalling debt. The system of import duties was not then developed, and was impossible under the articles of confederation. As the only available source of revenue, all eyes were turned to the public lands, which from time to time became the property of the nation by cessions of the several States which claimed them. Their financial value of course depended on emigration and settlement, and these encountered serious obstacles in the imperfect execution of the British treaty, the unfriendly disposition of the Northwestern Indians, and the troubles with Spain concerning the navigation of the Mississippi. It is perfectly obvious that under such circumstances emigration needed a powerful stimulus. If the government had then been out of debt, and had offered the pioneer a home in the West on the simple conditions of occupancy and improvement, instead of imposing upon him a tax of so much per acre for the privilege of subduing the wilderness and making it productive, our land policy would have been established on a far better foundation, and the march of American civilization incalculably advanced.

But the growing need of money rendered this impossible, and the future interests of the nation had to be subordinated to the existing emergency. Several large sales were made by special contract prior to the adoption of the constitution. The first was of a tract on Lake Erie, west of New York, north of Pennsylvania, and east of Ohio, which was included in the cessions made by New York and Massachusetts. It contained 202,187 acres, and sold for $157,640, or about seventy-eight cents per acre. Another sale was that made to the Ohio Company, of a tract on the Ohio and Muskingum rivers, containing 964,285 acres, at two thirds of a dollar per acre. This company was represented by Manassah Cutler and Winthrop Sargent, and it opened the way for the settlement of Ohio, then a wilderness, inhabited only by savages. It was the desire to find a market for these lands, and the apprehension that the introduction of slave labor into the Northwest Territory would seriously hinder this object, that paved the way for the passage of the famous ordinance of 1787, which was secured by the remarkable industry, perseverance, and diplomacy of Mr. Cutler, the real author of that ordinance, as recently shown by authentic facts. Another sale was made, also in Ohio, to John Cleves Symmes, of the territory between the Great and the Little Miami River, containing one million acres, but it was afterwards reduced to 248,540, which also sold for two thirds of a dollar per acre. On this land the first successful attempt was made to settle the country northwest of the Ohio. On the 20th of May, 1785, an ordinance was passed for ascertaining the mode of disposing of the public lands in the Western Territories, being the first general act on the subject, and embodying some of the principal features of the present system. Under this ordinance, sales were made at New York in 1787, and at Pittsburgh and Philadelphia in 1796, aggregating 121,540 acres, for $201,992, or an average of sixty cents per acre. By act of Congress of the 18th of May, 1796, the price of lands northwest of the Ohio was fixed at not less than two dollars per acre; but on the 10th of May, 1800, a general act was passed, more definitely laying the foundations of our land policy, which was modified in 1820 by substituting cash sales for credit, and reducing the price from $2.00 to $1.25 per acre.

So completely was the policy of settlement subordinated to that of revenue that by act of Congress of March 3, 1807, it was provided that settlers on the public lands might be removed by the marshal of the territory, with the aid of any

required military force, and fined for their illegal occupancy one hundred dollars, and imprisoned for not longer than six months. The harshness of this law was so felt, however, that its enforcement was not generally demanded, while numerous acts of Congress, applicable to particular States and Territories, from time to time provided for preëmption rights in particular cases and on special conditions, notwithstanding the act mentioned. This legislation in the interest of intruding settlers finally proceeded so far that the anomaly was presented of rewarding those whose punishment was provided for by an existing law as trespassers, by giving them the exclusive right to preëmpt the public lands. At length, on the 29th of May, 1830, the first preëmption law was enacted, granting to every settler who was in possession at the date of the law, and had cultivated any portion of the land, a quantity not exceeding one hundred and sixty acres. This was limited to one year, but by various subsequent acts, reaching to June 1, 1840, preëmption privileges were extended to a later date and a larger class of persons. Finally, on the 4th of September, 1841, our general preëmption law was passed, superseding all previous enactments on the subject, which had been retrospective in their bearing, and definitely providing for the right of preëmption as to all future settlers on the public domain. Our land policy was thus completely revolutionized. The settler was no longer a trespasser, who was to be visited with penalties, but acted under the shield of the government. It invited him to make his settlement, and offered him a home on certain prescribed conditions as to occupancy, improvement, notice of intention, and payment; and its faith was understood to be plighted that he should be protected at every stage of the proceedings, and receive a patent for his land upon their completion.

But our land policy was still exceedingly imperfect. The financial necessity which shaped it in the beginning had long ceased to exist, while politicians and parties were wrangling over the proper disposition of the surplus revenue which had resulted from the policy of sale; but the policy still continued. The pioneer, who braved the hardships and privations incident to a home in the wilderness for the *bona fide* purpose of making it a subject of taxation and a source of wealth, was obliged to pay the government a dollar and a quarter per acre for its permission to do so. And this was not his greatest hardship. He was balked and thwarted at every turn by the land speculator, who was licensed by the government to prey upon him and the public domain. While the settler was invited to select a home upon it, and protected in the consummation of his title, the speculator was tempted to cripple and circumvent him by purchasing large bodies of choice lands, which he could hold back from settlement with a view to an advanced price, thus forcing the pioneer still further into the wilderness, and compelling him, by his toils and privations, to augment the wealth of the man who had done nothing to earn it. Every new farm snatched from the frontier added to the wealth and strength of the nation, while the monopoly of millions of acres which were withheld from cultivation was a positive public curse. It has been computed that in the year 1835 alone about 8,000,000 acres of the public domain passed into the hands of non-resident speculators. The money thus invested was withdrawn from praiseworthy enterprises and the ordinary uses of commerce, and sunk in the forests of the West, which were allowed to yield no return. Great stretches of these wild lands thus intervened between settlements which were afterwards made under the preëmption law, since the pioneer could not pay the speculator his price, and was thus debarred from the lands which should have been dedicated to his use, and compelled to accept those inferior in quality. According to an estimate of the commissioner of the general land office, made a few years ago, more than 30,000,000 acres of the aggregate amount sold since the formation of the government had not been reduced to oc-

cupancy as farms; and this, of course, is only a fraction of the grand aggregate which from time to time must have passed under the dominion of monopolists, and was afterwards gradually reduced to cultivation by paying the price which was exacted. The government thus became the plunderer of the people. It went into partnership with the speculator in cheating the pioneer and producer, while robbing the national treasury. By dooming vast tracts of fertile land to barrenness it created a fatal hindrance to agricultural wealth, and to commerce and manufactures, which draw their life from the soil. It turned a deaf ear to the men who were encountering savages and wild beasts in subduing the wilderness, coining it into wealth, and speeding the advance of civilization, while partially befriending them under the short-sighted and half-way policy of the act of 1841.

But the evils of land speculation and monopoly made less impression upon the country than the tariff upon settlers under the preëmption law. These settlers were generally poor men, and the payment of a dollar and a quarter per acre was felt to be a serious hardship. This feeling gradually extended throughout the West, and as early as the year 1832 President Jackson recommended the policy of making the public domain practically free to actual settlers, in limited quantities. Had this policy then been adopted, coupled with adequate guards against the greed of speculators, many thousands of landless men who have since gone down to their graves in the weary conflict with poverty and toil, would have been cheered and blessed with independent homes on the public domain. Wealth, greatly augmented, quarried from the mountains and wrung from the forests and prairies of the West, would have poured into the federal coffers. The question of slavery in our national Territories would probably have found a peaceable solution in the steady advance and sure empire of free labor, while slavery in its strongholds, girdled by free institutions, might have been content to die a natural death.

But our politicians were not ready for so radical a reform. It was espoused, however, by some prominent agitators in the State of New York, who organized a land reform party, and had a considerable following, which was increased from year to year. The demand of "land for the landless" gradually grew louder and louder, till it commanded the attention of whig and democratic politicians in different sections of the country. It became quite evident that the old controversy respecting the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands was to be superseded by this new issue. It was adopted as a part of the creed of the voting abolitionists, and incorporated in the platform of the True Democracy, at its national convention in Buffalo, in 1848. It had a few advocates in the Congress of 1849–50, in which the first homestead bill was reported in the house of representatives by Andrew Johnson; and although it was branded as "demagogism," "agrarianism," and "socialism," and was scarcely less odious, North and South, than "abolitionism" itself, it steadily grew into popular favor. Repeated efforts were made to carry the measure during the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, and it finally prevailed in both houses near the close of the thirty-sixth Congress; but it was vetoed by Mr. Buchanan. At last, on the 20th day of May, 1862, the homestead bill reported by the house committee on public lands became a law; and it has probably done more to make the American name honored and beloved among civilized nations than any single act of legislation since the formation of the government. It is at once an enduring monument of legislative wisdom and beneficence, and a crown of unfading honor to the men who originated it, and persistently battled for it till their labors were crowned with success.

Our land policy, however, needed still further and more radical reforms. The homestead law was a great advance upon the preëmption act of 1841, but it did not completely emancipate the public domain. In looking to its settlement and tillage as the true source of reve-

nue, and in providing homes for the landless poor, it was worthy of all commendation; but it contained no prohibition against that cruel commerce in land which had already desolated large portions of the West, and was then in the full sweep of its baleful ascendency. All that was necessary to make the law a measure of complete relief was a simple provision that no more lands which were fit for agriculture should be disposed of, except as provided for under its provisions, and those of the act of 1841. This would have destroyed land speculation, root and branch; indeed, one member of the house of representatives labored for years to procure such an enactment, and finally carried it through that body near the close of the forty-first Congress. The effort, however, has not been renewed since; and the only legislation which ever perfectly guarded the rights of the settlers against the mischiefs of speculation and monopoly was the Southern homestead law of June 21, 1866, which has recently been repealed, greatly to the satisfaction of the speculators, who are now lying in wait to appropriate the lands thus exposed to the old-time system of spoliation. At the date of this enactment there were, in the five States of the South to which it applied, about 46,000,000 acres of land which would be liable to sale in large bodies as soon as the work of Southern reconstruction should restore the machinery of the land department. About 52,000,000 acres of unimproved land had already fallen into the clutches of speculators, while more than two thirds of the people were landless; and if the towns and cities of those States were excluded, more than nine tenths of their population were without homes of their own. In view of these facts the passage of the act referred to was as obviously proper and necessary as its late repeal is surprising.

We have already referred to the mischiefs of land speculation in the States of the Northwest, where it has been an irreparable blight to their prosperity. It has wrought upon the country generally evils more enduring and wide-spread than those of war, pestilence, or famine. In many quarters its ravages have increased since the enactment of the homestead law, which probably gave the speculator a new incentive to diligence. In California two men acquired a frontage on the San Joaquin River of forty miles in extent, while sundry other speculators became the owners of a half million acres each. We are assured by very well-informed men in that State that but for the evil of land speculation, reënforced by railway monopoly, her present population would have been doubled. The homestead act furnished no adequate remedy for this mischief. The right of the settler to land, free of cost, was of less consequence than the reservation of the public domain for his exclusive use, unobstructed in the right of selection. That Congress should have remained blind to these frightful abuses through all the long years of their mad ascendency seems now a very surprising fact; but it forms a part of the strange history of our land policy, and illustrates the tardy progress of legislative reforms. It took more than three quarters of a century to inaugurate the homestead policy, while Congress, to this day, has allowed the work of speculation to have free course, with the slight exception referred to in the act relative to Southern lands.

But our subject invites us to follow it still further. The halting policy of the government and its indifference to the rights of settlers afford other striking illustrations. One of these is supplied by our land-grant policy. We believe the first grant of land ever made by Congress, in alternate sections, for any work of internal improvement, was in the year 1827, to aid in the construction of the Wabash and Erie Canal. Two additional grants were subsequently made in aid of this work, the last of which was for 800,000 acres, which could be located in a body, and selected within thirty or forty miles of the line of the canal. But the land-grant system, as we have recently known it, was fully launched only in 1850, in the grant then made in alternate sections, in aid of the Illinois Central Railway. The theory of this

system is that the government will be fully compensated for the odd-numbered sections granted by the enhanced price of the even-numbered sections which are reserved; but this does not cure the vicious principle of monopoly involved. No time is fixed within which the lands shall be sold by the company having charge of them, which may avail itself of other resources, and hold them for twenty or forty years for a rise in price, as was done in the grant mentioned. There is no provision, as there should be, that the odd-numbered sections shall be sold to actual settlers only, in quantities not greater than one hundred and sixty acres to a single purchaser, and for a reasonable maximum price per acre, so as to secure the settlement of the lands while aiding in the building of the road. The principle of alternate sections has also frequently been disregarded, and in several instances the even-numbered sections have been granted after the odd-numbered ones have been exhausted. It must be remembered, too, that the policy of fixed lateral limits, and of alternate sections *in place*, has not been adhered to. By widening the belt within which the lands are to be selected to the extent of twenty, and even forty or fifty, miles, and allowing *floats* or *scrip* beyond this margin, in lieu of lands not found within it, the whole policy of compensation to the government has been overthrown, and the grants have become a practical bounty to railroad corporations at the expense of actual settlers, and to the great detriment of the country. The preëmptor and homestead settler are driven further back in the interest of monopolists, who have grown rich by withholding their lands from sale till a handsome price could be had through the settlement and improvement of adjoining lands. They have been obliged to surrender the advantages of roads, mills, schools, churches, and such other blessings as characterize a well-ordered community, for the imaginary compensation of a railroad forty or fifty miles distant.

This policy hinders the increase of national wealth, by preventing the cultivation of vast districts of fertile land which should be left free to settlers. It is a wicked compact between the government, on the one hand, and land speculators, on the other, executed at the nation's expense, and in cruel mockery of the whole spirit and policy of the preëmption and homestead laws. Under this loose and unguarded system Congress has surrendered more than 200,000,000 acres in aid of railways and other works of internal improvement, constituting an area about equal to that of the original thirteen States of the Union. The public lands belong to the people; but Congress has abdicated the people's sovereignty over a territory large enough for an empire in the interest of great corporations, and without any conditions or restrictions securing the rights of settlers. The original Northern Pacific Railroad bill alone granted 47,000,000 acres, and a supplementary act increased the grant 11,000,000, — making a total of 58,000,000 acres to one great corporation; and every proposition looking to the rights of actual settlers, or in any way restrictive of the powers of the corporation, was successively voted down by strong majorities, while even the right of other roads to connect with this line was impudently denied. And this system of grants took on its most extravagant features simultaneously with the passage of the homestead law, and as if systematically planned to defeat its operation. That the railroads we really needed could have been constructed by the aid of land grants carefully guarding the rights of settlers in the manner we have indicated, there can be little doubt; and the refusal of Congress to provide such guards furnishes a remarkable practical commentary upon the homestead law, and upon the boasted devotion of its champions to the welfare of the homeless poor.

The action of Congress in dealing with swamp and overflowed lands may fairly be classed with the profligate legislation to which we have just referred. The formidable lobby which pressed the passage of the act of September 8, 1850, granting such lands to the States in

which they were situated, urged that they were of little value, and that the general government could not afford the expense of reclaiming them. But the truth is that to a very large extent they are the richest lands in the nation, while the cost of their reclamation was no greater than that of utilizing agricultural lands. It was likewise urged that the States could better be trusted with the work than the general government; but time has fully demonstrated the contrary, and very sadly to the nation's cost. The well-understood machinery of the general land office, available to individual energy and enterprise, afforded the best and only means of solving the swamp-land problem. No legislation could well have been more disastrous to the country; and if the act of 1850 was not specially framed in the interest of organized thieving and plunder, then its entire administration is so wholly out of joint with the law itself that an honest man is hopelessly puzzled in the attempt to account for it. In failing to give any definition of the phrase "swamp and overflowed land," the act supplied a perpetual temptation to mercenary men and corrupt officials to pervert it to base ends. Instead of submitting the character of the land in dispute to the register and receiver of the local land office, and investing them with the power to compel the attendance of witnesses, it left the question to be decided by the surveyor-general, who has no judicial power, and is generally engrossed, and often overwhelmed, with his own proper duties. His office may be hundreds of miles from the lands in controversy, thus causing great and needless expense to the settlers, who are required to attend with their witnesses at the hearing, which is frequently appointed at a season of the year rendering it a great hardship, if not an impossibility. Although the surveyor-general is an officer of the United States, it practically happens that local and state influences completely override the rights of the general government. Lands are surveyed and their character settled soon after some unusual overflow, or in a season of great rain, or large bodies are declared swamp because small portions of them only are really so. By such methods the most frightful abuses are the order of the day, working the most shameful injustice to honest settlers, and fatally obstructing the settlement and development of the country. One hundred thousand acres in one land district, and situated in different localities near the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, some five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea, have been claimed by speculators as swamp, while it was shown by the sworn statements of many of the settlers on these lands that they actually required irrigation to make them desirable in the raising of either hay or grain. Many of these settlers, who have resided upon these mountain lands for years, received their patents, and made lasting improvements in the most perfect good faith, have been brought face to face with claimants under the swamp-land act, who have ejected them from their homes without even the shadow of a right. More than 68,000,000 acres in all have been selected as swamp, and over 48,000,000 patented, a very large proportion of which is dry land, and among the very best which the government owned. The work of spoliation is still in progress, and nothing can arrest it but an act of Congress so defining swamp and overflowed land as to make impossible the outrages to which we have referred, and which have often been so cunningly planned and so infernally prosecuted as to make quite respectable the average performances of professional pickpockets and thieves.

Not less subservient to the interests of monopolists has been the action of the government in dealing with our Indian reservations. According to the early policy of the government, when an Indian tribe desired to dispose of its lands, they were conveyed directly to the United States, and thus made subject to the control of Congress like other public lands. But in the year 1861 a new policy was inaugurated, by which such reservations were disposed of to individual monopolists, or to railway corporations, in utter disregard of the rights of settlers under

the preëmption and homestead laws, and of the constitution of the United States, which gives to *Congress* the sole power to dispose of and manage the public domain. We refer to a few examples. Under our treaties with the Delaware Indians, made in 1860 and 1861, some 234,000 acres of surplus Indian lands were sold to the Leavenworth, Pawnee, and Western Railway Company, instead of being opened to actual settlers as public lands. Under another treaty, concluded in 1866, the residue of these lands, amounting to over 92,000 acres, was sold to the Missouri River Railroad Company, thus creating another monopoly. By virtue of a treaty with the Sac and Fox Indians, concluded in the year 1859, the trust-lands of these Indians, which amounted to 278,200 acres, were sold to thirty-six different purchasers, thus creating numerous though considerable monopolies. By virtue of a treaty concluded with the Kickapoo Indians in 1862, the Atchison and Pike's Peak Railroad Company, in the year 1865, became the purchaser of the lands of these Indians, amounting to 123,832 acres. By virtue of the first article of a treaty between the United States and the Great and Little Osage Indians, concluded in the year 1865, these Indians sold to the United States a tract of country embracing 1,996,800 acres; and under the second article of the treaty, they sold, in trust, the further quantity of 1,225,602 acres, making a total of 3,222,402 acres. This treaty, in strange disregard of the rights of settlers, provided that this vast area of land should not be subject to entry under the pre-emption and homestead laws, but should be sold to the highest bidder. Of course the land was disposed of accordingly, although thousands of settlers who went upon it before the treaty was proclaimed, many of them having made valuable improvements in good faith, were deprived of the rights which should have been secured to them as settlers on the public domain.

But a still more remarkable case is that of the Cherokee Neutral Lands in Kansas, consisting of a tract fifty miles long and twenty-five wide, and embracing 800,000 acres. By treaty with these Indians, concluded in 1866, the secretary of the interior was authorized to sell these lands in a body for a price not less than one dollar per acre in cash, except such tracts as were settled upon at the date of the treaty. Accordingly, in the following year, a contract was made for the sale of these lands to one James F. Joy, in the interest of the Kansas and Neosho Valley Railway Company, for the minimum price named; and the directors of the company resolved that such of the lands as were then occupied by bona-fide settlers should be valued at from three to ten dollars per acre, and sold to said settlers at an average of six dollars per acre. Of course they should have had their lands at the government price, under the preëmption law. The treaty could easily have been so made as to provide for this, by conveying the lands directly to the United States, and thus subjecting them at once to our ordinary policy of settlement and sale. No man can approve the conduct of the government in refusing to do this, and thus joining hands with monopolists in squandering the public domain and conspiring against the productive industry of the country. At the date of this treaty more than one thousand families were on the land as actual settlers, and their number was increased within the following few years to 2500, or about 18,000 settlers in all. Probably two thirds of the heads of these families were honorably discharged soldiers, who made their settlements in the firm belief that they had the right to do so under the laws of Congress, but were all, by the terms of this treaty, at the mercy of Joy, as their potentate and king. Federal soldiers were called out to protect him in his scheme of spoliation against the men whose hard toil was adding to the public wealth, and whose valor helped save the nation in the battle for its life.

Some of the grants made by Congress for educational purposes have been equally vicious. The aggregate of these grants for common schools, universities, and agricultural colleges is about 80,000,000 acres. No adequate conditions

were prescribed to prevent the monopoly of this vast domain, nor the frightful maladministration of it by the States which has actually taken place. In some of them the school fund has totally disappeared. But by far the worst of these enactments is the agricultural college act of 1862. Its grant of 30,000 acres of land for each senator and representative in Congress has been the source of large and mischievous monopolies of the public domain. The States having public lands within their borders have held back from sale the shares to which they were entitled, in order to a rise in price, thus obstructing the settlement of the country at the expense of the landless poor; while the States having no public lands have received scrip representing their proportions, which has been thrown upon the market, and generally sold at about fifty per cent. less than par. In some instances its price has gone far below this, and the entire college scrip of a State was at one time offered at thirty-seven and a half cents per acre. The act thus failed to supply a fund with which to build colleges, while it enabled speculators to appropriate great bodies of the public domain at a very low rate, as if its settlement and tillage were an unprofitable or unmanly employment, or a barbarian practice which it was the duty of the government to discourage. A company of speculators doing business in Cleveland, Ohio, and Wall Street, New York, a few years ago advertised that they had bought the college scrip of nine States which they mentioned, covering 2,482,000 acres. They held it for speculation, because the government had surrendered its jurisdiction over it on conditions which invited them to do so. In the State of California alone about 900,000 acres have been located with this scrip, and we remember the passage of an act, by the forty-first Congress, to perfect the title of a noted monopolist of that State to some 30,000 acres so located, which act, by way of legislative irony, was entitled "A bill amendatory of an act to protect the rights of settlers upon the public lands of the United States." Of the motives of the men who originated and carried the act of 1862, we have nothing to say; but the law itself was as mischievous as if it had been studiously planned as a conspiracy against the public welfare. No man can defend it; and it ought to have been entitled "A bill to encourage the monopoly of the nation's lands, to hinder the cause of productive wealth, and to multiply the hardships of our pioneers under the false pretense of aiding the cause of general education." Kindred observations apply to our half-breed Indian scrip, covering nearly 321,000 acres, which was to be issued to the Sioux Indians in person, but by some black art has been located in violation of this requirement, while scrip covering over 77,000 acres has been issued to the Chippewa Indians.

Our system of military land bounties has proved a still greater obstacle to the settlement and improvement of the public domain. More than 73,000,000 acres in all have been appropriated for military and naval purposes, the effect of which has been far more ruinous to the prosperity of the country than beneficial to the soldier and seaman. The warrants originally issued for Mexican War bounty lands were to be located only by the soldier, but it was soon provided that he might locate them by an agent, and finally they were made assignable. According to a careful estimate made by the commissioner of the general land office, a few years ago, not one in five hundred of the warrants issued and placed in the hands of the soldiers or their heirs was ever located by them or for their use; and he estimated that not exceeding ten per cent. of them had been used by preëmptors or assignees in payment for actual settlement, the remainder having gone into the clutches of the speculator. While the soldier was cheated out of his warrant, or sold it at a very low rate, the public domain, which should have been free to him and to all other poor men, has been absorbed by monopolists, who have fixed upon it such a tariff as they could exact from those in search of homes. No one can compute the mischiefs inflicted by this system of Mexican bounties,

which cover an aggregate of over 63,000,000 acres, and the warrants for which at one time sold as low as thirty-five to forty cents per acre. While it was a mockery of the just claims of the soldier, it organized monopoly and plunder into an institution. It enabled the speculator to pick and cull the choice lands of the government, and to throw himself across the path of the pioneer in his search for a home under the invitation of the preemption law. It stimulated the cupidity of the capitalist, and paralyzed the arm of labor. What the soldier needed and deserved was a bounty in money, graded in amount by the time of service, and this the government should have given him; but if he wanted land, he should have had it on the easy conditions of occupancy and improvement.

But the extent to which the government has systematically nullified the operation of the preëmption and homestead laws has not yet been fully stated, and our task would be incomplete without some reference to a few of the cases in which the executive and judicial departments of the government have united with the legislative in acts positively unfriendly to the producing classes, and especially to that grand army of occupation, the pioneer settlers.

In the year 1862 the famous Spanish grant known as the Suscol Ranch, in California, became a part of the public unappropriated domain, by a decision of the supreme court of the United States declaring the grant invalid. Some hundreds of settlers thereon at once determined to assert their rights as preëmptors, and 189 of them proceeded to file their declarations, as shown by the records of the general land office, which decided a number of the cases in favor of the claimants. General Frisbie, a noted monopolist, who claimed title to the ranch under an act of Congress procured chiefly through his agency, prevailed on the secretary of the interior to ask the advice of the attorney-general on the question of law involved, which was the right of preëmption, the facts being admitted. The attorney-general gave his opinion to the effect that a settler under the preëmption law acquires no vested interest in the land he occupies by virtue of his settlement, and can acquire no such interest till he has taken *all* the legal steps necessary to perfect an entrance in the land office, being in the mean time a mere tenant at will, who may be ejected by the government at any moment in favor of another party, who may hold it, with all the improvements made upon it in good faith, with notice of all the facts, and discharged from all the equities of the preëmptor. This opinion being accepted as law by the interior department, Whitney, one of the preëmptors, prosecuted his claim against Frisbie in the supreme court of the District of Columbia, which sustained his preëmption as valid. But Frisbie thereupon appealed the case to the supreme court of the United States, which decided it in his favor, fully affirming the doctrine of the attorney-general, that settlers on the public land under the preëmption law, until they have complied with all the conditions of title, have no rights which the government is bound to respect. To the great surprise of the country, and in the face of judicial decisions which were well understood as affirming the contrary, it was thus finally determined that when the government invites settlers on to the public lands, and offers them homes on certain prescribed conditions with which they are willing and anxious to comply, it may violate its plighted faith; and we are sorry to say that the principle thus decided, through which nearly two hundred settlers were robbed of their homes, has received the sanction of the house of representatives, as shown by its recorded vote on the 7th of July, in the year 1866.

We refer to another notable case. In the year 1864 Congress granted to the State of California the famous Yosemite Valley, in perpetual reservation as a pleasure ground and spectacle of wonder. But it turned out that prior to the grant one J. M. Hutchings, an enterprising settler, had selected a home in the valley, under the preëmption law, built his cabin, planted orchards and

vineyards, and expended some thousands of dollars in making himself comfortable, while braving great hardships and privations in this remote and inaccessible region. In order to protect him in his rights, the legislature of the State passed an act, subject to its ratification by Congress, reserving to him one hundred and sixty acres, including his improvements, and to the State the right to construct bridges, avenues, and paths over his preëmption, so that the public use of the valley could not be obstructed. A bill was introduced in the house of representatives of the forty-first Congress confirming this act, and redeeming the pledge of the nation, understood to be embodied in the preëmption law, that his home should be secured to him on compliance with its conditions. The simple, naked question presented was whether the government, which recognizes the sacredness of contracts, and will not allow their obligation to be impaired as between individuals, should maintain its own good faith. The house of representatives, upon the second day of July, 1870, answered this question in the negative. By its recorded vote of one hundred and seven against thirty-one, it declared that Hutchings should be driven from his home. He appealed to the courts of California, and from their adverse decision to the supreme court of the United States, which reaffirmed its ruling in the case of Whitney *v.* Frisbie, — a ruling branded in both houses of Congress at the time it was made as "the Dred Scott decision of the American pioneer." Other great wrongs have been perpetrated under these and kindred judicial decisions, and a bill is now pending in Congress for the relief of several hundred bona-fide settlers in the Des Moines Valley in the State of Iowa, who are threatened with the loss of their homes and valuable improvements which they have peaceably enjoyed for many years, in the belief that they were perfectly secured by the laws of the United States.

Nor has the general government stood alone in the wholesale prostitution of the people's heritage which we have attempted to depict. The States have coöperated vigorously, and with decided effect. Those of the South and West, through swamp-land rings and other forms of monopoly and plunder, have shown a remarkable capacity for ruinous maladministration. The State of California, which was admitted into the Union on the express condition that she should not interfere with the primary disposal of the public lands within her borders, violated this injunction and defied Congress by setting up a land system of her own, which she administered in the most flagrant defiance of justice as well as law. The 500,000 acres given her by the general government for internal improvements she appropriated for educational purposes, issuing school warrants to settlers, who were allowed to go on the lands before they were surveyed and segregated. She ignored the swamp-land act of 1850 till the year 1861, when her legislature provided for the survey of her swamp lands, and according to such loose methods that many thousands of acres of dry land were included in her claim. Settlers under the preëmption law, who could take only one hundred and sixty acres, and were required to live on it, were driven out of the rich valleys of the State by monopolists, who could obtain a State title for three hundred and twenty acres without occupancy; and, strangely enough, her delegation in Congress afterwards secured the passage of a law confirming this work of organized spoliation in the interest of private rapacity and in the name of state rights.

The older States have had no such temptation, but their legislation has frequently been hostile to small land owners, who are the natural defenders of the country. This has been strikingly illustrated in the State of Massachusetts, which systematically discourages her poor men from buying land. Mr. Brooks Adams, in a recent article in this magazine, shows that half the homes of laboring men in that State are mortgaged, and that through the tax on mortgages, which is a form of double taxation, the startling aggregate of $1,500,000 is

taken from their pockets yearly, as a virtual confiscation of their earnings. Under the operation of this policy the owner of a house mortgaged for $1000 pays from six to seven times as much tax as the man who places his $1000 in a bank. The result is that the workingmen of the State are obliged to go without homes, or suffer their children to grow up in ignorance. These are remarkable facts, and they apply to other States besides Massachusetts. It is certainly the duty of the government to render the territory under its control as productive as possible, and to encourage the multiplication of small homesteads upon which the man who holds the plow is the owner of the soil. It is equally obvious that this policy supplies the strongest bond of union between the citizen and the State, and is absolutely necessary in a well-ordered commonwealth. By practically setting these principles at defiance, our land policy will have its enduring monument in the very curses which it plants in its footsteps and writes down upon the soil. It poisons our social life by checking the multiplication of American homes and the growth of the domestic virtues. It tends to aggregate our people in towns and cities, and render them mere consumers, instead of dispersing them over our territory, and tempting them to become the owners of land and the creators of wealth. It fosters the taste for artificial life and the excitements to be found in great centres of population, instead of holding up the truth that "God made the country," and intended it to be peopled and enjoyed. If our institutions are to be preserved, we must insist upon the policy of small farms, thrifty tillage, compact settlements, free schools, and equality of political rights, instead of large estates, slovenly agriculture, widely-scattered settlements, popular ignorance, and a pampered aristocracy lording it over the people. This is the overshadowing question of American politics, and it involves the gradual overruling, in some form, of the mischiefs of past legislation, and the reconstruction of generally received opinions respecting the right of property in land. If these opinions are absolutely final, and not merely provisional, the future has no remedy in store for the great curse which has "gnawed social order from the beginning of the world," and sapped the foundation of every free government of the past. We have no scheme of "agrarianism" or "communism" to propose; but the unrestricted monopoly of the soil is as repugnant to republican government as slavery is to liberty; and we hold, therefore, that the right of individual property in land, according to some just method yet to be applied, must be subordinated to the natural rights of man and the public welfare. Whether this is to be accomplished by prescribing a fixed limit to the right of ownership, or by a graduated tax having reference to the quantity owned, or by Mr. Mill's method of intercepting, by taxation, for the benefit of the state, the unearned increase in the value of land, through which millions of dollars annually pass from the landless to the land-holding class, or by some other policy not yet suggested, we do not pretend to decide; but that it must be done, if democratic institutions are to be permanently maintained, is as true as any of our fundamental political maxims.

We have already referred to the residue of our public lands, and to the new policy demanded by their peculiar character. What is wanted is a complete segregation and grouping of the whole into distinct classes, and their disposition according to the laws specially provided for each class. The land fit for farming should be disposed of under the preemption and homestead laws, and not otherwise. Coal lands should be disposed of under the laws applicable to them, which should be so framed as to prevent their appropriation as farming land. Swamp lands should be so carefully defined that dry lands can no longer be appropriated under that name. The laws governing the disposition of our mineral lands, covering an area of more than a million square miles, and the existing methods of survey which breed interminable litigation, should be

radically amended. Our desert lands, estimated at two fifths of the public domain, and worthless for agriculture without irrigation, and the large areas valuable only for their timber, or fit only for grazing, should neither be surveyed nor parceled under the system applicable to the farming and forest lands of the old States, but in large divisions, so as to induce individuals or colonies of emigrants to appropriate them. This new policy, now earnestly recommended by high official and scientific authority, will necessitate a thorough knowledge of the geology and natural resources of the lands to be dealt with, in order to their proper classification, and their survey and sale under a system of triangulation in all cases where the old rectangular method is not adapted to the situation. Its success will require wise legislation and much administrative ability. The parceling and sale of farming lands is a very simple matter in comparison; but with the political reorganization recommended by the National Academy of Sciences, the selection of competent and trustworthy men for the service, and the scientific aids now abundantly available, a serious failure is not to be apprehended. It is difficult to believe, at all events, that the mistakes and blunders which have so grievously marred and wasted the public domain in the past will be repeated; while the proposed codification of the various laws relating to its disposition, which should include the principal opinions and rulings of the land department, will bring within the reach of the people much needed information which is now inaccessible if not past finding out.

George W. Julian.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

For us he wandered through strange lands and old;
We saw the world through him. The Arab's tent
To him its story-telling secret lent,
And, pleased, we listened to the tales he told.
His task, beguiled with songs that shall endure,
In manly, honest thoroughness he wrought;
From humble home-lays to the heights of thought
Slowly he climbed, but every step was sure.
How, with the generous pride that friendship hath,
We, who so loved him, saw at last the crown
Of civic honor on his brows pressed down,
Rejoiced, and knew not that the gift was death.
And now for him, whose praise in deafened ears
Two nations speak, we answer but with tears!

II.

O Vale of Chester! trod by him so oft,
Green as thy June turf keep his memory. Let
Nor wood, nor dell, nor storied stream forget,
Nor winds that blow round lonely Cedarcroft;

Let the home voices greet him in the far,
Strange land that holds him; let the messages
Of love pursue him o'er the chartless seas
And unmapped vastness of his unknown star!
Love's language, heard beyond the loud discourse
Of perishable fame, in every sphere
Itself interprets; and its utterance here
Somewhere in God's unfolding universe
Shall reach our traveler, softening the surprise
Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE LADY OF THE AROOSTOOK.

XXII.

At the hotel in Trieste, to which Lydia went with her uncle before taking the train for Venice, she found an elderly woman, who made her a courtesy, and saying something in Italian, startled her by kissing her hand.

"It 's our Veronica," her uncle explained; "she wants to know how she can serve you." He gave Veronica the wraps and parcels he had been carrying. "Your aunt thought you might need a maid."

"Oh, no!" said Lydia. "I always help myself."

"Ah, I dare say," returned her uncle. "You American ladies are so — up to snuff, as you say. But your aunt thought we 'd better have her with us, in any case."

"And she sent her all the way from Venice?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never *did!*" said Lydia, not lightly, but with something of contemptuous severity.

Her uncle smiled, as if she had said something peculiarly acceptable to him, and asked, hesitatingly, "When you say you never did, you know, what is the full phrase?"

Lydia looked at him. "Oh! I suppose I meant I never heard of such a thing."

"Ah, thanks, thanks!" said her uncle. He was a tall, slender man of fifty-five or sixty, with a straight gray mustache, and not at all the typical Englishman, but much more English-looking than if he had been. His bearing toward Lydia blended a fatherly kindness and a colonial British gallantry, such as one sees in elderly Canadian gentlemen attentive to quite young Canadian ladies at the provincial watering-places. He had an air of adventure, and of uncommon pleasure and no small astonishment in Lydia's beauty. They were already good friends; she was at her ease with him; she treated him as if he were an old gentleman. At the station, where Veronica got into the same carriage with them, Lydia found the whole train very queer-looking, and he made her describe its difference from an American train. He said, "Oh, yes — yes, engine," when she mentioned the locomotive, and he apparently prized beyond its worth the word cow-catcher, a fixture which Lydia said was wanting to the European locomotive, and left it very stubby. He asked her if she would allow him to set it down; and he entered the word in his note-book, with several other idioms she had used. He said that he amused himself in picking up these things from his American friends. He wished to know what she called this and that and the other thing, and was equally pleased

whether her nomenclature agreed or disagreed with his own. Where it differed, he recorded the fact, with her leave, in his book. He plied her with a thousand questions about America, with all parts of which he seemed to think her familiar; and she explained with difficulty how very little of it she had seen. He begged her not to let him bore her, and to excuse the curiosity of a Britisher, "As I suppose you 'd call me," he added.

Lydia lifted her long-lashed lids halfway, and answered, "No, I should n't call you so."

"Ah, yes," he returned, "the Americans always disown it. But I don't mind it at all, you know. I like those native expressions." When they stopped for refreshments he observed that one of the dishes, which was flavored to the national taste, had a pretty tall smell, and seemed disappointed by Lydia's irresponsive blankness at a word which a countryman of hers — from Kentucky — had applied to the odor of the Venetian canals. He suffered in like measure from a like effect in her when he lamented the complications which had kept him the year before from going to America with Mrs. Erwin, when she revisited her old stamping-ground.

As they rolled along, the warm night which had fallen after the beautiful day breathed through the half-dropped window in a rich, soft air, as strange almost as the flying landscape itself. Mr. Erwin began to drowse, and at last he fell asleep; but Veronica kept her eyes vigilantly fixed upon Lydia, always smiling when she caught her glance, and offering service. At the stations, so orderly and yet so noisy, where the passengers were held in the same meek subjection as at Trieste, people got in and out of the carriage; and there were officers, at first in white coats, and after they passed the Italian frontier in blue, who stared at Lydia. One of the Italians, a handsome young hussar, spoke to her. She could not know what he said; but when he crossed over to her side of the carriage, she rose and took her place beside Veronica, where she remained even after he left the carriage. She was sensible of growing drowsy. Then she was aware of nothing till she woke up with her head on Veronica's shoulder, against which she had fallen, and on which she had been patiently supported for hours. "Ecco Venezia!" cried the old woman, pointing to a swarm of lights that seemed to float upon an expanse of sea. Lydia did not understand; she thought she was again on board the Aroostook, and that the lights she saw were the lights of the shipping in Boston harbor. The illusion passed, and left her heart sore. She issued from the glare of the station upon the quay before it, bewildered by the ghostly beauty of the scene, but shivering in the chill of the dawn, and stunned by the clamor of the gondoliers. A tortuous course in the shadow of lofty walls, more deeply darkened from time to time by the arch of a bridge, and again suddenly pierced by the brilliance of a lamp that shot its red across the gloom, or plunged it into the black water, brought them to the palace gate at which they stopped, and where, with a dramatic ceremony of sliding bolts and the reluctant yielding of broad doors on a level with the water, she passed through a marble-paved court, and up a stately marble staircase, to her uncle's apartment. "You 're at home, now, you know," he said, in a kindly way, and took her hand, very cold and lax, in his for welcome. She could not answer, but made haste to follow Veronica to her room, whither the old woman led the way with a candle. It was a gloomily spacious chamber, with sombre walls and a lofty ceiling with a faded splendor of gilded paneling. Some tall, old-fashioned mirrors and bureaus stood about, with rugs before them on the stone floor; in the middle of the room was a bed curtained with mosquito-netting. Carved chairs were pushed here and there against the wall. Lydia dropped into one of these, too strange and heavy-hearted to go to bed in that vastness and darkness, in which her candle seemed only to burn a small round hole. She longed forlornly to be back again in her pretty state-room on the Aroostook;

vanishing glimpses and echoes of the faces and voices grown so familiar in the past weeks were around her; the helpless tears ran down her cheeks.

There came a tap at her door, and her aunt's voice called, "Shall I come in?" and before she could faintly consent, her aunt pushed in, and caught her in her arms, and kissed her, and broke into a twitter of welcome and compassion. "You poor child! Did you think I was going to let you go to sleep without seeing you, after you'd come half round the world to see me?" Her aunt was dark and slight like Lydia, but not so tall; she was still a very pretty woman, and she was a very effective presence now in the long white morning-gown of camel's hair, somewhat fantastically embroidered in crimson silk, in which she drifted about before Lydia's bewildered eyes. "Let me see how you look! Are you as handsome as ever?" She held the candle she carried so as to throw its light full upon Lydia's face. "Yes!" she sighed. "How pretty you are! And at your age you'll look even better by daylight! I had begun to despair of you; I thought you could n't be all that I remembered; but you are,— you 're more! I wish I had you in Rome, instead of Venice; there would be some use in it. There 's a great deal of society there, — *English* society; but never mind: I'm going to take you to church with me to-morrow, — the English service; there are lots of English in Venice now, on their way south for the winter. I'm crazy to see what dresses you 've brought; your aunt Maria has told me how she fitted you out. I've got two letters from her since you started, and they 're all perfectly well, dear. Your black silk will do nicely, with bright ribbons, especially; I hope you have n't got it spotted or anything on the way over." She did not allow Lydia to answer, nor seem to expect it. "You 've got your mother's eyes, Lydia, but your father had those straight eyebrows: you 're very much like him. Poor Henry! And now I'm having you got something to eat. I'm not going to risk coffee on you, for fear it will keep you awake; though you can drink it in this climate with *comparative* impunity. Veronica is warming you a bowl of *bouillon*, and that 's all you 're to have till breakfast!"

"Why, aunt Josephine," said the girl, not knowing what bouillon was, and abashed by the sound of it, "I 'm not the least hungry. You ought n't to take the trouble" —

"You 'll be hungry when you begin to eat. I 'm so impatient to hear about your voyage! I am going to introduce you to some very nice people, here, — English people. There are no Americans living in Venice; and the Americans in Europe are so queer! You 've no idea how droll our customs seem here; and I much prefer the English. Your poor uncle can never get me to ask Americans. I tell him I 'm American enough, and he 'll have to get on without others. Of course, he 's perfectly delighted to get at you. You 've quite taken him by storm, Lydia; he 's in raptures about your looks. It 's what I told him before you came; but I could n't believe it till I took a look at you. I could n't have gone to sleep without it. Did Mr. Erwin talk much with you?"

"He was very pleasant. He talked — as long as he was awake," replied Lydia.

"I suppose he was trying to pick up Americanisms from you; he 's always doing it. I keep him away from Americans as much as I can; but he will get at them on the cars and at the hotels. He 's always asking them such ridiculous questions, and I know some of them just talk nonsense to him."

Veronica came in with a tray, and a bowl of bouillon on it; and Mrs. Erwin pulled up a light table, and slid about serving her, in her cabalistic dress, like an Oriental sorceress performing her incantations. She volubly watched Lydia while she ate her supper, and at the end she kissed her again. "Now you feel better," she said. "I knew it would cheer you up more than any one thing. There 's nothing like something to eat when you 're homesick. I found that out when I was off at school."

Lydia was hardly kissed so much at home during a year as she had been since meeting Mrs. Erwin. Her aunt Maria sparely embraced her when she went and came each week from the Mill Village; anything more than this would have come of insincerity between them; but it had been agreed that Mrs. Erwin's demonstrations of affection, of which she had been lavish during her visit to South Bradfield, might not be so false. Lydia accepted them submissively, and she said, when Veronica returned for the tray, "I hate to give you so much trouble. And sending her all the way to Trieste on my account, — I felt ashamed. There was n't a thing for her to do."

"Why, of course not!" exclaimed her aunt. "But what did you think I was made of? Did you suppose I was going to have you come on a night-journey alone with your uncle? It would have been all over Venice; it would have been ridiculous. I sent Veronica along for a dragon."

"A dragon? I don't understand," faltered Lydia.

"Well, you will," said her aunt, putting the palms of her hands against Lydia's, and so pressing forward to kiss her. "We shall have breakfast at ten. Go to bed!"

XXIII.

When Lydia came to breakfast, she found her uncle alone in the room reading Galignani's Messenger. He put down his paper, and came forward to take her hand. "You are all right this morning, I see, Miss Lydia," he said. "You were quite up a stump, last night, as your countrymen say."

At the same time hands were laid upon her shoulders from behind, and she was pulled half round, and pushed back, and held at arm's-length. It was Mrs. Erwin, who entering after her first scanned her face, and then, with one devouring glance, seized every detail of her dress — the black silk which had already made its effect — before she kissed her. "You *are* lovely, my dear! I shall spoil you, I know; but you 're worth it! What lashes you have, child! And your aunt Maria made and fitted that dress? She 's a genius!"

"Miss Lydia," said Mr. Erwin, as they sat down, "is of the fortunate age when one rises young every morning." He looked very fresh himself with his clean-shaven chin and his striking evidence of snowy wristbands and shirt-bosom. "Later in life, you can't do that. She looks as blooming," he added, gallantly, "as a basket of chips, — as you say in America."

"Smiling," said Lydia, mechanically correcting him.

"Ah! Is it? Smiling, — yes; thanks. It 's very good either way; very characteristic. It would be curious to know the origin of a saying like that. I imagine it goes back to the days of the first settlers. It suggests a wood-chopping period. Is it — ah — in general use?" he inquired.

"Of course it is n't, Henshaw!" said his wife.

"You 've been a great while out of the country, my dear," suggested Mr. Erwin.

"Not so long as not to know that your Americanisms are enough to make one wish we had held our tongues ever since we were discovered, or had never been discovered at all. I want to ask Lydia about her voyage. I have n't heard a word yet. Did your aunt Maria come down to Boston with you?"

"No, grandfather brought me."

"And you had good weather coming over? Mr. Erwin told me you were not seasick."

"We had one bad storm, before we reached Gibraltar; but I was n't seasick."

"Were the other passengers?"

"One was." Lydia reddened a little, and then turned somewhat paler than at first.

"What is it, Lydia?" her aunt subtly demanded. "Who was the one that was sick?"

"Oh, a gentleman," said Lydia.

Her aunt looked at her keenly, and for whatever reason abruptly left the

subject. "Your silk," she said, "will do very well for church, Lydia."

"Oh, I say, now!" cried her husband, "you're not going to make her go to church to-day!"

"Yes, I am! There will be more people there to-day than any other time this fall. She must go."

"But she's tired to death, — quite tuckered, you know."

"Oh, I'm rested, now," said Lydia. "I should n't like to miss going to church."

"Your silk," continued her aunt, "will be quite the thing for church." She looked hard at the dress, as if it were not quite the thing for breakfast. Mrs. Erwin herself wore a morning-dress of becoming delicacy, and an airy French cap; she had a light fall of powder on her face. "What kind of overthing have you got?" she asked.

"There's a sack goes with this," said the girl, suggestively.

"That's nice! What is your bonnet?"

"I have n't any bonnet. But my best hat is nice. I could" —

"*No* one goes to church in a hat! You can't do it. It's simply impossible."

"Why, my dear," said her husband, "I saw some very pretty American girls in hats at church, last Sunday."

"Yes, and everybody *knew* they were Americans by their hats!" retorted Mrs. Erwin.

"*I* knew they were Americans by their good looks," said Mr. Erwin, "and what you call their stylishness."

"Oh, it's all well enough for you to talk. *You're* an Englishman, and you could wear a hat, if you liked. It would be set down to character. But in an American it would be set down to greenness. If you were an American, you would have to wear a bonnet."

"I'm glad, then, I'm not an American," said her husband. "I don't think I should look well in a bonnet."

"Oh, stuff, Henshaw! You know what I mean. And I'm not going to have English people thinking we're ignorant of the common decencies of life. Lydia shall not go to church in a hat; she had better *never* go. I will lend her one of my bonnets. Let me see, *which* one." She gazed at Lydia in critical abstraction. "I wear rather young bonnets," she mused aloud, "and we're both rather dark. The only difficulty is I'm so much more delicate" — She brooded upon the question in a silence, from which she burst exulting. "The very thing! I can fuss it up in no time. It won't take two minutes to get it ready. And you'll look just killing in it." She turned grave again. "Henshaw," she said, "I *wish* you would go to church this morning!"

"I would do almost anything for you, Josephine; but really, you know, you ought n't to ask that. I was there last Sunday; I can't go every Sunday. It's bad enough in England; a man ought to have some relief on the Continent."

"Well, well. I suppose I ought n't to ask you," sighed his wife, — "especially as you're going with us to-night."

"I'll go to-night, with pleasure," said Mr. Erwin. He rose when his wife and Lydia left the table, and opened the door for them with a certain courtesy he had; it struck even Lydia's uneducated sense as something peculiarly sweet and fine, and it did not overawe her own simplicity, but seemed of kind with it.

The bonnet, when put to proof, did not turn out to be all that it was vaunted. It looked a little odd, from the first; and Mrs. Erwin, when she was herself dressed, ended by taking it off, and putting on Lydia the hat previously condemned. "You're divine in that," she said. "And after all, you are a traveler, and I can say that some of your things were spoiled coming over, — people always get things ruined in a sea voyage, — and they'll think it was your bonnet."

"I kept my things very nicely, aunt Josephine," said Lydia conscientiously. "I don't believe anything was hurt."

"Oh, well, you can't tell till you've unpacked; and we're not responsible for what people happen to think, you know. Wait!" her aunt suddenly cried. She pulled open a drawer, and snatched

two ribbons from it, which she pinned to the sides of Lydia's hat, and tied in a bow under her chin; she caught out a lace veil, and drew that over the front of the hat, and let it hang in a loose knot behind. "Now," she said, pushing her up to a mirror, that she might see, "it 's a bonnet; and I need n't say *any*thing!"

They went in Mrs. Erwin's gondola to the palace in which the English service was held, and Lydia was silent, as she looked shyly, almost fearfully, round on the visionary splendors of Venice.

Mrs. Erwin did not like to be still. "What are you thinking of, Lydia?" she asked.

"Oh! I suppose I was thinking that the leaves were beginning to turn in the sugar orchard," answered Lydia faithfully. "I was thinking how still the sun would be in the pastures, there, this morning. I suppose the stillness here put me in mind of it. One of these bells has the same tone as our bell at home."

"Yes," said Mrs. Erwin. "Everybody finds a familiar bell in Venice. There are enough of them, goodness knows. I don't see why you call it still, with all this clashing and banging. I suppose this seems very odd to you, Lydia," she continued, indicating the general Venetian effect. "It 's an old story to me, though. The great beauty of Venice is that you get more for your money here than you can anywhere else in the world. There is n't much society, however, and you must n't expect to be very gay."

"I have never been gay," answered Lydia.

"Well, that 's no reason you should n't," returned her aunt. "If you were in Florence, or Rome, or even Naples, you could have a good time. There! I 'm glad your uncle did n't hear me say that!"

"What?" asked Lydia.

"Good time; that 's an Americanism."

"Is it?"

"Yes. He 's perfectly delighted when he catches me in one. I try to break myself of them, but I don't always know them myself. Sometimes I feel almost like never talking at all. But you can't do that, you know."

"No," assented Lydia.

"And you have to talk Americanisms if you 're an American. You must n't think your uncle is n't obliging, Lydia. He is. I ought n't to have asked him to go to church, — it bores him so much. I used to feel terribly about it once, when we were first married. But things have changed very much of late years, especially with all this scientific talk. In England it 's quite different from what it used to be. Some of the best people in society are skeptics now, and that makes it quite another thing." Lydia looked grave, but she said nothing, and her aunt added, "I would n't have asked him, but I had a little headache myself."

"Aunt Josephine," said Lydia, "I 'm afraid you 're doing too much for me. Why did n't you let me come alone?"

"Come alone? To church!" Mrs. Erwin addressed her in a sort of whispered shriek. "It would have been perfectly scandalous."

"To go to church alone?" demanded Lydia, bewildered.

"Yes. A young girl must n't go *any*where alone"

"Why?"

"I 'll explain to you, some time, Lydia; or rather, you 'll learn for yourself. In Italy it 's very different from what it is in America." Mrs. Erwin suddenly started up and bowed with great impressiveness, as a gondola swept towards them. The gondoliers wore shirts of blue silk, and long crimson sashes. On the cushions of the boat, beside a hideous little man who was sucking the top of an ivory-handled stick, reclined a beautiful woman, pale, with purplish rings round the large black eyes, with which, faintly smiling, she acknowledged Mrs. Erwin's salutation, and then stared at Lydia.

"Oh, you may look, and you may look, and you may look!" cried Mrs. Erwin, under her breath. "You 've met more than your match at last! The Countess Tatocka," she explained to Lydia. "That was her palace we passed just

now, — the one with the iron balconies. Did you notice the gentleman with her? She always takes to those monsters. He 's a Neapolitan painter, and ever so talented, — clever, that is. He 's dead in love with her, they say."

"Are they engaged?" asked Lydia.

"Engaged!" exclaimed Mrs. Erwin, with her shriek in dumb show. "Why, child, she 's married!"

"To *him?*" demanded the girl, with a recoil.

"No! To her husband."

"To her husband?" gasped Lydia. "And she" —

"Why, she is n't quite well seen, even in Venice," Mrs. Erwin explained. "But she 's rich, and her *conversazioni* are perfectly brilliant. She 's very artistic, and she writes poetry, — Polish poetry. I *wish* she could hear you sing, Lydia! I know she 'll be frantic to see you again. But I don't see how it 's to be managed; her house is n't one you can take a young girl to. And *I* can't ask her: your uncle detests her."

"Do you go to her house?" Lydia inquired stiffly.

"Why, as a foreigner, *I* can go. Of course, Lydia, you can't be as particular about everything on the Continent as you are at home."

The former oratory of the Palazzo Grinzelli, which served as the English chapel, was filled with travelers of both the English-speaking nationalities, as distinguishable by their dress as by their faces. Lydia's aunt affected the English style, but some instinctive elegance betrayed her, and every Englishwoman there knew and hated her for an American, though she was a precisian in her liturgy, instant in all the responses and genuflexions. She found opportunity in the course of the lesson to make Lydia notice every one, and she gave a telegrammic biography of each person she knew, with a criticism of the costume of all the strangers, managing so skillfully that by the time the sermon began she was able to yield the text a statuesquely close attention, and might have been carved in marble where she sat as a realistic conception of Worship.

The sermon came to an end; the ritual proceeded; the hymn, with the hemming and hawing of respectable inability began, and Lydia lifted her voice with the rest. Few of the people were in their own church; some turned and stared at her; the bonnets and the back hair of those who did not look were intent upon her; the long red neck of one elderly Englishman, restrained by decorum from turning his head toward her, perspired with curiosity. Mrs. Erwin fidgeted, and dropped her eyes from the glances which fell to her for explanation of Lydia, and hurried away with her as soon as the services ended. In the hall on the water-floor of the palace, where they were kept waiting for their gondola a while, she seemed to shrink even from the small, surly greetings with which people whose thoughts are on higher things permit themselves to recognize fellow-beings of their acquaintance in coming out of church. But an old lady, who supported herself with a cane, pushed through the crowd to where they stood aloof, and, without speaking to Mrs. Erwin, put out her hand to Lydia; she had a strong, undaunted, plain face, in which was expressed the habit of doing what she liked. "My dear," she said, "how wonderfully you sing! Where did you get that heavenly voice? You are an American; I see that by your beauty. You are Mrs. Erwin's niece, I suppose, whom she expected. Will you come and sing to me? You must bring her, Mrs. Erwin."

She hobbled away without waiting for an answer, and Lydia and her aunt got into their gondola. "*Oh!* How glad I am!" cried Mrs. Erwin, in a joyful flutter. "She 's the very tip-top of the English here; she has a whole palace, and you meet the very best people at her house. I was afraid when you were singing, Lydia, that they would think your voice was too good to be good form, — that 's an expression you must get; it means everything, — it sounded almost professional. I wanted to nudge you and make you sing a little lower, or different or something; but I could n't, everybody was looking so. No matter.

It 's all right now. If *she* liked it, nobody else will dare to breathe. You can see that she 's taken a fancy to you; she 'll make a great pet of you."

"Who is she?" asked Lydia, bluntly.

"Lady Fenleigh. Such a character, — so eccentric! But really, I suppose, very hard to live with. It must have been quite a release for poor Sir Fenleigh Fenleigh."

"She did n't seem in mourning," said Lydia. "Has he been dead long?"

"Why, he is n't dead at all! He 's what you call a grass-widower. The best soul in the world, everybody says, and very, very fond of her; but she could n't stand it; he was *too* good, don't you understand? They 've lived apart a great many years. She 's lived a good deal in Asia Minor, — somewhere. She likes Venice; but of course there 's no telling how long she may stay. She has another house in Florence, all ready to go and be lived in at a day's notice. I wish I had presented you! It did go through my head; but it did n't seem as if I *could* get the Blood out. It *is* a fearful name, Lydia; I always felt it so when I was a girl, and I was *so* glad to marry out of it; and it sounds so terribly American. I think you must take your mother's name, my dear. Latham is rather flattish, but it 's worlds better than Blood."

"I am not ashamed of my father's name," said Lydia.

"But you 'll have to change it some day, at any rate, — when you get married."

Lydia turned away. "I will be called Blood till then. If Lady Fenleigh" —

"Yes, my dear," promptly interrupted her aunt, "I know that sort of independence. I used to have whole Declarations of it. But you 'll get over that, in Europe. There was a time — just after the war — when the English quite liked our sticking up for ourselves; but that 's past now. They like us to be outlandish, but they don't like us to be independent. How did you like the sermon? Did n't you think we had a nicely-dressed congregation?"

"I thought the sermon very short," answered Lydia.

"Well, that 's the English way, and I like it. If you get in all the service, you *must* make the sermon short."

Lydia did not say anything for a little while. Then she inquired, "Is the service the same at the evening meeting?"

"Evening meeting?" repeated Mrs. Erwin

"Yes, — the church to-night."

"Why, child, there is n't any church to-night! What *are* you talking about?"

"Did n't uncle — did n't Mr. Erwin say he would go with us to-night?"

Mrs. Erwin seemed about to laugh, and then she looked embarrassed. "Why, Lydia," she cried at last, "he did n't mean church; he meant — opera!"

"Opera! Sunday night! Aunt Josephine, do you go to the theatre on Sabbath evening?"

There was something appalling in the girl's stern voice. Mrs. Erwin gathered herself tremulously together for defense. "Why, of course, Lydia, I don't approve of it, though I never *was* Orthodox. Your uncle likes to go; and if everybody 's there that you want to see, and they will give the best operas Sunday night, what are you to do?"

Lydia said nothing, but a hard look came into her face, and she shut her lips tight.

"Now you see, Lydia," resumed her aunt, with an air of deductive reasoning from the premises, "the advantage of having a bonnet on, even if it 's only a make-believe. I don't believe a soul knew it. All those Americans had hats. You were the only American girl there with a bonnet. I 'm sure that it had more than half to do with Lady Fenleigh's speaking to you. It showed that you had been well brought up."

"But I never wore a bonnet to church at home," said Lydia.

"That has nothing to do with it, if they thought you did. And Lydia," she continued, "I was thinking while you were singing there that I would n't say anything at once about your coming over to cultivate your voice. That 's got to be such an American thing, now. I 'll let it out little by little, — and after Lady

Fenleigh 's quite taken you under her wing. Perhaps we may go to Milan with you, or to Naples, — there 's a conservatory there, too; we can pull up stakes as easily as not. Well!" said Mrs. Erwin, interrupting herself, "I 'm glad Henshaw was n't by to hear *that* speech. He 'd have had it down among his Americanisms instantly. I don't know whether it *is* an Americanism; but he puts down all the outlandish sayings he gets hold of to Americans; he has no end of English slang in his book. Everything has opened *beautifully*, Lydia, and I intend you shall have the *best* time!" She looked fondly at her brother's child. "You 've no idea how much you remind me of your poor father. You have his looks exactly. I always thought he would come out to Europe before he died. We used to be so proud of his looks at home! I can remember that, though I was the youngest, and he was ten years older than I. But I always did worship beauty. A perfect Greek, Mr. Rose-Black calls me: you 'll see him; he 's an English painter staying here; he comes a *great* deal."

"Mrs. Erwin, Mrs. Erwin!" called a lady's voice from a gondola behind them. The accent was perfectly English, but the voice entirely Italian. "Where are you running to?"

"Why, Miss Landini!" retorted Mrs. Erwin, looking back over her shoulder. "Is that you? Where in the world are *you* going?"

"Oh, I 've been to pay a visit to my old English teacher. He 's awfully ill with rheumatism; but awfully! He can't turn in bed."

"Why, poor man! This is my niece whom I told you I was expecting! Arrived last night! We 've been to church!" Mrs. Erwin exclaimed each of the facts.

The Italian girl stretched her hand across the gunwales of the boats, which their respective gondoliers had brought skillfully side by side, and took Lydia's hand. "I 'm glad to see you, my dear. But my God, how beautiful you Americans are! But you don't look American, you know; you look Spanish! I shall come a great deal to see you, and practice my English."

"Come home with us now, Miss Landini, and have lunch," said Mrs. Erwin.

"No, my dear, I can't. My aunt will be raising the devil if I 'm not there to drink coffee with her; and I 've been a great while away now. Till to-morrow!" Miss Landini's gondolier pushed his boat away, and rowed it up a narrow canal on the right.

"I suppose," Mrs. Erwin explained, "that she 's really her mother, — everybody says so; but she always calls her aunt. Dear knows who her father was. But she 's a very bright girl, Lydia, and you 'll like her. Don't you think she speaks English wonderfully for a person who 's never been out of Venice?"

"Why does she swear?" asked Lydia, stonily.

"*Swear?* Oh, I know what you mean. That 's the funniest thing about Miss Landini. Your uncle says it 's a shame to correct her; but I do, whenever I think of it. Why, you know, such words as God and devil don't sound at all wicked in Italian, and ladies use them quite commonly. She understands that it is n't good form to do so in English, but when she gets excited she forgets. Well, you can't say but what *she* was impressed, Lydia!"

After lunch, various people came to call upon Mrs. Erwin. Several of them were Italians who were learning English, and they seemed to think it inoffensive to say that they were glad of the opportunity to practice the language with Lydia. They talked local gossip with her aunt, and they spoke of an approaching visit to Venice from the king; it seemed to Lydia that the king's character was not good.

Mr. Rose-Black, the English artist, came. He gave himself the effect of being in Mrs. Erwin's confidence, apparently without her authority, and he bestowed a share of this intimacy upon Lydia. He had the manner of a man who had been taken up by people above him, and the impudence of a talent which had not justified the expectations formed of

it. He softly reproached Mrs. Erwin for running away after service before he could speak to her, and told her how much every body had been enchanted by her niece's singing. "At least, they said it was your niece."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Rose-Black, let me introduce you to Miss" — Lydia looked hard, even to threatening, at her aunt, and Mrs. Erwin added, "Blood."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Rose-Black, with his picked-up politeness, "I did n't get the name."

"Blood," said Mrs. Erwin, more distinctly.

"Aöh!" said Mr. Rose-Black, in a cast-off accent of jaded indifferentism, just touched with displeasure. "Yes," he added, dreamily, to Lydia, "it was divine, you know. You might say it needed training; but it had the naïve sweetness we associate with your countrywomen. They 're greatly admired in England now, you know, for their beauty. Oh, I assure you, it 's quite the thing to admire American ladies. I want to arrange a little lunch at my studio for Mrs. Erwin and yourself; and I want you to abet me in it, Miss Blood." Lydia stared at him, but he was not troubled. "I 'm going to ask to sketch you. Really, you know, there 's a poise — something bird-like — a sort of repose in arrest" — He sat in a corner of the sofa, with his head fallen back, and abandoned to an absent enjoyment of Lydia's pictorial capabilities. He was very red; his full beard, which started as straw color, changed to red when it got a little way from his face. He wore a suit of rough blue, the coat buttoned tightly about him, and he pulled a glove through his hand as he talked. He was scarcely roused from his reverie by the entrance of an Italian officer, with his hussar jacket hanging upon one shoulder, and his sword caught up in his left hand. He ran swiftly to Mrs. Erwin, and took her hand.

"Ah, my compliments! I come practice my English with you a little. Is it well said, a little, or do you say a small?"

"A little, cavaliere," answered Mrs. Erwin, amiably. "But you must say a good deal, in this case."

"Yes, yes, — good deal. For what?"

"Let me introduce you to my niece, Colonel Pazzelli," said Mrs. Erwin.

"Ah! Too much honor, too much honor!" murmured the cavaliere. He brought his heels together with a click, and drooped towards Lydia till his head was on a level with his hips. Recovering himself, he caught up his eye-glasses, and bent them on Lydia. "Very please, very honored, much" — He stopped, and looked confused, and Lydia turned an angry red.

"Now, won't you play that pretty *barcarole* you played the other night at Lady Fenleigh's?" entreated Mrs. Erwin.

Colonel Pazzelli wrenched himself from the fascination of Lydia's presence, and lavished upon Mrs. Erwin the hoarded English of a week. "Yes, yes; very nice, very good. With much pleasure. I thank you. Yes, I play." He was one of those natives who in all the great Italian cities haunt English-speaking societies: they try to drink tea without grimacing, and sing for the ladies of our race, who innocently pet them, finding them so very like other women in their lady-like sweetness and softness; it is said they boast among their own countrymen of their triumphs. The cavaliere unbuckled his sword, and laying it across a chair sat down at the piano. He played not one but many barcaroles, and seemed loath to leave the instrument.

"Now, Lydia," said Mrs. Erwin, fondly, "won't you sing us something?"

"Do!" called Mr. Rose-Black from the sofa, with the intonation of a spoiled first-cousin, or half-brother.

"I don't feel like singing to-day," answered Lydia, immovably. Mrs. Erwin was about to urge her farther, but other people came in, — some Jewish ladies, and then a Russian, whom Lydia took at first for an American. They all came and went, but Mr. Rose-Black remained in his corner of the sofa, and never took his eyes from Lydia's face. At last he went, and then Mr. Erwin looked in.

"Is that beast gone?" he asked. "I shall be obliged to show him the door, yet, Josephine. You ought to snub him. He 's worse than his pictures. Well, you 've had a whole raft of folks to-day, — as your countrymen say."

"Yes, thank Heaven," cried Mrs. Erwin, "and they 're all gone. I don't want Lydia to think that I let everybody come to see me on Sunday. Thursday is my day, Lydia, but a few privileged friends understand that they can drop in Sunday afternoon." She gave Lydia a sketch of the life and character of each of these friends. "And now I must tell you that your manner is very good, Lydia. That reserved way of yours is quite the thing for a young girl in Europe. I suppose it 's a gift; I never could get it, even when I *was* a girl. But you must n't show any *hauteur*, even when you dislike people, and you refused to sing with *rather* too much *aplomb*. I don't suppose it was noticed, though, — those ladies coming in at the same time. Really, I thought Mr. Rose-Black and Colonel Pazzelli were trying to outstare each other. It was certainly amusing. I never saw such an evident case, Lydia! The poor cavaliere looked as if he had seen you somewhere in a dream, and was struggling to make it all out."

Lydia remained impassive. Presently she said she would go to her room, and write home before dinner. When she went out Mrs. Erwin fetched a deep sigh, and threw herself upon her husband's sympathy.

"She 's terribly unresponsive," she began. "I supposed she 'd be in raptures with the place, at least, but you would n't know there was anything at all remarkable in Venice from anything she 's said. We have met ever so many interesting people to-day, — the Countess Tatocka, and Lady Fenleigh, and Miss Landini, and everybody, but I don't really think she 's said a word about a soul. She 's too queer for anything."

"I dare say she has n't the experience to be astonished from," suggested Mr. Erwin, easily. "She 's here as if she 'd been dropped down from her village."

"Yes, that 's true," considered his wife. "But it 's hard, with Lydia's air and style and self-possession, to realize that she *is* merely a village girl."

"She may be much more impressed than she chooses to show," Mr. Erwin continued. "I remember a very curious essay by a French writer about your countrymen: he contended that they were characterized by a savage stoicism through their contact with the Indians."

"Nonsense, Henshaw! There has n't been an Indian *near* South Bradfield for two hundred years. And besides that, am *I* stoical?"

"I 'm bound to say," replied her husband, "that so far as you go, you 're a complete refutation of the theory."

"I hate to see a young girl so close," fretted Mrs. Erwin. "But perhaps," she added, more cheerfully, "she 'll be the easier managed, being so passive. She does n't seem at all willful, — that 's one comfort."

She went to Lydia's room just before dinner, and found the girl with her head fallen on her arms upon the table, where she had been writing. She looked up, and faced her aunt with swollen eyes.

"Why, poor thing!" cried Mrs. Erwin. "What is it, dear? What is it, Lydia?" she asked, tenderly, and she pulled Lydia's face down upon her neck.

"Oh, nothing," said Lydia. "I suppose I was a little homesick; writing home made me."

She somewhat coldly suffered Mrs. Erwin to kiss her and smooth her hair, while she began to talk with her of her grandfather and her aunt at home. "But this is going to be home to you now," said Mrs. Erwin, "and I'm not going to let you be sick for any other. I want you to treat me just like a mother, or an older sister. Perhaps I shan't be the wisest mother to you in the world, but I mean to be one of the best. Come, now, bathe your eyes, my dear, and let 's go to dinner. I don't like to keep your uncle waiting." She did not go at once, but showed Lydia the appointments of the room, and lightly indicated what she had caused to be done, and what she had

done with her own hands, to make the place pretty for her. "And now shall I take your letter, and have your uncle post it this evening?" She picked up the letter from the table. "Had n't you any wax to seal it? You know they don't generally mucilage their envelopes in Europe."

Lydia blushed. "I left it open for you to read. I thought you ought to know what I wrote."

Mrs. Erwin dropped her hands in front of her, with the open letter stretched between them, and looked at her niece in rapture. "Lydia," she cried, "one would suppose you had lived all your days in Europe! Showing me your letter, this way, — why, it 's quite like a Continental girl."

"I thought it was no more than right you should see what I was writing home," said Lydia, unresponsively.

"Well, no matter, even if it *was* right," replied Mrs. Erwin. "It comes to the same thing. And now, as you 've been quite a European daughter, I 'm going to be a real American mother." She took up the wax, and sealed Lydia's letter without looking into it. "There!" she said, and kissed her triumphantly.

She was very good to Lydia all through dinner, and made her talk of the simple life at home, and the village characters whom she remembered from her last summer's visit. That amused Mr. Erwin, who several times, when his wife was turning the talk upon Lydia's voyage over, intervened with some new question about the life of the queer little Yankee hill-town. He said she must tell Lady Fenleigh about it, — she was fond of picking those curios; it would make any one's social fortune who could explain such a place intelligibly in London; when they got to having typical villages of the different civilizations at the international expositions, — as no doubt they would, — somebody must really send South Bradfield over. He pleased himself vastly with this fancy, till Mrs. Erwin, who had been eying Lydia critically from time to time, as if making note of her features and complexion, said she had a white cloak, and that in Venice, where one need not dress a great deal for the opera, Lydia could wear it that night.

Lydia looked up in astonishment, but she sat passive during her aunt's discussion of her plans. When they rose from table, she said, at her stiffest and coldest, "Aunt Josephine, I want you to excuse me from going with you to-night. I don't feel like going."

"Not feel like going!" exclaimed her aunt in dismay. "Why, your uncle has taken a box!"

Lydia opposed nothing to this argument. She only said, "I would rather not go."

"Oh, but you *will*, dear," coaxed her aunt. "You would enjoy it so much."

"I thought you understood from what I said to-day," replied Lydia, "that I could not go."

"Why, no, I did n't! I thought you objected; but if I thought it was proper for you to go" —

"I should not go at home," said Lydia, in the same immovable fashion.

"Of course not. Every place has its customs, and in Venice it has *always* been the custom to go to the opera on Sunday night." This fact had no visible weight with Lydia, and after a pause her aunt added, "Did n't Paul himself say to do in Rome as the Romans do?"

"No, aunt Josephine," cried Lydia, indignantly, "he did *not!*"

Mrs. Erwin turned to her husband with a face of appeal, and he answered, "Really, my dear, I think you 're mistaken. I always had the impression that the saying was — an Americanism of some sort."

"But it does n't matter," interposed Lydia, decisively. "I could n't go, if I did n't think it was right, whoever said it."

"Oh, well," began Mrs. Erwin, "if you would n't mind what *Paul* said" — She suddenly checked herself, and after a little silence she resumed, kindly, "I won't try to force you, Lydia. I did n't realize what a very short time it is since you left home, and how you still have all those ideas. I would n't distress you about them for the world, my

dear. I want you to feel at home with me, and I 'll make it as like home for you as I can in everything. Henshaw, I think you must go alone, this evening. I will stay with Lydia."

"Oh, no, no! I could n't let you; I can't let you! I shall not know what to do if I keep you at home. Oh, don't leave it that way, please! I shall feel so badly about it" —

"Why, we can both stay," suggested Mr. Erwin, kindly.

Lydia's lips trembled and her eyes glistened, and Mrs. Erwin said, "I 'll go with you, Henshaw. I 'll be ready in half an hour. I won't dress *much.*" She added this as if not to dress a great deal at the opera Sunday night might somehow be accepted as an observance of the Sabbath.

XXIV.

The next morning Veronica brought Lydia a little scrawl from her aunt, bidding the girl come and breakfast with her in her room at nine.

"Well, my dear," her aunt called to her from her pillow, when she appeared, "you find me flat enough, this morning. If there was anything wrong about going to the opera last night, I was properly punished for it. Such wretched stuff as *I* never heard! And instead of the new ballet that they promised, they gave an old thing that I had seen till I was sick of it. You did n't miss much, I can tell you. How fresh and bright you *do* look, Lydia!" she sighed. "Did you sleep well? Were you lonesome while we were gone? Veronica says you were reading the whole evening. Are you fond of reading?"

"I don't think I am, very," said Lydia. "It was a book that I began on the ship. It 's a novel." She hesitated. "I was n't reading it; I was just looking at it."

"What a queer child you are! I suppose you were dying to read it, and would n't because it was Sunday. Well!" Mrs. Erwin put her hand under her pillow, and pulled out a gossamer handkerchief, with which she delicately touched her complexion here and there, and repaired with an instinctive rearrangement of powder the envious ravages of a slight rash about her nose. "I respect your high principles beyond anything, Lydia, and if they can only be turned in the right direction they will never be any disadvantage to you." Veronica came in with the breakfast on a tray, and Mrs. Erwin added, "Now, pull up that little table, and bring your chair, my dear, and let us take it easy. I like to talk while I 'm breakfasting. Will you pour out my chocolate? That 's it, in the ugly little pot with the wooden handle; the copper one 's for you, with coffee in it. I never could get that repose which seems to come perfectly natural to you. I was always inclined to be a little rowdy, my dear, and I 've had to fight hard against it, without any help from *either* of my husbands; men like it; they think it 's funny. When I was first married, I was very young, and so was he; it was a real love match; and my husband was very well off, and when I began to be delicate, nothing would do but he must come to Europe with me. How little I ever expected to outlive him!"

"You don't look sick now," began Lydia.

"Ill," said her aunt. "You must say ill. Sick is an Americanism."

"It 's in the Bible," said Lydia, gravely.

"Oh, there are a great many words in the *Bible* you can't use," returned her aunt. "No, I don't look ill now, and I 'm worlds better. But I could n't live a year in any other climate, I suppose. You seem to take after your mother's side. Well, as I was saying, the European ways did n't come natural to me, at all. I used to have a great deal of gayety when I was a girl, and I liked beaux and attentions; and I had very free ways. I could n't get their stiffness for years and years, and all through my widowhood it was one wretched failure with me. Do what I would, I was always violating the most essential rules, and the worst of it was

that it only seemed to make me the more popular. I do believe it was nothing but my rowdiness that attracted Mr. Erwin; but I determined when I had got an Englishman I would make one bold strike for the proprieties, and have them, or die in the attempt. I determined that no Englishwoman I ever saw should outdo me in strict conformity to all the usages of European society. So I cut myself off from all the Americans, and went with nobody but the English."

"Do you like them better?" asked Lydia, with the blunt, child-like directness that had already more than once startled her aunt.

"*Like* them! I detest them! If Mr. Erwin were a real Englishman, I think I should go crazy; but he 's been so little in his own country — all his life in India, nearly, and the rest on the Continent, — that he 's quite human; and no American husband was ever more patient and indulgent; and *that 's* saying a good deal. He would be glad to have nothing but Americans around; he has an enthusiasm for them, — or for what he supposes they are. Like the English! You ought to have heard them during our war; it would have made your blood boil! And then how they came crawling round after it was all over, and trying to pet us up! Ugh!"

"If you feel so about them," said Lydia, as before, "why do you want to go with them so much?"

"My dear," cried her aunt, "*to beat them with their own weapons on their own ground*, — to show them that an American can be more European than any of them, if she chooses! And now you 've come here with looks and temperament and everything just to my hand. You 're more beautiful than any English girl ever dreamt of being; you 're very distinguished-looking; your voice is perfectly divine; and you 're colder than an iceberg. *Oh*, if I only had one winter with you in Rome, I think I should die in peace!" Mrs. Erwin paused, and drank her chocolate, which she had been letting cool in the eagerness of her discourse. "But never mind," she continued, "we will do the best we can here. I 've seen English girls going out two or three together, without protection, in Rome and Florence; but I mean that you shall be quite Italian in that respect. The Italians never go out without a chaperone of some sort, and you must never be seen without me, or your uncle, or Veronica. Now I 'll tell you how you must do at parties, and so on. You must be very retiring; you 're that, any way; but you must always keep close to me. It does n't do for young people to talk much together in society; it makes scandal about a girl. If you dance, you must always hurry back to me. Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Erwin, "I remember how, when I was a girl, I used to hang on to the young men's arms, and promenade with them after a dance, and go out to supper with them, and flirt on the stairs, — *such* times! But that would n't do here, Lydia. It would ruin a girl's reputation; she could hardly walk arm in arm with a young man if she was engaged to him." Lydia blushed darkly red, and then turned paler than usual, while her aunt went on. "You might do it, perhaps, and have it set down to American eccentricity or under-breeding, but I 'm not going to have that. I intend you to be just as dull and diffident in society as if you were an Italian, and *more* than if you were English. Your voice, of course, is a difficulty. If you sing, that will make you conspicuous, in spite of everything. But I don't see why that can't be turned to advantage; it 's no worse than your beauty. Yes, if you 're so splendid-looking and so gifted, and at the same time as stupid as the rest, it 's so much clear gain. It will come easy for you to be shy with men, for I suppose you 've hardly ever talked with any, living up there in that out-of-the way village; and your manner is very good. It 's reserved, and yet it is n't green. The way," continued Mrs. Erwin, "to treat men in Europe is to behave as if they were guilty till they prove themselves innocent. All you have to do is to reverse all your American ideas. But here I am, lecturing you as if you had been just such a girl

as I was, with half a dozen love affairs on her hands at once, and no end of gentlemen friends. Europe won't be hard for you, my dear, for you have n't got anything to unlearn. But *some* girls that come over! — it 's perfectly ridiculous, the trouble they get into, and the time they have getting things straight. They take it for granted that men in good society are gentlemen, — what we mean by gentlemen."

Lydia had been letting her coffee stand, and had scarcely tasted the delicious French bread and the sweet Lombard butter of which her aunt ate so heartily. "Why, child," said Mrs. Erwin, at last, "where is your appetite? One would think you were the elderly invalid who had been up late. Did you find it too exciting to sit at home *looking* at a novel? What was it? If it 's a new story I should like to see it. But you did n't bring a novel from South Bradfield with you!"

"No," said Lydia, with a husky reluctance. "One of the — passengers gave it to me."

"Had you many passengers? But of course not. That was what made it so delightful when I came over that way. I was newly married then, and with spirits — oh dear me! — for anything. It was one adventure, the whole way; and we got so well acquainted, it was like one family. I suppose your grandfather put you in charge of some family. I know artists sometimes come out that way, and people for their health."

"There was no family on our ship," said Lydia. "My state-room had been fixed up for the captain's wife" —

"Our captain's wife was along, too," interposed Mrs. Erwin. "She was such a joke with us. She had been out to Venice on a voyage before, and used to be always talking about the Du-*cal* Palace. And did they really turn out of their state-room for you?"

"She was not along," said Lydia.

"Not along?" repeated Mrs. Erwin, feebly. "Who — who were the other passengers?"

"There were three gentlemen," answered Lydia.

"Three gentlemen? Three men? Three — And you — and" — Mrs. Erwin fell back upon her pillow, and remained gazing at Lydia, with a sort of remote bewildered pity, as at perdition, not indeed beyond compassion, but far beyond help. Lydia's color had been coming and going, but now it settled to a clear white. Mrs. Erwin commanded herself sufficiently to resume: "And there were — there were — no other ladies?"

"No."

"And you were" —

"I was the only woman on board," replied Lydia. She rose abruptly, striking the edge of the table in her movement, and setting its china and silver jarring. "Oh, I know what you mean, aunt Josephine, but two days ago I could n't have dreamt it! From the time the ship sailed till I reached this wicked place, there was n't a word said nor a look looked to make me think I was n't just as right and safe there as if I had been in my own room at home. They were never anything but kind and good to me. They never let me think that they could be my enemies, or that I must suspect them and be on the watch against them. They were Americans! I had to wait for one of your Europeans to teach me that, — for that officer who was here yesterday" —

"The cavaliere? Why, where" —

"He spoke to me in the cars, when Mr. Erwin was asleep! Had he any right to do so?"

"He would think he had, if he thought you were alone," said Mrs. Erwin, plaintively. "I don't see how we could resent it. It was simply a mistake on his part. And now you see, Lydia" —

"Oh, I see how my coming the way I have will seem to all these people!" cried Lydia, with passionate despair. "I know how it will seem to that married woman who lets a man be in love with her, and that old woman who can't live with her husband because he 's too good and kind, and that girl who swears and does n't know who her father is, and that impudent painter, and that officer who thinks he has the right to insult

women if he finds them alone! I wonder the sea does n't swallow up a place where even Americans go to the theatre on the Sabbath!"

"Lydia, Lydia! It is n't so bad as it seems to you," pleaded her aunt, thrown upon the defensive by the girl's outburst. "There are ever so many good and nice people in Venice, and I know them, too, — Italians as well as foreigners. And even amongst those you saw, Miss Landini is one of the kindest girls in the world, and she had just been to see her old teacher when we met her, — she half takes care of him; and Lady Fenleigh 's a perfect mother to the poor; and I never was at the Countess Tatocka's except in the most distant way, at a ball where everybody went; and is it better to let your uncle go to the opera alone, or to go with him? You told me to go with him yourself; and they consider Sunday over, on the Continent, after morning service, any way!"

"Oh, it makes no difference!" retorted Lydia, wildly. "I am going away. I am going home. I have money enough to get to Trieste, and the ship is there, and Captain Jenness will take me back with him. Oh!" she moaned. "*He* has been in Europe, too, and I suppose he 's like the rest of you; and he thought because I was alone and helpless he had the right to — Oh, I see it, I see now that he never meant anything, and — Oh, oh, oh!" She fell on her knees beside the bed, as if crushed to them by the cruel doubt that suddenly overwhelmed her, and flung out her arms on Mrs. Erwin's coverlet, — it was of Venetian lace sewed upon silk, a choice bit from the palace of one of the ducal families, — and buried her face in it.

Her aunt rose from her pillow, and looked in wonder and trouble at the beautiful fallen head, and the fair young figure shaken with sobs. "He — who — what are you talking about, Lydia? Whom do you mean? Did Captain Jenness" —

"No, no!" wailed the girl, "the one that gave me the book."

"The one that gave you the book? The book you were looking at last night?"

"Yes," sobbed Lydia, with her voice muffled in the coverlet.

Mrs. Erwin lay down again with significant deliberation. Her face was still full of trouble, but of bewilderment no longer. In moments of great distress the female mind is apt to lay hold of some minor anxiety for its distraction, and to find a certain relief in it. "Lydia," said her aunt in a broken voice, "I wish you would n't cry in the coverlet: it does n't hurt the lace, but it stains the silk." Lydia swept her handkerchief under her face but did not lift it. Her aunt accepted the compromise. "How came he to give you the book?"

"Oh, I don't know. I can't tell. I thought it was because — because — It was almost at the very beginning. And after that he walked up and down with me every night, nearly; and he tried to be with me all he could; and he was always saying things to make me think — Oh dear, oh *dear*, oh dear! And he *tried* to make me care for him! Oh, it was cruel, cruel!"

"You mean that he made love to you?" asked her aunt.

"Yes — no — I don't know. He tried to make me care for him, and to make me think he cared for me."

"Did he *say* he cared for you? Did he" —

"No!"

Mrs. Erwin mused awhile before she said, "Yes, it was cruel indeed, poor child, and it was cowardly, too."

"Cowardly?" Lydia lifted her face, and flashed a glance of tearful fire at her aunt. "He is the bravest man in the world! And the most generous and high-minded! He jumped into the sea after that wicked Mr. Hicks, and saved his life, when he disliked him worse than anything!"

"*Who* was Mr. Hicks?"

"He was the one that stopped at Messina. He was the one that got some brandy at Gibraltar, and behaved so dreadfully, and wanted to fight him."

"Whom?"

"This one. The one who gave me

the book. And don't you see that his being so good makes it all the worse? Yes; and he pretended to be glad when I told him I thought he was good, — he got me to say it!" She had her face down again in her handkerchief. "And I suppose *you* think it was horrible, too, for me to take his arm, and talk and walk with him whenever he asked me!"

"No, not for you, Lydia," said her aunt, gently. "And don't you think now," she asked after a pause, "that he cared for you?"

"Oh, I *did* think so, — I *did* believe it; but now, *now*" —

"Now, what?"

"Now, I'm afraid that may be he was only playing with me, and putting me off; and pretending that he had something to tell me when he got to Venice, and he never meant anything by anything."

"Is he coming to" — her aunt began, but Lydia broke vehemently out again.

"If he had cared for me, why could n't he have told me so at once, and not had me wait till he got to Venice? He *knew* I" —

"There are two ways of explaining it," said Mrs. Erwin. "He *may* have been in earnest, Lydia, and felt that he had no right to be more explicit till you were in the care of your friends. That would be the European way which you consider so bad. Under the circumstances it was impossible for him to keep any distance, and all he could do was to postpone his declaration till there could be something like good form about it. Yes, it might have been that." She was silent, but the troubled look did not leave her face. "I am sorry for you, Lydia," she resumed, "but I don't know that I wish he was in earnest." Lydia looked up at her in dismay. "It might be far less embarrassing the other way, however painful. He may not be at all a suitable person." The tears stood in Lydia's eyes, and all her face expressed a puzzled suspense. "Where was he from?" asked Mrs. Erwin, finally; till then she had been more interested in the lover than the man.

"Boston," mechanically answered Lydia.

"What was his name?"

"Mr. Staniford," owned Lydia, with a blush.

Her aunt seemed dispirited at the sound. "Yes, I know who they are," she sighed.

"And are n't they nice? Is n't he — suitable?" asked Lydia, tremulously.

"Oh, poor child! He 's only *too* suitable. I can't explain to you, Lydia; but at home he would n't have looked at a girl like you. What sort of looking person is he?"

"He 's rather — red; and he has — light hair."

"It must be the family I 'm thinking of," said Mrs. Erwin. She had lived nearly twenty years in Europe, and had seldom revisited her native city; but at the sound of a Boston name she was all Bostonian again. She rapidly sketched the history of the family to which she imagined Staniford to belong. "I remember his sister; I used to see her at school. She must have been five or six years younger than I; and this boy" —

"Why, he 's twenty-eight years old!" interrupted Lydia.

"How came he to tell you?"

"I don't know. He said that he looked thirty-four."

"Yes; *she* was always a forward thing, too, — with her freckles," said Mrs. Erwin, musingly, as if lost in reminiscences, not wholly pleasing, of Miss Staniford.

"*He* has freckles," admitted Lydia.

"Yes, it 's the one," said Mrs. Erwin. "He could n't have known what your family was from anything you said?"

"We never talked about our families."

"Oh, I dare say! You talked about yourselves?"

"Yes."

"All the time?"

"Pretty nearly."

"And he did n't try to find out who or what you were?"

"He asked a great deal about South Bradfield."

"Of course, — that was where he thought you had always belonged." Mrs. Erwin lay quiescent for a while, in apparent uncertainty as to how she should next attack the subject. "How did you first meet?"

Lydia began with the scene on Lucas Wharf, and little by little told the whole story up to the moment of their parting at Trieste. There were lapses and pauses in the story, which her aunt was never at a loss to fill aright. At the end she said, "If it were not for his promising to come here and see you, I should say Mr. Staniford had been flirting, and as it is he may not regard it as anything more than flirtation. Of course, there was his being jealous of Mr. Dunham and Mr. Hicks, as he certainly was; and his wanting to explain about that lady at Messina, — yes, that looked peculiar; but he may not have meant anything by it. His parting so at Trieste with you, — that might be either because he was embarrassed at its having got to be such a serious thing, or because he really felt badly. Lydia," she asked at last, "what made *you* think he cared for you?"

"I don't know," said the girl; her voice had sunk to a husky whisper. "I did n't believe it till he said he wanted me to be his — conscience, and tried to make me say he was good, and" —

"That 's a certain kind of man's way of flirting. It may mean nothing at all. I could tell in an instant, if I saw him."

"He said he would be here this afternoon," murmured Lydia, tremulously.

"This afternoon!" cried Mrs. Erwin. "I must get up!"

At her toilette she had the exaltation and fury of a champion arming for battle.

XXV.

Mr. Erwin entered about the completion of her preparations, and without turning round from her glass she said, "I want you to think of the worst thing you can, Henshaw. I don't see how I 'm ever to lift up my head again." As if this word had reminded her of her head, she turned it from side to side, and got the effect in the glass first of one ear-ring, and then of the other. Her husband patiently waited, and she now confronted him. "You may as well know first as last, Henshaw, and I want you to prepare yourself for it. Nothing can be done, and you will just have to live through it. Lydia — has come over — on that ship — alone, — with three young men, — and not the shadow — not the ghost — of another woman — on board!" Mrs. Erwin gesticulated with her hand-glass in delivering the words, in a manner at once intensely vivid and intensely solemn, yet somehow falling short of the due tragic effect. Her husband stood pulling his mustache straight down, while his wife turned again to the mirror, and put the final touches to her personal appearance with hands which she had the effect of having desperately washed of all responsibility. He stood so long in this meditative mood that she was obliged to be peremptory with his image in the glass. "Well?" she cried.

"Why, my dear," said Mr. Erwin, at last, "they were all Americans together, you know."

"And what difference does that make?" demanded Mrs. Erwin, whirling from his image to the man again.

"Why, of course, you know, it is n't as if they were — English." Mrs. Erwin flung down three hair-pins upon her dressing-case, and visibly despaired. "Of course you don't expect your countrymen" — His wife's appearance was here so terrible that he desisted, and resumed by saying, "Don't be vexed, my dear. I — I rather like it, you know. It strikes me as a genuine bit of American civilization."

"American civilization! Oh, Henshaw!" wailed Mrs. Erwin, "is it possible that after all I 've said, and done, and lived, you still think that any one but a girl from the greenest little country place could do such a thing as that? Well, it is no use trying to enlighten English people. You like it, do you? Well, I 'm not sure that the Englishman

who misunderstands American things and likes them is n't a little worse than the Englishman who misunderstands them and dislikes them. You *all* misunderstand them. And would you like it, if one of the young men had been making love to Lydia ? "

The amateur of our civilization hesitated and was serious, but he said at last, " Why, you know, I 'm not surprised. She 's so uncommonly pretty. I — I suppose they 're engaged ? " he suggested.

His wife held her peace for scorn. Then she said, " The gentleman is of a very good Boston family, and would no more think of engaging himself to a young girl without the knowledge of her friends than you would. Besides, he 's been in Europe a great deal."

" I wish I could meet some Americans who had n't been in Europe," said Mr. Erwin. " I should like to see what you call the simon-pure American. As for the young man's not engaging himself, it seems to me that he did n't avail himself of his national privileges. I should certainly have done it in his place, if I 'd been an American."

" Well, if you 'd been an American, you would n't," answered his wife.

" Why ? "

" Because an American would have had too much delicacy."

" I don't understand that."

" I know you don't, Henshaw. And there 's where you show yourself an Englishman."

" Really," said her husband, " you 're beginning to crow, my dear. Come, I like that a great deal better than your cringing to the effete despotisms of the Old World, as your Fourth of July orators have it. It 's almost impossible to get a bit of good honest bounce out of an American, nowadays, — to get him to spread himself, as you say."

" All that is neither here nor there, Henshaw," said his wife. " The question is how to receive Mr. Staniford — that 's his name — when he comes. How are we to regard him? He 's coming here to see Lydia, and she thinks he 's coming to propose."

" Excuse me, but how does she regard him ? "

" Oh, there 's no question about that, poor child. She 's *dead* in love with him, and can't understand why he did n't propose on shipboard."

" And she is n't an Englishman, either! " exulted Mr. Erwin. " It appears that there are Americans and Americans, and that the men of your nation have more delicacy than the women like."

" Don't be silly," said his wife. " Of course, women always think what they would do in such cases, if they were men; but if men did what women think they would do if they were men, the women would be disgusted."

" Oh! "

" Yes. Her feeling in the matter is no guide."

" Do you know his family? " asked Mr. Erwin.

" I think I do. Yes, I 'm sure I do."

" Are they nice people ? "

" Have n't I told you they were a good Boston family ? "

" Then, upon my word, I don't see that we 've to take any attitude at all. I don't see that we 've to regard him in one way or the other. It quite remains for him to make the first move."

As if they had been talking of nothing but dress before, Mrs. Erwin asked: " Do you think I look better in this black mexicaine, or would you wear your écru ? "

" I think you look very well in this. But why — He is n't going to propose to you, I hope ? "

" I must have on something decent to receive him in. What time does the train from Trieste get in ? "

" At three o'clock."

" It 's one, now. There 's plenty of time, but there is n't any too much. I 'll go and get Lydia ready. Or perhaps you 'll tap on her door, Henshaw, and send her here. Of course, this is the end of her voice, — if it is the end."

" It 's the end of having an extraordinarily pretty girl in the house. I don't at all like it, you know, — having her whisked away in this manner."

Mrs. Erwin refused to let her mind wander from the main point. "He 'll be round as soon as he can, after he arrives. I shall expect him by four, at the latest."

"I fancy he 'll stop for his dinner before he comes," said Mr. Erwin.

"Not at all," retorted his wife, haughtily. And with his going out of the room, she set her face in a resolute cheerfulness for the task of heartening Lydia when she should appear; but it only expressed misgiving when the girl came in with her yachting-dress on. "Why, Lydia, shall you wear that?"

Lydia swept her dress with a downward glance. "I thought I would wear it. I thought he — I should seem — more natural in it. I wore it all the time on the ship, except Sundays. He said — he liked it the best."

Mrs. Erwin shook her head. "It would n't do. Everything must be on a new basis now. He might like it; but it would be too romantic, would n't it, don't you think?" She shook her head still, but less decisively. "Better wear your silk. Don't you think you 'd better wear your silk? This is very pretty, and the dark blue does become you, awfully. Still, I don't know — *I* don't know, either! A great many English wear those careless things in the house. Well, *wear* it, Lydia! You *do* look perfectly killing in it. I 'll tell you: your uncle was going to ask you to go out in his boat; he 's got one he rows himself, and this is a boating costume; and you know you could time yourselves so as to get back just right, and you could come in with this on" —

Lydia turned pale. "Ought n't I — ought n't I — to be here?" she faltered.

Her aunt laughed gayly. "Why, he 'll ask for *me*, Lydia."

"For you?" asked Lydia, doubtfully.

"Yes. And I can easily keep him till you get back. If you 're here by four" —

"The train," said Lydia, "arrives at three."

"How did you know?" asked her aunt, keenly.

Lydia's eyelids fell even lower than their wont. "I looked it out in that railroad guide in the parlor."

Her aunt kissed her. "And you 've thought the whole thing out, dear, have n't you? I 'm glad to see you so happy about it."

"Yes," said the girl, with a fluttering breath, "I have thought it out, and *I believe him.* I" — She tried to say something more, but could not.

Mrs. Erwin rang the bell, and sent for her husband. "He knows about it, Lydia," she said. "He 's just as much interested as we are, dear, but you need n't be worried. He 's a perfect post for not showing a thing if you don't want him to. He 's really quite superhuman, in that, — equal to a woman. You can talk Americanisms with him. If we sat here staring at each other till four o'clock, — he *must* go to his hotel before he comes here; and I say four at the earliest; and it 's much more likely to be five or six, or perhaps evening, — I should die!"

Mr. Erwin's rowing was the wonder of all Venice. There was every reason why he should fall overboard at each stroke, as he stood to propel the boat in the gondolier fashion, except that he never yet had done so. It was sometimes his fortune to be caught on the shallows by the falling tide; but on that day he safely explored the lagoons, and returned promptly at four o'clock to the palace.

His wife was standing on the balcony looking out for them, and she smiled radiantly down into Lydia's anxiously lifted face. But when she met the girl at the head of the staircase in the great hall, she embraced her, and said, with the same gay smile, "He has n't come yet, dear, and of course he won't come till after dinner. If I had n't been as silly as you are, Lydia, I never should have let you expect him sooner. He 'll want to go to his hotel; and no matter how impatient he is, he 'll want to dress, and be a little ceremonious about his call. You know *we* 're strangers to him, whatever *you* are."

"Yes," said Lydia, mechanically. She was going to sit down, as she was;

of her own motion she would not have stirred from the place till he came, or it was certain he would not come; but her aunt would not permit the despair into which she saw her sinking.

She laughed resolutely, and said, "I think we must give up the little sentimentality of meeting him in that dress, now. Go and change it, Lydia. Put on your silk, — or wait: let me go with you. I want to try some little effects with your complexion. We 've experimented with the simple and familiar, and now we 'll see what can be done in the way of the magnificent and unexpected. I 'm going to astonish the young man with a Venetian beauty; you know you look Italian, Lydia."

"Yes, he said so," answered Lydia.

"Did he? That shows he has an eye, and he 'll appreciate what we are going to do."

She took Lydia to her own room, for the greater convenience of her experiments, and from that moment she did not allow her to be alone; she scarcely allowed her to be silent; she made her talk, she kept her in movement. At dinner she permitted no lapse. "Henshaw," she said, "Lydia has been telling me about a storm they had just before they reached Gibraltar. I wish you would tell her of the typhoon you were in when you first went out to India." Her husband obeyed; and then, recurring to the days of his long civil employment in India, he told stories of tiger-hunts, and of the Sepoy mutiny. Mrs. Erwin would not let them sit very long at table. After dinner she asked Lydia to sing, and she suffered her to sing all the American songs her uncle asked for. At eight o'clock, she said, with a knowing little look at Lydia, which included a sub-wink for her husband, "You may go to Florian's alone, this evening, Henshaw. Lydia and I are going to stay at home, and talk South Bradfield gossip. I 've hardly had a moment with her, yet." But when he was gone, she took Lydia to her own room again, and showed her all her jewelry, and passed the time in making changes in the girl's toilette.

It was like the heroic endeavor of the arctic voyager who feels the deadly chill in his own veins, and keeps himself alive by rousing his comrade from the torpor stealing over him. They saw in each other's eyes that if they yielded a moment to the doubt in their hearts they were lost.

At ten o'clock Mrs. Erwin said abruptly, "Go to bed, Lydia!" Then the girl broke down, and abandoned herself in a storm of tears. "Don't cry, dear, don't cry," pleaded her aunt. "He will be here in the morning, I know he will. He has been delayed."

"No, he 's not coming," said Lydia, through her sobs.

"Something has happened," urged Mrs. Erwin.

"No," said Lydia, as before. Her tears ceased as suddenly as they had come. She lifted her head, and drying her eyes looked into her aunt's face. "Are you ashamed of me?" she asked, hoarsely.

"Ashamed of you? Oh, poor child" —

"I can't pretend anything. If I had never told you about it at all, I could have kept it back till I died. Now — But you will never hear me speak of it again. It 's over." She took up her candle, and stiffly suffering the compassionate embrace with which her aunt clung to her, she walked across the great hall in the vain splendor in which she had been adorned, and shut the door behind her.

XXVI.

Dunham lay in a stupor for twenty-four hours, and after that he was delirious, with dim intervals of reason in which they kept him from talking, till one morning he woke and looked up at Staniford with a perfectly clear eye, and said, as if resuming the conversation, "I struck my head on a pile of chains."

"Yes," replied Staniford, with a wan smile, "and you 've been out of it pretty near ever since. You must n't talk."

"Oh, I 'm all right," said Dunham. "I know about my being hurt. I shall

be cautious. Have you written to Miss Hibbard? I hope you have n't!"

"Yes, I have," replied Staniford. "But I have n't sent the letter," he added, in answer to Dunham's look of distress. "I thought you were going to pull through, in spite of the doctor, — he 's wanted to bleed you, and I could hardly keep his lancet out of you, — and so I wrote, mentioning the accident and announcing your complete restoration. The letter merely needs dating and sealing. I'll look it up and have it posted." He began a search in the pockets of his coat, and then went to his portfolio.

"What day is this?" asked Dunham.

"Friday," replied Staniford, rummaging his desk.

"Have you been in Venice?"

"Look here, Dunham! If you begin in that way, I can't talk to you. It shows that you 're still out of your head. How could I have been in Venice?"

"But Miss Blood; the Aroostook" —

"Miss Blood went to Venice with her uncle last Saturday. The Aroostook is here in Trieste. The captain has just gone away. He 's stood watch and watch with me, while you were off on business."

"But did n't you go to Venice on Monday?"

"Well, hardly," answered Staniford.

"No, you stayed with me, — I see," said Dunham.

"Of course, I wrote to her at once," said Staniford, huskily, "and explained the matter as well as I could without making an ado about it. But now you stop, Dunham. If you excite yourself, there 'll be the deuce to pay again."

"I 'm not excited," said Dunham, "but I can't help thinking how disappointed — But of course you 've heard from her?"

"Well, there 's hardly time, yet," said Staniford, evasively.

"Why, yes, there is. Perhaps your letter miscarried."

"Don't!" cried Staniford, in a hollow under-voice, which he broke through to add, "Go to sleep, now, Dunham, or keep quiet, somehow."

Dunham was silent for a while, and Staniford continued his search, which he ended by taking the portfolio by one corner, and shaking its contents out on the table. "I don't seem to find it; but I 've put it away somewhere. I 'll get it." He went to another coat that hung on the back of a chair, and fumbled in its pockets. "Hollo! Here are those letters they brought me from the *poste restante* Saturday night, — Murray's, and Stanton's, and that bore Farrington's. I forgot all about them." He ran the unopened letters over in his hand. "Ah, here 's my familiar scrawl" — He stopped suddenly, and walked away to the window, where he stood with his back to Dunham.

"Staniford! What is it?"

"It 's — it 's my letter to *her*," said Staniford, without looking round.

"Your letter to Miss Blood — not gone?" Staniford, with his face still from him, silently nodded. "Oh!" moaned Dunham, in self-forgetful compassion. "How could it have happened?"

"I see perfectly well," said the other, quietly, but he looked round at Dunham with a face that was haggard. "I sent it out to be posted by the *portier*, and he got it mixed up with these letters for me, and brought it back."

The young men were both silent, but the tears stood in Dunham's eyes. "If it had n't been for me, it would n't have happened," he said.

"No," gently retorted Staniford, "if it had n't been for *me*, it would n't have happened. I made you come on from Messina with me, when you wanted to go straight to Rome; if I 'd had any sense, I should have spoken fully to her before we parted; and it was I who sent you to see if she were on the steamer, when you fell and hurt yourself. I know who 's to blame, Dunham. What day did I tell you this was?"

"Friday."

"A week! And I told her to expect me Monday afternoon. A week without a word or a sign of any kind! Well, I might as well take passage in the Aroostook, and go back to Boston again."

"Why, no!" cried Dunham, "you

must take the first train to Venice. Don't lose an instant. You can explain everything as soon as you see her."

Staniford shook his head. "If all her life had been different, if she were a woman of the world, it would be different; she would know how to account for some little misgivings on my part; but as it is she would n't know how to account for even the appearance of them. What she must have suffered all this week — I can't think of it!" He sat down and turned his face away. Presently he sprang up again. "But I 'm going, Dunham. I guess you won't die now; but you may die if you like. I would go over your dead body!"

"Now you are talking sense," said Dunham.

Staniford did not listen; he had got out his railroad guide and was studying it. "No; there are only those two trains a day. The seven o'clock has gone; and the next starts at ten tonight. Great heavens! I could walk it sooner! Dunham," he asked, "do you think I'd better telegraph?"

"What would you say?"

"Say that there 's been a mistake; that a letter miscarried; that I 'll be there in the morning; that" —

"Would n't that be taking her anxiety a little too much for granted?"

"Yes, that 's true. Well, you 've got your wits about you now, Dunham," cried Staniford, with illogical bitterness. "Very probably," he added, gloomily, "she does n't care anything for me, after all."

"That 's a good frame of mind to go in," said Dunham.

"Why is it?" demanded Staniford. "Did I ever presume upon any supposed interest in her?"

"You did at first," replied Dunham.

Staniford flushed angrily. But you cannot quarrel with a man lying helpless on his back; besides, what Dunham said was true.

The arrangements for Staniford's journey were quickly made, — so quickly that when he had seen the doctor, and had been down to the Aroostook and engaged Captain Jenness to come and take his place with Dunham for the next two nights, he had twelve hours on his hands before the train for Venice would leave, and he started at last with but one clear perception, — that at the soonest it must be twelve hours more before he could see her.

He had seemed intolerably slow in arriving on the train, but once arrived in Venice he wished that he had come by the steamboat, which would not be in for three hours yet. In despair he went to bed, considering that after he had tossed there till he could endure it no longer, he would still have the resource of getting up, which he would not have unless he went to bed. When he lay down, he found himself drowsy; and while he wondered at this, he fell asleep, and dreamed a strange dream, so terrible that he woke himself by groaning in spirit, a thing which, as he reflected, he had never done before. The sun was piercing the crevice between his shutters, and a glance at his watch showed him that it was eleven o'clock.

The shadow of his dream projected itself into his waking mood, and steeped it in a gloom which he could not escape. He rose and dressed, and meagrely breakfasted. Without knowing how he came there, he stood announced in Mrs. Erwin's parlor, and waited for her to receive him.

His card was brought in to her where she lay in bed. After supporting Lydia through the first sharp shock of disappointment, she had yielded to the prolonged strain, and the girl was now taking care of her. She gave a hysterical laugh as she read the name on the card Veronica brought, and crushing it in her hand, "He 's come!" she cried.

"I will not see him!" said Lydia instantly.

"No," assented her aunt. "It would n't be at all the thing. Besides, he 's asked for me. Your uncle might see him, but he 's out of the way; of course he *would* be out of the way. Now, let me see!" The excitement inspired her; she rose in bed, and called for the pretty sack in which she ordinarily breakfasted, and took a look at herself in a

hand-glass that lay on the bed. Lydia did not move; she scarcely seemed to breathe; but a swift pulse in her neck beat visibly. "If it would be decent to keep him waiting so long, I could dress, and see him myself. I 'm *well* enough." Mrs. Erwin again reflected. "Well," she said at last, "you must see him, Lydia."

"I" — began the girl.

"Yes, you. Some one must. It will be all right. On second thought, I believe I should send you, even if I were quite ready to go myself. This affair has been carried on so far on the American plan, and I think I shall let you finish it without my interference. Yes, as your uncle said when I told him, you 're all Americans together; and you *are*. Mr. Staniford has come to see you, though he asks for me. That 's perfectly proper; but I can't see him, and I want you to excuse me to him."

"What would you — what must I" — Lydia began again.

"No, Lydia," interrupted her aunt. "I won't tell you a thing. I might have advised you when you first came; but now, I — Well, I think I've lived too long in Europe to be of use in such a case, and I won't have anything to do with it. I won't tell you how to meet him, or what to say; but oh, child," — here the woman's love of loving triumphed in her breast, — "I wish I was in your place! Go!"

Lydia slowly rose, breathless.

"Lydia!" cried her aunt. "Look at me!" Lydia turned her head. "Are you going to be hard with him?"

"I don't know what he 's coming for," said Lydia, dishonestly.

"But if he 's coming for what you hope?"

"I don't hope for anything."

"But you did. Don't be severe. You 're terrible when you 're severe."

"I will be just."

"Oh, no, you must n't, my dear. It won't do at all to be *just* with men, poor fellows. Kiss me, Lydia!" She pulled her down, and kissed her. When the girl had got as far as the door, "Lydia, Lydia!" she called after her. Lydia turned. "Do you realize what dress you 've got on?" Lydia looked down at her robe; it was the blue flannel yachting-suit of the Aroostook, which she had put on for convenience in taking care of her aunt. "Is n't it too ridiculous?" Mrs. Erwin meant to praise the coincidence, not to blame the dress. Lydia smiled faintly for answer, and the next moment she stood at the parlor door.

Staniford, at her entrance, turned from looking out of the window and saw her as in his dream, with her hand behind her, pushing the door to; but the face with which she looked at him was not like the dead, sad face of his dream. It was thrillingly alive, and all passions were blent in it, — love, doubt, reproach, indignation; the tears stood in her eyes, but a fire burnt through the tears. With his first headlong impulse to console, explain, deplore, came a thought that struck him silent at sight of her. He remembered, as he had not till then remembered, in his wild longing and fearing, that there had not yet been anything explicit between them; that there was no engagement; and that upon the face of things, at least, he had no right to offer her more than some formal expression of regret for not having been able to keep his promise to come sooner. While this stupefying thought gradually filled his whole sense to the exclusion of all else, he stood looking at her with a dumb and helpless appeal, inexpressively stunned and wretched. He felt the life die out of his face and leave it blank, and when at last she spoke, he knew that it was in pity of him, or contempt of him. "Mrs. Erwin is not well," she said, "and she wished me" —

But he broke in upon her: "Oh, don't talk to me of Mrs. Erwin! It was you I wanted to see. Are *you* well? Are you alive? Do you" — He stopped as precipitately as he began; and after another hopeless pause, he went on piteously: "I don't know where to begin. I ought to have been here five days ago. I don't know what you think of me, or whether you have thought of me at all; and before I can

ask I must tell you why I wanted to come then, and why I come now, and why I think I must have come back from the dead to see you. You are all the world to me, and have been ever since I saw you. It seems a ridiculously unnecessary thing to say, I have been looking and acting and living it so long; but I say it, because I choose to have you know it, whether you ever cared for me or not. I thought I was coming here to explain why I had not come sooner, but I need n't do that unless — unless " — He looked at her where she still stood aloof, and he added: " Oh, answer me something, for pity's sake! Don't send me away without a word. There have been times when you would n't have done that!"

" Oh, I *did* care for you!" she broke out. " You know I did " —

He was instantly across the room beside her. " Yes, yes, I know it!" But she shrank away.

" You tried to make me believe you cared for me, by everything you could do. And I did believe you then; and yes, I believed you afterwards, when I did n't know what to believe. You were the one true thing in the world to me. But it seems that you did n't believe it yourself."

" That I did n't believe it myself? That I — I don't know what you mean."

" You took a week to think it over! Well, I have had the week, too, and I have thought it over, too. You have come too late."

" Too late? You don't, you can't, mean — Listen to me, Lydia; I want to tell you " —

" No, there 's nothing you can tell me that would change me. I know it, I understand it all."

" But you don't understand what kept me."

" I don't wish to know what made you break your word. I don't care to know. I could n't go back and feel as I did to you! Oh, that 's gone! It is n't that you did n't come — that you made me wait and suffer; but you knew how it would be with me after I got here, and all the things I should find out, and how I should feel! And you stayed away! I don't know whether I can forgive you, even; oh, I 'm afraid I don't; but I can never care for you again. Nothing but a case of life and death " —

" It was a case of life and death!"

Lydia stopped in her reproaches, and looked at him with wistful doubt, changing to a tender fear.

" Oh, have you been hurt? Have you been sick? " she pleaded, in a breaking voice, and made some unconscious movement towards him. He put out his hand, and would have caught one of hers, but she clasped them in each other.

" No, not I, — Dunham " —

" Oh!" said Lydia, as if this were not at all enough.

" He fell and struck his head, the night you left. I thought he would die." Staniford reported his own diagnosis, not the doctor's; but he was perhaps in the right to do this. " I had made him go down to the wharf with me; I wanted to see you again, before you started, and I thought we might find you on the boat." He could see her face relenting; her hands released each other. " He was delirious till yesterday. I could n't leave him."

" Oh, why did n't you write to me? " She ignored Dunham as completely as if he had never lived. " You knew that I " — Her lips trembled, and her breast rose.

" I did write " —

" But how — I never got it."

" No, — it was not posted, through a cruel blunder. And then I thought — I got to thinking that you did n't care " —

" Oh!" said the girl. " Could you doubt me? "

" You doubted me," said Staniford, seizing his advantage. " I brought the letter with me to prove *my* truth." She did not look at him, but she took the letter, and ran it greedily into her pocket. " It 's well I did so, since you don't believe my word."

" Oh, yes, — yes, I know it," she said; " I never doubted it!" Staniford stood bemazed, though he knew enough

to take the hands she yielded him; but she suddenly caught them away again, and set them against his breast. "I was very wrong to suspect you ever; I 'm sorry I did; but there 's something else. I don't know how to say what I want to say. But it must be said."

"Is it something disagreeable?" asked Staniford lightly.

"It 's right," answered Lydia, unsmilingly.

"Oh, well, don't say it!" he pleaded; "or don't say it now; — not till you 've forgiven me for the anxiety I 've caused you; not till you 've praised me for trying to do what I thought the right thing. You can't imagine how hard it was for one who has n't the habit!"

"I do praise you for it. There 's nothing to forgive *you;* but I can't let you care for me unless I know — unless" — She stopped, and then, "Mr. Staniford," she began firmly, "since I came here, I 've been learning some things that I did n't know before. They have changed the whole world to me, and it can never be the same again."

"I 'm sorry for that; but if they have n't changed you, the world may go."

"No, not if we 're to live in it," answered the girl, with the soberer wisdom women keep at such times. "It will have to be known how we met. What will people say? They will laugh."

"I don't think they will in my presence," said Staniford, with swelling nostrils. "They may use their pleasure elsewhere."

"And I should n't care for their laughing, either," said Lydia. "But oh, why did you come?"

"Why did I come?"

"Was it because you felt bound by anything that 's happened, and you would n't let me bear the laugh alone? I 'm not afraid for myself. I shall never blame you. You can go perfectly free."

"But I don't want to go free!"

Lydia looked at him with piercing earnestness. "Do you think I 'm proud?" she asked.

"Yes, I think you are," replied Staniford, vaguely.

"It is n't for myself that I should be proud with other people. But I would rather die than bring ridicule upon any one I — upon you."

"I can believe that," said Staniford, devoutly, and patiently reverencing the delay of her scruples.

"And if — and" — Her lips trembled, but she steadied her trembling voice. "If they laughed at you, and thought of me in a slighting way because" — Staniford gave a sort of roar of grief and pain to know how her heart must have been wrung before she could come to this. "You were all so good that you did n't let me think there was anything strange about it" —

"Oh, good heavens! We only did what it was our precious and sacred privilege to do! We were all of one mind about it from the first. But don't torture yourself about it, my darling. It 's over, now; it 's past — no, it 's present, and it will always be, forever, the dearest and best thing in life. Lydia, do you believe that I love you?"

"Oh, I must!"

"And don't you believe that I 'm telling you the truth when I say that I would n't, for all the world can give or take, change anything that 's been?"

"Yes, I do believe you. Oh, I have n't said at all what I wanted to say! There was a great deal that I ought to say. I can't seem to recollect it."

He smiled to see her grieving at this surcease of her memory to her conscience. "Well, you shall have a whole lifetime to recall it in."

"No, I must try to speak now. And you must tell me the truth now, no matter what it costs either of us." She laid her hands upon his extended arms, and grasped them intensely. "There 's something else. I want to ask you what *you* thought when you found me alone on that ship with all of you." If she had stopped at this point, Staniford's cause might have been lost, but she went on: "I want to know whether you were ever ashamed of me, or despised me for it; whether you ever felt that because I was helpless and friendless there, you had the right to think less of me than if you had first met me here in this house."

It was still a terrible question, but it offered a loop-hole of escape, which Staniford was swift to seize. Let those who will justify the answer with which he smiled into her solemn eyes: "I will leave you to say." A generous uncandor like this goes as far with a magnanimous and serious-hearted woman as perhaps anything else.

"Oh, I knew it, I knew it!" cried Lydia. And then, as he caught her to him at last, "Oh — oh — are you *sure* it 's right?"

"I have no doubt of it," answered Staniford. Nor had he any question of the strategy by which he triumphed in this crucial test. He may have thought that there were always explanations that had to be made afterwards, or he may have believed that he had expiated in what he had done and suffered for her any slight which he had felt; possibly, he considered that she had asked more than she had a right to do. It is certain that he said with every appearance of sincerity, "It began the moment I saw you on the wharf, there, and when I came to know my mind I kept it from you only till I could tell you here. But now I wish I had n't! Life is too short for such a week as this."

"No," said Lydia, "you acted for the best, and you are — good."

"I 'll keep that praise till I 've earned it," answered Staniford.

XXVII.

In the Campo Santi Apostoli at Venice, there stands, a little apart from the church of that name, a chapel which has been for many years the place of worship for the Lutheran congregation. It was in this church that Staniford and Lydia were married six weeks later, before the altar under Titian's beautiful picture of Christ breaking bread.

The wedding was private, but it was not quite a family affair. Miss Hibbard had come on with her mother from Rome, to complete Dunham's cure, and she was there with him perfectly recovered; he was not quite content, of course, that the marriage should not take place in the English chapel, but he was largely consoled by the candles burning on the altar. The Aroostook had been delayed by repairs which were found necessary at Trieste, and Captain Jenness was able to come over, and represent the ship at the wedding ceremony, and at the lunch which followed. He reserved till the moment of parting a supreme expression of good-will. When he had got a hand of Lydia's and one of Staniford's in each of his, with his wrists crossed, he said, "Now, I ain't one to tack round, and stand off and on a great deal, but what I want to say is just this: the Aroostook sails next week, and if you two are a mind to go back in her, the ship 's yours, as I said to Miss Blood, here, — I mean Mis' Staniford; well, I *hain't* had much time to get used to it! — when she first come aboard there at Boston. I don't mean any pay; I want you to go back as my guests. You can use the cabin for your parlor; and I promise you I won't take any other passengers *this* time. I declare," said Captain Jenness, lowering his voice, and now referring to Hicks for the first time since the day of his escapade, "I did feel dreadful about that fellow!"

"Oh, never mind," replied Staniford. "If it had n't been for Hicks perhaps I might n't have been here." He exchanged glances with his wife, that showed they had talked all that matter over.

The captain grew confidential. "Mr. Mason told me he saw you lending that chap money. I hope he did n't give you the slip?"

"No; it came to me here at Blumenthals' the other day."

"Well, that 's right! It all worked together for good, as you say. Now you come!"

"What do you say, my dear?" asked Staniford, on whom the poetic fitness of the captain's proposal had wrought.

Women are never blinded by romance, however much they like it in the abstract. "It 's coming winter. Do you think you would n't be seasick?" re-

turned the bride of an hour, with the practical wisdom of a matron.

Staniford laughed. "She 's right, captain. I 'm no sailor. I 'll get home by the all-rail route as far as I can."

Captain Jenness threw back his head and laughed too. "Good! That 's about it." And he released their hands, so as to place one hairy paw on a shoulder of each. "You 'll get along together, I guess."

"But we 're just as much obliged to you as if we went, Captain Jenness. And tell all the crew that I 'm homesick for the Aroostook, and thank them all for being so kind to me; and I thank *you*, Captain Jenness!" Lydia looked at her husband, and then startled the captain with a kiss.

He blushed all over, but carried it off as boldly as he could, "Well, well," he said, "that 's right! If you change your minds before the Aroostook sails, you let me know."

This affair made a great deal of talk in Venice, where the common stock of leisure is so great that each person may without self-reproach devote a much larger share of attention to the interests of the others than could be given elsewhere. The decorous fictions in which Mrs. Erwin draped the singular facts of the acquaintance and courtship of Lydia and Staniford were what never ceased to astonish and amuse him, and he abetted them without scruple. He found her worldliness as innocent as the unworldliness of Lydia, and he gave Mrs. Erwin his hearty sympathy when she ingenuously owned that the effort to throw dust in the eyes of her European acquaintance was simply killing her. He found endless refreshment in the contemplation of her attitude towards her burdensome little world, and in her reasons for enslaving herself to it. He was very good friends with both of the Erwins. When he could spare the time from Lydia, he went about with her uncle in his boat, and respected his skill in rowing it without falling overboard. He could not see why any one should be so much interested in the American character and dialect as Mr. Erwin was; but he did not object, and he reflected that after all they were not what their admirer supposed them.

The Erwins came with the Stanifords as far as Paris on their way home, and afterwards joined them in California, where Staniford bought a ranch, and found occupation if not profit in its management. Once cut loose from her European ties, Mrs. Erwin experienced an incomparable repose and comfort in the life of San Francisco; it was, she declared, the life for which she had really been adapted, after all; and in the climate of Santa Barbara she found all that she had left in Italy. In that land of strange and surprising forms of every sort, her husband has been very happy in the realization of an America surpassing even his wildest dreams, and he has richly stored his note-book with philological curiosities. He hears around him the vigorous and imaginative locutions of the Pike language, in which, like the late Canon Kingsley, he finds a Scandinavian hugeness; and pending the publication of his Hand-Book of Americanisms, he is in confident search of the miner who says "which the same." Like other English observers, friendly and unfriendly, he does not permit the facts to interfere with his preconceptions.

Staniford's choice long remained a mystery to his acquaintances, and was but partially explained by Mrs. Dunham, when she came home. "Why, I suppose he fell in love with her," she said. "Of course, thrown together in that way, as they were, for six weeks, it might have happened to anybody; but James Staniford was always the most consummate flirt that breathed; and he never could see a woman, without coming up, in that metaphysical way of his, and trying to interest her in him. He was always laughing at women, but there never was a man who cared more for them. From all that I could learn from Charles, he began by making fun of her, and all at once he became perfectly infatuated with her. I don't see why. I never could get Charles to tell me anything remarkable that she said or did. She was simply a country girl,

with country ideas, and no sort of cultivation. Why, there was *nothing* to her. He 's done the wisest thing he could by taking her out to California. She never would have gone down, here. I suppose James Staniford knew that as well as any of us; and if he finds it worth while to bury himself with her there, we 've no reason to complain. She did *sing*, wonderfully; that is, her voice was perfectly divine. But of course that 's all over, now. She did n't seem to care much for it; and she really knew so little of life that I don't believe she could form the idea of an artistic career, or feel that it was any sacrifice to give it up. James Staniford was n't worth any such sacrifice; but she could n't know that, either. She was good, I suppose. She was very stiff, and she had n't a word to say for herself. I think she was cold. To be sure, she was a beauty; I really never saw anything like it, — that pale complexion some brunettes have, with her hair growing low, and such eyes and lashes!"

"Perhaps the beauty had something to do with his falling in love with her," suggested a listener. The ladies present tried to look as if this ought not to be sufficient.

"Oh, very likely," said Mrs. Dunham. She added, with an air of being the wreck of her former self, "But we all know what becomes of *beauty* after marriage."

The mind of Lydia's friends had been expressed in regard to her marriage, when the Stanifords, upon their arrival home from Europe, paid a visit to South Bradfield. It was in the depths of the winter following their union, and the hill country, stern and wild even in midsummer, wore an aspect of savage desolation. It was sheeted in heavy snow, through which here and there in the pastures a craggy bowlder lifted its face and frowned, and along the woods the stunted pines and hemlocks blackened against a background of leafless oaks and birches. A northwest wind cut shrill across the white wastes, and from the crests of the billowed drifts drove a scud of stinging particles in their faces, while the sun, as high as that of Italy, coldly blazed from a cloudless blue sky. Ezra Perkins, perched on the seat before them, stiff and silent as if he were frozen there, drove them from Bradfield Junction to South Bradfield in the long wagon-body set on bob-sleds, with which he replaced his Concord coach in winter. At the station he had sparingly greeted Lydia, as if she were just back from Greenfield, and in the interest of personal independence had ignored a faint motion of hers to shake hands; at her grandfather's gate he set his passengers down without a word, and drove away, leaving Staniford to get in his trunk as he might.

"Well, I declare," said Miss Maria, who had taken one end of the trunk in spite of him, and was leading the way up through the path cleanly blocked out of the snow, "that Ezra Perkins is enough to make you wish he 'd *stayed* in Dakoty!"

Staniford laughed, as he had laughed at everything on the way from the station, and had probably thus wounded Ezra Perkins's susceptibilities. The village houses, separated so widely by the one long street, with each its path neatly tunneled from the roadway to the gate; the meeting-house, so much vaster than the present needs of worship, and looking blue-cold with its never-renewed single coat of white paint; the graveyard set in the midst of the village, and showing, after Ezra Perkins's disappearance, as many signs of life as any other locality, realized in the most satisfactory degree his theories of what winter must be in such a place as South Bradfield. The burning smell of the sheet-iron stove in the parlor, with its battlemented top of filigree iron work; the grimness of the horse-hair-covered best furniture; the care with which the old-fashioned fire-places had been walled up, and all accessible character of the period to which the house belonged had been effaced, gave him an equal pleasure. He went about with his arm around Lydia's waist, examining these things, and yielding to the joy they caused him, when they were alone. "Oh, my darling," he said, in one of these accesses

of delight, "when I think that it 's my privilege to take you away from all this, I begin to feel not so very unworthy, after all."

But he was very polite, as Miss Maria owned, when Mr. and Mrs. Goodlow came in during the evening, with two or three unmarried ladies of the village, and he kept them from falling into the frozen silence which habitually expresses social enjoyment in South Bradfield when strangers are present. He talked about the prospects of Italian advancement to an equal state of intellectual and moral perfection with rural New England, while Mr. Goodlow listened, rocking himself back and forth in the hair-cloth arm-chair. Deacon Latham, passing his hand continually along the stove battlements, now and then let his fingers rest on the sheet-iron till he burnt them, and then jerked them suddenly away, to put them back the next moment, in his absorbing interest. Miss Maria, amidst a murmur of admiration from the ladies, passed sponge-cake and coffee: she confessed afterwards that the evening had been so brilliant to her as to seem almost wicked; and the other ladies, who owned to having lain awake all night on her coffee, said that if they *had* enjoyed themselves they were properly punished for it.

When they were gone, and Lydia and Staniford had said good night, and Miss Maria, coming in from the kitchen with a hand-lamp for her father, approached the marble-topped centre-table to blow out the large lamp of pea-green glass with red woollen wick, which had shed the full radiance of a sun-burner upon the festival, she faltered at a manifest unreadiness in the old man to go to bed, though the fire was low, and they had both resumed the drooping carriage of people in going about cold houses. He looked excited, and, so far as his unpracticed visage could intimate the emotion, joyous.

"Well, there, Maria!" he said. "You can't say but what he 's a master-hand to converse, any way. I d' know as I ever see Mr. Goodlow more struck up with any one. He looked as if every word done him good; I presume it put him in mind of meetin's with brother ministers; I don't suppose but what he misses it some, here. You can't say but what he 's a fine appearin' young man. I d' know as I see anything wrong in his kind of dressin' up to the nines, as you may say. As long 's he 's got the money, I don't see what harm it is. It 's all worked for good, Lyddy's going out that way; though it did seem a mysterious providence at the time."

"Well!" began Miss Maria. She paused, as if she had been hurried too far by her feelings, and ought to give them a check before proceeding. "Well, I don't presume you 'd notice it, but she 'd got a spot on her silk, so 't a whole breadth 's got to come out, and be let in again bottom side up. I guess there 's a pair of 'em, for carelessness." She waited a moment before continuing: "I d' know as I like to see a husband puttin' his arm round his wife, even when he don't suppose any one 's lookin'; but I d' know but what it' s natural, too. But it 's one comfort to see 't she ain't the least mite silly about *him*. He 's dreadful freckled." Miss Maria again paused thoughtfully, while her father burnt his fingers on the stove for the last time, and took them definitively away. "I don't say but what he talked well enough, as far forth as talkin' goes; Mr. Goodlow said at the door 't he did n't know 's he ever passed *many* such evenin's since he 'd been in South Bradfield, and I d' know as *I* have. I presume he has his faults; we ain't any of us perfect; but he *does* seem terribly wrapped up in Lyddy. I don't say but what he 'll make her a good husband, if she must *have* one. I don't suppose but what people might think, as you may say, 't she 'd made out pretty well; and if Lyddy 's suited, I d' know as anybody else has got any call to be over particular."

W. D. Howells.

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see
In the Chamber over the Gate
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far nor near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
The voice comes like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair.
O Absalom, my son.

He goes forth from the door,
Who shall return no more.
With him our joy departs;
The light goes out in our hearts;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son!

That 't is a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross;
And forever the cry will be
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!"

Henry W. Longfellow.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONEERING IN THE SENATE.

WHATEVER may be said against presidential third terms, there is no question that many strong arguments may be urged in favor of having all presidents elected twice. One of the strongest of these is that the practice would save an enormous amount of excitement and anxiety, an economy which, in the case of a nervous and excitable people like ourselves, is a matter of importance. It has been often pointed out that the political crisis through which the United States passes once in every four years has not its parallel in any other civilized country. In Europe they have no doubt frequent ministerial crises; but these, as they do not involve a popular election, do not as a general thing arouse popular passions; indeed, as they frequently assume a theatrical or spectacular character, a certain number of well-known politicians acting their part on the stage, the people looking on as the audience, they often furnish a healthy sort of political amusement to large masses of citizens, who derive all the pleasure from it which a well-acted play would give, without being obliged to pay anything to the government except their regular taxes for their admission. In the United States, on the other hand, every four years the whole country is convulsed over a struggle in which the fiercest passions of our common nature are stirred to their depths, and the voting population is divided into two hostile parties, each of which gradually persuades itself that the salvation not merely of the United States, but of the world at large, depends upon its success. There is no doubt that a great deal of the rage and fury of presidential campaigns would be saved by the practice of electing all presidents for a second term by means of an effectively corrupted civil service in connection with a subsidized press, and if done two or three times it could hardly fail to ripen into a permanent practice. No doubt moralists and reformers will say that such a practice is one of the most frightful evils that can threaten a free government, that it entails dangers to the very existence of democracy; but then moralists and reformers are always grumbling and uttering warnings of this sort, in order that they may be able to take advantage of anything that goes wrong, and claim the credit of having predicted it. Of course, so long as the party in opposition refused to adapt itself to the practice, there would be a good deal of nervousness and anxiety in its ranks as the time for reelection came round; but even then the party in power would be saved a great deal of wear and tear, while as soon as it became an understood thing, the process of reëlection would become merely formal, and it would only be at the end of eight years that the opposition would really feel bound to bring on an old-fashioned presidential campaign. The principal difficulty in carrying on the government of free countries has long been recognized by publicists as being the fact that there are always at least *two*

parties, and it has been the aim of some of the greatest practical politicians the world has ever seen, from Cæsar to Jefferson Davis, and even later, to reduce this number to one. Just so far as they have succeeded, peace and quiet have followed; and just so far as the attempt is successful in this country, peace and quiet will follow. Some persons may think it is utopian to hope for such a change in public sentiment as will allow the habitual reëlection of presidents for a second term, in the interest of political quiet, but there are some striking instances of a similar sort of acquiescence. In Massachusetts, in ordinary times, the democratic party goes through the form of nominating state officers, but without any expectation of electing them; and it is only once in about twenty years that a political crisis occurs there. In the Southern States, for several years after the war, the practice of reëlecting the republican ticket was brought to a state of perfection equaled only by the regularity with which the democratic ticket is now reëlected; and between reëlecting a ticket and reëlecting a man there is very little difference in principle.

But the approaching campaign of 1880 will not allow us to indulge in such dreams of a perfect state for the present. During the campaign of 1876 both presidential candidates pledged themselves not to run for a second term, and so we are confronted already with the certainty that within a year we shall be plunged in a crisis of most unexampled magnitude, in which father will be pitted against son, and husband against wife, throughout the land, over the merits of two candidates for the presidency, who will respectively represent all that is vile, wicked, and hideous, or pure, lovely, and of good report, as the case may be. Mr. Hayes's term is regarded by the leading politicians as a sort of interregnum, during which all that it is necessary for statesmen to do is to be preparing for the struggle over the succession. Already in Washington they have begun this preparation, and it is not too much to say that the campaign of 1880 has already opened there.

The place in which it has begun is the senate; for though it has often been observed that no eminent senator ever made the step from the senate chamber to the White House, this has not in the least diminished the interest taken in the attempt, and for obvious reasons. During the year before the formal opening of a campaign, the senate offers an excellent field for presidential electioneering. It offers this through the senatorial control of patronage, and also through the debates, the reasoning of statesmen on the subject being of this sort: presidents are elected by the States, but they are nominated by conventions; the first step to an election is, consequently, a nomination by the convention. This convention is made up of delegates from the States, and the States tell in the convention very much as they do in the election; that is, the largest States count very heavily, and the smallest States not at all. Therefore, it is very clear that the statesman who desires to secure the presidency must start either by securing the delegation from some large State, or by making his name so well known and popular that when it is brought before the convention there will be a spontaneous movement (common enough in such bodies) to support him. The first is the safest method; the second is the most interesting. To make use of the first is easier for a senator of the party in power than for any one else, because delegations to conventions are largely composed of, or closely connected with, the office-holding class, and the office-holders in any State derive their official being and opportunities of political usefulness to an enormous extent from senatorial patronage. By its skillful use, the officers in a State may be, in the course of a few years, packed so thoroughly that the state delegation to the presidential convention will with mathematical accuracy represent the views of the senator to whose exertions and activity its members owe their positions.

The proceedings of the senate this winter have already furnished instances of the two methods in the great "outrage debate" by which the present ses-

sion was opened, and the manœuvring with regard to the New York custom-house appointments, which has taken place in the secrecy of executive session, and of which the newspapers have taken care to furnish careful reports. The connection between outrage debates and presidential electioneering is not very far to seek. The great value of such a debate to a presidential candidate lies in the fact that it furnishes a noble opportunity for oratory, without entailing any disagreeable responsibility. You may take any view of outrages that you please, but there is one thing which you cannot persuade yourself or anybody else, and that is that an outrage debate will lead to any practical legislation or actual interference with the domestic affairs of the South. The reasoning of the leading statesmen who from time to time take part in outrage debates may be stated somewhat in this way:—

The Southern question is practically settled by the restoration of all the Southern States to the Union. They will all unquestionably manage their affairs in the future for themselves, and among the rest they will deal with the negro question. This is a proposition capable of almost mathematical demonstration. There are some things in politics about which prediction is possible. It is perfectly safe, for instance, to predict that neither the present Congress nor the next one will impeach the president, for the simple reason that the requisite majority could not be found in the senate. It is perfectly safe to predict that the next Congress will not pass a bill recognizing rebel war claims, for if it did the president would veto it, and there would not be a sufficient majority in either house to pass it over the veto. For somewhat analogous reasons, it is perfectly safe to predict that the negro question will be left where Mr. Hayes's administration has wisely preferred to leave it; at least as long as the present generation is on the stage. It is quite clear that no more laws or constitutional amendments on the subject can be passed, because the parties in both houses, and in the country at large, are too evenly divided. Again, the proposal that in congressional elections the United States may interfere to see that the voting is fair and the returns correct, though theoretically perfectly proper, can never be made to help negro suffrage much, because these elections are few and far between, only relate to the choice of congressmen, and therefore are a small part of the electoral machinery in any State. The negro derives his political education from the ordinary local elections for town, or city, or state officers, and if in these he is systematically defrauded of his right to vote, or made to vote in a particular way, it will make very little difference whether, in the comparatively infrequent congressional elections, the federal government interferes to protect him.

For these reasons it will be seen that to a statesman outrages present a rare opportunity for activity. On most questions the danger of taking a decided stand is very great: if you are unsuccessful in carrying your ideas into effect, you are not regarded with favor by those who are interested in seeing them carried out; if you are successful, you make many enemies, and are held responsible for the consequences. But with regard to outrages there are no consequences. No legislation is possible, and consequently the debate generally turns on the abstract question whether there are or are not outrages. This question has been investigated ever since the close of the war, and the investigation has led to a general belief throughout the North that there are outrages, and to the steadfast assertion throughout the South that there are none. The negro, who after all is principally interested, has, while the discussion has been going on, practically lost his power as a holder of the right of suffrage, and accordingly his opinion as to whether he is a victim of outrages or not has ceased to be of much importance in the view taken of the matter at Washington. On the whole, there can be no safer subject for a presidential candidate to take a stand upon than outrages.

The Washington public understand

this perfectly well, and the attentive crowd which fills the senate galleries on such an occasion as that which marked the opening of the present session is not brought together by an interest in the negro, or by the old war feeling, but by a desire to see and hear a number of the most prominent presidential candidates of both parties get into a heated argument. A debate in the senate on the eve of a presidential campaign brings out the leading contestants for the prize, and gives them an opportunity to prove their prowess. None of them may ever get into the White House, but many of them will come at least very near it, and until the struggle is over it is the competition, not the result, that is interesting.

The senate, for several reasons, offers a much better field for such a display than the house ever can. The oratory of the senate and that of the house are different, both from physical and moral causes. In the house, the noise and confusion, even under the most favorable circumstances, are so great that the first requisite in a good speaker is a good pair of lungs. The mere fact that a member of Congress speaking on one side of the house can make himself heard on the other puts him forward at once as an important person. A loud, far-reaching voice in such a body commands respect, just as magnitude of intellect or eminence in virtue does elsewhere. Inasmuch as nine tenths of the members cannot be heard at all, and speak under the disadvantage of relying for an audience on the circulation of an official record which does not circulate, a member with a loud voice is at once felt to be by so much better than his fellows that while they can obtain leave to print he can actually make them listen to what he says. It is not necessary that the substance of what he utters should be either wise or true; if he merely knows what he wants, it is enough. The natural tendency of the human mind is to credulity, and the congressman who really hears an argument (in cases where he has no antecedent bias) is apt to believe it, at least until some opposing speaker, with an equally loud voice, succeeds in making him aware that there are also arguments on the other side. So in any evenly divided debate, the decision of the house may very likely turn upon the relative strength of lung of the leaders of the two sides. This, however, is not by any means true of the senate. The chamber of that body being much smaller than the representatives' hall, the carrying power of the voice becomes of less importance, and moral or intellectual force of greater consequence. It is almost possible for everybody to hear Mr. Conkling and Mr. Blaine, even when they speak in an ordinary tone; and therefore they have an opportunity of applying oratorical skill to other purposes than those of making it apparent to their fellow-senators that some one is speaking. There is another reason for the greater interest of the senate debates, and that is that the parliamentary law of the latter body is much the less complicated of the two. The rules of the house are so difficult of acquirement or ready application that some of the greatest men in it spend six or eight years in making themselves thoroughly familiar with them; and having devoted all their time to this, when they finally secure their position as leaders, they find that their mastery of the rules has precluded their making themselves masters of the subjects to which the rules relate; and so it is not uncommon to see a "leader" in the house, while readily keeping control of a bill, or fastening an amendment to one against the wishes of its supporters, and so defeating it, sadly deficient in a rudimentary knowledge of law or political economy, and in consequence failing as an orator, from the difficulty of "conveying to others ideas of which he is not himself possessed." In the senate the comparative simplicity of the rules makes it practicable for statesmen to devote a portion of their time to the consideration of public questions; and also to the art of oratory, as a means of presenting the views on public questions which they may happen to hold.

There are four or five members of the senate who are recognized as the effect-

ive speakers of the body, Messrs. Blaine, Conkling, Thurman, Bayard, and Edmunds. Of these the last cannot properly be considered an orator, since his speaking is totally without ornament, and derives its weight solely from a judicial manner, and from the knowledge and keenness which lie behind it. He has indeed carried indifference of his audience to an extreme, for in the galleries of the senate it is almost impossible to hear him. He is, however, always listened to carefully on the floor; among other reasons, because he has a considerable power of sarcasm, and has earned the reputation of "saying unpleasant things in an unpleasant way." Mr. Bayard also avoids rhetorical artifice almost entirely, and relies greatly upon the inherent strength of his arguments. He seldom discusses a subject without thorough preparation, and his speeches, whether on financial or constitutional topics, are always worth careful study, while his high character lends an additional weight to his reasoning. Mr. Thurman's strength lies in his passionate conviction for the moment that he is right. Whatever view may be taken of his opinions or his consistency, there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who hears him that at the time he firmly believes in them. He is also a thoroughly good lawyer, and quick at repartee. Repartee, it must be observed, plays a great part in the debates of the senate and house, and is a doubly effective weapon in Washington, because it not only may turn the tables on an opponent at the time, but it alone, of all parts of a debate, is published the next morning in every newspaper throughout the country, and is read and remembered by the public, even when the subject of the discussion itself is consigned to general oblivion. In the house this is carried so far that even the most elementary forms of repartee are considered admissible, as being at least better than nothing at all, and when repartee fails, abuse not infrequently passes muster as a substitute. In the senate, of course, abuse is rare, but repartee is often indulged in to good purpose. Sometimes it takes a rather refined and subtle form, as when Senator Conkling studiously read proofs during Mr. Blaine's great speech on outrages. But it corroborates what has just been said that this act was noted as one of the most important parts of the debate, and was telegraphed to all the newspapers that night.

To describe Mr. Conkling's oratory would require a good deal of space. He is by common consent one of the best speakers in the United States, and yet it is difficult to say in what the secret of his power consists. He is certainly not persuasive; nor is he passionate or vehement, nor is he graceful or elegant. Some one in Washington, being asked to explain where his strength lay, expressed the opinion that his forte was "prolixity and anti-climax;" but it is unnecessary to say that this was the description of an enemy. There is no doubt that he has considerable power of sarcasm, and can make any one he dislikes feel very uncomfortable; but this alone is not oratory. His manner is decidedly theatrical, and, if it is permissible to venture a suggestion of the kind, it may possibly be that his success is really due to the mistake which public bodies of all kinds, from juries to senates and senate galleries, make between theatrical and genuine speaking. Mr. Blaine is an orator of a very different sort. He is accused of having brought too much of the manner of the house into the senate; but this is altogether too great a compliment to the house. His manner is his own, and it is a wonderfully effective one. With all the readiness of any of his rivals, he has much greater resources than most of them in the way of reading and allusion, and he has a touch of that poetry of feeling which lies at the root of all permanent success in the art of persuasion, and the absence of which cannot be made good either by learning or sincerity, or perhaps by anything except wit. It is unquestionably the presence of this quality (and the sympathy which its display invariably produces) in Mr. Blaine, and the absence of it in Mr. Conkling, that explains their comparative "running" powers in such a convention

as that held at Cincinnati in 1876, Mr. Blaine carrying with him by sheer force of sympathy State after State, in the teeth of a violent opposition, based on an exposure terribly damaging to his reputation, while Mr. Conkling, outside of his own State, could find no adherents or following. Mr. Blaine's popularity and his oratory reënforce one another; the only wonder about Mr. Conkling is that his reputation as a speaker is not seriously impaired by his unpopularity.

So far, then, as oratorical electioneering goes, the campaign of 1880 may be said to have been formally opened by the outrage debate of last December, and in this, though the debate necessarily left the outrage question where it was before, regarded as a presidential tournament, Mr. Blaine got the best of it. The great lack of the Southerners in debates of this kind is their want of humor, and their inability to treat the attacks of an enemy with anything but seriousness. They are a serious people, and it must be added that they feel and show a certain weakness on the subject of the negro which stands their adversaries in good stead. When they are accused of keeping negroes away from the polls, or "bulldozing" them in other ways, they are never able to maintain that calm indifference which is the only attitude that can possibly make such an attack fall flat. They immediately reply that if anybody has been bulldozing it is at least not they, and this always opens the debate for a historical inquiry into the past behavior of the South, in which it is needless to say that the South never appears well. So in this, as in most of the preceding debates on the subject, Mr. Blaine got the best of it, and so, no doubt, he will continue to get the best of it in the future, until outrages (as all subjects must, in the course of time, even in Washington) cease to be a subject of debate altogether.

But presidential electioneering may be carried on in many ways, besides debate on the floor of the senate. Mr. Conkling's present method is quite different from that of Mr. Blaine. Although Mr. Conkling is an orator, he seems to have forsworn debate altogether, and for a year or more past has allowed the negro question, the silver question, and many another topic which furnished a fine opportunity for oratory, to pass him by unnoticed. There is only one subject on which he speaks, and that is the appointments of the New York custom-house. Once already has he defeated the appointment of a collector, and now, a second time, it is understood that he has secured a preliminary victory which makes the confirmation of the president's second appointment an impossibility. If any one thinks this is childish malice or spite, he is greatly mistaken. Mr. Conkling has, in his opening of the campaign of 1880, abandoned oratory, for he has a reputation for that already which he could not improve, while he is devoting himself to custom-house intrigue, because that is what is necessary to give him control of the New York delegation in 1880. Those who think that patronage cannot play a very important part in the government of a country like ours would do well to recall the remarkable rise and progress of Mr. Conkling's system of political management. At the beginning of General Grant's first term, Mr. Conkling was not a powerful man. His rival, Mr. Fenton, then had three quarters of the power which he now enjoys himself, and possessed the confidence of General Grant, and every prospect of future advancement. The republican party of the State of New York was then divided into Fentonites and Conklingites, and so evenly, too, that it was difficult for enlightened politicians to know which faction it was best to belong to. Now, in spite of great unpopularity both in Washington and at home (the extent of this feeling it is difficult to measure, because it has no means of making itself felt), Mr. Conkling has complete control of the entire republican machinery of his State. He controls the state committee, and he controls the legislature; and provided he can regain control of the custom-house he is as sure of having his State "behind him" in the convention of 1880 as he is of being senator for six

years more. But it is a painful fact that the uncertainty about the custom-house is a serious matter. If the management of that body were to pass permanently into the hands of the enemies of Mr. Conkling, the connection between it and the party machinery in New York is so close that the complexion of the state committee could not long remain what it is now; and as every student of politics knows, where the state committee is gone, all is lost. Hence Mr. Conkling's recent abandonment of oratory to his rivals and his strict devotion to the New York civil service are probably the result of much thoughtful consideration. The old argument that an election can be carried by nobody without a candidate who can carry New York will unquestionably play a prominent part in the secret preliminary debates and consultations, which will very likely determine the result of the republican convention in 1880; and Mr. Conkling will, unless all signs fail, be in a position in that year to insist that New York cannot be carried by the party unless a candidate is nominated who has his approval, and so will be able either to secure or to dictate the nomination. But for this purpose, it is absolutely necessary either that Mr. Arthur shall return to his post in the custom-house, or that the present condition of neutrality, which is to a great extent the result of Mr. Conkling's combative attitude, shall be maintained.

And can it be doubtful what Mr. Conkling would do, if, finding he could not secure the nomination, he was still able to dictate the succession? Here is a republican leader with a national reputation, a man who has never failed in what he has undertaken, and who has twice led the party in a victorious campaign. These arguments in his favor are reinforced by others of a less important character. The efforts made by Mr. Hayes and his administration to reform the civil service, so far as they may have failed or succeeded, have made him numerous enemies among the republican leaders. That he has the mortal enmity of Mr. Conkling is of course no secret; but the feeling is not confined to Mr. Conkling. This hostility against Mr. Hayes is easily convertible into attachment to General Grant's fortunes, because it is well understood that the return of General Grant to office would entail the abandonment of all efforts in the direction of reform, and a reinvestment of the old "senatorial group" with all their former powers and privileges. Another strong point in his favor is the ease with which Grant delegations from the Southern States can be got together for the national convention; for among the negroes, the name of Grant is almost as familiar now as that of Sumner and Lincoln was. As the "second choice" of every one whose first choice is himself, General Grant is certain to have great strength in 1880, and in a certain sense the electioneering which Mr. Conkling is now doing for his own hand he is also doing secondarily for General Grant. It is difficult to realize this now, while General Grant is making his progress through Europe and the East; but the moment he lands on the shores of the United States it will become painfully evident.

It will not do, however, to confine our examination of the present condition of the campaign of 1880 to one party only. The democrats propose to make one more effort in that year, and they cannot now be said to have more than two candidates, Mr. Tilden and Mr. Bayard. Of the latter little need be said here, for he does not engage in manœuvres or intrigue to secure his nomination. If he is nominated, it will be because he is really the best man in his party, and his party is reduced to such straits that they are willing to nominate even a good man for the purpose of winning a victory. With regard to Mr. Tilden the case in different. He is now actively engaged in his campaign, and curiously enough has begun it in Washington by a demand for the investigation of the cipher dispatches. The investigation is to be made, of course, by a democratic committee, and although the publicity given to the unlucky telegrams a second time cannot be expected to strengthen

Mr. Tilden's reputation with the public at large, an exoneration by a committee of his own party would unquestionably strengthen him as a democratic candidate. It is with a view to the campaign within his own State that he wants this. He is endeavoring to do with the democratic organization in New York what Mr. Conkling has already accomplished, or nearly accomplished, with the republican organization. Tammany Hall is to him what the custom-house is to Mr. Conkling, and to regain the control of this is now his main object. Down to the time of the municipal election in New York last autumn, his chances appeared to be of the poorest. He was at that time very nearly out of the field. He had lost the control of two successive state conventions, and finally of the state committee which organizes state conventions. If the city election had turned out in favor of the "Boss," he would have been doomed. But, strange to say, Tammany Hall was defeated by a combination of republicans and the anti-Tammany factions, and this meant the control, in a great measure, of the politics of the city, and indirectly of the State, by politicians who are friendly to Mr. Tilden. In other words, as things look now (at least to Mr. Tilden), Tammany Hall and the state committee will gradually pass into Mr. Tilden's control; with that, the state convention of 1879; this of course insures his coming into the presidential convention in 1880, with the powerful State of New York behind him. If Tammany Hall could be secured, the only thing which could defeat the success of this programme would be the appearance in the field of some candidate as strong morally as Mr. Tilden is politically. Whether even such a phenomenon would affect the result in New York may be doubted. It is a curious fact that the republican successes in the campaign of last fall have rather strengthened Mr. Tilden's power, as they have demonstrated the weakness of the Western inflationist wing of the party, and created a sort of feeling that, hard as the dose is to swallow, they have more chance of succeeding with a hard-money democrat from an Eastern State than with the most persuasive Western "expansionist."

Such is the state of the "field" for 1880 as it at present stands. It is a strange commentary on our system of nominations that between now and the summer of 1880 all these candidates may have faded from sight, and the respective nominees of the two parties may turn out to be two new statesmen of whom nobody now dreams as candidates, and who have not even reached the point of considering the question for themselves.

THE LANDMARKS.

I.

THROUGH the streets of Marblehead
Fast the red-winged terror sped;

Blasting, withering, on it came,
With its hundred tongues of flame,

Where St. Michael's on its way
Stood like chained Andromeda,

Waiting on the rock, like her,
Swift doom or deliverer! —

Church that, after sea-moss grew
Over walls no longer new,

Counted generations five,
Four entombed and one alive;

Heard the martial thousand tread
Battleward from Marblehead;

Saw within the rock-walled bay
Treville's lilied pennons play,

And the fisher's dory met
By the barge of Lafayette,

Telling good news in advance
Of the coming fleet of France! —

Church to reverend memories dear,
Quaint in desk and chandelier;

Bell, whose century-rusted tongue
Burials tolled and bridals rung;

Loft, whose tiny organ kept
Keys that Snetzler's hand had swept;

Altar, o'er whose tablet old
Sinai's law its thunders rolled!

Suddenly the sharp cry came:
"Look! St. Michael's is aflame!"

Round the low tower wall the fire
Snake-like wound its coil of ire.

Sacred in its gray respect
From the jealousies of sect,

"Save it," seemed the thought of all,
"Save it, though our roof-trees fall!"

Up the tower the young men sprung;
One, the bravest, outward swung

By the rope, whose kindling strands
Smoked beneath the holder's hands,

Smiting down with strokes of power
Burning fragments from the tower.

Then the gazing crowd beneath
Broke the painful pause of breath;

Brave men cheered from street to street,
With home's ashes at their feet;

Houseless women kerchiefs waved:
"Thank the Lord! St. Michael's saved!"

II.

In the heart of Boston town
Stands the church of old renown,

From whose walls the impulse went
Which set free a continent;

From whose pulpit's oracle
Prophecies of freedom fell;

And whose steeple-rocking din
Rang the nation's birth-day in!

Standing at this very hour
Periled like St. Michael's tower,

Held not in the clasp of flame,
But by mammon's grasping claim.

Shall it be of Boston said
She is shamed by Marblehead?

City of our pride! as there,
Hast thou none to do and dare?

Life was risked for Michael's shrine;
Shall not wealth be staked for thine?

Woe to thee, when men shall search
Vainly for the Old South Church;

When from Neck to Boston Stone,
All thy pride of place is gone;

When from Bay and railroad car,
Stretched before them wide and far,

Men shall only see a great
Wilderness of brick and slate,

Every holy spot o'erlaid
By the commonplace of trade!

City of our love! to thee
Duty is but destiny.

True to all thy record saith,
Keep with thy traditions faith;

Ere occasion 's overpast,
Hold its flowing forelock fast;

Honor still the precedents
Of a grand munificence;

In thy old historic way
Give, as thou didst yesterday

At the South-land's call, or on
Need's demand from fired St. John.

Set thy Church's muffled bell
Free the generous deed to tell.

Let thy loyal hearts rejoice
In the glad, sonorous voice,

Ringing from the brazen mouth
Of the bell of the Old South, —

Ringing clearly, with a will,
"WHAT SHE WAS IS BOSTON STILL!"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AMERICANISMS.

VII.

THE World newspaper of New York, taking a hint from its able London correspondent,[1] the editor of the London Week, in his management of the latter Saturday newspaper, proposed not long ago a series of questions as to authorship, — who wrote this, that, and the other passage, — with two or three trifling prizes for the first, second, or third grade of success in answering them. As I have before remarked, I cannot understand how or why any one should take even the slightest interest in such literary mousing; but my experience certified to me what the result would be; and what it was is set forth in the following paragraph from The World of January 12th: —

[1] Mr. Louis J. Jennings, the correspondent of the London Times, who during the latter part of the war skillfully rectified the egregious blunders of his predecessor, and who afterwards, as editor of the New York Times, was the chief agent in exposing and discomfiting Tweed and his "ring." He is the author of Eighty Years of Republican Government in the United States, a book full of the fruits of knowledge and sound judgment, and of Field Paths and Green Lanes, to which I have before referred, and of which the London Spectator said that it is "almost a classic."

"During the first week of the contest we received about 700 letters; during the second about 1000; during the third an average of 150 letters a day; during the fourth week, as the contest drew to its close, about 600 letters; and during the last week an overwhelming mail of 1653 letters."

I take notice of this fact, as I proceed to give attention to a few of the letters that I have lately received, because some three or four persons have thought it proper to allude in a manner *peu convenable* to my occasional necessary references to my own correspondence, and one among them has been permitted to squeak out his little scoff in a corner of this very newspaper which now finds itself the Tarpeia of literary notes and queries.

Some readers of The Atlantic seem to have failed to apprehend the meaning of what I have recently said upon various alleged Americanisms, and the bearing of the passages which I have cited; some appear in the character of jealous defenders of the reputation of their countrymen for bad English, and will have it that so-called Americanisms, which are really English by origin and by past and present usage, shall not be taken away from them, but shall be accepted as American in very deed; others, I suspect, are not unwilling on the one hand to show their ability to pick a flaw in the work of a critic, and on the other to display their reading, — the weakest of all vanities.

Among the latter I must class the writer of a long communication which was sent to me in a printed slip cut from a newspaper, in which it had filled more than a column. Fault is found with my discrimination between *bosom* and *breast*, and at great length it is shown that these words have for a long time been applied by English writers of repute to men and to women indiscriminately; which no one who knows anything of English usage on this point would doubt for a moment, or should seek to establish by proof. How entirely superfluous and from the purpose the criticism is, with all its parade of passages in support, will be seen by reference to the article which is made the subject of censure (Atlantic, November, 1878, page 623), where it will be found that the expressed opinion that "etymologically" *bosom* is more appropriate than *breast* to man, and *breast* more appropriate than *bosom* to woman, is followed by this sentence: "It was inevitable, however, that by long use the two words should come to be to a certain degree interchanged." In vain, however, it seems, was this attempt by a passing remark to suggest that I was familiar with and had in mind one of the commonest of English usages. It is difficult for me to see how a competent and right-meaning editor justifies himself to himself in the admission of such communications as this to his columns.

The same writer takes me up, or sets me down, — as he will have it, — for writing "among these remarks is one made not long *since*." Now any one may say that I write bad English, or that I write nonsense, and I shall not utter a word in reply; nor have I ever done so. It is only when I am accused of teaching bad English, or of committing the literary dishonesty of writing upon a subject which I have not well studied, that I am tempted to retort, — a temptation to which I have yielded, I believe, in only four instances. And as to this use of *since* I shall merely remark that it has prevailed in English literature for a very long time, and may be found in the writings of such men as Spenser, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Shakespeare, and Hooker, and Roscommon, and Bolingbroke, and Locke; and I remember seeing it a week or two ago in Wilkie Collins's last book. And if my critic will refer to Maetzner's English Grammar (I suppose, of course, that such a censor knows the work and its authority), he will find it said: "If *since* is put after a determination of time, a transposition of the prepositional particle is not to be assumed; but *since* works as an adverb which seems to confound the meaning *postea* with *abhinc*. In this case, the speaker would make his standing-point at that time the starting-point of the retrograde line of time, at the terminal

point of which the activity took place. Yet the expression in question might be explicable in another manner, and rather rest upon an ellipsis. [Most certainly.] Compare, for instance, 'It is ten years *since he died*,' and '*Ten years since*, he died,' and 'Waverley, or 't is sixty years *since*,' and we shall find it conceivable that with the rejection of *it is*, as with the omission of the event in question, the *since* which attached itself to the predicated activity was taken to determine the time adverbially. Thus *since* retains its original meaning, for which the predicated activity remains the point of departure." (Vol. ii., page 272.) *Since*, one of the oldest words in the language, has passed through various forms and assumed different relational significances, but always with unvarying adherence to the idea of the relation between the time at which it is used and a fixed point in past time. Its use in the sense of *ago* is entirely in the normal line of progression; and any other of its previous relational modifications might be objected to as well as this one. These remarks, however, are made only by way of illustration. My own taste is decidedly in favor of "long *ago;*" but like other writers whom I could name, and by comparison with whom I should be honored, I do not always use the word that I prefer.

An article in the editorial columns of the London Daily Telegraph can hardly be reckoned as part of my correspondence, but a consideration of it here may not be out of place. After a discussion and almost an acceptance of the theory as to the nature and the meaning of music presented in The Atlantic in October last, the London journalist comes to the rescue of Lord Beaconsfield, and defends his phrase, "the diapason of England's diplomacy," by pleading that *diapason* has two meanings: first, "the consonant of the octave which embraces all the sounds of the scale;" and second, "the rule or means by which makers of musical instruments adjust the bores of flutes, clarinets, organ pipes, and so forth." Now that *diapason* has these two meanings, or something very like them, every tolerably well-read student of the theory of music must know. But to ask the world to believe that Lord Beaconsfield, when he spoke of the diapason of England's diplomacy, had in mind the consonant of the octave, or used the word with any knowledge or even any suspicion of either of its technical meanings, is rather overtasking the credulity and even the gravity of the human race. Yet, as his lordship has a vein of subtle sarcasm, which he exhibits sometimes even at the cost of his political friends, it is possible that when speaking of England's late diplomacy he felt an adumbration of the second definition, and had a bore of some sort in his mind, and also, perhaps, an organ. I should have pleasure in agreeing with the most brilliant and most enterprising of London journals, even in its very pronounced admiration of Lord Beaconsfield, but this demand upon me is rather too much. Indeed, I cannot but suspect that his lordship's face, as he read the article that told him with what meaning he did really use the word (for doubtless he always reads the Telegraph), must have assumed an expression of impenetrable reserve and incomprehensible wisdom more sphinx-like than ever. And in fact, if the truth must be told, the word *diapason* applied to diplomacy in either of these senses is simply absurd, as any one may see. It is small shame to Benjamin D'Israeli that he did not know the difference between a diapason and a key-note; and the Earl of Beaconsfield may well afford to hold the terminology of music in as light regard as the Earl of Chesterfield did the vocation of a musician.

A respected correspondent, also in England, writes as to the word *clergyman* that he fears I have not kept to the question, "Does the American custom of calling all ministers of religion clergymen obtain generally in England?" The gist of his letter, which is too long to print, is that "although this alleged Americanism is to be occasionally met with in England, nevertheless it is an Americanism, and not pure and ancient

English;" that to be a clergyman in the pure and ancient English sense of the term a man must be "episcopally ordained;" and that a dissenter cannot be a clergyman, — dissenters including "all out of the pale of the catholic church," that is, "Unitarians and the 201 other sects." The extreme "sacerdotalism" of this correspondent is manifest enough already; but it is still more strongly shown by his remark that "the Greek, Latin, and English churches differ very little from each other; therefore no distinction [between them in this respect] is necessary."

Now, in the first place, there is in America no custom of calling all ministers of religion clergymen. There are thousands of preachers and religious ministers here, men and women, who are not spoken of, or thought of, as being among the clergy. To receive the title of clergyman a man must be, in the words of Dr. Johnson's definition, *set apart* for ministration in holy things; and the setting apart must be by an organized religious body of such respectability that its actions are worthy of public consideration. The mode or ceremony of setting apart is not in question. Next, the point in dispute is not whether any particular use of the word *clergyman* obtains generally in England, but whether it originated in England or in the United States, and whether, if it originated in England, it has continued there in respectable use. In the latter case, it may be wrong in the opinion of a great many Englishmen; it may even be positively incorrect and abnormal; *but it cannot be an Americanism.* The question of origin is excluded from this discussion by the fact that the term was in use in England when there was only one religion there, the Roman Catholic, and before the English colonization of America. As to usage, of course, after the Reformation, the term was for a long time necessarily confined to priests of the established church, simply because there were no others in England to whom it could be applied. But Clarendon, writing more than two hundred years ago, applied it to the Scotch Presbyterian ministers: "Their strange condescension and submission to their ignorant and insolent *clergy*, who were to have great authority because they were to inflame all sorts of men upon the obligations of conscience." (History of the Rebellion, Book II., page 271, Oxford ed., 1839, *et aliunde.*) From that time, when there were no Americanisms, it has grown in use, except among the exclusive Anglican high-churchmen, until such examples of good English usage occur as those I presented before, to which I now add the following, although I have not yet found the sheaf of memorandums the loss of which I mentioned in my first discussion of the subject: —

"The *Congregational clergy* of New England were on the popular side, and took a prominent part in the struggle." (R. W. Dale, in The Nineteenth Century, October, 1878, page 719.)

"This was followed by a prayer offered by a *clergyman* [not an Episcopalian] who happened to be present." (The same, page 105.)

"She has been submitting, half unwillingly, to the addresses of an excellent *clergyman* [a Congregational minister afterwards called "the worthy pastor"], but that homely suitor has no chance against the fascinating stranger." (Pall Mall Gazette, October 12, 1878.)

"Nearly three fourths of these *Dissenters* are Presbyterians. . . . Their newspapers are liberal in tone, and their *clergy*, with a few insignificant exceptions, are liberal also." (London Spectator, November 16, 1878.)

"This is the first and perhaps one of the most important reasons why the *clerical profession*, both in the established church and *in other sects*, but especially in the established church, is apt to attract young men of amiable disposition." (The same, November 23, 1878.)

"Perhaps of all guests *clergymen* are the most difficult to assort successfully; and this is specially the case when their 'views' are closely akin. Among clerical instances of two right-hand gloves, that of a *Roman* and an *Anglican* bishop exercising authority in the same place forms perhaps the most amusing exam-

ple."[1] (Saturday Review, November 7, 1877, page 608.)

Now whether it is right or proper to call any man a clergyman who has not been "episcopally ordained" I shall not here undertake to say, that is not the question. But that the calling of men "set apart for ministration in holy things" — by Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and other respectable organized religious bodies — clergymen is not an Americanism, either by origin or by usage, seems to me beyond dispute.

This same correspondent, at the close of his letter, says, "It was very good of you to address me as reverend; but I claim only to be," etc., etc. In the margin of the letter he writes with a reference to the phrase *claim to be*, "an Americanism." In this grave imputation upon the Englishhood of his own language he is quite wrong. The use of *claim* with the infinitive of a verb is American neither in origin nor in peculiar usage. It was known in England long, long before there could have been any Americanisms, and it has the sanction of the best modern usage. For example: —

"And a verie great porcion of the same laude and thanke doeth ladie Fortune *claime to have*, by whose conveighaunce oft' times we se thinges not without high counsaill & wisedome enterprised, to have a verie unluckie ende," etc. (Nicolas Udall's Translation of the Apophthegms of Erasmus, 1542, ed. 1564, preface.)

"The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and *claims To be* high steward."
(Shakespeare, Henry VIII., Act. IV., Sc. 1.)

"I have disregarded various publications in which facts within my own knowledge have been grossly misrepresented; but I am called upon to notice some of the erroneous statements proceeding from one who *claims to be* considered as Lord Byron's confidential and authorized friend." (Lady Byron, February 19, 1830, Byron's Life by Moore, vol. vi. p. 280.)

"Ormin plainly *claims to have* completed his self-imposed task." (Craik, English Language and Literature, page 96.)

"If it be true that the defendant had not conceived the intention of coming forward and *claiming to be* Roger,"[2] etc. (Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Charge in Tichborne Trial.)

"Mr. Froude leaves out the fact on which the whole story turns, that William, while one of the king's knights, was also one of the archbishop's knights, and that the archbishops *claimed to* appoint clerks to all churches on lands held of the see." (Edward Freeman, in Contemporary Review, September, 1878, page 226.)

"In older times the larger right has been asserted to keep out diplomatic representatives who *claimed to be* something more than diplomatists." (Pall Mall, October 26, 1878.)

"And it appeared at length that the baroness *claimed to have been* brought over from Bavaria," etc. (Anthony Trollope, Popenjoy, chap. xxvii.)

"Littlehampton, again, by reason of its fine sands and its mild climate, *claims to be* a fashionable watering-place." (The Week, January, 1878.)

There is a use of *claim* in conjunction with *that* which is, I believe, an Americanism. For example, I read recently, in the police report of a New York newspaper, "The girl *claims that she met* three men," etc. This absurd and offensive use of the word is quite common in our newspapers, but it is very rarely found in writings of a higher class than police reports, sensational articles, the letter-gossiping and scandal-mongering correspondents, and the

[1] As to the application of the word *divine* to any other than an episcopally ordained clergyman, which has been pronounced not current in England, — a point to which I have before referred, — see the following passage in the same article, in which mere religious persons, females as well as males, are called divines.

"We have heard it said of two excellent persons that they ought to marry each other because they are so religious; but a male and a female *divine* are more likely to quarrel than an author and an authoress."

[2] Think of Sir Alexander Cockburn's being told that he had used an Americanism! Be there not prisons standing ready for them that are guilty of contempt of court?

records of interviewers. But *claimed to be* is English normally and by long usage. The Americanism, if it must be recognized as one, is the use of *claim* for say or assert.

It is objected by one correspondent — an American, I believe — that the examples which I gave of the English use of *railroad* are from articles upon American affairs, and that the phrase might naturally and unconsciously have been adopted from American usage. The objection is futile, and of course does not apply to the use of *railroad* by Dr. Newman. The word is and has been used in the highest English quarters distinctively in regard to English railway affairs, and by English jurists, and frequently, thirty years ago, by the most eminent English writer of the past or hardly past generation.

— "it would be strange indeed were the completion of the most extensive and magnificent *railroad* in Great Britain to produce no feelings of national exultation," etc. (Thomas Roscoe, The London and Birmingham Railway with the Home and Country Scenes, etc., Preface, page i., Lond. 1837 (?).)

"But this gratifying fact — so satisfactory to the companies and proprietors of *railroads* who consult their real interests," etc. (The same, page iii.)

"The establishment of the Manchester and Liverpool line in this country at once determined the success of the *railroad* as the chief highway of the future." (Saturday Review, October 28, 1878.)

"But where there is no clause in the act requiring the *railroad* or canal proprietors to procure immunity from damage by purchasing the minerals, and authorizing them to make the purchase, the mine owner cannot work his mine so as to injure or destroy the *railroad* or canal." (Addison on Torts, chap. iii., sec. i., p. iii., ed. N. Y. 1876.)

— "in the shape of newspaper companies, bitumen companies, galvanized-iron companies, *railroad* companies," etc. (Thackeray, Paris Sketch Book, ed. Lond. 1869, page 184.)

— "and who ever had pleasure in a *railroad* journey?" (The same, page 284.)

— "and I would as lief have for companions the statues that lately took coach . . . as the most part of the people who now travel on the *railroad*." (The same, page 285.)

— "let us make a few moral and historical remarks upon the town of Versailles, where between *railroad* and *concon* we are surely arrived by this time." (The same, page 285.)

It is surely not worth while to waste more time and space in showing that *railroad* is not in any sense an Americanism; although, as I remarked in Words and their Uses, years ago, *railway* is more usual in England, and *railroad* in America.

Two correspondents, one unmistakably J. B., the other of doubtful nationality, are not convinced that *grain* for corn is not an Americanism. One objects that my citations were meagre, chiefly "names, not examples," and the other that the passages were "obsolete, and not examples of current English." Well, well! the following passages, particularly those from the writing of an English farmer of the day, will probably satisfy both my critics: —

"If any preacher would manifest the resurrection of Christ unto the senses, why doth he not teach them by the *grain* of the field that is risen out of the earth?" (Bishop Hooper, A Declaration of Christe and of his Office, 1547, chap. v., ed. 1843.)

"Mr. Macaulay gives a very graphic picture of an epidemic of housebreaking and robbery in the fourth volume of his recent history. After alluding to the scarcity of *grain*, he says," etc. (Charles Elam, A Physician's Problems, Lond. 1869, page 192.)

"I will say generally here that it does not answer the settler's purpose to grow any *grain* crop . . . beyond his own needs." (An English Farmer, in Frazer's Mag., November, 1878, page 624.)

"In the mean time, English settler, be careful about growing any *grain* for sale." (The same, page 624.)

— "there being no *grain* there, only grass and potatoes." (The same, page 625.)

"If they deposit their eggs when they alight, and a warm winter succeeds, the young hoppers may afflict the young *grain*." (The same, page 626.)

"No machine has yet been invented which at once threshes the *grain* and shreds the straw as the bullocks like to have it done. Now, there is no other food for the bullocks except the straw; for 'to grow hay where I could grow *grain* was absurd.'" (Saturday Review, October 26, 1878.)

"The country between Bussorah and Bagdad is described as literally surfeited with *grain*, which is simply wasted in districts a little removed from the river. Not only is *it* allowed to rot in granaries or become a spoil to the rats, but in many parts *wheat* is used as fuel." (The Week, December 14, 1878.)

"Some *grain* must wither; why not thy little handful?"[1] (George Eliot, The Spanish Gipsy.)

But it is truly shameful that one should be called upon to show that the use of *grain* to mean corn is well recognized English, past and present; and it is almost ridiculous to do so. The word in that sense is found in Johnson, with illustrative passages; and in Latham's Johnson the following passage from Burke is given in illustration of the definition, "kind of grain." "As to the *other grains* it is to be observed, as the *wheat* ripened very late, the *barley* got the start of it and was ripe first." By-the-by, do my censors and correspondents ever consult English dictionaries? I confess that I do not, except on some such occasion as the present. But if I were to assume their task, or to undertake the compiling of a dictionary of Americanisms, I should deem it my duty to do so, lest I should set down as peculiarly American in origin or in usage words and phrases which form part of the vocabularies of Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Burke, Byron, Thackeray, George Eliot, and the writers in London magazines and newspapers of the highest class.

It is objected by a correspondent, whom I suspect of having been stupefied by the mass of quotations in Recent Exemplications, etc., that as to *family* I give only my opinion, without citations in its support, and that the Latin *familia* certainly meant the household without regard to ties of blood. He still inclines to think, with the compiler of the Dictionary of Americanisms, that *family*, meaning wife and children, is an Americanism. Doubtless *familia* did mean the household without regard to kindred; but this I mentioned myself. (How strange it is, by the way, that some men, when they set out to censure you, will do so in the very teeth of your own utterances!) We are not, however, concerned with the meaning of the Latin original of the word *family*, but with the sense in which family is used by modern Englishmen. Now it so happens that a recent sad event has shown this usage with very exact discrimination. The death of the Princess Alice (Grand Duchess of Hesse) and her children of diphtheria, while all the servants and other attendants and attachés of the duke escaped, was of course made the occasion of much comment by the London press; and in these comments the princess and the children were called the duke's family, and the servants and other attendants his household.

"The illness of the Princess Alice is causing great alarm. The attack is a grave form of the diphtheria from which the *whole family* have been suffering, and which has already caused the death of one of her children." (London Spectator, December 14, 1878.)

"Bad drainage may be the cause of it; but it cannot be the only cause, for of the sixty persons forming the *household* of the Grand Duke of Hesse, no one outside *his own family* has yet been attacked. . . . It is possible that the milk supplied to the *children* was bad. . . . The circumstances ought to be most carefully inquired into, not only in the interests of the grand duke's *family*, but

[1] I quote this from memory, and the book is not at hand.

of humanity in general." (The Week, December 21, 1878.)

"Meanwhile, too, she [the princess] had become the mother of a large *family*, five daughters and two sons." (London Times, December 16, 1878.)

"From the foregoing outline of the natural history of the malady it will be seen that the outbreak now under consideration presents no special or peculiar features, and that its limitation to the *members of the grand duke's family*, which may or may not continue," etc. (The same, December 17, 1878.)

I give a few other conclusive examples from current English publications: —

"On Admiral de Horsey's visit in the Shah, in September last, he found sixteen men, nineteen women, twenty-five boys, and thirty girls, — say a number equivalent to some sixteen *families* in all." (London Spectator, December 14, 1878.)

"For the very fact of a man's being a traveler is, between ourselves, by no means a good sign. Why does he not stop at home in the bosom of his family, or if he has no *family*, *acquire one?*"[1] (James Payn, Simpson of Bussora, Belgravia, October, 1878.)

"I want to know, can a young man or *a family* in London enjoy a few hours of inexpensive, out-of-door, popular music in the summer evenings? . . . But when by degrees the novelty of the thing had worn off, . . . when the shopkeeper found that he could safely bring out his *wife* and *family*, and for a few pence obtain seats and spend a cheerful hour or two, then," etc. (Contemporary Review, quoted in New York Times, November 10, 1878.)

"The king, who entertained a strong partiality for the homely style and dress of his Quaker subjects, at once accepted the invitation, and in company with his consort walked up into the first floor above the shop, where Barclay's *wife and family* were assembled to witness the glittering cavalcade." (The Week, December 21, 1878.)

I have other criticisms and queries and comments before me, but the waste-basket is the best place for them; for however it may be with my readers, I am aweary of this reiteration. I will mention, as I turn away from my censors, that it has occurred to me, as to that Americanism *Goody*, that I forgot to mention the old English song, —

> "Pray, *Goody*, please to moderate
> The rancour of your tongue."

Referring to my memorandums on the fly leaves of Pepys's Diary, I find this name for a "simple" woman in the following not very savory record: —

"This evening the girle that was brought to me to-day for so good a one, being cleansed of lice by my wife, and good, new clothes put on her back, she ran away from *Goody* Taylour that was shewing her the way to the *bake-house*, and we heard no more of her." (August 20, 1663.)

He tells us, too, that "My Lady Batten, walking through the dirty lane with new spicke and span white shoes, she dropped one of her *goloshes* in the dirt, where it stuck, at which she was horribly vexed, and I led her." (November 15, 1665.) Yet further. Some of my readers may remember that in my last article on this subject (Atlantic, January, 1879) I said as to *a good time* that I was "sure that there was precedent for the phrase in the books of English writers of repute in past generations," although I then cited no example. I now find a memorandum of a use of it by Pepys, plump and without mitigation, just as it might be used by Daisy Miller herself:

"Up betimes and to St. James's, thinking Mr. Coventry had lain there; but he do not but at Whitehall; so thither I went, and *had as good a time* as heart could wish." (March 7, 1666.)

Also, apropos of andirons and firedogs, it is not without interest that in one

[1] I observe that in this humorous sketch Mr. Payn falls into the general error of attributing the joke about changing a wife of forty for two twenties to Douglas Jerrold. It is quite possible that Jerrold may have uttered it, and finding himself credited with it assumed its paternity. But it belongs to a vastly greater and much better man than Jerrold, — Byron; although Byron, I believe, makes the age fifty instead of forty, and the change, of course, two twenty-fives. He had more admiration, because more knowledge, of the charms that may accumulate in forty years.

of the London weekly papers cited above I found a queer, compromising mixture of the two terms, which, being novel, or at least unusual, is quite likely to be set forth, by some governess or some doctor of laws, as an Americanism: —

"The chairs are of various kinds, to suit various tastes; the fire-place open, spacious, and fitted with *dog-irons*," etc. (The Week, December 21, 1878.)

Another like combination is found in *hand-dog*, which Dr. Bartlett gives as an Americanism. It may be so; but I never met with it, or heard it. I suspect that like *dog-iron* it is the bungle or the whim of an individual. I also met with a phrase that as I read it seemed to me to be just the sort of phrase that I should find in the Dictionary of Americanisms, *candle-lighting*, as a time of the day.

"So many fairy tales are probably being told to children in the hours between early dusk and candle-lighting that older people may naturally ask themselves, Who were the first authors of the nursery lore of the world?" (Saturday Review, December 7, 1878.)

Sure enough, when I turned to the dictionary, there it was: "Candle-lighting. Time of, or near the time of, lighting candles, as 'at early candle-lighting;' sometimes we hear at early candle-light. New England." Yes, indeed, and Old England too, ever since the time when farthing rush-lights and tallow-dips came in; and even from then until now. It should seem that a little reflection would show an intelligent student of language that candle-lighting is a mark of time inevitable when clocks are few; and that even when clocks become common the charm of the hour, its associations, and the mobility of this little feasting time of memories sweet and sad, would preserve it surely in the living embalmment of folk-speech. Indeed, in spite of gas and electric light, you might almost as well attempt to grind *folk* itself out of English speech as "from early dusk to candle-lighting."[1]

I might feel that I owed my readers some apology for this recurrence to former subjects; but my purpose was not merely to confirm my position in certain particulars, or even to impress those particulars more strongly upon those whom I address. I hoped that it might thus appear that I am not apt to make assertions, or to give judgments, for which there are not good grounds; and that if I do not always support my assertions and my judgment by the production of proof, it is not because they rest upon conjecture or mere opinion, but sometimes because of present convenience, sometimes for the mere sake of saving room; at other times because, saying what I know is true, I think that its truth must be plain with no illustration, or with little, to any intelligent reader. As a general rule, I much prefer the least possible quotation, citation of authority, or annotation. In Words and their Uses I followed this rule, giving only what was needed in the way of mere illustration, and making no attempt at cumulative proof. But that book was one chiefly of opinion. These papers, on the contrary, refer to matter of fact, and I must generally support my assertions by sufficient evidence; indeed, the evidence is the important part of the discussion. When, however, my citations are few, my readers may rest assured that this is not because they are the limits of my knowledge on the point in question, unless I avow that to be the case. In science nothing is so unsafe — indeed, so unscientific — as to build a theory upon the observation of a few, and possibly disconnected, facts; and even in such discussions of language as the present, conclusions from few facts should be warily drawn. This I constantly remember, although I make no pretension to treat language scientifically, and have no desire to do so. Yet I likewise have in mind that one sort of fact has ten times the weight and meaning that a score of facts in regard to the

[1] It may be just worth while to mention that in three evenings' reading, last week, I met with seventeen instances of the use of *folk* or *folks* by British authors, or in London publications of repute, in the sense of "people or persons," which we are told was obsolete in Johnson's time, and is now made by British writers a mark of Yankeeism.

same subject, but of another sort, may have. To end all this, let me say that I am glad of information, or of intelligent, honest criticism, from any quarter; but I venture to hint to some of my commentators and censors that in correcting me, or in giving me or others information upon the subjects about which I have written, it would be safe, I will not say courteous, to assume that I did not write without first having obtained some knowledge of my subject, and that a difference of opinion between us may be a fault in judgment, and is not necessarily one of ignorance, — on my part. The confidence which I ask from my readers I ask not because I know so much of my subject; on the contrary, no one knows quite so well as I do how much of it I have yet to learn. I only profess to know more of English than those who do not know so much as I do; but my censors, private and public, have hitherto shown themselves among the latter number. Of that of which I know nothing I shall say nothing; of that of which I know little I shall not say much. Hereafter, I shall take notice only of those criticisms the discussion of which may interest and possibly instruct my readers.

In the Dictionary of Americanisms, to which I now turn, a very large proportion of the words under the letter H may be dismissed without illustration, as improperly included in such a compilation.

Habitan, the first word, for example, is no more an Americanism than *ryot*, or *sepoy*, or *rajah*, which are daily spoken, written, and printed in England, are Orientalisms. The latter are simply the names of things peculiar to India; *habitan* is of their kind, and it would be and is used by British writers just as freely as by American, and in exactly the same way. With it must go *hammock*, *hackberry*, *hackee*, *hackmatack*, *harbor-police*, *hickory*, *higher law* (which is not even the name of a thing peculiar to America, but merely the expression of an opinion in very simple, every-day English), *hoe-cake*, *hominy*, *hopping-john*, *hurricane* (which went from the West Indies to England, and came thence to us), and also, I am inclined to think, *Hicksite*, not only because it is merely a name, but also because it is used in England just as it is here, and has been so used ever since the division in the Society of Friends, of which it is a sign. I know that many years ago I heard it so used by English Friends, themselves "orthodox," and of marked precision in speech.

The following words and phrases may also be passed by with the mere remark that they are so undeniably common in every respect to both countries that any comment upon them is needless: *half-cock*, *half-saved*, *handsome* (in the sense of generous), *handsomely* (carefully, thoroughly, well), *handle* (manage), *to hang up one's fiddle*, *hard pushed*, *hard run*, *hard up*, *harsel stuff* (household stuff, an example of advanced phonetic decay), *haw-haw* (laughter), *heap* (vulgar for much, a great deal), *hitch* (a check, an entanglement), *hither and yon*, *how fare you?* and *hipped* or *hypped* (said of hypochondriacs). Englishmen at all familiar with the general speech of their own country will be astonished at seeing these words in a compilation of so-called Americanisms. Besides these words and others like them, which I have passed by, there is a mass of cant and slang under H which is not only never used by American writers of respectable position, but never heard from the lips of people of even the middling condition as to position, breeding, and education, — stuff which would properly have place in an American "Grose," but nowhere else. Taking away all this, not much is left for remark and illustration.

Had have, as, Had we have known this. This is worthy of attention only as an example of its kind. It is merely bad English, or rather nonsense, the result of ignorance and a blundering use of language; although through contagion and thoughtlessness writers and speakers really not ignorant may use it. It may be heard daily in any part of England; but like much other mere bad English, it is set down as an Americanism. This perversion is partly due to a disposition

to classify all things and put labels on them, which causes and fixes much error.

To hail from. I shall only say that I believe this phrase is purely English, and is British marine cant. Among my memorandums I find the following: —

"'I say, Tom,' said Frank, 'let us join, for the fun of the thing. Where do all these good ladies reside when they are at home? Do they all *hail from* London?'" (Doctor Kemp, ed. Lond., vol. i. p. 288.)

Hain't for *have not* goes with *had have.* It is simply bad English which, either with the *h* or without it, is rather commoner in England than it is here.

Hand, defined as an adept or proficient, is set forth as an Americanism. As well might it be so in its ordinary sense. Nor is it ever used to mean an adept or proficient. It is always qualified, and the distinctive meaning depends altogether upon the adjective joined with it, as a good hand or a bad hand at doing this or that. In this use it is merely, by metaphor, in place of *man* or *woman*, as when we say a factory hand, a farm hand; and it is as common in England, almost, as the words for which it stands.

Hand-glasses. The comment upon this phrase is a queer one. It is, "Eye-glasses, spectacles. Fancy hand-glasses are advertised for sale in New York." And so they are in London. Hand-glasses are not spectacles, but toilet glasses, held in the hand close to the face or opposite another looking-glass, that the side face or back of the head may by seen. They are in common use by ladies, and some of them are very "fancy."

Hang around. This phrase is an Americanism; but the Americanism consists in the use of *around* for *about*, as in "stand *around*," "went *around* with him," etc.; and this error having been set forth in its proper place, mere combinations of it are superfluous, and only serve to swell the volume of the dictionary, and to increase injuriously the apparent vocabulary of the "American language." The same objection applies to the presence of both "hard-shell Baptists" and "hard-shell democrats." *Hard-shell* is American slang, and this being once set forth and explained, its combinations are superfluous. Any party or sect, almost anything, may be hard-shell, as it may be good or bad, big or little.

Hat. I fear that the compiler of the dictionary is not very familiar with the phraseology of the sex. For even in his last edition he says, "Our Northern women have almost discarded the word *bonnet*, except in *sun-bonnet*, and use the word *hat* instead." The authoress of that charming novel The Gayworthys, who is a Northern woman describing Northern and indeed New England women, witnesses to the contrary: —

"I hate to be curious, Joanna, but would you mind tellin' me what they ask you for such a *bunnet* as that down to Selport?" (The Gayworthys, chap. viii.)

"Say and Joanna came down in their Sunday *bonnets*." (The same, chap. xxviii.)

The milliners' advertisements in the Boston, New York, and Philadelphia papers are filled with the word; and one "mammoth millinery establishment" in New York recently announced the opening of a "new bonnet room." Indeed, there is a subtle and mysterious, but all-important difference between the hat and the bonnet; and one or the other, I shall not venture to say which, is admissible on some occasions, but not on others. The difference is, I believe, either that the hat has strings and the bonnet has not, or that the bonnet has strings and the hat has not. Whichever it is, — and I would not presume to say, — the distinction is all-important. A female co-editor, or at least proof-reader, should be secured for the next edition of the dictionary.

Have, had, as, I have him, There you had him, "We had Floyd," "We had his artillery," and the like. This appears for the first time in the last edition, with an example taken from the war correspondence of the New York Tribune; why, it is hard to understand.

"Had him" is a colloquial phrase common in England, just as it is here; and although colloquial phrases do not get into print, even in newspapers, so easily and so commonly there as they do here, I am sure that it might be found in English journals by any one who would take the trouble to look for it; and a bet might safely be made that it could be found in English novels.

Heft. Weight, ponderousness. This an Americanism! It is living English, centuries old. Here are two examples nearly three hundred years apart: —

"Poor little babe, full long in cradell left,
Where crown and scepter hurt him with the *heft*."
(Mirrour for Magistrates, 1587, II. 94. v. 15.)

"Public opinion was much divided, some holding that it would go hard with a man of his age and *heft*." (Tom Brown at Oxford, page 208.)

To heft, *hefted*, and *hefty* are in the same category with *heft*.

Help, for house servant, is a Northern Americanism; but applied to outdoor servants it is not. It may be often heard so used in England: just as Mr. Hughes uses it in the following passage, and in many others: —

"I found Murdock's ostler very drunk, but sober compared with that rascally *help* we had been fools enough to take with us." (Tom Brown at Oxford, page 63.)

Hern and *hisn*. These vulgarisms are in use in England among people exactly in the condition of life of those who use them here. They are to be found in Pegge's list of London vulgarisms. The latter even appears in an Ellesmere's epitaph on himself in Sir Arthur Helps's Realmah: —

"The Grand Maxim
Never Mind the Outside
Which has improved the art of building
Throughout the World
And which has tended to dignify and purify
All other departments in Human Life
Was *his'n*."
(Chap. xvii.)

What peculiarity, then, gives them a proper place in a dictionary of Americanisms?

High jinks, meaning "a great frolic," appears for the first time in the last edition of the dictionary. Why? It is of English origin, and is in common use in England after its kind. For example, see the following confession of an English burglar: —

"I have taken part in a very paying burglary, wherein the house was cleared of every valuable in it worth taking, while one of our set was at *high jinks* (he standing treat) with the servants downstairs, the family being out of town." (Pall Mall Budget, October 12, 1878.)

Ho, "a word used by teamsters to stop their teams." Does Mr. Bartlett really mean to imply that this word is not so used by English teamsters, and that it has not been so used by them from time immemorial? Hardly; and indeed he seems to confine his charge of Americanism to the use of the word, colloquially, figuratively, and jocosely, as a noun, thus: "he has no *ho* in him." But the word *ho* existing in English, such a use of it is open to all English-speaking persons, and is as English as can be, whether the person who happened first to use it was born in England, Canada, Australia, or "America." So it might be said that a man has "no let-up in him," or "no avast in him," and so forth. Gascoigne has this somewhat not worthy use of the word in connection with one, equally ancient, which has long passed out of ordinary ken: —

"But out, alas, his weake and weary sprite
Forbad his tongue in furder termes to go;
His thoughts said *Haight*, his sillie speache cried *Ho*."
(Dan Bartholomew of Bathe, Poems, 1575, ed. Roxburghe, page 136.)

Haight was used to urge, as *ho* was used to check. Now if *haight* were found in use here at all, it would be an Americanism of a certain kind, — an Americanism by survival; for Gascoigne's use of it as an imperative verb, although three hundred years old, is very late. And yet it is probable that in the "Hey come up" of the lower order of English drivers to their horses and donkeys, the first word is a remnant of *haight*, just as *ma'am* is a remnant of *madam*.

To hound appears for the first time in the fourth edition of the dictionary,

apparently because an instance of its use has been met with in the New York Tribune. I remark upon it as an example of a word which could not be an Americanism. The use of a noun like *hound* as a verb is so inherently English that, no matter where it happened to be first used, it would be English, understood and recognized by every English-speaking person. Compare *to dog*, *to hawk*, *to ferret*, *to mouse*, *to rat*, etc.

House. This, we are told, is "used to form compounds, such as *meat-house*, *wash-house*, *milk-house*, where an Englishman would say, respectively, larder, laundry, dairy." Dear, dear! and this when he whom Mr. Samuel Weller calls the young grampus was sent to eat his dinner "in the *wash-'us*," because his hard breathing was too much for the nerves of the pretty housemaid! But perhaps both Mr. Dickens and Mr. Weller were Yankees. The truth is that *wash-house*, *brew-house*, *bake-house*, *fish-house*, *hen-house*, *ale-house*, and like compounds are much commoner in England than they are here.

Housen. This old plural of *house* is used by some — a very few — of the illiterate in the rural parts of New England, New York, and New Jersey. It is used much more frequently by the same sort of people in various rural parts of England. What, then, is its Americanism?

Huckleberry is merely *whortleberry* pronounced with the old English interchange of *k* and *t*. *Brickle* and *brittle* are the same word, and both spellings are sometimes found within a few lines of each other in old English books.

Hugger-mugger. The appearance of this word in a dictionary of Americanisms can be explained only by the use of the adage so interesting to schoolboys, *lucus a non lucendo*. It appears in every dictionary of the English language, from Bailey down, the compilers of which quote in illustration of it passages from Ascham, Udal, Bale, Spenser, North, Plutarch, Shakespeare, Harrington, Fuller, and Sir Roger L'Estrange, — which, by the way, is rather at variance with the "colloquial and low" applied to it in Webster's Dictionary. It is not a common word; but the reader of the literature of the Elizabethan period meets with it not unfrequently. It means hurried secrecy. Polonius was buried in *hugger-mugger*, as the king confesses. (Hamlet, Act. iv., Sc. 5.) Its etymology is uncertain, and its form very changing. In Golding's translation of Ovid, 1587, I met with it in this shape: —

> "But let Ulysses tell you his [acts] doone all in *hudther-mudther*,
> And whereunto the onlie right is privie, and none other."
>
> (Fol. 160.)

It appears now and then in English literature of the present day; but the remarkable circumstance for us in connection with it is that in the writings of Americans it is almost (I believe quite) unknown. It appears for the first time in the last edition of the dictionary, with two examples of its use taken from the New York Tribune, the writer of which, I will venture to say, adopted it from English books in which he had met with it, and used it with a full consciousness of its rarity; but we may be sure that he hardly supposed that he was going to get for this old English word, still used in England, a place in the Dictionary of Americanisms.

Human. This word, used by Western backwoodsmen for human being, is one of those which are regarded as peculiarly American in origin and use. It is thus grouped with *guess*, *notion*, and a few others, upon which I have heretofore remarked. But it was known in English literature of the highest order long before there were, or could have been, any Americanisms. It appears again and again in Chapman's Homer, 1603: —

> "Mars, Mars, said he, thou plague of men, smear'd with the dust and blood
> Of *humans*, and their ruin'd walls, yet thinks thy godhead good
> To fright," etc
>
> (Iliad, Book V., l. 441.)

> "For such he was that with few lives his death could not be bought,
> Heaps of dead *humans*, by his rage, the funeral piles applied."
>
> (The same, Book IX., l. 513.)

"Neptune replied, Saturnia, at no time let your care
Exceed your reason; 't is not fit. Where only *humans* are
We must not mix the hands of gods, our odds is too extreme."
(The same, Book XX., l. 129.)

. . . "Nine days they lay steep'd in their blood, her woe
Found no friend to afford them fire: Saturnius had turn'd
Humans to stones."
(The same, XXIV., l. 540.)

"Yet she in all abundance did bestow
Both wine, that makes the blood in *humans* grow,
And food," etc.
(Odyssey, Book VII., l. 413.)

"At least I did when youth and strength of hand
Made me thus confident, but now am worn
With woes and labours, as *a human* born
To bear all anguish."
(The same, Book VIII., l. 247.)

Nor did the word disappear from the literature of England with the Elizabethan period. Witness the elegant and edifying Thomas D'Urfey, Esquire:

"A Marrow-Pudding 'mongst our Race
You know 's the same thing as a Place
'Mongst *Humans*, by Court dunning."
(Pills to Purge Melancholy, Lond. 1719, vol. ii. p. 332.)

This appearance on our Western frontier of *human* as a noun is an interesting illustration of the way in which a word will crop out unexpectedly in one place in a language after having disappeared from another. In the former editions of the dictionary *human* was designated as Western; in the last, "sometimes Eastern" is added, — through misapprehension, I am sure. The word is never used eastward of the line of civilization, except jocosely and with a subaudition of reference to the frontiersman's use of it. For example, "Lean, lank men he looked upon as the most fortunate of *humans*, and envied their superior condition." (Round Table, May 21, 1864.) In all such cases there is a mild jest intended. To italicize the word or to quote it, or to emphasize it in speech, would mar the intention of the user. American speech and writing is full of such pitfalls for the ignorant and the unwary.

Hyst. This we are told is a "corruption of hoist" and means "a violent fall." Most of us suspected as much. But is it an Americanism? What then becomes of the old English saying, "An Irish *hyst*, — a peg lower"?

Richard Grant White.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

One of the most exciting questions that one girl can ask of another is that concerning the number and manner of the offers of marriage she has received. Through such questionings a few general conclusions have been reached, namely, that every female human has one, every ordinarily agreeable female human has from two to four, every extraordinarily agreeable female human from four to eight; also, under rarely favoring conditions of wealth, beauty, *esprit*, etc., female humans may average twelve; under normal conditions beauty is a slight factor compared with manner. The following fragments of a conversation between three girls, who met together for the purpose of relating some of their experiences, may substantiate these averages: —

"We must begin," said Graceanna, pathetically. "You, Lou, were twenty-five first. Make your story ten minutes long at least, while I am consoling myself with this '*bonne bouche*.' A new piece of candy can be taken every ten minutes, allowing five minutes for consumption and five for rest. How many offers have you had? Why are you not married, Lou Parker?"

"Because I never had an offer."

The other girls gave a low whistle of

astonishment, driven by this unexpected avowal into masculine demonstration. Lou blushed and looked extremely guilty, and the tears almost came, as she exclaimed, halting between the words, "I-really-could-not-help-it," and then animated by a sudden impulse of self-respect, added, "I don't think it is nice to have offers. I should not want any man to come near enough to me to love me, unless I loved him."

"How can you ever tell that you should like any one until he has told you, right up and down?" asked Maggie, the other friend.

"We both should feel it, if we did like each other; it would somehow betray itself. My husband must be my only lover."

"I don't believe you'll ever have one, and such lofty ideas make ordinary people seem wicked. I feel personally insulted. Why, I have had — Oh, beg pardon, it is not my turn."

"Yes, it is," said Lou, thankful for a chance of escape; "tell all you can."

"I have had two whole and two half ones. It seemed too bad to let two of the men make guys of themselves, because one was the brother of a friend at whose house I have capital times; so it would have been very inconvenient. And the other was a minister, and I thought if he got discouraged early, it might affect his preaching; now he takes so many texts from Solomon's Song that his sermons are poetical, and don't make people feel that they are miserable sinners. Individual love and universal love get mixed up in them, and you can't tell which is best; if you love an individual you are just as saintly as if you loved the Cosmos alone. So I told them both that I was prejudiced against marrying and hated love-making, and that when I liked a man I would let him know it plainly. 'Then you don't like me?' said my little minister. 'No, I don't,' I told him. And then we both laughed, and he looked as if he had saved himself from jumping off a precipice. The other — he is a real splendid man — looked me square in the eye, saying, in such a grave way, 'If you mean what you say, Miss Jones, I thank you.' 'I do,' said I, as solemnly as an old saint. But now I wish I had let it come to the point, because he is the best of the whole, and it is disgraceful to be twenty-five and not even engaged. He went out to India soon after, so I am sure he did like me." She drew a long breath, and took the biggest piece of candy.

"What did the other two do?" questioned the two girls eagerly.

"Oh, they were every-day kind of affairs. One was in walking: my gentleman plucked some white-weed and talked nonsense all the way about his peculiar nature, and how mine suited his; and pulled the flower to pieces, counting, 'Sie liebt mich, sie liebt mich nicht,' and held it to me as he came to the last petal. 'Nicht, nicht!' shouted I, and off I ran, and he after me, asking if I were in earnest, — saying he *liebte mich sehr.* I told him I was, and then he declared he would kill himself, and in six months he was engaged to some one else; and I found out that three months before that walk he had offered himself to two girls, to one two or three weeks after the first had refused him, and had told both that he should commit suicide. Another offer was by letter, and instead of keeping it as cordial for a despondent mood, I burnt it as a surety for a good time in the next world. If I am never married, the reason will not be want of offers."

"And if some one should come back from India?" asked Graceanna.

"Oh, I might indicate the state of my mind, if I had not grown too old to look sentimental. Now it is your turn."

"Well, this is fun, but I wish we had not made such a compact. For my part, I could not help it, — the offers, I mean. I was always surprised. I liked the men, too, but they would provoke me by saying they had misunderstood me, when of course they had, and very much. It made me feel like a naughty child, who don't know why she is naughty."

"Don't moralize," said Maggie. "How many? — that is the point."

"Ten. Four came the first winter I was in society; the men were fools to think I liked them, because I enjoyed

polking with them, and every one has since married."

"You should never have seen them alone," said Lou, patronizingly.

"I did not see them alone on purpose," replied Graceanna, indignantly. "One of them I never spoke to except when other persons were present. One was a widower, and proposed six times after he had seen me, because he thought I would be a good disciplinarian unto his family. One offer was by postal card, and an answer requested by return mail. I lost a handsome opera-glass through another. I went with a party to the theatre, and my friend handed me an opera-glass, which was new, for it still bore the dealer's tag; and when I returned it, he whispered that as the same focus gave the same vision to both of us, would I not allow him to view all earthly objects through the same lens of mutual affection. That was so scientific and obscure that I said, 'What?' And he muttered, 'Take the giver with the gift.' There we had to remain, side by side, till the play was over, with our eyes fastened on the stage. Oh, I lost, too, a beautiful rosewood dressing-case, filled with perfume bottles and brushes and all sorts of things, because it was intended for mutual service. I sent it back to the fellow, with a case of razors for individual service. Father still teases me about my expensive present. I know some one who now has the dressing-case, for it was too valuable not to be used, and when I go to her house I always use with secret amusement their mutual clothes-brush.

"One man was nearly the most splendid person I ever knew. I did get so far as to state my requirements, because it is my fixed code that even if I am dead in love I won't say yes until my lover tells me his past life, has promised me an allowance, freedom to attend my own church, to be strong-minded and have just as many queer friends as I choose, to vote, and also some two or three things in regard to himself. He did promise me all I wanted for myself (should not I have been rich?) but he thought I ought to trust him for himself, and that it was not feminine to ask about his past life. So we parted, for neither of us would yield. Another gentleman I knew was determined to be married. He wrote three letters and sealed them, sending the first to me, that if a negative reply came back, he could mail the second without incurring the trouble of composition, when in an annoyed mood, and then told of it afterwards. Another gentleman imitated the Indian's custom, by sending me, not a cord of real wood, but a bon-bon imitation of one; requesting that the warmth of the same fire provided by this would-be wood might cheer us both. The other affairs were simple in speech, but manly, just like those you read of in novels, and I can't bear to think of them. I am so sorry, — that is all."

"I know another one you will have to-night," said Lou. Graceanna searched eagerly for the bottom piece of candy, whilst Maggie cast sundry winks and inquiring glances at the speaker, who quickly bethought herself how to make a sudden detour from her assertion by asking why a kiss was like a sermon. "Because it demands an introduction, two heads, and a personal application."

"Well," said Lou, laughing, "let us draw some generalizations from our personal confessions; and first, I wish to say that self-conscious girls are to blame for having offers. But those who never think about themselves, for instance, like you two, and who do not think about men as men, but treat them naturally, as they would any one else, and are always jolly, cannot avoid offers, and are no more blameworthy than for having girl friends. Yet I wish you had not received so many. If you only cared more for culture and poor people it would not have happened."

— Why is it that an American in England is instantly recognized as such, not by the natives only, but by his traveling fellow-citizens as well? On the Continent it is not always so, for I sat with some Britons one whole week at a *table d'hôte* in the Rhœtian Alps and passed for a German who "could no English;" and one day a British cad

assaulted the Yankee consul at Barcelona with a grin of frantic delight, saying, "Thank 'Eaven! 'Ere 's an Englishman!" To which the American replied, in a tone that froze the genial current of his expansion, "Thank Heaven! Here is n't." But on the inviolate island, through every disguise of dress, every travesty of voice, your American nationality betrays itself, and even silence is no protection. My first surprise was one bright morning, years ago, when I left my hotel in Liverpool for a stroll through the streets. I had hardly gone a block when an enterprising newsboy rushed up and said, "'Ave a morning paper, sir? List of passengers by the Russia. Find yer name in the paper!" I went pensively back to the tavern, and started for London by the next train. In the course of years I learned the uselessness of attempting to deceive the natives, but still thought it might be possible to elude the recognition of my own countrymen. But this endeavor was equally vain. Last summer I was looking at the pottery in the British Museum. My clothes had been made in Regent Street. My hat I had bought in Piccadilly, and my shoes in Burlington Arcade. My hair had been cut in Portland Place the day before. I carried in my hand a French Baedeker. I was enjoying the majolicas in a cosmopolitan peace of mind, when suddenly I was aware of a dark shadow looming above me. I locked up (for I am mean of stature) and saw an uncouth figure which seemed as if it might have come from the Wabash Bottom without change of cars or linen. He smiled and held out his hand, and said, "You 're an American, ain't ye?" I was a countryman of Washington, and could not deny it; but how did he know it? I asked him, and he laughed: "*I* dunno. How 'd ye know *I* was?" Here my veracity failed me, and I made him proud and happy by telling him I thought he was an Italian.

I ask again, Why is it? I think I never made a mistake in my life between an Englishman and an American, and I have met many of them in many lands. Yet I find it very difficult to formulate to myself the differences between them. There is scarcely any difference in dress among gentlemen nowadays all over the world. The speech of a Bostonian — *qui se respecte* — is almost more English than the Englishman's. But though I have taken young Americans for Frenchmen, for Germans, for Italians, and for Spaniards, I never yet mistook one for an Englishman, nor an Englishman for an American. Even our accent in speaking foreign languages is different from the English. I called once on a friend in Paris, and after a short colloquy with the domestic at the door, departed without leaving my name. When my friend returned, his servant tried to describe the visitor. Was he French? No. English? Oh, no. American? Crois pas. German? Certainly not. At last he said, "He made upon me the effect of a Hungarian." I am, as you see, stating a riddle I have no intention of trying to solve. My question is, Why are we, English in blood, in language, in dress, in institutions, less like Englishmen than any other civilized race on the globe, while we differ from them in ways too subtle to be defined? It is useless to talk about "type." I saw in an illustrated paper the other day, side by side, portraits of Mr. Schuyler and Mr. Baring, secretaries of the American and the British legations at Constantinople. Baring was of the so-called American type, that is, he was thin and dark, with longish hair and drooping mustache. Schuyler was of the so-called English type, with a robust figure, full beard, and thick, short hair. But no one could mistake the nationality of the men. Schuyler was an American, and Baring an Englishman, *jusqu'au bout des ongles;* though the American looked more thoroughly the man of the world, as he is.

I fancy some recreant cynic lying in wait to say at this point that I am a vulgar-looking American, and that I must not generalize from my individual experience. But if I am, the vast majority of all peoples are vulgar; and why should a vulgar American never, by any chance, be mistaken for a vulgar Englishman, when he is caught in an English

street with English clothes, holding his tongue in the English manner? And do not hasten to say that the matter is without importance, for it is a subject of palpitating interest to ex-presidents on their travels, and defaulting cashiers. Shall they not take their ease in their inn, without the risk of getting into the newspapers or into jail?

— What one of your contributors in the October installment of the Club talk says about the incident of the cream, in That Husband of Mine, suggests to me the thought that domestic touches in books are upon the whole the most beautiful as well as most popular part of the work, or at least the part that most conduces to the survival of the work. However, it requires a skillful hand to touch the subject of every-day life rightly, and to rescue it from the commonplace, while still leaving it natural. In short, in literary as well as in artistic portrait painting, we need a master-hand. The flood of Sunday-school and "goody" literature, which stands on the level of the common, wooden, staring style of cheap portraiture, is an example of what may become of the tenderest home idyl in "professional" hands. I can remember but a few touches in prominent works of art which illustrate my meaning, but they will serve the purpose well, as almost all occur in novels confessedly of the highest kind. Who can forget those in Middlemarch: the naïve reproach implied in Celia's exclamation that Dorothea actually did not care to see the baby washed, and that the ceremony did not have any comforting or sedative power over her; and the mild self-denial of the little old maid who secreted her lumps of sugar at tea for her *protégés*, the street children? In Mrs. Stowe's Minister's Wooing, the fussiness and kindliness of the little dressmaker, Miss Prissy, is delicately and truly portrayed; and one sympathizes with her in her solicitude about the minister's frilled shirts, and her desire to make him one in the rare leisure moments she possesses, all the more because her awe of the "blessed" man as a minister is so overwhelming. Again, when the lover has come home, Virginie, the French friend of Mary Scudder, has a really womanly inspiration, and upsets and breaks a water-pitcher in the room above that where the mother is standing guard over Jim and Mary, knowing that no "housekeeper's instincts are proof against the crash of breaking china." In Mrs. Oliphant's Salem Chapel there is the minute and nervous care of Susan's mother about the lamp, and her pathetic anxiety to keep her daughter's disappearance a secret from the servant by a forlorn attempt to speak naturally to her son, who, man-like, is impatient and open, and gives the poor soul neither comfort nor support, though his grief is really deeper and his sense of injury sterner than hers. In a novel of Anthony Trollope's, — I forget which, — there is related an incident in the former life of a successful judge, living comfortably and luxuriously in one of the ample, respectable, old-fashioned squares in the east of London, whose former pinched circumstances were a contrast to this phase. In the old days of shabby lodgings and uncertain practice, his wife always contrived to skim off the daily pint of milk a tablespoonful of cream for his morning cup, triumphantly reserving the skim-milk for her own; and no one, perhaps, who has not lived on a similar level can realize her intense enjoyment of this trivial arrangement. There is a scene in Trollope's Last Chronicles of Barsetshire which also appeals to the heart of every woman, and indeed to that of any home-loving person, — the smuggling-in of a basket of eatables into the kitchen of the poor and starving but scholarly clergyman, whose wife is almost hysterical with her efforts to divert his attention, and at the same time thank her benefactress, while the children peep round the doors in their night-clothes, wondering if the "lady had any sugar-plums in her muff." I have not given this verbatim, but such is the spirit. Mrs. Whitney has some similar touches in her works, but the "whole thing" is too domestic in her novels for any figure to stand out as one remembers certain figures doing in some of the

Dutch *genre* paintings. In the few French books I have read, domesticity rather *poses*, or strikes an attitude, and so wholly loses its value as an element in literature, though in the unique work of Eugénie de Guérin's journal the very reverse is true, and one finds one's self subdued by the mingled charm and dignity of the conduct so unconsciously pictured in all its details. Her reading Plutarch by the kitchen fire, on a day when the servants have gone to a local parish *fête*, and she is watching the roasting of a joint, is an inimitable scene, and no amount of versified poetry draws the reader so near to her very self. And I think much the same is true of authors, and others whose biographies we have in this century multiplied almost beyond reason, but whom we certainly appreciate better in the light of their real lives than in that of their works. The fact that every human life is more wonderful than any imagined story becomes also a reason or an excuse for the minor portraits of comparatively obscure men, — a class of works with which we have lately become familiar. Unless intolerably ill written, such monographs have the interest of home life, and show us one more phase of human existence in its secret workings. It *is* of interest to know how average men live, as well as to scan the thoughts of exceptional men; indeed, one need scarcely apologize for the curiosity, but what is to be regretted is that biographers are unluckily apt to pass a plane of conventionality over every individuality, not likely to exalt their subject in the eyes of the public, often sacrificing truth, and always disappointing the reader.

— When Mark Twain wrote his inimitable story of the rich uncle who ruined himself and his family by making huge collections of everything he could think of, from stuffed whales to echoes, he gave a very fair slap at those monomaniacs who have the rage of making collections for collection's sake. In most cases the collecting mania is as innocent a form of idiocy as any other; it can hurt nothing but the collector's own pocket; in some cases, indeed, it may have the beneficial effect of partially filling the vacuum in his skull. But there is one sort of collector who does real harm: the man who insanely collects valuable stringed instruments, Stradivarius or Amati violins and violas, 'cellos and basses, and then lets them lie in their cases in shameful inanition. Now, a valuable Stradivarius is not only a rarity, but it is an instrument which the art of music absolutely needs. The world cannot afford to have such a gem lie idle; its value as an authentic specimen of a famous maker's craft is incomparably less than its intrinsic value as a musical instrument. To take it out of the reach of fine artists, and place it on the shelf in a mere collection, is to commit larceny upon music. It properly belongs to the art of music, and should be honestly devoted to its service. The man who can keep such an instrument in his house merely for the pleasure of looking at it, and of knowing that he owns it, must have a queer conscience. Other collectors are very proper butts for ridicule. The violin collector rises to the sublime height of distinct immorality, and is not a fit subject for anything short of unsparing execration.

— There was getting to be an apprehension — I might say almost an anxiety — in the public mind that and lest there was to be no more about Avis in the Contributors' Club; this was happily relieved by the February number. Now I am so constituted that, having once had it, I find it difficult to get on without this *rara* Avis. And yet none of your contributors seem to know exactly what it is that so fatally attracts them. It is nothing more nor less than the creation, or discovery, of a *new sex*, or a no sex, answering to the new pronoun "um" that is proposed when you want to say "he" or "she" and can't. This discovery seems to me of the first importance. When the women novelists came into literature we were promised a true revelation of the sex, that has always been misunderstood and misrepresented by men; we were to see woman not only as she is, but in the ideal, "as she ought

to be." And more has been done than was promised. There is Avis; if it is of any sex, it is of one unknown hitherto: clearly not a man; clearly a protest against being a woman; something, in the phraseology of the day, between a *nuance* and an odor, say a cold, passionate opal, "tinct" with an aspiration. And then we have, in another sexless novel, Hetty of the Strange Story, a being with all the glow and passion of a Saddle Rock oyster, who runs away from her husband, and endeavors to lure him into committing bigamy. This is the second of a new kind. It is a being that no man would have invented. I cannot but regard this discovery of the new sex as psychologically and physiologically profoundly important; it is not to be confounded with the sexual mystification of the dress-reform, or the right of women to chop wood. I await with the liveliest curiosity the next of the No-Sex Series.

— The writer of the paper on Saving versus Spending, in the December Atlantic, cannot expect, although avowedly a layman, that he should not be measured by scientific standards. He may use any term he sees fit, but it is just to expect that the term should express a definite idea. That the word "saving" conveys to him, in several instances, the idea known to economists as hoarding is clear, not only from his belief (page 692) that the simplest way in which saving can promote future spending is "by the accumulation and storage for future use of food, clothing, etc.," but also from his saying (page 691) that "saving and economy . . . will increase rather than diminish the amount of unsalable articles and the number of the unemployed." This means a hoarding of capital, or a withdrawal from the labor market. To economists saving is abstinence from personal consumption, with the purpose or result of again employing the savings in production. Nor is the writer any more precise in stating what he calls the economist's means of saving for future spending, "productive consumption" (which is, scientifically, what is consumed by laborers while engaged in production). The term, in the sense in which he uses it, is unknown to modern political economy; but very possibly he may use it to express another idea. He defines it (page 692) as "employing labor, not directly in the creation of articles for immediate use, but in the *creation of articles which will be the cause and means of further production, as in the making of tools and machinery*," etc. Then he instances plows, factories, railways, and steamships. But the author's idea of productive consumption is not the same on the same page; and the argument of his whole paper rests upon it. Compare the above with this, in the next column (page 692): "The only rational object of productive consumption is the *creation of articles of ordinary or unproductive consumption*." The articles of ordinary consumption, *ergo*, are tools, machinery, factories, and steamships! Is it not right to call the attention of ordinary consumers to what they are digesting? But the writer, when using the term productive consumption, seems to have in mind the economist's idea of fixed capital, which is the turning of circulating capital into more or less permanent instruments. The parties in the suit are now hoarding versus spending, and the plea of the defendant's counsel, which will bring a smile to the economist's face, is that the extent to which permanent instruments, as factories and steamships, can be created is limited by the amount of unproductive consumption (whatever that may mean).

But the writer probably meant to assert that if the rich will buy articles for personal consumption, labor will gain thereby, and be given, more than in any other way, increased employment. This is the fallacy that demand for goods is demand for labor. Suppose $100,000, all the capital of one of the Madeira Islands, wholly engaged in wine-making, and every inhabitant employed. Imagine A to have annually spent $10,000 in this island for wine. This quantity of wine which A bought was produced, I will say, by $7000 of capital and the labor of fifty men. A's $10,000 in wealth gives him a purchasing power over this

product of $7000 of capital and labor of fifty men, — even if it were not wine. And, by continuing this expenditure, the writer would have us believe that A did the most to employ labor. It is not true. Suppose A comes to the island, bringing forty men. These forty cannot find employment, because that which can employ them (capital) is wholly engaged in making wine. As we saw, A had a control over the product of $7000 of capital and the labor of fifty men. Suppose A agreed to give the forty new men, on condition that they catch and cure fish for him, his power (his $10,000 of wealth) over the above capital and labor: A, no longer spending for wine the $7000 of capital and labor of fifty men, is withdrawn from wine-making; but, at the demand of the forty fishermen, who now command their products, the engine of production is set to giving the forty men provisions, clothes, etc., or whatever they wish to buy with the $10,000 of wages which A has given them. Thus, A not only possesses the cured fish, but also has kept the fifty former wine-makers at work, — although at different work, — and has given employment to forty more, employing two sets of laborers instead of one. Capital distributed among human beings for services gives employment to a far greater number than when used to buy goods which disappear at consumption. Demand for goods is not demand for labor.

Space is wanting here to point out as great a fallacy in the statement that if the rich should "restrict themselves to absolute necessities, the unproductive and . . . the productive consumption of the world would be greatly reduced."

Moreover, our present trouble comes from an ill-assorted production, and from not only a loss of capital, but also the timidity of capital. Capital (or hats, shoes, clothes, houses, etc.) is that which employs labor. From the expectation of large profits a stream of capital, even from foreign countries, poured into certain industries, such as manufactures and building railways, during and since the war. When the panic came, and we thought of paying for what we were buying, it was found that our means of producing some things were in excess of the demand. But the suddenness of the discovery brought the loss of that capital which had been sunk where it could not be immediately transferred to other industries, as that sunk in railway embankments. And when capitalists had seen those industries in which men had really been making great gains change to sources of ruin and loss, how could they believe that other industries which held out no attractions would turn out as well? What is to be done? Give confidence to timid capital, and help it into the proper channels. Then favor every increase of capital, and do not urge its destruction by spending on personal consumption. The more capital in existence, the more labor can be employed in satisfying our infinite wants.

— To read the silly criticisms which have been printed, and the far sillier ones which are every day uttered in regard to Mr. James's Daisy Miller would almost convince us that we are as provincial as ever in our sensitiveness to foreign opinion. It is actually regarded as a species of unpardonable incivism for Mr. James, because he lives in London, to describe an under-bred American family traveling in Europe. The fact that he has done so with a touch of marvelous delicacy and truth, that he has produced not so much a picture as a photograph, is held by many to be an aggravating circumstance. Only the most shiveringly sensitive of our shoddy population are bold enough to deny the truth of this wonderful little sketch. To those best acquainted with Mr. James's manner (and I believe I have read every word he has printed) Daisy Miller was positively startling in its straightforward simplicity and what I can only call *authenticity*. It could not have been written — I am almost ready to say it cannot be appreciated — except by one who has lived so long abroad as to be able to look at his own people with the eyes of a foreigner. All poor Daisy's crimes are purely conventional. She is innocent and good at heart, susceptible of praise and blame; she does not wish

even to surprise, much less outrage, the stiffest of her censors. In short, the things she does with such dire effect at Vevay and at Rome would never for an instant be remarked or criticised in Schenectady. They would provoke no comment in Buffalo or Cleveland; they would be a matter of course in Richmond and Louisville. One of the most successful touches in the story is that where Daisy, astonished at being cut by American ladies, honestly avows her disbelief in their disapproval. "I should not think you would let them be so unkind!" she cries to Winterbourne, conscious of her innocence, and bewildered at the cruelty of a sophisticated world. Yet with such exquisite art is this study managed that the innocence and loveliness of Miss Miller are hardly admitted as extenuating circumstances in her reprehensible course of conduct. She is represented, by a chronicler who loves and admires her, as bringing ruin upon herself and a certain degree of discredit upon her countrywomen, through eccentricities of behavior for which she cannot justly be held responsible. Her conduct is without blemish, according to the rural American standard, and she knows no other. It is the merest ignorance or affectation, on the part of the anglicized Americans of Boston or New York, to deny this. A few dozens, perhaps a few hundreds, of families in America have accepted the European theory of the necessity of surveillance for young ladies, but it is idle to say it has ever been accepted by the country at large. In every city of the nation young girls of good family, good breeding, and perfect innocence of heart and mind, receive their male acquaintances *en tête-à-tête*, and go to parties and concerts with them, unchaperoned. Of course, I do not mean that Daisy Miller belongs to that category; her astonishing mother at once designates her as pertaining to one distinctly inferior. Who has not met them abroad? From the first word uttered by Miss Daisy to her rampant young brother in the garden at Vevay, "Well, I guess you 'd better be quiet," you recognize her, and recall her under a dozen different names and forms. She went to dine with you one day at Sceaux, and climbed, with the fearless innocence of a bird, into the great chestnut-tree. She challenged you to take her to Schönbrunn, and amazed your Austrian acquaintances whom you met there, and who knew you were not married. At Naples, one evening — *Eheu, fugaces labuntur anni;* it is not worth while to continue the enumeration. It makes you feel melancholy to think she is doing the same acts of innocent recklessness with men as young and as happy, and what the French call as unenterprising, as you were once.

As to the usefulness of this little book, it seems to me as indubitable as its literary excellence. It is too long a question to discuss in this place, whether the freedom of American girls at home is beneficial or sinister in its results. But there is no question whatever as to the effect of their ignorance or defiance of conventionalities abroad. An innocent flirtation with a Frenchman or Italian tarnishes a reputation forever. All the waters of the Mediterranean cannot wash clean the name of a young lady who makes a rendezvous and takes a walk with a fascinating chance acquaintance. We need only refer to the darker miseries which often result from these reckless intimacies. A charming young girl, traveling with a simple-minded mother, a few years ago, in a European capital, married a branded convict who had introduced himself to them, calling himself, of course, a count. In short, an American girl, like Daisy Miller, accompanied by a woman like Daisy's mother, brought up in the simplicity of provincial life in the United States, has no more chance of going through Europe unscathed in her feelings and her character than an idiot millionaire has of amusing himself economically in Wall Street. This lesson is taught in Mr. James's story, — and never was necessary medicine administered in a form more delightful and unobtrusive.

The intimacy with the courier is a fact of daily observation on the Con-

tinent. A gentleman of my acquaintance, inquiring the other day for a courier he had employed some years before, was told that he was spoiled for any reasonable service by having been so much with American families, and that one family, after their tour in Europe was ended, had taken him home to South Boston as their guest, and had given a party for him!

— Rev. Joseph Cook lately brought together, in a lecture on Natural and Starvation Wages, some valuable facts, obtained by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, as to the receipts and expenditures of poor families. From these he has drawn some good inferences, but has left undrawn some conclusions so obvious that it is rather hard to see how he escaped them. Nothing ever printed would more astound the poorer classes of any European nation than the standard of living that is here classed under the general head of starvation. Take, for instance, the shoe-maker's family described by Mr. Cook, — we are quoting from the Boston Daily Advertiser of December 25, 1878, — whose annual earnings are $552, and whose expenditures are $622. As this is the poorest American-born family he describes, and as it is expressly stated that "this family is very economical," we may take it as constituting a typical instance of frugal industry. Yet, when he gives the daily bill of fare of this household, we find that its members have tea or coffee thrice a day, meat sometimes twice, butter twice, cake twice, and pie or pudding once. They have also "buckwheat or griddle cakes occasionally for breakfast." Would it be possible to find on the continent of Europe a mechanic's family that would not regard this as luxurious living? Yet the lecturer seems to recognize it as a natural and fitting bill of fare for a household earning $1.50 per day; and when they run in debt to keep up this standard of diet, it seems to be considered that it is society which sins.

More striking yet is another instance given in the same lecture. In another American shoe-maker's family the father earns $480, a son of sixteen earns $230, and a son of fourteen earns $180, making in all $890. They live within their earnings, spending $822.15; but observe how they do it. "In Massachusetts the law requires children to be in school up to a certain age; and this family, for instance, would lose $180 by keeping that son under fifteen at school all the while. But if you take out the earnings of that son, this family will fall into debt. Which shall it do, — send the son to school, or incur debt?" It does not seem to occur to the lecturer that there is any other alternative. Yet when he gives the bill of fare of this household, we find that they too have meat twice or thrice a day, tea or coffee thrice, butter twice, cake twice, and pie or pudding once. For mere provisions, to say nothing of fuel and labor in the kitchen, they spend $450.65. For aught that appears, they could comply with the law, and send their fourteen-year-old boy to school the greater part of the year, for their surplus income ($67.85) plus what could be saved, without injury to health, by a family of five, on tea, coffee, hot biscuit, cake, and pie. Many a well-to-do family makes greater sacrifices than this for the sake of physiological laws alone; nay, I have known families to make these sacrifices by way of economy, in order to save money for relieving the distresses of just such households as Mr. Cook describes. This lecturer often pleads in manly fashion for "the old-fashioned virtues;" let him not forget to plead for the peculiarly old-fashioned virtue of living within one's means.

— I cannot call myself a professional author. I have published two books: one of them quite successful, the other one reasonably so. It may be added that within the last three years I have uttered through the leading American magazines a number of poems and prose papers which have attracted rather flattering attention; but as yet I have never dared risk my bread and butter on literary cruising. What I have done has been at odd leisure hours between the calls of a lucrative and most exacting profession. The idea of a poem, nebu-

lous, distant, and wavering, will sometimes haunt me for days and even weeks before I find time to test its approachability and manageability. I have lost many promising stories by losing the plot or idea in the clash, turmoil, and worry of business affairs. I have often wondered how professional literators go about their work. Do they go doggedly to their desks, sit down, and feel around in their brains for something (as one sometimes rummages by night in a trunk without a candle), taking up this, that, and the other, until the eligible idea is found?

It is easy to understand how, now and then, happy plots for stories or subjects for poems may be suddenly generated in the brain of the alert amateur; but the question is, How does your steady grinder at the literary mill keep on hand a stock of raw materials? As soon as one poem is finished, has he a batch of assorted matter upon which he perfunctorily falls to work building another? How does he go about complying with the editorial order: "Write us a story of five thousand words for the Dilatory Magazine. MS. must reach us by the 25th inst."? Some of the members of the Contributors' Club have already favored us with very interesting confessions. As for me, I should relish some insight into the methods of composition and the literary habits of men and women who have made prose and poetry, and traded them for butter and shoes, ribbons and mutton, coal and cough medicine. I am curious to know how the professional operates when, seeing in mid-winter his wood-pile nearly gone or his coal-bin just empty, it becomes necessary to make a beautiful poem or a striking story. Has he nothing to do but sit down by a heap of white paper and fall to grinding?

— Is it at all probable that the poets of the world have destroyed their best poems instead of publishing them? I sometimes suspect that this question might be answered affirmatively. Your true artist is, from his very nature, excessively self-criticising. He understands, and no doubt often too keenly appreciates, the value of minute shades of expression, having been taught by experience that his combinations and ideal delineations frequently present to others a far different form from the one he intended to offer, and which he readily sees therein himself. Many a time I have condemned as worthless a bit of verse into which I had tried to set a pretty conceit or a striking thought; but sometimes, after many days, coming upon these castaways, I have found them exactly what I had intended them to be, and on submitting them to the magazine editors they have been quickly accepted. Quite as many times, too, I have sent away from my desk to these editors poems which seemed to me clearly conceived and nicely executed. After a while they were returned with the seal of critical disapproval upon them, and at once I could see their utter want of idea proper. I had mistaken the power of my phraseology or words. The outlines were too dim, the filling-up too vague. The poems looked to me like an exquisite portrait so nearly faded out that none but the artist himself could see the shadowy face and the almost invisible outlines of shoulders and bust.

— Dropping into the village drug shop the other evening, I found my neighbor the minister playing on the violin. It was a cracked old fiddle, and his touch was none of the lightest; even the deaf gold-fish in the aquarium dashed wildly about, enraged at the execrable noise. But I was startled at the change in the musician himself. He is a lean, bigoted old man, who knows the Bible letter by letter, but the Bible is only a code of laws to him, — laws more inexorable than Draco's. Yet his music had transformed him; the jingling old tunes had brought a smile to his lips, a tender light to his face. He nodded, glanced cheerfully about with kindling eyes; it had made him, in short, human, which his religion had failed to do.

"I did not know that he was a musician," I said to the druggist, Hurter, when the clergyman had gone out. Hurter is a shrewd, garrulous old fellow, busy from morning until night with his gallipots and gilded jars, whose only

recreation is to study the broken hints of human histories that pass before him on the other side of the counter. He pasted the label on a box of pills, tied it up, and then pushed back his goggles.

"Yes, he plays," he said, leaning leisurely on the counter on his elbows. "Music is his led horse. What do I mean? Well, I was in the army, you know, — a brigadier-general of volunteers. We staff officers who could afford it all had our led horses, which we kept for an engagement or parade. We had each our steady old hack that carried us through every day's march, as a matter of course. We thought nothing of him. Our pride and affection belonged to the frisky beast that we mounted but seldom, and scarcely knew how to manage. Now, my notion is this," emphasizing his point by tapping the grain weight on the scales: "every man jogs along through life with some trade or business which carries him safely through. But Lord bless you, ten chances to one, he cares nothing for *that!* All his pride lies in some little gift or talent which he fancies he possesses, and can use only on high holy-days. There is Boggs, the broker; everybody knows what a dry, sapless wretch he is when his business is money. But take him as a fisherman, and he is an incomparable good fellow, — genial, enthusiastic, hearty. He is prouder of a string of trout that he has caught than of his half a million of dollars; and he will give the trout away, and he never parted with a penny. Yes, take my word for it, a man is his real, best self only when he can leave his old hack, and get to caracoling on his led horse."

Hurter was called off just then to weigh out some tannin, and could not finish the opening out of his idea. But I remembered one or two instances which tended to confirm his theory. There is a famous poet in Boston, who, they tell me, is never so happy as when he has his work-bench and box of tools before him. Joseph Jefferson is happiest when he can forget Nick Vedder and Gretchen at his easel. I know a great jurist, of sound scholarship and keen judgment, whose one ambition is to be a man of fashion, and to caper in a ball-room nimbly as Mercutio; and a surgeon, of national reputation, who values the magazine love-stories he writes more than all his professional learning or skill. It is not every man, however, who can have this gallant horse led about for his occasional riding. Sometimes the horse is dead, but it is no less dear. I have not a doubt that every man who reads The Atlantic to-day feels the keenest regret of his life for the something he might have been and never was. He has a poor enough opinion, very likely, of the grocer, or shoe-maker, or sugar dealer which he is. But for the artist or author or statesman which was lost to the world! — ah, there is where the pain comes in, and the divine satisfaction along with it, too! This undeveloped talent which we hug to our souls through our life, this fine ability invisible to everybody but ourselves, is only, I suppose, the shadow of a shadow, — Nature's kind provision to feed and keep up our self-conceit in the miserable downfalls of life.

The hack is useful in its way, believe me, but the led horse is the more necessary beast of the two for all of us.

— It would be a difficult task to find the origin, this side of the Solar Myth, of all the melodies of Mother Goose, just as it would not be easy to settle the precise text. Still, there can be but little doubt that many of the rhymes are no more than such verses of old songs as fastened themselves in the memory of the nurses of restless children. Doubtless many of the songs have disappeared forever; there are others, however, that may be found in various collections. A few of those which have already been traced by Mr. J. O. Wallinds it may be worth while to note. The familiar lines beginning, "Three children sliding on the ice," come from a poem of twenty-one stanzas, sung to the tune of Chevy Chace, called Three Children Sliding on the Thames, wherein we read, —

> "All on the Tenth of January,
> To Wonder of much People;
> 'T was Frozen o'er that well 't would bear,
> Almost a Country Steeple."

This extract would seem to indicate the year 1684 as the date of the tragedy, for on the 9th of January in that year Evelyn speaks in his Diary of crossing the Thames on the ice. The next stanza reads as follows: —

"Three Children Sliding thereabout,
Upon a place too Thin;
That so at last it did fall out,
That they did all fall In."

The rest of the poem as it is known to us in the familiar version runs thus in the original: —

"Ye Parents all that Children have,
And ye that have none yet;
Preserve your children from the Grave,
And teach them at Home to sit.

"For had these at a Sermon been,
Or else upon Dry Ground;
Why then it would never have been seen,
If that they had been Drown'd."

The remaining stanzas possibly deserve copying: —

"Even as a Huntsman ties his Dogs,
For fear they should go from him;
So tie your Children with Severities Clog,
Untie 'em, and you 'll undo 'em.

"God Bless our Noble Parliament,
And rid them from all Fears;
God Bless th' Commons of this Land,
And God Bless some o' th' Peers."

"One misty, moisty morning when cloudy was the weather," etc., is a fragment of a song called The Wiltshire Wedding, which begins thus: —

"All in a misty Morning,
Cloudy was the Weather,
I meeting with an old Man,
was cloathed all in Leather,
With ne'er a Shirt unto his Back,
but wool unto his Skin;
With how do you do? and how do you do?
and how do you do agen?"

It goes on, the stanzas having been run together in our modern version: —

"The Rustick was a Thresher,
and on his way he hy'd,
And with a Leather Bottle,
fast Buckl'd by his side:
And with a Cap of Woolen,
which covered Cheek and Chin
With how do you do?" etc.

The poem then describes the bard's brief courtship of

"A maid,
Was going then a Milking,
A Milking Sir, she said,"

and their speedy marriage. Again,

"Tom, he was a piper's son,
He learnt to play when he was young;
But all the tunes that he could play
Was 'Over the hills and far away,'" etc.,

is a modification of part of Jockey's Lamentation, a really pretty song, of which these are the first two stanzas: —

"Jockey met with Jenny fair
Betwixt the dawning and the Day,
And Jockey now is full of Care,
For Jenny stole his Heart away:
Altho' she promised to be true,
Yet she, alas, has prov'd unkind,
That which do make poor Jenny rue,
For Jenny 's fickle as the Wind;
And *'T is o'er the Hills, and far away,*
'T is o'er the Hills, and far away,
'T is o'er the Hills, and far away,
The Wind has blown my Plad away.

"Jockey was a bonny Lad,
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now poor Jockey is run mad,
For Jenny causes his Despair;
Jockey was a Piper's Son,
And fell in love while he was young;
But all the tunes that he could play,
Was *'T is o'er the Hills, and far away,*" etc.

It may be, although this is doubtful, that "A Frog he would a-wooing go" is taken from a Ditty on a high Amour at St. James's, which opens in this way: —

"Great Lord Frog to Lady Mouse,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho;
Dwelling near St. James's house,
Cockey mi Chari she;
Rode to make his Court one day,
In the merry month of May,
When the Sun Shon bright and gay,
Twiddle corne Tweedle twee."

At any rate, these few examples may serve to indicate what sort of research awaits the future editor of Mother Goose, and it would not be hard to add considerably to this brief selection, which is made from but a single collection of old English songs.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Mr. Tyler's History of American Literature[1] has externally all the appearance of a serious work. It is in two volumes, octavo, bound and lettered on the back, and stands by itself with apparent ease. There seems to be no difficulty in one's putting it on his shelf beside A History of French Literature, say, and finding it look just as serene and dignified. And yet, — and yet the incredulous reader, especially after noting the dates on the back and seeing that the two volumes bring the history of that literature only as far as 1765, is half disposed to leave the volumes unopened, lest they should prove to be backgammon boards or lunch-boxes. To take an interest in American literature previous to 1765 seems to him very like the Marchioness's delectation over orange-peel and water, requiring a very hard make-believe.

Nevertheless the stoutest incredulity must give way before the evident sincerity of the writer, and long before the first volume is finished he who came to scoff remains to pray for a third and fourth volume. It is not enough to say that Mr. Tyler is sincere; it is his positive enthusiasm which takes his readers captive, and it is the same element, we suspect, which enabled him to give to his subject that unwearied devotion which has transformed a possible solemn duty, respectably accomplished, into a labor of love, unquestionably successful. For certainly such a history might easily have been made dull, and we should all have said that the fault was in the subject; now we are almost persuaded by Mr. Tyler to say that the success is due to the inherent charm of the subject; but we stop short of such a bold assertion, and give the credit where it belongs, to a writer who has touched the apparently leafless boughs of our early literature and made them green and fruitful and pleasant to the eye.

The most conspicuous merit in these volumes is the ability with which the author has made the writings of our first century and a half a vivid exponent of the life which was gathering in the nation. Literature as an art could better be studied through the masterpieces of other nations, but literature as an expression of intellectual life finds abundant material in the exercises of the young colonies. Mr. Tyler has a clear and just conception of this office in literature, and his work is a consistent study of forces which in our earlier days produced results of inestimable value in any analysis of our national life. "There is but one thing," he forcibly says to the reader at the outset, — "there is but one thing more interesting than the intellectual history of a man, and that is the intellectual history of a nation." He brings thus to his task a belief in the nation, and a conception of the nation as a moral organism capable of growth, which makes it possible for him to discover tendencies and lines of development in what otherwise would have seemed mere fragments and desultory bits of literature. The book is in this respect, whether consciously or not, built upon a belief which has already been nobly presented in Mr. Mulford's The Nation. The reader who recognizes the value of Mr. Mulford's book will be the quickest to perceive the cohesive strength of Mr. Tyler's history.

The plan of the work, as well in what it excludes as in what it includes, can best be stated by Mr. Tyler himself in his preface: "It is my purpose to write the history of American literature from the earliest English settlements in this country down to the present time. . . . Unity and completeness have been aimed at in the present volumes, which, together, may be described as a history of the rise of American literature at the several isolated colonial centres, where at first each had its peculiar literary accent; of the growth of this sporadic colonial literature in copiousness, range, flexibility, in elegance and force, and especially in tendency toward a common national accent; until, finally, in 1765, after all the years of our minority and of our filial obedience had been lived, the scattered voices of the thirteen colonies were for the first time brought together and blended in one great and resolute utterance, — an utterance expressive of criticism upon the parental control wielded over us by England, of dissent from that control, and at last of resistance to it; an utterance which meant, among other things, that the thirteen colonies were no longer

[1] *A History of American Literature.* I. 1607–1676; II. 1677–1765. By Moses Coit Tyler, Professor of English Literature in the University of Michigan New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

thirteen colonies, but a single nation only, with all its great hopes and great fears in common, with its ideas, its determinations, its literature, in common, likewise. . . . I have not undertaken to give an indiscriminate dictionary of all Americans who ever wrote anything, or a complete bibliographical account of all American books that were ever written. It is our literary history only that I have undertaken to give, — that is, the history of those writings in the English language, produced by Americans, which have some noteworthy value as literature, and some real significance in the literary unfolding of the American mind."

In the execution of this plan Mr. Tyler has first thoroughly mastered his material, and then, ordering it in a natural method, has presented it to the reader in a form wholly his own, and every way suited to the subject. The work of our early writers has not been taken on trust, but everywhere there is evidence of patient, attentive reading; and if Mr. Tyler has now and then found our early books more lively than we had supposed, why, his readers can hardly blame him severely, since he has thus cajoled them into an admiration which their own efforts would have made fatiguing. We rub our eyes a little, and wonder if the extracts he gives us quite justify the somewhat highly colored terms which he applies; but it is easier to yield to his warm enthusiasm, and be borne along to the next stage. The skill with which illustrative passages are woven into the text is admirable, and the books touched upon really seem to exhibit themselves, so deftly do they open before us at their best pages and disclose their brightest thoughts. Mr. Tyler's method is to outline the subject directly before him in its historic relations, and then proceed with vignettes of the writers belonging to a group. Such personal incidents as help to explain the man are given, his work is placed, and here and there a passage read aloud to us as the sketch goes on. With an unflagging interest each successive name is presented by the host, as if it were the one most worth considering, and by happy, sometimes epigrammatic, phrases the literary character is hit off, rather than painfully analyzed and dismembered. These felicitous touches abound in the book: "the science of God and man as seen through the dun goggles of John Calvin;" Nathaniel Ward "was one of those unhappy persons with the brain of a radical and the temperament of a conservative;" "most readers nowadays, who may find themselves by chance near this huge book [George Fox digged out of his Burrows] will gaze down into it for a moment as into some vast tank into which have poured the drippings of a furious religious combat in the olden time, — theological nicknames, blunt-headed words of pious abuse, devout scurrilities, the rancid vocabulary of Puritan billingsgate, that diction of hearty and expressive dislike which Roger Williams himself pleasantly described as 'sharp Scripture language;'" Samuel Sewall "rises into this rhythmical and triumphant passage, which in its quaint melody of learned phrase, and in a gentle humor that lurks and loses itself in the stiff folds of its own solemnity, has a suggestion of the quality of Sir Thomas Browne;" the almanac, "the very quack, clown, pack-horse, and pariah of modern literature;" "We see a person whose intellectual endowments were quite remarkable, but inflated and perverted by egotism; himself imposed upon by his own moral affectations; completely surrendered to spiritual artifice; stretched, every instant of his life, on the rack of ostentatious exertion, intellectual and religious, — and all this partly for vanity's sake, partly for conscience' sake, in deference to a dreadful system of ascetic and pharisaic formalism, in which his nature was hopelessly enmeshed." This last quotation is from the admirable chapter on "the literary behemoth of New England in our colonial era," Cotton Mather, and illustrates as well as any short passage can Mr. Tyler's faculty for packing his judgment into a sentence, at the risk of a little excess of picturesque phrase. It would be easy to pick out a good many happy hits, but after all the impression made upon the reader is not, as might be supposed, of ambitious smartness. The characterizations are clever, but they serve oftener as the gathering up of the writer's judgment after he has given abundant illustration, than as rough-and-ready sketches. Indeed, the thoroughness with which the work is done is apparent in those marks of a good workman which give one a grateful sense of finish in composition, — the footnote references and the appeal to the best authorities. We do not feel it necessary always to agree with Mr. Tyler; as we have intimated, his enthusiasm and devotion, while they do not impair his sense of justice, have led him to bear on harder in his praise sometimes than a cooler retrospect deems quite fair in the larger measures of literature. He does not make geese swans, but

he does not suffer us to overlook such native beauty of plumage as his geese may have, half hidden from the unsympathetic eye.

In taking account, also, of the forces at work in New England literature, there was a capital chance for a fresh chapter, which he seems to have overlooked; we mean that almost unbroken series of election sermons, forming, by virtue of the succession, a class by themselves, and illustrating well that theological oversight of government which was significant in our New England history, and has not yet disappeared. We miss, too, an account of John Davenport, who was entitled to more than the brief mention given to him. William Strachey's Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia was worth noting under that writer's name, and Anthony Thacher's Narrative is too fine a piece of English to be left out of the reckoning. We should have called more attention, in fact, to the pure style which marks much of the writing of the early Puritans, and it would be no great stretch of prerogative to take into a history of our literature the tender letters of John Winthrop, as preserved for us in his descendant's life of him. Among the accessories of literature, also, a capital chapter might have been made by Mr. Tyler — and no one would have done it better — out of the libraries and bookstores of the early days.

But it is only because we have so much that we want a little more. It is hardly likely that this work will be done again, so well has the field now been covered. Mr. Tyler's own interested and hearty speech has so been mingled with the literary deeds of our fathers that it will be difficult to make a study of their work without taking him along as a guide; a more generous and catholic companion it would be impossible to find.

— The introductory account of her work, which Mrs. Stowe gives in the new edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin,[1] is a literary history whose frankness and simplicity will appeal to every one. But only the exterior causes, the mechanical occasion, of any work of genius can be given even by the author, and Mrs. Stowe can but tell us that the accumulated facts of hearsay and observation concerning slavery weighed upon her heart, till one day, as she sat at the communion-table in church, the final scene of the book so vividly presented itself to her that she could scarcely keep back her tears and sobs, and she hastened home to put it in writing. The mysterious force beneath the sudden impulse she humbly believes to have been the divine love and justice moving her to self-devotion in a holy cause; and indeed, as one reads the wonderful book now, it seems less a work of art than of spirit. The art is most admirable: it is very true and very high, — the highest that can be known to fiction; but it has fearful lapses, in which the jarring and grating of the bare facts set the teeth on edge: there are false colors in character; there are errors of taste; but there is never any lapse of its wise humanity, never any flickering of its clear light, never any error of heart or of purpose.

That a book so generous to the South should have roused that section to such fury is sufficient evidence of its truth and of the Southern consciousness of guilt; but Mrs. Stowe tells us that this fury amazed her, and that it was the indignation of the abolitionists she had dreaded, because she feared that she had softened the tints in her picture of slavery too much. Its effect upon the world at large she finds indescribable; she can only touch here and there upon a few typical facts, and the best representation of this is the interesting bibliography of Mr. Bullen, showing how the book was translated into Armenian, Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, Flemish, French, German, Hungarian, Illyrian, Polish, Portuguese, Romaic, Russian, Servian, Spanish, Swedish, Wallachian, and Welsh. Thirty-five editions were published in English; there were thirteen French translations and two dramatizations; thirteen German versions; in Spanish six; in Welsh three; in Russian three; in Italian, Polish, Dutch, Servian, and Wallachian, each two. It was reviewed in all the critical periodicals of the world. Yet these figures, striking as they are, faintly indicate its unparalleled popularity, — a renown that will probably forever remain unique. Wherever there was a mind to think and a heart to feel, it appealed with a depth and a force which none but those who remember slavery as an actuality can understand. Mrs. Stowe gives a few of the innumerable letters she received in response to it. One of these is from Dickens, who was "charmed" — an odd

[1] *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life Among the Lowly.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New Edition, with Illustrations, and a Bibliography of the Work by George Bullen, Esq., F. S. A., Keeper of the Department of Printed Books, British Museum. Together with an Introductory Account of the Work. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

word to use — by her book, and recognized its power, but thought she tried to prove too much for the negroes as a race; another is a note, discreditably brief, cold, and dry, from Macaulay; there is a generous and fervent thanksgiving from Kingsley; and there are letters from Lord Carlisle and the Earl of Shaftesbury, noble, humble, and devout, which are the best of the English letters given. There is one from Jenny Lind, and one from Fredrika Bremer; and Mrs. Stowe reproduces the preface for one of the French versions by George Sand, an exceedingly just and sympathetic criticism of the work. The world was touched to kindred by a fiction which was truer than any history ever written, and which was so simple in mood, of such unconscious art, that it impressed the reader not as a narration of alien experience, but as a fact of his own knowledge. Perhaps the sweetest and most touching testimony to its influence is given by Mrs. Leonowens, concerning a lady of the Siamese court, who freed her slaves after reading the book, and thereafter, to express her sympathy and affection for the author, always called herself Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Almost a generation has passed since the fame of this book filled the world. The fame is a little dimmed, but the book is as great as ever, its hold upon the reader is as intense. But with his abhorrence of slavery, which it rouses in all its old fervor, is mixed a profound gratitude that all that guilt and suffering are now past. It is a book which we can commend to two classes of polite despairers: to those who lament that we have no American novel, and to those who sorrow over our present political corruption and decay. Here is an American novel as great in its way as Longfellow's Evangeline or Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, and probably greater, upon the whole, than any other novel of our time. This ought to comfort the down-hearted friend of our literature, and our political doubter may reflect, upon reading it, that whatever be our present sin and shame, they are virtue and honor compared with the degradation in which we lay when slavery had so perverted the national mind and heart that the one no longer found it wrong, and the other no longer felt it bad. We may be in an evil way, but are not in so evil a way as that; and whatever adversity may be in store for us, we can never again suffer the prosperity of a free state based upon slavery. We may be a fraud, but we are no longer an open lie.

— The poetry of Mrs. Whitman,[1] now first collected at the close of her long and beautiful and honored life, reflects in some measure the poetic moods of the different generations which she outlived. It seems to us that she cannot honestly be called a woman of genius; but she had all the keen sympathy and the quick impressibility of genius, and whatever she wrote has the charm of a graceful mind, a ready feeling, and a generous womanly nature. Her work often frankly confesses its literary inspiration, which is most direct in the poems responding to the dark genius of Poe, to which she was drawn not only by æsthetic sympathy, but by her love for the man. A number of pieces in the present volume relate to that unhappy passion; but they are not of the best, as he was certainly not the best of her masters. She here and there finds her own voice, and is then at her best, as in the descriptive piece, A Still Day in Autumn, with which her book opens. The few poems about the war are of good quality; and the sonnets on slavery addressed to Mrs. Browning thrill with a genuine emotion. But after the descriptive pieces we find the following, upon the whole, the most impressive. It is a real cry from the soul of a woman, — a cry of rejection and reproach, which utters the sense of every spirit unsatisfied by the half-facts of skeptical knowledge: —

"SCIENCE."

"The words 'vital force,' 'instinct,' 'soul,' are only expressions of our ignorance." — BUCHNER.

WHILE the dull Fates sit nodding at their loom,
Benumbed and drowsy with its ceaseless boom,
I hear, as in a dream, the monody
Of life's tumultuous, ever-ebbing sea;
The iron tramp of armies hurrying by
Forever and forever but to die;
The tragedies of time, the dreary years,
The frantic carnival of hopes and fears,
The wild waltz-music wailing through the gloom,
The slow death-agonies, the yawning tomb,
The loved ones lost forever to our sight,
In the wide waste of chaos and old night;
Earth's long, long dream of martyrdom and pain:
No God in heaven to rend the welded chain
Of endless evolution!

Is this *all?*

And mole-eyed "Science," gloating over bones,
The skulls of monkeys and the Age of Stones,
Blinks at the golden lamps that light the hall
Of dusty death, and answers: "It is all."

But Mrs. Whitman's poems seem generally written from an impulse which, however genuine, is not strong enough to carry them to any vivid or deep effect. We find

[1] *Poems.* By SARAH HELEN WHITMAN. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

ourselves beginning them, but not always reading them through. They are full of bright and charming fancies, and they are often peculiarly fortunate in phrase; and it should be enough that we get from them a sense of her own character, — serenely loving, pure, and high. An interesting and very fitting memoir introduces the collection of her poems.

— Mr. McKnight's book of sonnets[1] is not one that will lend itself readily to the perusal of the reader who wishes to be amused, or sensuously moved. These sonnets deal in a high seriousness with very solemn questions. They are addressed to the reader's conscience, his moods of self-blame and of aspiration, and every word is of a strenuous earnestness, that asks little help of imagery or rhetoric. Here is one that exemplifies the manner and matter of most, though we ought to say that it is one of the best for clearness and directness: —

"But little harm thy error works to thee,
Though it continue long, unless, indeed,
Through self-deception to it thou accede.
Of that beware! Thy lasting hurt 't will be.
For if in willfulness thou yield the key
That opes the soul for Truth to enter in
Unto her enemy, how can she win
Thenceforth an entrance? Oh, watch jealously
If veiled desire persuasively entreat
Thy reason for the form of an assent
To give some fair or subtile argument
Admittance into Truth's peculiar seat!
Lest treason to the truth, within thy soul,
Deliver it to falsehood's hard control."

One may say that this is old truth, and often discovered before; and one may say as much of very many things in Mr. McKnight's sonnet; but whatever form presents the truth anew gives it fresh effect, and enforces its claim with authentic power. We therefore wish Mr. McKnight's book well, and we can commend it sincerely to thoughtful and meditative people as a volume which they can hardly open anywhere without the pleasure that comes from the expression of a gentle, courageous, and lucid mind.

— We do not think Mr. Gilder has given us in his present volume[2] anything quite so good as the best in his New Day; but he has rid himself of much, though not all, of the mysticism which darkened that. The opening ode, "I am the spirit of the morning sea," is the finest poem here; it is bright and glad; it is really what it calls itself in that first line, and it has some passages of vivid descriptive effect, like —

. . . "when the moon
Fills the white air with silence like a tune,"

which paints that kind of night to the soul and to the eye; but of the closing ode, which gives its name to the book, we make nothing. There is A Midsummer Song, very pretty and very musical indeed; and there are some good sonnets, among which this one about the sonnet we find exceedingly well thought and faultlessly said: —

"What is a sonnet? 'T is a pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'T is the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two edged-sword, a star, a song, — ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath,
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:
A sea this is, — beware who ventureth!
For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid
Deep as mid-ocean to sheer mountain walls."

— The time is past, fortunately, when one feels the obligations of prophecy in regard to any new poet; and nothing is more out of fashion than to hail precocious verses as the earnest of great future performance. We are able, therefore, to like the sweet and simple poems of the Goodale children,[3] for the proper childish charm that is in them, and need not burden ourselves with praise of what they are to do hereafter. They are two little girls, one of fifteen and the other of twelve years, whose lives have been spent on a farm in the Berkshire hills, and who sing of the seasons, of the birds, and of the flowers, the things they have known and loved, from an impulse that seems quite their own, and not borrowed from their reading. Their poems have grace and tenderness, and are surprisingly good in their technique. They cannot, of course, add to the reader's stock of ideas and emotions; and he can say, if he chooses, that there is more than enough in the volume to show their range and quality; but he cannot very well help being touched and pleased with them. There are pretty and naïve passages, here and there, where the child triumphs over the poet,

[1] *Life and Death.* Sonnets by GEORGE MCKNIGHT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.

[2] *The Poet and his Master, and other Poems.* By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

[3] *Apple-Blossoms.* Verses of Two Children. By ELAINE GOODALE and DORA READ GOODALE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

which will more especially go to fathers' and mothers' hearts; and the younger of the two minstrels has a spirit of fun in her, akin to that in the book of Miss Lucy Bull, of Hartford. She has, also, a peculiarly fine sense of harmony in her verse, which has a freer and more joyous movement than her elder sister's. But we do not mean to suggest any invidious comparison, or to do other than accept as graciously as they are offered these really lovely and appealingly pretty little bursts of song.

— A Masque of Poets[1] is a much more considerable and interesting volume than would ever be believed without reading it. Invited poetry is not apt to be radiantly inspired, and there is something puerile in the idea of "speaking a piece" in the dark, and requesting your audience to guess your name, akin to performing in those mild household games where the company are asked to divine a whole person from an exhibited eye or finger. For our own part, moreover, we confess to a strong sympathy with good old Joseph de Maistre in his skepticism about things excessively premeditated. It will be remembered that when he learned that the infant American republic had resolved to build itself a capital city on the Potomac, and call its name Washington, he prophesied immediately and roundly that no such city would ever be built, or if it were it would not be on the Potomac, or if there it would not be called Washington. Nevertheless the city, as we know, was built, after a certain ambitious and unequal fashion; and the poets have masqueraded, — some of them, — and much of their poetizing is really excellent. There are a half dozen spirited ballads, most of them national in theme, of which Running the Blockade is the best. There are twice as many more or less melodious little love songs, — two or three of which are fairly exquisite. There is a fine Swinburnian study called The Marshes of Glynn, in which the poet has almost bettered, in some passages, his master's instruction; while the novelette in verse, with which the volume closes, is an admirable specimen of its class, — with a good plot, much wit, some feeling, and capital versification in the style and metre of Don Juan.

The reader is politely requested to return to the publishers of the Masque his guesses about the authorship of the different poems; but from this we beg to be excused. The only pleasure which any well-regulated mind can derive from a conundrum consists in having it answered the instant after it is propounded, and, since we cannot have that, we must be content with such delectation as the poems themselves can afford. Here is — to our thinking — the sweetest of the love songs, on which the reader may, if he will, exercise his curiosity: —

THE WANDERER.

Love comes back to his vacant dwelling, —
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!
We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.

He makes as though in our arms repelling
He fain would lie, as he lay before;
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling, —
The old, old Love which we knew of yore!

Ah, who shall help us from over-spelling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden Lore!
E'en as we doubt, in our heart once more,
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling!

— Among the greater minds of our day, not one has been so mocked and misapprehended by lesser minds as Matthew Arnold. He has also the misfortune to excite sharp animosity in some minds of unusual acumen, like Mr. Mallock's. But if anybody doubts the reality, or would closely limit the extent, of his influence, let him re-read carefully the earlier poems of his recently published complete edition,[2] and note the number of short passages and single thoughts — crystalline in the quaint sobriety of their expression, sometimes, as Shakespeare's own — which have already passed into frequent and almost proverbial use among thoughtful men: "Who saw life steadily and saw it whole." "France, famed in all great arts, in none supreme." "Fate gave what chance shall not control, *his sad lucidity of soul.*"

"Each moment in its race,
Crowd as we will its neutral space,
Is but a quiet watershed,
Whence equally the seas of life and death are fed.

"Not milder is the general lot,
Because our spirits have forgot,
In action's dizzying eddy whirled,
The something which infects the world."

Nearly all these familiar lines date thirty years back, or thereabouts, and have thus made good their verity through one generation of time. The low but earnest voice has found hearing and answer; the fas-

[1] *A Masque of Poets.* No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

[2] *Poems.* By Matthew Arnold. New and Complete Edition. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

tidious thinker has had a silent following; and though the least of that little sect shall not presume to say "fit audience, though few," we may freely congratulate the world upon this minor point, — that in a time of tawdry and tasteless verbal fashions, one poet has successfully preserved the tradition of a high simplicity of speech. On purely literary ground, this is his great achievement. We have seen sported by contemporary writers, both in prose and verse, one mode of expression as overcharged with meaningless ornament as the gowns of the second empire, — a mode which Ruskin and Swinburne have made imposing, and almost every writer else revolting, — and another precisely and affectedly archaic, which has been charming in Mr. William Morris, and in his imitators generally absurd; but, since Landor's death, we have looked to Arnold alone for those pure and severe graces of diction over which time and fashion possess absolutely no power. Even in his measures, Mr. Arnold is usually rigidly simple; although he now and then makes masterly use of some of the more difficult graces of English versification, especially that marshaling of a few long syllables — virtually monosyllabic feet — at the end of a stanza, which always gives majesty to the movement of a strain, and seems a privilege peculiar to the non-Latin tongues. For example: —

> "The sandy spits, the shore-locked lakes,
> Melt into open, moonlit sea;
> The soft Mediterranean breaks
> *At my feet, free.*"

And again: —

> "Thin, thin, the pleasant human voices grow,
> And faint the city gleams;
> Rare the lone pastoral huts. Marvel not thou!
> The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
> But to the stars and the cold lunar beams;
> Alone the sun arises, and alone
> *Spring the great streams.*"

Which last stanza is good for much beside its sound.

Matthew Arnold is so decidedly a didactic poet that the question will not long be waived whether, on the whole, his thought has been on a level with his style; his moral and spiritual with his literary teaching. A clamorous chorus of those who read him little will at once return, for the benefit of those who do not read him at all, an emphatic *no*. They will denounce his habitual pensiveness as pitiable and unmanly, his piercing, probing skepticism as far likelier to kill than cure the soul submitted to its action; they will find his temper haughty, his smiles bitter, his charity small. And let it be owned at once that, to the superficial reader of his poems, there seems some ground for such a criticism. But the more patient and intimate student who, lured by a certain matchless candor even in Mr. Arnold's most sombre utterances, goes on to penetrate the full depth of his meaning finds there no fierceness save that of an agonized search for truth, no bitterness except in the passing pangs inevitably born of the reiterated disappointment of high and strenuous endeavor. The poet knows external nature so perfectly, his discernment of the phenomenal is so exquisitely clear, how should he rest without an equally trustworthy vision of the real? The whole body of his verse breathes the spirit of the Psalmist's cry: "Lord, thou desirest truth *in the inward parts!*" He has been called an apostle of doubt; yet certitude has been his passion, if sometimes a hopeless one.

Of the lesser and more secular passions, and especially of that one which gives all its fire and color to so large a proportion of human poetry, the traces are slight indeed in Arnold's lofty lines, — whether in the mild, pellucid rhymes to Marguerite, or the yet more reserved but always reverent appeals to Fausta. But he will dive into the deepest seas, and thread the blackest caverns, ere he will relinquish the discovery, if such may be, of a sound basis for spiritual hope. Only for those who mimic a faith which they have ceased to feel, who prophesy deceits and cry peace when there is none, he has no tolerance. To disingenuousness he cannot be kind, and he scorns to disguise his scorn of spiritual sycophancy: —

> "For the world cries, Your faith is now
> But a dead time's exploded dream;
> My melancholy, sciolists say,
> Is a past mode, an outworn theme, —
> As if the world had ever had
> A faith, or sciolists been sad!"
>
> "Nay, look closer into man!
> Tell me, can you find indeed
> Nothing sure, no moral plan
> Clear prescribed, without your creed?
>
> "No, I nothing can perceive!
> Without that, all 's dark for men.
> That, or nothing, I believe, —
> For God's sake, believe it, then!"
>
> "They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?
> Better men fared thus before thee;
> Fired their ringing shot, and passed,
> Hotly charged, — and sank at last.
>
> "Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
> Let the victors when they come,

When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!"

The Pis-Aller and the lyric of forlorn hope, from which our last quotations come, mark the utmost bitterness of the poet's darkest hour. He recovers presently, seldom to lose again the tone of sad and steadfast suavity most habitual to him; natural to him also in common with some of the world's choicest spirits, — Marcus Aurelius, Virgil, à Kempis, Sainte-Beuve, — but which in the English language can hardly find grander expression than in some of the stanzas of the Grande Chartreuse, as this:—

"Our fathers watered with their tears
The sea of time whereon we sail;
Their voices were in all men's ears,
Who came within their puissant hail
Still the same ocean round us raves,
But we stand mute and watch the waves."

Matthew Arnold's whole symphony of verse is certainly a minor one, yet his compass of tone is wonderfully wide, and among his manifold modulations there are echoes of the best poetry of every age of the world. Goethe himself wrote nothing more unaffectedly Greek than the dramatic fragments in the present volume, and the songs of the Strayed Reveller and Callicles. In his treatment of Arthurian legend he is barely eclipsed by Tennyson. Before Jordan or Morris, he wrung from the Scandinavian mythology in his Balder Dead some part of the mystery of its unfathomable human tenderness. There are such Virgilian and Horatian touches in Sohrab and Rustum and Oberman as carry us straight back to the last years of Rome and the first of our era; and the whole of the consummate lines in Switzerland, beginning, "Yes, in the sea of life en-isled," are but a development of that memorable passage in the "Christian strain forlorn," so saturated with the tears of generations of mankind, "Nor think it hard that thou shouldst be forsaken of a friend, as knowing that we must all at the end be separated from one another."

And in attempting to measure Mr. Arnold's moral force, it is quite necessary to insist upon the variety and authenticity of his purely poetical achievements, because no man of our generation can be held to have won, in early middle life, a better right than he to indue his laurels, fold his hands, and sit down upon the slopes of Parnassus as a professional poet. And yet poetry is with him a long-past mode of expression, flung away as a thing to be forgotten by one who would press forward to work lying before. The dainty-seeming singer, still haunted by his old dream of ultimate truth, has fought for years in the arid arena of theological strife, and given and taken heavy blows, only to stand up wounded at the last, and simply confess before the world that the adventure of wresting their secrets from the heavens is vain. But his wounds were far from mortal, and his tireless activity has taken yet another turn. Now we have him back again among the simple "humanities," in the quiet garb of his limpid prose, and reasoning only of the lesser things which may be surely known; yet true to the undeviating purpose of his life, pleading for the highest standard and the most unflinching devotion, and repeating in these narrower precincts the old watchwords of his most audacious days, — *simplicity, sincerity,* "Truth *in the inward parts.*"

Let no petulant freaks or constitutional languors of manner blind us to the fact that this is the outline of a brave, constant, and disinterested mental career. 'Certain excellent persons will never be let from drawing grievous comparisons between Matthew Arnold and his father, — that positive, effective, beaming, fructifying spirit, which brought help to so many youthful souls during its too brief earthly day. The contrast in the temper of the men is doubtless wide, and how tenderly and hopelessly the younger worships the elder's memory, and with what touching humility the son celebrates the father's greatness where he himself is small, and his victories where he has been worsted, may be read of all men in the beautiful lines, written fifteen years after Thomas Arnold's death, and entitled Rugby Chapel.

Yet we are unable to rid ourselves of a fancy that to the departed soul it may all look otherwise. Good soldiership vindicates itself as well in the retreat as in the charge, though less exultantly; and there is room for late and lonely gleanings where the full sheaves have been gathered in. There may be a law in the world of spirits whereby doubt follows assurance no less inevitably than twilight follows daylight, or the refluent succeeds the advancing wave, — a law correspondent with that which ordains that when a gallant oak is laid low in the natural forest, earth shall not grow in its place another oak, but a more flexile creature, and fill the spaces which once resounded to the oak's great wrestlings against

the storm with the tremulous and mournful murmur only of the dark, aspiring pine.

— Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have lately published, in excellent form, two books of permanent value: Boswell's Life of Johnson,[1] and Johnson's lives of six principal English poets.[2] We do not see why the former of these should not become the generally accepted edition of Boswell's work. The connoisseur, the student of the period, the man who values himself upon his gentlemanly library, will always want the book complete; but for those who wish merely to know Johnson and his friends, this is certainly sufficient. Nothing of that most wholesome and human presence is perceptibly lost, nor is any figure lacking in that great and charming company of which it was the centre. Whoever has prepared this edition may pride himself upon having performed his task very satisfactorily, and upon having obliged a large and intelligent class of readers.

Mr. Matthew Arnold is the editor of the selected lives, which he prefaces with a characteristically admirable essay, pointing out in extremely interesting terms their singular worth as an expression of the period in which modern English prose was forming, and in which poetry and the criticism of poetry were necessarily less fine and less satisfactory than the poetry that came before and since, and the criticism that has come since. If Johnson was unable to appreciate poetic poets like Milton, and, in degree, Gray, as well as he appreciated prosaic poets like Dryden, Swift, Addison, and Pope, that was because he was the true prophet of an age of prose; and, forewarned of this, the reader gets the great good of his thoroughly literary mood and mind, and escapes the harm of his secular disqualification. The purely historical passages are written with unsurpassed splendor and vigor, and one can skip the critical passages if one likes; though there is much that is instructive, and very much that is amusing, in even the æsthetic limitations of the eighteenth century. Mr. Arnold has introduced the six lives with the sketch of Johnson's own life, written by Macaulay for the Encyclopædia Britannica, and the American publishers have done well to add to them Macaulay's and Carlyle's famous reviews of Croker's Boswell. The result is a range and variety of English criticism not to be elsewhere found in the same compass: the delicate, subtle, conscious sense of beauty and goodness of Arnold; the hard and somewhat vulgar brilliancy but thorough knowledge of Macaulay; the antic fashion and the prophetic insight of Carlyle; and, above all, the profound good sense marred by violent prejudice, and the clear morality unmarred by anything, of Johnson himself. It is a great book.

— In the life of Bernard Palissy,[3] which was disclosed to the world, at least to the Anglo-Saxon world, only twenty-five years ago by Professor Morley, literature became possessed of a character, which, if it had been invented instead of discovered, would have made the writer immortal. An experience so full and pathetic; a mental stature so robust and masterful; a moral embodiment so consistent with itself, so loyal to its conditions of life, so modest yet dignified and fearless in its attitude, — and all this set in the midst of the terrible and picturesque accessories of the sixteenth century in France, — constitute a figure of romance in which nature may claim that she has conquered art with her own weapons; for art can add nothing to it, can subtract nothing from it, without destroying its perfect symmetry. It is already ideal; all the elements needed for dramatic effect are present, and the coolest and most imaginative chronicler has but to use the materials at hand, and set them down in honest order, barely, without any decorations of rhetoric or gauds of imagination, to find that he has pictured a hero indeed. The invention of Cervantes could not have conceived the like. A Huguenot Don Quixote, who vanquished his windmill, who in all his situations was a true knight never dismayed; a gaunt, grave figure, contending without rest against innumerable obstacles, battling with giants, carried by force of will to final success in all his undertakings, and dying in the Bastile, a martyr for his faith, eighty years old, — this is the paladin of the later chivalry; not a potter merely, nor merely, as he modestly termed himself, "worker in earth and

[1] *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D.* Including the Tour to the Hebrides. By JAMES BOSWELL. The original Text, relieved from Passages of obsolete Interest. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.

[2] *Johnson's chief Lives of the Poets.* Being those of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, Gray. And Macaulay's Life of Johnson. With a Preface by MATTHEW ARNOLD. To which are appended Macaulay's and Boswell's Essays on Life of Johnson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.

[3] *The Life of Bernard Palissy of Saintes.* By HENRY MORLEY. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

inventor of rustic figurines," but chemist, painter, physician, sanitary engineer, naturalist, and philosopher, in all these capacities wise beyond his time, and learned beyond the doctors. "My only book," said he, "has been the sky and the earth, which are open to all, and to all it is given to know and to read this beautiful book." His revelations were not accepted in his time by the alchemic doctors who occupied the high places of science, but it has been reserved for later days to justify his conclusions and to wonder at his wisdom.

This interesting figure, spared from the massacre of St. Bartholomew, solely because the secrets of his art resided in him alone, and because he was indispensable to the civilization of his epoch, is to most of us only dimly known as the artist who discovered for France what Luca della Robbia discovered for Italy, — the white enamel by which pottery, compact of various clays and modeled in forms of art, became the faïence of the Renaissance. His only apparent bequest to posterity consists in certain traditions of a ware in which such creatures as lizards, beetles, butterflies, lobsters, tortoises, and crabs are seen in their natural shapes and vivid colors, forming a composition with leafage and rich decorations upon vases and plates exquisitely modeled. His more monumental and less familiar achievements were the decorations in painted and enameled tiles which he prepared for the Chapel of the Château d'Ecouen, and the Passion of our Lord, which he represented in pottery with sixteen pictures set up in the sacristy. Much of this more architectural work is lost, but of the details furnished for Catherine of Medicis, and for the châteaux of Nesle, Reux, and others, there remain a few precious statuettes, groups, vases, cups, plates, corbels, and rustic basins, — some decorated with fruit, shells, fishes, and reptiles, and others presenting, in delicate bas-relief, subjects from mythology and holy writ. His colors were bright tints of yellow, blue, or gray; he used also green, violet, and rich autumnal browns, but rarely, if ever, red or orange.

The story of the sixteen weary years of poverty and privation, amidst which he experimented incessantly with his enamels, failing ever, but ever rekindled by the divine spark, and renewing his fruitless search; tearing up his floors, stripping his roof, and destroying his furniture to keep alive his furnace fires; enduring the bitter complaints of his household and the taunts of his neighbors; laboring without sympathy or companionship; misunderstood, distrusted, till at last, with no reassuring burst of success, but by processes of gradual revelation, he finally solved the difficulties of the art, and became famous, — this story is familiar enough, but acquires new interest and detail in Professor Morley's historical setting. Amidst the dark scenery of feuds, intrigues, and massacres, religious persecutions and royal follies, this solitary figure is revealed to us, passing through crowded avenues of art, science, and literature, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," obtaining his late reward only after three centuries of oblivion. The more unfamiliar part of his career is his invitation addressed to the learned doctors of France to come to his workshop in the Tuileries, there to discuss with him his discoveries in geology, metallurgy, and natural history; the sessions of the little academy thus curiously improvised, and the publication in his own quaint manner of the results of his researches, are among the treasures of history.

The new edition of Palissy the Potter is somewhat condensed from the first editions, and presents in a crown octavo volume of 320 pages, somewhat too closely printed, a form of biography rather more accessible to the general public. We cannot but regret, however, that in a work so full of diligent research no acknowledgment of authorities is given, except where, in referring to the quarto edition of the works of Palissy, by MM. Farejas de St. Fond and Gobet, published in 1777, he controverts their arguments that in the curious contemporary dissertation on the Ignorance of Doctors they had discovered the lost first book of Palissy.

THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL: CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

MR. HASSARD TO MR. COOK.

NEW YORK, *January* 23, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. COOK, — I think everybody who knew the late Archbishop Hughes will be surprised and pained to find him described in The Atlantic Monthly as a crafty and unscrupulous priest; craft is about the last variety of wickedness I should think of charging upon that pugnacious and transparent Irishman. We Catholics are surprised, too, — and I may say disheartened, — to find that the oft-exposed falsehood about the archbishop's "jockeying" the city out of the land on which the new cathedral stands, by inducing the common council to sell it to him for a dollar, is repeated over your signature. I know you would not willingly do injustice to any one, and the fact that you have been misled into making this statement shows how difficult it is to stop a lie when it has once started.

The Catholics did not obtain the cathedral ground from the city, either for a dollar, or for any other price. The city sold the land to some private individual so long ago as the end of the last century, obtaining £405 for it, which I suppose must have been about the market value at that time. After passing through various hands, it was sold under foreclosure of mortgage in 1829, and bought for $5500 by Francis Cooper, who transferred it, for the same price, to the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral and the trustees of St. Peter's Church. This is the way the Catholics obtained it; and they doubtless paid full price for what, fifty years ago, was a lot of land in the country. They intended to make a burying-ground of it, but this plan was not carried out.

In 1852, under a decree of the supreme court, made in a friendly partition suit between the two churches, the half share of St. Peter's in the property was sold at public auction, and the cathedral trustees became the purchasers, at $59,500 for the half. St. Peter's was then bankrupt, and the money was paid to its creditors.

Thus you see that the trustees of the Cathedral obtained this land by open purchase at fair valuation. How, then, did the story of a sale by the city for one dollar originate? Probably from one of the following transactions: (1.) Anciently the land was chargeable with a quit-rent of four bushels of wheat; this was commuted at the time of the last transfer (1852) by the payment of $83.32. Of course the charge had long been in desuetude, and the purpose of the commutation was only to remove a possible defect in the title. (2.) The surveys upon which the deeds of the land were based had been made before the streets were laid out, and when Fiftieth and Fifty-First streets were opened it became necessary to rectify the boundaries. For this purpose the cathedral conveyed to the city a gore on Fifty-First Street, running from a point on Fifth Avenue to a width of about four feet and a half on Fourth Avenue, and the city conveyed to the cathedral a similar gore on Fiftieth Street.

It is a mistake to say that the Catholics are "taxed" by their church for the building of this cathedral, or that it is built wholly by the contributions of the poor. Far be it from me to take from the poor any credit for their liberal and purely voluntary payments into the building fund; but in point of fact a large share of the expense has been borne by the rich. Before Archbishop Hughes began the work he received more than one hundred subscriptions of one thousand dollars each. Very considerable gifts have since been made by wealthy Catholics. All the windows are individual gifts. Apart from these offerings which the prosperous make out of their abundance, the funds are derived from an annual collection in all the churches. That is taken up in boxes like any other Sunday collection, in which nobody knows whether his neighbor gives a penny or a dollar.

Your remark that our servants are obliged to give half their wages to the church I suppose is only a figure of speech. They are not obliged to give *anything* to the church, and certainly they don't give a half of their earnings, nor a quarter, nor a tenth, nor any larger proportion than Protestants give to their churches.

Very truly, my dear Mr. Cook, your friend and servant, JNO. R. G. HASSARD.

II.

MR. COOK TO MR. HASSARD.

NEW YORK, *January* 27, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. HASSARD, — Your letter of the 23d inst. makes clear the fact that I was mistaken in my statement that the late Archbishop Hughes obtained from the common council the land on which the new cathedral is built for the sum of one dollar. Not only is there no evidence whatever in support of that statement; there is the best of evidence that not one word of it is true, and I can only hope that the present printing of your letter in the pages of the same magazine that contained my original statement may call the public attention so strongly to the facts in the case that this fiction about the cathedral site will never be repeated in any respectable quarter.

The story has been so widely believed in New York, is so seldom contradicted in conversation, is, in short, so much a matter of every-day faith, that, for my part, I no more thought it necessary to look up the authorities for the statement before I made it than I should have done had I been going to remark that Columbus discovered America. I have heard the story a hundred times. I never once heard it contradicted. Yet I am assured that the story has been publicly contradicted; that the facts as you state them have been printed several times in our New York newspapers. A courteous writer in the New York World tells me that if I had read that newspaper of such and such a date I might have spared the public some fine writing. Well, I not only did not have the pleasure of reading the World on that day, but the receipt of your letter gave me the first intimation I had that the facts are not as I have stated them in my article in The Atlantic.

Nevertheless, the truth of the matter being thus clearly established, there remains the curious fact, not yet accounted for, that such a lie should have apparently grown out of nothing, and should have got itself planted so securely that no denial seems to have force, thus far, to root it up. I will not be of their party who believe that any considerable number of people tell lies out of pure malice. There may be a few who do so, but the majority of men and women would be sorry to know that they were giving currency to a falsehood, and would stop doing wrong when once they were warned. Believing this, I have looked into the present matter for myself, to see if I could find out the likely origin of such a fable as you have exposed, and I think I have laid my hand on the very pulse of the machine.

Your explanation of the way in which the story of the sale of the cathedral site for the sum of one dollar may have originated does not seem to me sufficient. For it is made by you to grow out of facts that could hardly have become known to the general public, which only takes in large and simple statements. A piece of land, belonging to private parties, is put up at auction, and sold to the highest bidder, and there is an end of the transaction. The public does not concern itself with gores and gussets, and commutations of quit-rents. There must be some simpler, more every-day explanation of such a story as this about the cathedral lot, and I believe you will agree with me that it grew quite naturally out of the following facts: —

The cathedral is built on a plot of land lying between Fifty-First and Fiftieth Streets on the north and south, and between Fifth Avenue and Third Avenue on the west and east. You have shown how the Catholics became the possessors of this tract so far back as 1829. Now at the time this purchase was made the streets in that part of the city existed only on the map of the commissioners; they were not laid out. Fifty-First Street between Fifth Avenue and Third Avenue was not completed until 1857, though it had been begun in 1853. This street therefore did not exist when, in 1846, the mayor, aldermen, and common council of New York gave to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum Society of New York city, of which society John Hughes was president, a deed, with "a covenant for quiet enjoyment," for certain premises described therein as bounded north and south by Fifty-Second and Fifty-First streets, west by Fifth Avenue, and extending easterly from Fifth Avenue four hundred and twenty feet, being a tract of between two and three acres, and containing thirty-six city lots. This deed, of which a copy made by my order is now before me, is dated August 1, 1846, and is recorded in Book "A" of deeds in the comptroller's office, at page 271.

Further, in the Book of Special Leases in the comptroller's office, at page 134, is recorded a lease, of which a copy is also before me, bearing the same date as the deed just mentioned, by which the same city officers lease to the same society the premises bounded north and south by Fifty-Second and Fifty-First streets, east by Fourth Avenue, and west by the tract described in the before-mentioned deed, the same to be held during the pleasure of the party of the first part and their successors for the yearly rent of one dollar. This second lot is two hundred feet by three hundred and seventy-five feet (200×375), and contains thirty city lots. But, as it was not held by a tenure sufficiently strong, the common council, eleven years later (October 21, 1857), ordered the comptroller to lease the plot to the society "so long as it shall be occupied for the use of the asylum" at the yearly rent of one dollar. The lease, of which a copy is also before me, is dated December 31, 1857.

When, now, these facts are remembered: that for twenty-eight years, 1829–1857, after the cathedral plot was purchased, it was not separated from the orphan asylum plot by any street, but that the two made to the public eye only one continuous tract; that the purchase of the cathedral plot, being a private transaction, would be known to only a few persons outside the Catholic congregation, whereas the transactions by which the city officials gave away thirty-six city lots for the sum of one dollar, and leased in perpetuity thirty more for a yearly payment of the same sum, created no little stir at the time, and made no mean part of the text on which Dr. Leonard Bacon, in Putnam's Magazine for July and December, 1869, founded his fierce, but not too fierce, denunciation of the spoliation the city was undergoing, — when these facts are remembered, it will not be difficult to understand how the story of the cathedral site was set on foot, and how it has kept its hold on the public belief. The taxpayers of New York knew that they had been tricked out of a large and valuable tract of land, and they are not to be too hardly judged for having mistaken one block of land for another immediately adjacent, and not at that time separated from it by any actually existing street.

From a point of view outside of any sect or party, I cannot see any defense or excuse for the transaction I have described. The men who were at the head of the city government at the time had no right to give away or to lease in perpetuity, for the benefit of any body of men, secular or religious lands that belonged to the whole people. Nor could the bargain have been proposed and consummated except by crafty and unscrupulous men. That was a dark day for our city politics, and I am much mistaken in your character if you do not agree with me that it was a time in the history of the Catholic church in this city which its best friends must prefer not to have dragged into the light. I am, my dear sir, Very truly yours,

CLARENCE COOK.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S

LITERARY BULLETIN.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

*** The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on page 8.*

"The Lady of the Aroostook." — Mr. Howells's latest story, which has just finished its very prosperous course in the ATLANTIC, is now ready in book form for those who have been so unfortunate as not to read it in the magazine, — and for those who fortunately have read it and found it so engaging that they cannot resist the temptation to read it over immediately. The unanimous and enthusiastic verdict pronounces Mr. Howells guilty in the first degree of writing a story every way delightful. The heroes and heroine are depicted, or rather photographed, with so perfect distinctness, that we recognize them instantaneously; and we find Miss Lydia Blood as fresh and charming as Mr. Staniford — and indeed all the ship's company, from captain to cabin-boy — found her. The reproduction of Yankee traits and dialect is wonderfully accurate, and free from exaggeration. The humor of the story is delicious, — and the whole is so good that the reader does not feel any kind of impatience to have the "Great American Novel" come, so long as such stories as "The Lady of the Aroostook" are to be had.

"Heredity," the fifth volume of Joseph Cook's famous Boston Monday Lectures, has just been published. The lectures have been very thoroughly revised by Mr. Cook since the first reports appeared, and now they bear the form in which he desires them to be read and judged by the large audience that listens to his remarkable arguments. A vast range of subjects is brought under review in these lectures. Mr. Cook lifts his hearers and readers on the strong wings of his imagination, and from a commanding height points out to them the distinctive types of races and nations and character through many ages; and then enforces with his rare rhetorical power the impressive lessons which this broad and penetrating survey of humanity teaches. In scientific and practical value, this volume is one of the most important of the five volumes Mr. Cook has now given to the world.

A Book for Readers willing to Think is Mr. Henry James's new volume, which he entitles "Society the Redeemed Form of Man, and the Earnest of God's Omnipotence in Human Nature." It deals with themes of the first importance, — the inner meaning of the Gospels, the study of men as individuals and as organized in society, religious ideas and verities, and the relations of humanity to its Author. This very inadequately outlines the subject-matter of a book which challenges the reader's most intent and sincere thought, which has no tenderness or reverence for cant or sham, but which expresses, with all the pungency and force characteristic of Mr. James's style, hopes and aspirations that will stir the reader's spirit as a lofty, clear-toned trumpet-call.

"Prince Deukalion." — At a recent meeting of the Goethe Club of New York, held in honor and commemoration of Bayard Taylor, the speakers referred with tenderness and admiration to his last book "Prince Deukalion." Among the tributes to both the poet and the man was one in verse by Rev. Horatio N. Powers, which readers of this Bulletin will be glad to see.

DEUKALION.

At my low hearth, one year ago,
He sate and read with face aglow,
And voice whose unaffected art
Interpreted the minstrel's heart,
A scroll, and myriad ages told
Man's upward struggles manifold,
Till his consummate life was won.
He ceased: I knew Deukalion!
And to myself with reverence said,
"To deathless bards his fame is wed,
He has the soul to understand
The mystic faiths of every land.
Through him the seas and mountains tell
Their everlasting miracle.
He knows what seers and sages seek;
The lover's kiss is on his cheek;
To him the pure-eyed saints confess,
And nature bares her loveliness;
And choruses of all the years —
Their hopes and conquests, raptures, tears,
In him their lofty measures pour,
That he may make their music more."
And then I thought, "how passing sweet
Will seasons come and seasons fleet,
As higher still in Friendship's land
I hear his voice and touch his hand."

Death smote him, but he cannot kill
The joy his soulful songs distill.
The sweetness of his love abides
In lives uplifted by its tides.
In homes and halls and courts he stands,
With gifts of beauty in his hands
Each shrine of Truth and sacred place
Glow with the fervor of his face:
And where a creature claims his own
Speaks for mankind DEUKALION.

Dr. Holmes's "Life of Motley" is received with eager welcome in the British Isles where Mr. Motley's works have enjoyed remarkable popularity. The *Scotsman*, of Edinburgh, observes: —

While Motley the historian is familiar to the reading public all over Europe and North America, very little is generally known about Motley the man, and the short memoir which has been written by one of his dearest friends will be eagerly welcomed. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is peculiarly fitted for the task of outlining Motley's career and analyzing his moral and intellectual attributes, for he was one of the historian's intimate friends from youth, and he is beyond doubt one of the subtlest and most original thinkers, as well as one of the most charming prose writers, that America has produced. The sketch is deeply interesting from the first page to the last.

The London *Daily News* says: —

It will be heartily welcomed by a host of readers on this side of the Atlantic. The story of his life, as it is told by Dr. Holmes, is full of interest and charm.

Poems of Places. — Mr. Longfellow, in his circumnavigation of the globe in search of local poetry, has at length reached America. He has made two volumes relating to New England and might easily have made more, the material being so abundant. Another volume, devoted to the Middle States, gathering pieces celebrating the Hudson, Mohawk, Niagara, Susquehanna, Brandywine, and events connected with many places in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, is just ready for publication. Two other volumes will garner similar poems for the Southern and the Western States.

The Chicago *Advance* remarks: —

It would not be easy for us to suggest a series of books at once so intrinsically rich, so skillfully and thoroughly edited, and so tastefully published.

Of the two New England volumes the Boston *Advertiser* says: —

These poems come nearer to the New England love of home and country than any previous numbers in the series, and many people, both dwellers at home and emigrants, will be glad in the wealth of associations which seem to make the land more truly *ours* than ever before. These are our poets; it is our hills and valleys and brooks of which they sing; they were our fathers who did the heroic deeds.

"The Secret of Cookery." — Mrs. Whitney seems to have caught the clew to the every-day mystery of good, wholesome, toothsome cookery. In "Just How" she explains it all, and makes it so clear and intelligible that one cannot help cooking well by just following her directions. You don't even need to use your own judgment; simply mix and fix exactly as she says, or get Bridget to do it, and your table is always inviting. Dyspepsia is exorcised, and its sister-fiend Worry, — and life is a good deal better worth living. Try it and see.

Sweetser's "Allston." — The story of Washington Allston's life in Mr. Sweetser's "Artist Biographies" forms the basis of a long notice in the New York *Tribune* which closes as follows: —

In the slight sketch of the personal traits of Mr. Allston, in which we have followed the delightful narrative of his biographer, no attempt has been made to give even an outline of his career as an artist. Mr. Sweetser has treated the subject with considerable detail, but to most readers at the present day it is Allston the man, rather than Allston the painter, that affords the principal source of attraction. Since his time, American art has been developed in many admirable forms, but there has been no example of the moral loveliness of character, of the "daily beauty of life," to rival that of the illustrious master. He was himself the type of the spiritual nobleness and grandeur the ideal of which inspired the efforts of his sublime pencil. The portraiture exhibited in this volume furnishes an invaluable contribution to ethical culture no less than to artistic history.

The fifteen little volumes of "Artist Biographies" have all been welcomed as admirable brief histories of great artists and aids to art study.

A German Estimate of Mr. Cook's Lectures. — Herr Schöberlein, the Göttingen professor, has written to Mr. Joseph Cook a letter expressing his admiration of the ability and character of the famous Boston Monday Lectures. He says: —

I feel impelled to tell you, with what uncommon interest I have read your lectures, or, to speak more correctly, with what uncommon interest I followed, when they were translated to me, as I am not familiar with the English language. I admired the rhetorical skill with which you treated this difficult subject before a large and mixed audience, and applied the sayings of German philosophers and theologians. But I was still more rejoiced at finding in them a mode of thinking and feeling kindred to my own.

Often I had thought by myself, the ideas of the transfiguration of the natural and corporeal world, which so rationally proceed from their nature, furnish really the strongest argument against naturalism and materialism; but I had found neither time nor opportunity to follow them up in that direction. Now it has been done by you with such success, and has been done in America!

Professor Ulrici of Halle, says: —

His object is the foundation of a new and true metaphysics resting on a biological basis, that is, the proof of the truth of philosophical theism, and of the fundamental ideas of Christianity. These intentions he carries out with a full, and occasionally a too full, application of his eminent oratorical talent, and with great sagacity and thorough knowledge of the leading works in physiology for the last thirty years.

Bayard Taylor's "Faust." — Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, in his address at the funeral of Bayard Taylor, spoke of his translation of "Faust" as "a marvel of poetic diction, and the best annotated edition of the greatest poem of the greatest poet of Germany." "As long as Goethe himself shall live, Taylor, his best interpreter, shall live with him."

Uncle Tom's Cabin. — The *Nation*, commenting on the illustrated edition, recently published, of Mrs. Stowe's great story, remarks: —

A new edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century since its first appearance in book form, may almost be called a literary event in itself. Can the generation now on the stage read it with the same interest and the same emotions as did their fathers and mothers? Assuredly not. To them it is a romance of the far past, to be believed, perhaps, but not realized, and which must derive nearly all its effectiveness from its intrinsic merits, like any other historical novel, whether English or foreign. These merits, while they cannot revive the immense popularity of the work, will insure it being read by whoever begins it; and no one of common sensibility will be likely to finish it with dry eyes. The portrayal of the institution of slavery fell so far below the reality that the time can never come when its pathos will seem that of hyperbole or of strained rhetoric.

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, has caused her "best thanks" to be returned for a copy of this edition sent her.

Spedding's "Life of Bacon" is very justly accounted one of the best biographies recently published. The Boston *Advertiser* remarks: —

Probably no man was ever better equipped for the task of editing Bacon's works and writing his life than Mr. Spedding. With an early and genuine admiration of Bacon's unrivaled genius he devoted himself many years ago to a study of his writings and to the collection of everything in print or in manuscript which could throw light on his life, character, or opinions. Mr. Spedding's edition of the Works is by common consent regarded as the best edition ever published; and though the "Letters and Life" is not so well known it holds a similar rank. . . . Exception may also be taken on some minor points in Mr. Spedding s personal estimate of Bacon; but as to the very great value of his work as a contribution to our knowledge of the facts in the life of Bacon, and as to the admirable manner in which the American editor has brought the work into reasonable limits, there cannot be two opinions. The original work must, of course, be consulted by every one who wishes to make an exhaustive study of Bacon: but for all other purposes, and to the great majority of readers, the volumes before us furnish everything which can be desired.

A Volume of Original Poetry. — A writer in the *Southern Churchman*, apropos of Mrs. Thaxter's "Drift-Weed," remarks: —

No carping critic, however prone he may be to fasten upon women-singers the stigma that their minds are all mere galleries of echoes, can bring the charge of resemblance to *anybody* against Mrs. Thaxter. She is wholly her own native, strong, original, musical self, as saturated with the tonic brine of Appledore or Star Island as one of her own sea-gulls. This volume will brighten her fame, and give the critics reason to admit that there is at least one American poet whose volume has in it not a trans-Atlantic or Old World echo.

Whittier's "Vision of Echard" is reviewed with admiring cordiality in *Scribner's Monthly* for February. Mr. Whittier is characterized as

"One of the few American poets in whose work we detect no falling off as the shadows of age gather around him. . . . We have exquisite legendary ballads, delicious descriptions of natural scenery, patriotic Revolutionary lyrics, and graceful and noble personal poems. Mr. Whittier is easily the best living writer of ballads; he is the most religious of our poets." The review ends with this remark: "We have not hitherto ranked Mr. Whittier with our most finished poets, but we must henceforth, for the literary workmanship of every poem in this volume is faultless."

"Talks about Art." — Mr. Hunt's little book has evidently much impressed English critics and artists. In a late number of the London *Magazine of Art* Mr. A. C. Meynell says: —

Mr. Hunt's "Talks about Art" reveals to us an artistic America which can help us to much practical progress in return for that education in art literature which we have given her.

And he pays the "Talks" the high compliment of pronouncing it "a practical handbook and hint-book which the English artist has long needed and has never before obtained."

Mrs. Clement's "Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art," with its late revisions and additions, is a work almost without a rival in its department. The Boston *Advertiser* says of the new edition: —

In fullness, clearness, conciseness, and faithfulness it seems to be precisely adapted to the uses of the traveler or the cultivated reader, and the numerous excellently engraved illustrations of the text bring before the reader satisfactory suggestions of the best achievements in art, and make the book a useful instrument for educating the taste and the judgment as well as for increasing knowledge.

Mrs. Whitman's Poems create no popular furor, but none the less do they attract and charm real lovers of poetry, those who value poetry for the nameless fascination of thought, sentiment, and expression which genuine poetry produces. The *New York Tribune* says: —

Of all the poets among American women, Mrs. Whitman may be pronounced, with scarce an exception, the most poetical. In the approach to masculine sternness and strength, in depth of thought and boldness of imagery, she may certainly have been surpassed by singers of a later day; but in richness of fancy, tenderness of feeling, and the subtle charm of expression which reveals the hidden soul of poetry, it is not easy to name the writer who can be matched with the child of genius whose rapt inspirations spread their enchantment over the present volume. The later poems now published betray none of the infirmities of declining

years. They breathe the spirit of immortal youth, and in the flowing sweetness and pathetic grace of their tender melody, exhibit a heart which coldness could not chill, and illustrate a life which did not grow old with age.

Mr. Piatt's "Poems of House and Home" win cordial praise. The *Boston Advertiser* says: —

In the home circle, where gather the gracious father, the fond mother, and the happy children, there will be a welcome to the "Poems of House and Home," by John James Piatt. Many others will enjoy them also, but Mr. Piatt is so abounding in genial poetic spirit, is so filled with home joys, that in the home he will be best remembered. Warm fancies and striking imagery everywhere adorn the lines, natural beauties attract his eye and enrich his songs; the pathos of desolation and want touches him deeply.

The *Providence Journal* remarks: —

No one can read these poems without perceiving the delicate flavor of the poetic fancy that inspired them. They appeal especially to the lovers of domestic joys, and overflow with the freshness of western life. They are also faithful pictures of nature, on which beautiful thoughts find expression as naturally as a bird sings.

The Dickens Dictionary, according to the *Albany Cultivator and Country Gentleman*, "is one of those books that far exceed the promise of the title, containing as it does so many extracts from the stories (selected and edited with admirable judgment) as to present a pretty fair epitome of the whole. The total number of characters referred to is not far from sixteen hundred; and the book contains nearly six hundred pages, and beside twenty-four full-page illustrations, and a portrait. Its completeness, accuracy, and general perfection render this Dictionary an absolutely indispensable adjunct to every set of Dickens's novels."

A Valuable Medical Weekly. — For the benefit of those of our readers who are physicians, or who have a taste for medical literature, we copy from a recent number of the Boston *Advertiser* the following paragraph: —

The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, though one of the oldest medical periodicals in existence, is now fresher and better than ever before. It is not a merely local journal, but includes the whole country in its survey. Its editorial articles, reports by experts on the progress of medical science and practice, and correspondence from all central localities, cover the whole range of medical interests throughout the land. Special attention is given to clinical lectures, great care being taken to select such subjects as are of peculiar value to the general practitioner, and to present the views of men distinguished in all branches of surgery and medicine. The *Journal* is fortunate in being able to secure the coöperation of the most eminent and experienced physicians, and not only to give the medical news which the profession needs, but also to discuss promptly and adequately the many perplexing questions which frequently arise. In short, the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* would seem to be an indispensable adjunct of every physician's and surgeon's library.

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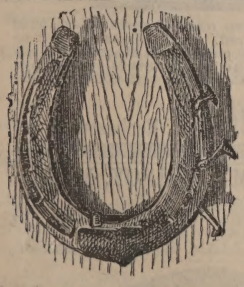

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These letters, by Mrs. Shelley's mother, to the man with whom she lived before she became Godwin's wife, have a peculiar interest for us, because Imlay was an American.

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XLIII.—NUMBER 258

APRIL, 1879

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Cash in Banks	220,990.20
Special Deposit in New Orleans	9,800.00
Interest and Rents due and accrued	217,624.98
Amount of uncollected and deferred premiums	385,718.07
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OF THE

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

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NET ASSETS, January 1, 1878		**$45,072,083.57**
RECEIVED IN 1878 :		
For Premiums	$6,249,133.84	
For Interest and Rent	$3,141,429.50	
Balance Profit and Loss	29,861.06	
		9,420,424.40
		$54,492,507.97

DISBURSED IN 1878.

TO POLICY HOLDERS:		
For claims by death and matured endowments	$3,407,593.28	
Surplus returned to Policy-holders	2,346,137.71	
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies	1,559,037.10	
	$7,312,768.09	
EXPENSES:		
Commissions to Agents	$347,633.18	
Salaries of Officers, Clerks, and all others employed on salary	88,712 24	
Medical Examiners' Fees	11,908.36	
Printing, Stationery, Advertising, Postage, Exchange, etc	170,651.56	
	618,905.34	
TAXES	335,652.10	
		8,267,325.53
BALANCE NET ASSETS, DEC. 31, 1878		**$46,225,182.44**

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien	$26,363,983 26
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds	30,453.28
Premium Notes on policies in force	4,720,535.17
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Company	7,515,066.18
Cost of United States Registered Bonds	2,963,764.39
Cost of State Bonds	723,400.00
Cost of City Bonds	1,988,720.00
Cost of other Bonds	500,000.00
Cost of Bank Stock	76,205.00
Cost of Railroad Stock	26,000.00
Cash in Bank at interest	1,231,548.86
Cash in Company's office	6,119.86
Balance due from Agents, secured	54,209.85
Bills Receivable	5,176.57
	$46,225,182.44

ADD:		
Interest accrued and due	$1,751,808.46	
Rents accrued	16,541.29	
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost	147,668.11	
Net premiums in course of collection	NONE.	
Net deferred quarterly and semi-annual premiums	37,928.04	
		1,953,945.90
GROSS ASSETS, December 31, 1878		**$48,179,128.34**
LIABILITIES :		
Amount required to reinsure all outstanding policies, net, assuming 4 per cent. interest	$43,131,708.00	
All other liabilities	1,643,343.59	
		44,775,051.59
SURPLUS, December 31, 1878		**$3,404,076.75**

Ratio of expense of management to receipts in 1878	**6.57 per cent.**
Policies in force, Dec. 31, 1878, 64,979, insuring	**$170,319,164**

JACOB L. GREENE, President.

JOHN M. TAYLOR, Secretary.

D. H. WELLS, Ass't Secretary.

[From the Boston *Daily Advertiser*.]

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THE

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EASTER HYMNS FROM OLD CLOISTERS.

FROM the soil of the monastic life, which might seem, for many reasons, to have been unfavorable to such a development, there sprang and bloomed some of the rarest flowers of Christian poetry. There could be little, one might think, in the stern and rigorous existence behind the gray walls of the monasteries, with its fastings and castigations, its penances and prayers, and its isolation from the light and beauty of the world, to stimulate the imagination, or to call into exercise the poetic faculty. But the monk had ready to his hand the Old Testament imagery, rich in a symbolism in which, by a poetry touched with divine inspiration, there were shadowed forth the mystery and glory of the later dispensation. In the life and sufferings of Christ, with the attendant associations, he had an exhaustless theme, which he used by turns to interpret ancient types and symbols, or to quicken a flagging faith in a blessedness yet to be revealed. If ever he lacked themes, his own heart, with its victories and defeats, its revolt against the impurities of the world, and its aspirations toward the heavenly existence, supplied them; and he had for the vehicle of his devotion a language marvelously sonorous and flexible, and capable of becoming stately, or rugged, or tender, in harmony with his thought.

It is true that the mediæval poetry was restricted in scope, and that its conceits often surprise us by their grotesque realism, or shock us by their boldness; but the intense feeling which the poems convey is a quality which helps us to forget such defects. Holding himself aloof from the domestic associations, which call out the natural affections, the monk poured forth all the fervor of his soul in his hymns. No lover ever sang to his mistress with a more passionate intensity than that with which Fortunatus and Bernard addressed their Lord. This feeling is as far removed from our own time in spirit as it is in distance; and there is nothing in the sacred poetry of the modern tongues to equal the grandeur of the "Dies iræ, dies illa" of Thomas of Celano, or the tenderness of the "Stabat mater dolorosa" of Jacobus de Benedictis, or the rapture of Bernard's

> "Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur,
> Non breve vivere, non breve plangere, retribuetur."

The mediæval poetry is particularly rich in hymns and lyrics of the Resurrection. Our own conditions are such as to place us, perhaps, a little out of sympathy with the feeling which these poems convey. Our present existence has so much that is desirable that we are in danger of finding it both engrossing and satisfying; and it is only after we

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are taught, by some sharp affliction, the uncertainty of this life that we begin to fix our aspirations upon the life to come. But the monk found little to content him, either in the gloom and discipline of the monastery, or in the wild unrest of the world outside. In the solitude of his cell he dreamed and sang of Paradise, and of the resurrection of Christ as the assurance of an abundant entrance thereinto.

The earliest Easter hymn of which we have knowledge carries us back fifteen centuries. Its author, St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, was born not many years after the recognition of Christianity by the decree of Constantine, probably about the year 340. Treves was probably his birthplace. The story of his life is like a romance, although the leading facts in it are clearly established. He came of a noble family, and by his great abilities and known integrity he rose to high rank in the state. In the year 374, Auxentius, Bishop of Milan, died. The people were permitted to choose his successor. In the assembly met for this purpose a tumult arose, and Ambrose, who was then governor of Liguria, went in to quiet it. Just as he was commanding order, a child suddenly cried out, "Ambrose Bishop!" The people took up the cry with wild enthusiasm, believing that it indicated the special intervention of Providence for their guidance. It was in vain that Ambrose protested that he had not been baptized, and adopted various expedients to weaken the regard of the people. He even took flight, but was apprehended by the authorities, and was baptized on the last day of November, 374. Seven days later he was consecrated to the bishop's office. The ecclesiastical career which had such an extraordinary beginning was varied and eventful. Ambrose brought to the sacred office the dauntless courage and the purity of purpose which had characterized his civil administration. He took an active part in the stormy controversies of his time, with expiring paganism on one hand, and with Arianism on the other. He resisted, vehemently and successfully, the repeated efforts of the pagan nobles of Rome to reinstate the altar of Victory in the senate-house. When the Empress Justina demanded the Portian church in Milan for the Arians, Ambrose and his priests remained in the edifice five days and nights to keep it from falling into their hands. The people gathered to his support, and filled the church. Soldiers surrounded the building and prevented egress, but they could not tire out the patience of the congregation, whose enthusiasm was sustained by the singing of hymns which Ambrose had written. The bishop carried the day, and the soldiers were withdrawn. When the Emperor Theodosius ordered a cruel massacre at Thessalonica, Ambrose met him at the church door, and would not suffer him to enter. For eight months the emperor remained excommunicate, and then was admitted to the sacraments only after making public penance. On the 4th of April, 397, the stout-hearted bishop, who had done so much to vindicate the authority of the church against the state, died at Milan, and was buried in the basilica of San Ambrogio. His hymns are terse, simple, and vigorous, and are written in a stanza which lacks the charm of rhyme.

The Easter hymn beginning "Hic est die verus Dei" is one of the very few poems of his writing, the authenticity of which is unquestioned. Most of the hymns classed as Ambrosian belong to a later period. Of this hymn, Mrs. Charles, in her Voice of Christian Life in Song, supplies the following translation: —

"This is the very day of God, —
Serene with holy light it came, —
In which the stream of sacred blood
Swept over the world's crime and shame.

"Lost souls with faith once more it filled,
The darkness from blind eyes dissolved.
Whose load of fear too great to yield,
Seeing the dying thief absolved?

"Changing the cross for the reward,
That moment's faith obtains his Lord,
Before the just his spirit flies,
The first-fruits enters Paradise.

"The angels ponder, wondering:
They see the body's pain and strife;
They see to Christ the guilty cling,
And reap at once the blessed life.

" O admirable Mystery!
The sins of all are laid on Thee;
And Thou, to cleanse the world's deep stain,
As man dost bear the sins of men.

" What can be ever more sublime!
That grace might meet the guilt of time,
Love doth the bonds of fear undo,
And death restores our life anew.

" Death's fatal spear himself doth wound,
With his own fetters he is bound.
Lo, dead the Life of all men lies,
That life anew for all might rise! —

" That since death thus hath passed on all,
The dead might all arise again;
By his own death-blow death might fall,
And o'er his unshared fall complain."

There is another ancient Easter poem which is often classed among the Ambrosian hymns, though its place is probably in the sixth century. It begins " Ad cœnam Agni providi," and appears in the Roman Breviary in an altered version, " Ad regias Agni dapes." According to Daniel (see vol. i. of the Thesaurus), it was probably sung in the early church by the newly-baptized catechumens when, clad in white, they first partook of the sacraments.

There are numerous translations by Mrs. Charles, Dr. Neale, Dr. Thompson, Edward Caswall, Bishop Williams, and others. The following rendering is by Mrs. Charles: —

" The supper of the Lamb to share,
We come in vesture white and fair;
The Red Sea crossed, our hymn we sing
To Christ, our Captain and our King.

" His holy body on the cross,
Parched, on that altar hung for us;
And, drinking of his crimson blood,
We live upon the living God;

" Protected in the Paschal night
From the destroying angel's might,
And by a powerful hand set free
From Pharaoh's bitter slavery.

" For Christ our Passover is slain,
The Lamb is offered not in vain;
With truth's sincere unleavened bread,
His flesh He gave, his blood He shed.

" O Victim, worthy Thou forever,
Who didst the bands of hell dissever!
Redeem Thy captives from the foe,
The gift of life afresh bestow.

" When Christ from out the tomb arose,
Victor o'er hell and all his foes,
The tyrant forth in chains He drew,
And planted Paradise anew.

" Author of all, to Thee we pray,
In this our Easter joy to-day:
From every weapon death can wield
Thy trusting people ever shield."

Two centuries intervene between Ambrose and the next poet who sang of Easter, Venantius Fortunatus. Among the singers of the early church there is no greater contrast of temperament and character than that which exists between these poets. Ambrose was stern, simple, fearless, profoundly earnest; Fortunatus was gay, light-hearted, often trifling, and as skilled in turning society verses as in the making of hymns. He was born in Venetia about the year 530, and studied at Ravenna. He won high praise among his contemporaries for his learning, and he is mentioned as one of the last poets to whom Latin was a mother-tongue. His early life was spent in wandering gayly from castle to castle, very much after the manner of the troubadours of a later day, and he found ready entrance everywhere by the wit and sweetness of his verses. He crossed over into France, where he became intimate with Gregory of Tours and Queen Radegunda. Partly in consequence of a pilgrimage to the tomb of the holy Martin at Tours, and rather more because of his friendship with the queen, he adopted a graver habit of life, and, entering the priesthood, connected himself with a monastic institution, which the queen had established at Poitiers. His life here seems to have been nearly as light and careless as before, and if we may judge by his verses he was little given to the rigors of asceticism. Some biographers and critics have found it so difficult to reconcile the contradictory qualities of his poems that they have been inclined to regard his hymns as artificial, if not insincere; but Mrs. Charles comes to his defense with the ingenious suggestion that if there had been left of Cowper's works only John Gilpin, Lines on the Receipt of a Hamper, and some playful letters to Lady Austin on the one hand, and the hymn " God moves in a mysterious way " on the other, it might have been equally difficult to reconcile the frag-

ments. It is at least certain that Fortunatus's splendid hymns, "Vexilla regis prodeunt" ("The royal banners forward go"), "Pange lingua gloriosi" ("Sing, my tongue, the glorious story"), and "Salve festa dies" ("Hail, festal day") are among the most valued treasures of sacred song. Fortunatus was made Bishop of Poitiers in 599, and died about ten years later. His Easter hymn, the last of the three mentioned above, is extracted from a poem of fifty-six verses. There are translations by Mrs. Charles and others, one of the best being this, by W. J. C., in Shipley's Lyra Messianica: —

"Hail, day of days, in peals of praise,
Throughout all ages owned,
When Christ our God hell's empire trod,
And high o'er heaven was throned!

"This glorious morn the world new-born
In rising beauty shows;
How, with her Lord to life restored,
Her gifts and graces rose.

"The spring serene in sparkling sheen
The flower-clad earth arrays;
Heaven's portal bright its radiant light
In fuller flood displays.

The fiery sun in loftier noon
O'er heaven's high orbit shines,
As o'er the tide of waters wide
He rises and declines.

"From hell's deep gloom, from earth's dark tomb,
The Lord in triumph soars;
The forests raise their leafy praise,
The flowery field adores.

"As star by star He mounts afar,
And hell imprisoned lies,
Let stars and light and depth and height
In alleluias rise.

'Lo, He who died, the Crucified,
God over all He reigns!
On Him we call, his creatures all,
Who heaven and earth sustains."

Ambrose and Fortunatus wrote in unrhymed verse. It was left for the poets of a later day, and for those chiefly of the twelfth century, to play upon the sonorous Latin tongue as upon the keys of a mighty organ. Not that rhyme was an invention of the Christian poets, nor an importation from without. Archbishop Trench cites abundant evidence to show that it was not a discovery of something new, but a recovery of something which had been lost. He shows that it had its origin, or at least its very clear anticipation, in the early national poetry of Rome; that even after the introduction of the Greek metres, it continually appeared; and that verses with middle and with final rhymes are found in every one of the Latin poets. The first Christian poet in whose hymns distinct rhymes occur is Hilary, in the fourth century; and from this point rhyme may be traced, in the words of Trench, "step by step, from its rude, timid, and uncertain beginnings, till in the later hymnologists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, an Aquinas or an Adam of St. Victor, it displayed all its latent capabilities, and attained its final glory and perfection, satiating the ear with a richness of melody scarcely anywhere to be surpassed." Among the many hymns which might be cited as illustrations of the sweet melodies of this period is a jubilant Easter piece of uncertain authorship. It is so musical and so rapturous as to appeal even to the dullest ear: —

"Pone luctum, Magdalena!
Et serena lacrymas;
Non est jam Simonis cœna,
Non, cur fletum exprimas;
Causæ mille sunt lætandi,
Causæ mille exultandi,
Halleluia!

"Sume risum, Magdalena!
Frons nitescat lucida;
Demigravit omnis pœna,
Lux coruscat fulgida;
Christus mundum liberavit,
Et de morte triumphavit!
Halleluia!

"Gaude, plaude, Magdalena!
Tumba Christus exiit!
Tristis est peracta scena,
Victor mortis rediit;
Quem deflebas morientem,
Nunc arride resurgentem!
Halleluia!

"Tolle vultum, Magdalena!
Redivivum aspice;
Vide, frons quam sit amœna,
Quinque plagas inspice;
Fulgent, sic ut margaritæ,
Ornamenta novæ vitæ.
Halleluia!

"Vive, vive, Magdalena!
Tua lux reversa est,
Gaudiis turgescat vena,
Mortis vis abstersa est;
Mœsti procul sunt dolores,
Læti redeant amores!
Halleluia!"

This charming piece is faithfully reproduced in spirit, and, so far as our less flexible language will permit, in melody, in a translation contributed by Rev. E. A. Washburn to Dr. Schaff's Christ in Song: —

"Still thy sorrow, Magdalena!
Wipe the tear-drops from thine eyes;
Not at Simon's board thou kneelest,
Pouring thy repentant sighs;
All with thy glad heart rejoices,
All things sing with happy voices,
Hallelujah!

"Laugh with rapture, Magdalena!
Be thy drooping forehead bright;
Banished now is every anguish,
Breaks anew thy morning light:
Christ from death the world hath freed;
He is risen, is risen indeed!
Hallelujah!

"Joy, exult, O Magdalena!
He hath burst the rocky prison;
Ended are the days of darkness,
Conqueror hath He arisen.
Mourn no more the Christ departed;
Run to welcome Him, glad-hearted.
Hallelujah!

"Lift thine eyes, O Magdalena!
See, thy living Master stands!
See his face, as ever, smiling;
See those wounds upon his hands,
On his feet, his sacred side,—
Gems that deck the Glorified.
Hallelujah!

Live, now live, O Magdalena!
Shining in thy new-born day;
Let thy bosom pant with pleasure,
Death's poor terror flee away;
Far from thee the tears of sadness,
Welcome love, and welcome gladness!
Hallelujah!"

Of the sacred singers of the twelfth century there are none whose lives afford more interesting or ampler materials for study than Bernard of Clairvaux. There was in his nature a combination of gentleness and fierceness, of humility and ambition, of fervor and severity, which constitutes him the representative monk of his time. He was born of a knightly family in Burgundy, in 1091, and at the age of twenty-two entered the monastery at Citeaux, the home of the severest asceticism anywhere practiced at that time. Three years later, at the head of twelve monks, he was sent out to found a new establishment. The site selected was stony and desolate, and was fitly known as the Valley of Wormwood. The monks suffered great privation. The rude building which they erected had the bare earth for a floor, and they slept upon planks, with logs for pillows. Their supplies failed them, and only the charity of their neighbors kept them alive through the first winter. Gradually, however, the barren ground yielded to their industry, and the Valley of Wormwood was transformed into the fair Valley of Clairvaux. Bernard's five brothers and his aged father sought refuge in the same retreat, so that the family ties were preserved in these new associations. Bernard's influence and fame extended rapidly. When Innocent II. and Anacletus II. were contending for the chair of St. Peter in 1130, it was Bernard who was selected by the king and the bishops of France to decide upon the claims of the rival Popes, and his choice of Innocent was sustained. It was Bernard who engaged in the great theological controversy with Abelard, which ended in the excommunication of the latter. It was Bernard who, in 1146, went over France and Germany preaching the second crusade; and by his fiery eloquence he kindled the religious enthusiasm of the people to fever heat. The terrible disasters which overtook this enterprise, and the popular indignation against him as the author of the movement, may have hastened his death, which occurred on the 20th of August, 1153. His last words to the weeping monks who stood around his bed were those of Paul: "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

The opposing elements in Bernard's character may be indicated briefly by two incidents. When his brother Gerard, whom he loved tenderly, died, he shed no tears, and the monks wondered at his firmness. He ascended the pulpit, and began his discourse as usual, but suddenly his emotions overpowered him, and his voice was lost in sobs. Unable longer to control himself, all the pent-up grief and tenderness of his heart found utterance. "Who," he cried with tearful vehemence, "could ever have loved

me as he did! Thou art in the eternal presence of the Lord Jesus, and hast angels for thy companions; but what have I to fill up the void thou hast left? Fain would I know thy feelings toward me, my brother, my beloved, if indeed it is permitted to one bathing in the floods of divine radiance to call to mind our misery, to be occupied with our grief." Yet the same Bernard, "the dove-like," as his friends were wont to call him, could be harsh and unjust when his plans were thwarted. When William was elected to the archbishopric of York, Bernard, who had desired the position for a Clairvaux monk, wrote bitterly against the new incumbent, charging him with ambition and simony, and condemning him to everlasting perdition. There was no real foundation for the charges, but nevertheless Bernard continued the persecution, until he had driven the archbishop from his place and secured the coveted position for his monk.

Among the hymns of exquisite beauty which we owe to this rarely-gifted spirit is one which deserves a place among Easter pieces. The original contains about two hundred lines, and is a jubilation on the name of Jesus. There are many variations of arrangement and combination in the original text, and there are numerous translations, the best being that by Rev. Edward Caswall, an English Catholic, which is given below. Dr. Schaff, with pardonable enthusiasm, describes it as the sweetest and most evangelical hymn of the Middle Ages:

"Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest!

"Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

"O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

"But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his lovers know.

"O Jesu, Light of all below!
Thou fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

"Thee will I seek, at home, abroad,
Who everywhere art nigh;
Thee in my bosom's cell, O Lord,
As on my bed I lie.

"With Mary to thy tomb I 'll haste,
Before the dawning skies,
And all around with longing cast
My soul's inquiring eyes;

"Beside thy grave will make my moan,
And sob my heart away;
Then at thy feet sink trembling down,
And there adoring stay;

"Nor from my tears and sighs refrain,
Nor those dear feet release,
My Jesu, till from Thee I gain
Some blessed word of peace."

The first four stanzas of the above are contained in many collections. It is worth noticing, as an illustration of the freaks of hymn-menders, that in the last line of the fourth stanza "lovers" is almost invariably given "loved ones;" a change from the active to the passive which alters and weakens the meaning.

While Bernard was defending the interests of the monks of Clairvaux with so much zeal, Peter the Venerable was at the head of the rival monastery at Cluny. He was born in Auvergne a year later than Bernard, and entered upon the government of the abbey of Cluny in 1122. He was a man of great gentleness and beauty of character, and his rule over the Cluniac monks was so mild as to draw down upon him a severe reproof from Bernard. He was charged with having a great variety of dishes at the table of the monastery, with providing the best of material for the habits of the monks, and with allowing those who were sick a staff to support their steps. His answer to these accusations was a gentle plea for charitable judgment. When Bernard attacked with great bitterness a Cluniac monk who had been made Bishop of Langres, Peter wrote to him, deprecating his harshness and defending the monk. When Abelard, old and worn with persecution, was overtaken with severe illness on his way to Rome, Peter opened to him the hospitable doors of Cluny, and extended to him

the tenderest care. He pleaded for him with the Pope, and brought about a reconciliation between him and Bernard, and when Abelard died, with the gentle kindness which characterized all his acts, Peter communicated the tidings to the faithful Heloisa. Peter died in 1156. Not many poems of his writing have come down to us, but his Easter hymn "Mortis portis fractis, fortis" is a marvel of ingenious and musical rhyme. Let us listen to a few lines: —

"Mortis portis fractis, fortis
Fortior vim sustulit;
Et per crucem regem trucem
Infernorum perculit.
Lumen clarum tenebrarum
Sedibus resplenduit;
Dum salvare, recreare,
Quod creavit, voluit.
Hinc Creator, ne peccator
Moreretur, moritur;
Cujus morte novâ sorte
Vita nobis oritur."

Such a measure as this defies translation, and after reading the Latin, Mrs. Charles's rendering of it seems inadequate enough: —

"Lo, the gates of death are broken,
And the strong man arm'd is spoil'd;
Of his armor, which he trusted,
By the Stronger Arm despoil'd.
Vanquish'd is the prince of hell,
Smitten by the cross he fell.

"Then the purest light resplendent
Shone those seats of darkness through,
When, to save whom He created,
God will'd to create anew.

"That the sinner might not perish,
For him the Creator dies;
By whose death our dark lot changing,
Life again for us doth rise.

"Satan groan'd, defeated then,
When the Victor ransom'd men;
Fatal was to him the strife,
Unto man the source of life;
Captured as he seized his prey,
He is slain as he would slay.

"Thus the King all hell hath vanquish'd
Gloriously and mightily;
On the first day leaving Hades,
Victor He returns on high.

"Thus God brought man back to heaven,
When He rose from out the grave,
The pure primal life bestowing,
Which creating first He gave.

"By the sufferings of his Maker,
To his perfect Paradise
The first dweller thus returneth;
Wherefore these glad songs arise."

Abelard represented the scholastic, Bernard the mystic, type of monkish character. In Adam of St. Victor we have a representative of a school of theology which sought to reconcile these often conflicting tendencies, and to fuse into the glowing eloquence of its prose and the passionate fervor of its poetry all that was best in both. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the monks of France led the sacred choir, and the religious establishment of St. Victor in the suburbs of Paris was one of the most famous for its poets and scholars. Of the external life of Adam all that is known is that he was born early in the twelfth century, either in Brittany or in Great Britain; that he studied in Paris, and entered the hermitage of St. Victor about 1130; and that he continued there until his death, which occurred, probably, in 1192. But there was no other of the mediæval poets who left to the church so rich a legacy of song. More than a hundred hymns of his writing remain to us, and of these at least half are of the first quality. It was his great delight to play upon the Old Testament types and symbols, and quite often in his hymns the theology overmasters the poetry. But he had such supreme command over form and rhyme that his poems are marvels of melody. Hear him, as at the close of a hymn on the Resurrection, full of Old Testament allusions, he bursts forth in such strains as these:

"Mors et vita conflixere,
Resurrexit Christus vere,
Et cum Christo surrexere
Multi testes gloriæ.
Mane novum, mane lætum,
Vespertinum tergat fletum;
Quia vita vicit letum,
Tempus est lætitiæ.

"Jesu victor, Jesu vita,
Jesu, vitæ via trita,
Cujus morte mors sopita,
Ad paschalem nos invita
Mensam cum fiduciâ.
Vive panis, vivax unda,
Vera vitis et fœcunda,
Tu nos pasce, tu nos munda,
Ut a morte nos secundâ
Tua salvet gratia."

After making all allowance for his defects, Trench says that "his profound acquaintance with the whole circle of

the theology of his time, and eminently with its exposition of Scripture; the abundant and admirable use which he makes of it, the exquisite art and variety with which for the most part his verse is managed and his rhymes disposed, their rich melody multiplying and ever deepening at the close; the strength which often he concentrates into a single line; his skill in conducting a story; and most of all the evident nearness of the things which he celebrates to his own heart of hearts, — these and other excellences render him, as far as my judgment goes, the foremost among the sacred Latin poets of the Middle Ages." Even this cordial praise Dr. Neale considered scarcely sufficient.

Among the best of Adam's Easter pieces is that the first two stanzas of which are given below. It is unincumbered with Old Testament allusions, and it dwells, in language of rare beauty, upon the coincidence of the opening spring-time and the Resurrection feast:

" Mundi renovatio
Nova parit gaudia,
Resurgenti Domino
Conresurgunt omnia.
Elementa serviunt,
Et auctoris sentiunt
Quanta sint solemnia.

" Ignis volat mobilis,
Et aer volubilis,
Fluit aqua labilis,
Terra manet stabilis,
Alta petunt levia,
Centrum tenent gravia,
Renovantur omnia."

Philip S. Worsley is the author of this exquisite translation: —

" Now the world's fresh dawn of birth
Teems with new rejoicings rife;
Christ is rising, and on earth
All things with Him rise to life.
Feeling this memorial day,
Him the elements obey,
Serve, and lay aside their strife

" Gleamy fire flits to and fro,
Throbs the everlasting air;
Water without pause doth flow,
And the earth stands firm and fair;
Light creations upward leap,
Heavier to the centre keep,
All things renovation share.

" Clearer are the skies above,
And more quiet is the sea;
Each low wind is full of love,
Our own vale is blooming free;
Dryness flushing into green,
Warm delight where frost hath been,
For spring cometh tenderly.

" Melted is the ice of death,
And the world's prince driven away;
From amidst us vanisheth
All his old tyrannic sway.
He who sought to clasp more tight
That wherein he held no right,
Fails of his peculiar prey.

" Life is vanquisher of Death
And the joy man lost of old,
That he now recovereth,
Even Paradise to hold;
For the Cherub keeping ward,
By the promise of the Lord,
Turns the many-flaming sword,
And the willing gates unfold."

Either in this century or the next, there arose, in some unknown cloister, from the lips of a singer whose name has not come down to us, the triumphant Easter hymn " Finita jam sunt prœlia," which Dr. Neale translates thus: —

" Alleluia! Alleluia!
Finished is the battle now;
The crown is on the Victor's brow!
Hence with sadness!
Sing with gladness
Alleluia!

" Alleluia! Alleluia!
After sharp death that Him befell
Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell.
Earth is singing,
Heaven is ringing,
Alleluia!

" Alleluia! Alleluia!
On the third morning He arose,
Bright with victory o'er his foes.
Sing we lauding,
And applauding,
Alleluia.

" Alleluia! Alleluia!
He hath closed hell's brazen door,
And heaven is open evermore!
Hence with sadness!
Sing with gladness
Alleluia!

" Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lord, by thy wounds we call on Thee,
So from ill death to set us free,
That our living
Be thanksgiving!
Alleluia!"

Among the poems of Edward Caswall, there is a translation of a sweet Easter madrigal, whose date and authorship are alike uncertain: —

MARY MAGDALEN.

Jesus hath vanish'd; all in vain
I search for Him, and search again,

Seeking to relieve my pain;
My sobs the garden fill,
My sighs in tears distill;
My heart is breaking. Where is he
Who hath hid my love from me?

JESUS

Who is this, in wild disorder,
Running over bed and border?
O lady, speak;
Declare, declare,
What flow'ret fair
Hither you come to seek!
Wherefore these piteous tears bedew your cheek?

MARY MAGDALEN.

Say, O gentle gardener, say,
Where have they borne my Lord away?
In what deep grave or glade,
Have they his body laid?
Where is that lily sweet,
The Son of God most dear?
Tell me, oh tell me where!
That I may go and kiss his sacred feet,
And my true Spouse adore,
And to his mother's arms the Son restore!

JESUS.

Mary, what blindness hath come o'er thee?
I, thy Jesus, stand before thee!
I that immortal flower
Of Nazareth's fair bower;
I amid thousands the Elect alone,
I thy beloved, I thine own!

MARY MAGDALEN.

Jesus, Master! Thy dear sight
Quite dissolves me with delight!
Oh, joy of joys, to see thy face,
And those celestial feet embrace!

JESUS.

Touch me not yet. The hour is drawing nigh
When thou shalt see me glorified on high;
Then in mine endless presence shalt thou rest,
And, drinking of my light, live on forever blest!

Let us listen to one strain more before we leave the cloisters and their songs. This is from some unknown poet of the fourteenth or possibly of the sixteenth century. Hark, how jubilantly he calls upon everything in nature — sky and air, the awakening spring, lilies and violets, hills, valleys, and fountains — to join in the exultation over the risen Lord!

"Plaudite cœli,
Rideat æther,
Summus et imus
Gaudeat orbis!
Transivit atræ
Turba procellæ;
Subiit almæ!
Gloria palmæ!

"Surgite verni,
Surgite flores,
Germina pictis
Surgite campis;
Teneris mixtæ
Violis rosæ,
Candida sparsis
Lilia calthis!

"Currite plenis
Carmina venis!
Fundite lætum,
Barbytha, metrum:
Namque revixit,
Sicuti dixit,
Pius illæsus
Funere Jesus!

"Plaudite montes,
Ludite fontes;
Resonent valles,
Repetunt colles:
Io revixit,
Sicuti dixit,
Pius illæsus
Funere Jesus!"

Mrs. Charles gives us the following admirable version, in which comparatively little of the meaning or the music of the original is lost: —

"Smile praises, O sky!
Soft breathe them, O air!
Below and on high
And everywhere!
The black troop of storms
Has yielded to calm;
Tufted blossoms are peeping,
And early palm.

"Awake thee, O spring!
Ye flowers, come forth,
With thousand hues tinting
The soft green earth:
Ye violets tender,
And sweet roses bright,
Gay Lent lilies blended
With pure lilies white.

"Sweep tides of rich music
The new world along,
And pour in full measure,
Sweet lyres, your song.
Sing, sing, for He liveth!
He lives, as He said;
The Lord has arisen
Unharmed from the dead.

"Clap, clap your hands, mountains,
Ye valleys, resound!
Leap, leap for joy, fountains,
Ye hills, catch the sound!
All triumph; He liveth!
He lives, as He said;
The Lord has arisen
Unharmed from the dead."

Frank Foxcroft.

IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

I.

To a young person of Irene Grant's studious and imaginative nature, it was probably a developing and educating providence that she had grown up in the bookish tranquillity of a country parsonage.

At all events, she had reason to be thankful that the loneliness and quietude of her girlish life had led her to pass much time in her father's library, and to read there more of history than most young ladies know. The result of this poring over Plutarch, Rollin, and the Classical Dictionary was that now, as she sailed through the Ægean, with the sable mountain shores of Ionia on one hand, and the many-hued, abrupt Cyclades on the other, she saw far more than was visible to the naked eye. She saw races and kingdoms and glories of famous ages; she saw the grace and splendor and power of Hellas and Persia and Rome; she saw the sublime past brooding over the beautiful present.

Ever since she had sighted the Old World it had been a magic voyage. All the way from Gibraltar to Smyrna, in the dear old bark Sultana, and then from Smyrna onward hither, in the steamer Imperatore, it had been a cruise through the marvelous, the venerably ancient, the sublimely illustrious. The young woman — this rather unusual young woman — was in a continual tremor of enthusiasm. I mean what I say: it was no pretense of interest and excitement; it was honest and profound feeling. Even her sedate friend, Mr. Wesley Payson, veteran Orientalist and zealous classical scholar as he was, occasionally smiled at the emotion which she showed when he pointed out to her some site which great deeds or thoughts had made honorable forever.

"Halicarnassus!" she had exclaimed, looking reverently up the deep, solemn bay, at the head of which once stood the mother of historians. "Was Halicarnassus *there?*"

"Yes, and truly," he replied. "There Herodotus was born, and Dionysius. It is very impressive to be reminded of it. What does the world not owe to those narrators of the origins of the two greatest of uninspired peoples!"

Then he watched with grave and kindly interest to see how steadily and reverently she gazed toward the seat of the vanished city, shrouded among the funereal mountains of the Ionian shore.

"We are such butterflies!" she said at last. "I am such a mere fleeting insect compared with these names which will last so long!"

It was the old complaint of the individual human entity over its own unimportance and ephemerality. Mr. Payson remembered with sympathy that in his youthful days he had often secretly indulged in like bemoaning.

"Everything here is so old and so great," Irene continued, turning to him with a smile, — a smile which was sad, and which yet apologized for being sad. "The mountains look like giants who will live forever. And we are so little, — the very steamer is so little. It seems as if these headlands and islands might step out and trample it into the sea."

"The Maker of these great scenes must be very great," said Mr. Payson, with a beautiful expression of loving reverence. "I would, Irene, that my dear friend, your wise and devout father, could have looked upon this majesty. He would have found a noble joy in it."

The young lady turned slightly away, leaned her elbows on the high bulwarks, and pressed one hand against her face. It was evident that her father had been taken from her, and not long since. When she removed her hand and lifted her eyes once more toward the Asian mountains, she had an air of enforced

composure and resignation which was full of tragic dignity. A young man who stood not far off, furtively but earnestly gazing at her, thought that he had never seen a more noble and touching expression.

It must be explained that, even in her ordinary moods, she was handsome enough to attract notice. Her figure was a little above the usual womanly height, rather slender than otherwise, and very graceful in carriage. Her eyes and hair were dark brown; her features fairly regular, and the face a plump oval; her complexion a clear, healthy, medium brunette, without color. Her smile came infrequently, and as it were shyly, but it curled her upper lip in a peculiarly engaging way, and it was not only arch but very charming. Her dress was a plain black traveling suit, with trimmings which indicated a late bereavement. In short, she was so attractive that the young gentleman above mentioned felt drawn to approach her traveling companion and engage him in conversation.

"I see that you are an American," he said. "Will you allow me to introduce myself as a countryman? My name is DeVries, — Hubertsen DeVries, of Albany."

"Dear sir, I am delighted to see you," replied Mr. Payson, shaking hands with a cordiality which evidently surprised the other. "Are you related to Mrs. Killian DeVries? Her son? I am most happy to meet you. I stayed at your mother's godly house last summer for two weeks. I was at the meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and I had the good fortune to be her guest. She told me — I remember it now — that she had a son in Europe. What a providential circumstance that I should be led to find you! You must be my guest in Syria."

But we will pass over the dislocated and wandering conversation of a first interview, and state at once that DeVries promptly became an intimate acquaintance of the Payson party. In twelve hours he learned all their simple histories, and told them something of his own unimportant adventures. It appeared that Mr. Payson had been for twenty years a missionary in the Levant, and that Mrs. Payson was but a late addition to his sedate circle of interests.

"I had striven for a long time to follow the example of a far worthier than I," he said, referring of course to St. Paul. "But," he added with a smile, "the brethren in Syria thought it would be better for the mission if I would take a wife. I neither assented nor refused. But, as I had not once been home, I agreed to ask for a year's absence, leaving that other matter in the hands of Providence. It was well — it was every way well — that I did so. It was best for *me*, although I had no right to claim that. I was led to meet and to admire and to seek a person who has greatly increased my happiness, and who is dearer to me than any other visible object in this most beautiful earth. But I am talking of myself," he subjoined, with his sweet, child-like smile, tinted now with an expression of apology. "It is a very unworthy subject, even for myself."

"No, you were talking of Mrs. Payson," replied DeVries. "And that is not an unworthy subject."

"We are one," said the missionary, still smiling. "I am thankful for it, but I must not prattle about it. We are all like children, bragging of our own toys. To keep my tongue off from mine requires a struggle. Up to a certain point I think the Arab is right in begging your pardon if he has to mention his wife. His defect is that he does it in a spirit of scorn for woman, instead of modesty as to his own affairs and belongings."

It is difficult to say whether DeVries, a handsome fellow of not more than twenty-six, was most puzzled or amused by this simple-hearted devotion, which found it difficult not to boast of a wife who was well past thirty, whose comeliness was already a little too plump and matronly, whose amiable discourse was shy and hesitating almost to stammering, and who was so doubtful of her own power to interest that she frequently

broke off her sentences with an apologetic giggle. Mrs. Payson was clearly a very earnestly good and very sweet-tempered lady, with a strong instinct toward caring for others at the expense of her own repose and comfort. But she was not the kind of creature — so our pretty and wealthy young gentleman thought — to excite a husband to sinful vainglory. He decided that the subject was to be dropped, not merely as a forbidden one to Mr. Payson, but also as an uninteresting one to himself.

"And you are taking out Miss Grant as a missionary," he said, turning to a more alluring topic. "It is too bad."

"How so?" asked the clergyman, with a gentle glance of surprise.

DeVries colored as the young do when they become conscious that they have committed a blunder. "Excuse me," he apologized, "I spoke absent-mindedly. But, really, is n't she too young to be buried away in these savage lands? I want to say, too nice; but then I don't mean to insinuate that you are not nice."

"No, — no, — no," slowly returned the missionary, with touching solemnity, his eyes meanwhile resting on the coast of sublime mountains. "We are none of us too good or too fair to labor for the Maker of this most beautiful world."

"Exactly!" DeVries bowed, with both politeness and embarrassment. "I admit that, of course. And yet" —

"I understand you," said the missionary. "She is very young and very engaging. She would be a grace and a pleasure to any society. It seems at first glance wrong to drag such a fair and happy young thing from civilization down to the companionship of semi-barbarism. But consider what she comes for, what her errand is in these regions. However, I will not enlarge upon the worthiness of mission work; I presume that you will concede that. She conceded it. I did not urge it upon her. Far be it from me to lay such a duty upon any young head! The dear child came with the full purpose of her own sweet soul. So I trust."

He paused, sighed deeply as if over some painful recollection, and then proceeded: "Moreover, this is her refuge; this venture is her flight from sorrow, — from deep sorrow enhanced by poverty. I must tell you a little of her story. It will explain to you how she came to leave her native land, and how I was brought to share the responsibility of her great step. She is a child of my old college room-mate and dear friend, John Grant. He was my best earthly friend. Let me tell you what a friend he was: he was my guide to Calvary. I passed twenty years of my life without a knowledge of the Saviour of men," he added, with an expression of self-reproach which almost amounted to horror. "That these eyes ever looked up to the cross is owing, under Heaven, to John Grant. Do you think," he asked fervidly, his grave, light blue eyes filling with tears, — "do you think that I, under inexpressible and eternal obligations to that precious, departed friend, would do one thing or say one word which would lead his child to take up a load which, for aught I knew, might be too great for her? I did not dare to counsel her. I neither said come, nor stay. I left it all with the Master of all. I laid it before him incessantly with secret prayers, and I am not ashamed to say with tears. She was his creature. What right had I to say what she should do? Well, she came. I hope and venture to believe that it is for the best."

DeVries was profoundly awed. Here were thoughts, here was a life of beliefs and feelings, with which he had naught whatever to do, and which seemed sublimely and even fearfully above him. He remained gravely silent, as men are apt to do who see quite another world open, and who feel that they are not worthy to enter therein.

"Ah, my poor friend!" resumed Mr. Payson, after a pause of reminiscence. "What a struggling, anxious, sorrowful life he had of it at the last! It is wonderful how even the choicest gold of earth must be tried for its more complete purification. But I am intruding this subject upon you."

DeVries, who felt reverentially subjugated by the topic, as well as compas-

sionately interested in it, begged him to go on.

"I shall be short," said the missionary. "Grant lost his health, and as a consequence lost his parish. It seems cruel thus to abandon a pastor who has fallen in watching his sheep. But let us not judge. I do not perhaps know how much another pastor was needed. It was all done in my absence; and in my absence, too, he died. There was no money. He had had five mouths to fill, and he had sought to educate his three girls thoroughly, and so had laid up nothing in this world. I reached home to find him in his grave, and his family in sore destitution."

He paused a moment, as if dwelling upon sorrowful scenes, not to be rehearsed. The piteous suppression, the decorous reserve of his manner of narration, made it the more affecting.

"I hope something was done for them," said DeVries, with the impatience of strong sympathy.

"Kind friends, who became informed of their case, came to their aid," replied Mr. Payson, still keeping back much, — his own help. "The mother has now a position, the matronship of a hospital, for which she is fitted admirably. When I last heard from her she was evidently finding consolation in her labors. Thanks be to that mercy which has turned the curse of toil into a blessing!"

"I am glad that Miss Grant is with you," said the young man, looking up with reverence, and with a strange sense of gratitude also, into that worn, grave, sweet countenance.

"I hope and I trust that it will be for her good and for the good of many. The mission has rarely been endowed with so fine an intellect. I do not speak of her conversation. She is young and shy. But there is the making of a scholar in that girl; and a woman who can educate her sex is needed among us; educated women are the great need of Syria."

"And what has become of the two sisters?" inquired DeVries, who could not hear enough about these Grants.

"They are still at school, — the one eighteen, the other sixteen. They are being supported while they study and ripen for teachers."

DeVries wondered if they were as pretty as Irene, and if he should ever meet them. He would have been glad to win some interest from Miss Grant herself, but in the sanctity of her chosen career she seemed removed from him, and almost beyond his ambition. Yes, somewhat to his surprise, and perhaps a little to his annoyance, it appeared to him that this poor clergyman's daughter was above him, and had been so adjudged by one of the saints who are to judge the earth.

II.

It is curious how formidable a person may be to other people without suspecting it, and while, in fact, holding them in awe.

Any one who has the least knowledge of human nature will divine that Irene Grant was much more afraid of Hubertsen DeVries than he could be afraid of her. I think that country youth is almost always shyly humble, or else shyly defiant, in the presence of city youth.

I suspect also that in our American society there is no young gentleman so grand and so redoubtable in the eyes of a poor girl as the young gentleman who has a great deal of money. No matter for native dignity, for conscious worth of character, for noble or even sacred purposes in life. They all seem to fail, alas, and to hide diminished countenances, in presence of a fact which appeals to the natural desires and strong needs of feminine nature. Money is power, and therefore aristocracy; moreover, it means decoration, beautifulness, and the gratification of vanity; finally, it shields one from bitter labor and the world's roughnesses and scorns. Even when a girl does not distinctly state to herself any one of these things, and will not harbor a purpose to appropriate whatever fortune walks incarnate into her presence, she finds it difficult not to be vaguely oppressed by it. Society

aids the magic; elder ladies cast meaning glances; young comrades whirl around the golden candlestick; the drift is toward the glitter.

I wish it to be perfectly understood that Irene was merely afraid of her wealthy young traveling companion. She had not a desire nor even a thought of fascinating him. On the contrary, she had a painful belief that even to interest him, to make his time pass agreeably, was beyond her power.

But this embarrassment in his society, this despondent shyness which almost amounted to aversion, rapidly melted away under his persistent gentleness and courtesy. DeVries had been affected by the pathos and simple eloquence of Mr. Payson in rehearsing the sorrows of the Grant family. The imagination and magnanimity of youth had been aroused in him. He had day-dreams on the subject. He pictured himself as belonging to John Grant's parish, and as preventing him from being turned away homeless. He had plans in his head for endowing the orphans, and for relieving the widow from her enforced toil. As to Irene there present, he longed to be a consolation to her, and was tenderly glad when he could make her smile. He was so kind, and above all he was so delicately courteous, that she marveled at his sweet manners, and marveled too why he should be so good to her. The result was that in a day's acquaintance she not only lost her sense of embarrassment and her shy defiance, but gained confidence to prattle with him as unconstrainedly as if he were an old friend.

The motley deck-load of passengers, consisting largely of Moslem pilgrims bound to Mecca, and of Christian pilgrims bound to Jerusalem, was an inexhaustible source of amusement and conversation, and afforded small adventures which seemed very great to this novice in travel.

"It is like Noah's ark, leaving out the animals," she said, glancing over the variously vestured huddles of humanity.

"Yes, the descendants of Shem and Ham and Japhet are here," replied DeVries, whose favorite science was ethnology.

At this moment a dwarfish old pilgrim, with a long silver beard and a wonderfully white, wilted visage, his lean little figure attired from head to foot in sheep-skin raiment, stepped up to the young man, bowed down almost to the deck, and made him an address in some hyperborean tongue.

"What *does* he say?" exclaimed Irene, her brown eyes sparkling with wonder and curiosity.

"I wish I knew," answered DeVries, looking about him for an interpreter.

A slight, dark man, badly dressed in European costume, raised his hat, and asked, "Parla Lei l'Italiano?" (Do you speak Italian?)

"Sì, signore," said the young man.

Irene glanced at him with respect and admiration. Her education and the opinion of the society in which she had been reared caused her to reverence learned people, and such she held linguists to be. Moreover, she had studied Italian a little; and she thought it the most beautiful of all languages, and looked with envy upon those who could speak it.

"I have been in Russia," explained the swarthy man, handling the *lingua Toscana* like one foreign to it, at least in its purity. "This pilgrim says that you look like the prince to whom he belongs, and he wants to know if you are the prince's son; for he says the prince has a son who is traveling, and he thinks he is going to Jerusalem."

Irene understood the word *principe* and the word *figlio*, and she guessed therefrom the meaning of the sentence. She looked up at DeVries again with a smile of satisfaction. He was tall and blonde and handsome, and surely he had a very noble bearing. It was quite natural that he should be taken for the son of a Russian prince; and to the young lady who leaned upon his arm it was somehow very agreeable.

"Tell him, if you please, that I have not that honor," said the American. "Many thanks for translating."

There were a few words in Russian

between the dark man and the milky-faced patriarch. Then the latter turned to DeVries and uttered another lengthy discourse, speaking to him directly and with a composed volubility, as if he could not believe in any barrier of language.

"He apologizes for speaking to a prince," explained the interpreter. "He says he hopes that you will get to Jerusalem and see his young lord, and that he will see him also."

The patriarch listened with turned face to the strange speech, shook his capoted head sadly over his failure to comprehend, and then, with another wonderfully low salutation, moved away. The patience in his ancient, withered face, as he took his stand by the bulwark, and settled his pale-blue eyes southward, — this simple, ignorant, long-suffering patience of waiting for the sight of the Holy City, — was something truly pathetic.

"What wide countries he has traversed, of which he knows nothing!" said DeVries. "Will he ever get back?"

"He has perhaps come as far as I have, or something like it," sighed Irene. "He may be a Siberian."

"And will you ever get back?" asked the young man, bending upon her a look of pity.

She shook her head. That woful query had been in her mind, but she did not wish to talk of it, and perhaps could not.

"I don't want you to shake your head and purse up your lips," he insisted. "I want to know plainly what you think and feel about it."

She smiled archly. She was determined not to be frank and serious on this subject. Solemn speech about it might end in crying before twenty nationalities.

"I have settled on the very day," she said. "When I have done twenty-five years' work here, when I am a grave, middle-aged lady with a white frontlet, I will go home and attend a meeting of the American Board. You shall be there, and subscribe liberally, especially for the Syrian mission."

"I won't do it," he replied. "If you will turn round and go back this year, I'll come down with something handsome."

"Oh, no; you know I can't," she said, turning more serious. "Can't you understand that I don't want to talk of it? How shabby, too, for me to be prattling about myself when I have such a world around me, — such a strange world of scenery and people! Look at the old Russian! He is still gazing toward Jerusalem. I begin to think that a people with such enthusiasm will get there some day."

"They reached Jerusalem once," observed DeVries. "They may reach it again."

"I don't remember that they ever reached it."

"The Skythians," explained the ethnologist. He was on his favorite science now, and could not help talking of it. It must be remembered, moreover, that he had a high respect for Miss Grant's intellect, and that he wished to secure her respect and admiration for himself, even at the risk of seeming pedantic.

"Herodotus," he continued, "says that the Skythians who pursued the Kimmerians out of Europe penetrated as far as the frontiers of Egypt. It is almost certain, in my humble opinion, that the Skythians of Europe were Sklavonians. The later Greek writers say that in their time the Skythians or Skoloti of Herodotus were called Sklabenoi. What is that but Sklavonian?"

Irene was at least as much confounded by his scholarship as will be the ordinary ignorant believer in the Turanian origin of the Skythians. She looked up at him with pretty, reverential surprise, and judged that he could answer any query which she knew enough to propose.

"And the man who translated for you?" she asked. "I thought he stammered a little in Italian. What is he?"

"A Maltese, — a descendant of the Carthaginians," said the ethnologist. "Don't you believe it? The Arabic of Malta is the same with the Arabic of Tunis, and they are neither of them pure Arabic. They are quite as much like Hebrew; and Hebrew, as we know from

the Phœnician inscriptions, was the Punic tongue; it was the language of Canaan, spoken by the Jews as well as by most of their neighbors."

"How much more interesting the East is for knowing its history!" said Irene, full of a bookish girl's gratitude for such lessons, and not in the least questioning their soundness. "I should think you would stay here for years and investigate everything."

"I mean to investigate something. I am going to Philistia to dig up the old Philistines."

"What! to prove that they were not nine feet high? Oh, Mr. DeVries! You might be in more useful business."

"You are thinking of the Anakims," he smiled, glad to have her scold him; it seemed so intimate. "Please excuse me for being so particular and sensitive about my pet subject, and for being so long-winded as I shall be. I am like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner; I know the man who must hear me, and the young lady also. No, I don't propose to settle the stature of the Anakims, who were quite another people from the Philistines, though for a time under their rule. What I want to decide is whether the Philistines proper — the race sometimes called Cherethites — were of European origin. Some German scholars are now of that opinion. There is a little proof of it. It seems to be reasonable to identify them with certain broods of pirates and invaders who appear on the Egyptian monuments as making landings from their ships on the coasts of Egypt and Palestine. Those broods, it is supposed, came from Crete, from the Grecian islands in general, and even from continental Hellas. What if I could dig up ruins, pottery, ornaments, and inscriptions, showing that the little people which enslaved Israel and slew Saul was a colony of the same people which destroyed Ilium! Why, there is a possibility that young warriors who fought against Hector may have fought as middle-aged men on Mount Gilboa. The idea sets my imagination in a blaze, and positively keeps me awake of nights. I want to prove it."

"Oh, dear, I wish you could; I hope you will!" answered Irene, enthusiastically. She too loved the Greeks, and wanted to trace them into Bible history, which she also loved.

Then there was a cry of interest on the densely populated forecastle of the steamer. Hands were seen pointing over the shining sea, which stretched placidly southward, and the word *land* was repeated from mouth to mouth in many languages.

"It is Rhodes," called Mrs. Payson, who was tottering eagerly toward them through the motley groups, now likely to fall upon a sprawling Christian, and now to crush a true believer. She came up, out of breath, smiling in her amiable, shy way, and a little spasmodic about the corners of the mouth. "It is really the famous island of the Colossus," she added, and then giggled a little, as if apologizing for her enthusiasm. "Mr. Payson says so," she added, quoting her husband, a common habit with her.

"Oh, why does n't he come on deck and see it!" exclaimed Irene, rustling toward the cabin gangway in such haste that she nearly upset a Cossack's dinner of black bread crumbed in a wooden bowl of water.

"Don't call him," begged the considerate wife, reverent of her lord's slightest occupations, — a wife of the old school. "He is talking Hebrew with a Jewish rabbi. He never misses a chance to practice Hebrew. But he will go on shore with us."

"Oh, on shore!" cried Irene. "Among the knights!"

"And among the Romans!" echoed DeVries.

"And the Greeks!" laughed Irene. "Perhaps you will find a Philistine. Every day is more wonderful than the last."

"And the to-morrow more wonderful than all."

"I should think you were both mad," said Mrs. Payson, confounded by what she had perhaps never known, the animal spirits of youth.

"It is much learning which has made me mad," returned Irene, quoting Script-

ure with freedom, as ministers' children do.

Here she looked at DeVries, and they both laughed again, sorely puzzling serious, amiable Mrs. Payson. Then they mounted settees, the young man holding the girl by the arm, and strained their eyes over the glassy, gleaming sea, and pointed out to each other a low mound of hazy azure.

III.

That afternoon of Irene's in Rhodes, could it only have been preserved and put away like choice wine, would be such a draught of happiness as any of us might rejoice to purchase. It was a gladness merely to look around upon the little magic cup of a harbor, illustrious with memories as numerous as its ripples of bright sea-water, and crowded with spectral galleons and argosies. How eloquently the small surges babbled of ancient freedom, commerce, art, and valor, as they tossed along the sides of lateen-sailed coasters, or foamed against the base of ruinous moles and fortifications!

It was a sort of pocket haven, quite wonderfully small for its age and glory, and quite surprisingly bare of anything that deserved the name of shipping. Irene could scarcely believe that here memorable navies had sheltered themselves, and that here valiant men and great captains had won at least imperishable renown. The common notion that the Colossus bestrode the whole of that straitened entrance seemed hardly an extravagance. Black, venerable, weather-beaten stones, dislocated by unnumbered tempests and adversities, received their feet at the landing-place. Lean, yellow, ragged Jews cringed and whined to them for alms, and supple, fawning, smiling Greeks offered them bronze coins and statuettes. Mr. Payson distributed a few piastres among the mendicants, gently waived away the hawkers of doubtful antiquities, and led on into the depopulated, silent little city. Irene had never before seen nor imagined such an architectural wilderness. Its bareness of men and its tomb-like stillness were inexpressibly solemnizing and pathetic. When the begging and the huckstering had fairly dropped away from the travelers, they were as much alone as if they had been threading a country lane. And yet they were in a solidly built street of a capital which had for ages teemed with life and movement and riches, and had more than once been dreaded for its warlike power.

It seemed to Irene that she was walking through a cemetery. She felt as if it would be indecorous and unfeeling to tread here with hasty feet. Almost unconsciously she lagged behind Mr. and Mrs. Payson, accompanied only by DeVries. "How *can* they go so fast!" she said to him. "I wish they would n't."

"We shall not lose them in the crowd," he smiled.

"It is pitiful," she continued, glancing about the untenanted, sombre streets. "I want leisure to pity this forsaken city. I have hardly ever in my life seen anything so mournful."

"What a government it must be that can reduce such a country to such a condition!" was the comment of the male republican. "How much longer will the civilized world have patience with it?"

Irene, who was not a voter and a statesman, remained in her mood of sentiment. "Oh," she said, "shall you ever forget this day?"

He looked at her, thought she had a very lovely poetical expression, and replied, "I shall have more than one reason for remembering it."

He supposed that she would understand his allusion, and his heart beat a little quicker than usual, veteran young beau as he was. But Irene was meeker and more innocent than he thought, and did not easily divine a compliment, or suspect a flirtation. Moreover, the sight of ruin was newer to her than to him, and had not yet lost any whit of its melancholy magic. In reply to his speech she sighed, "Yes, indeed," and continued to gaze about the decayed city. Her air of tender and reverent posses-

sion brought DeVries back to a sympathy with fallen Rhodes.

"It reminds one of a bit of Persian poetry," he said. "The spider spins his web in the palaces of Kaiser, and the owl stands sentinel on the towers of Afrasiâb."

"How could a Persian write anything so beautiful!" exclaimed Irene.

"They have had misfortunes and glories enough. It is a noble race, which has suffered unnumbered calamities, as well as done great deeds."

At this moment they heard a call in front, and perceived that their companions were awaiting them.

"We are about to enter the Street of Palaces," said Mr. Payson. "You will see, over many of the gate-ways, the blazonries of the grand masters and the chiefest nobles of the Order of St. John. They were earnest men, great in soul and deed; they spent their lives for the faith in which they believed. No doubt they had their errors of doctrine and of practice; but the world is a nobler world because they lived. I would that the Christianity of to-day had more of their self-sacrifice and singleness of purpose. Even their enemies and the haters of their religion reverenced them. Three centuries and a half ago they were driven forth by the Turk, and yet he has left their carved blazonries undefaced."

A gently curving street, of considerable length and perhaps twenty-five feet in width, stretched before the sight-seers. On either side of it rose a massive wall of noble mansions, all the more dignified because their hewn masonry was gnawed by time and blackened by neglect, and clothed as it were in solemnity by their uniform aspect of desertion. Excepting two or three open doors and a few shattered window-shutters flying ajar, there was not a sign of inhabitation. The chance passer-by, or the doleful creatures of the wilderness, might have entered in and dwelt, without disturbance. One was tempted to say, "These are palaces built by Jinns for the abode of the princes of the air." They could hardly have been more destitute of all sign of humanity if they had stood in the midst of a desert. The ancient, well-worn, dust-mantled street was also a solitude; as far as eye could reach there was not a man nor even a beast visible. Down upon this scene of desolation looked the lordly blazons of the knights and grand masters, as if the ghosts whom they memorialized held full possession of all.

"Don't you half wish that you had lived in those days?" said Irene to DeVries.

"Just now I quite wish it," he replied.

They were bewitched, as young Americans are apt to be, by the spectacle of nobility in ruins.

"You would have had nothing to do here, Irene," said Mrs. Payson. "The knights were bachelors, I believe. Ladies had no career under them."

"I don't see that their bachelorhood would have hindered. I could have been a nurse in the hospitals."

"You are to be a nurse, I trust, in the great hospital of souls," remarked Mr. Payson. "We can all be nurses in that, wherever we are. It is a hospital which covers the earth."

"Ah, yes, I am satisfied," the girl answered.

DeVries could not help feeling aggrieved over her expression of satisfaction. He was a little aggrieved, too, by Mr. Payson's devout conversation, which was perpetually flashing in like a chariot of fire between him and Irene, and lifting her beyond his own possibilities of soaring. Once more he said to himself that it was a shame such a lovely girl, so attractively rich in personal charms and intellect and feeling, should be rapt away into the desert of mission-ground. There was one comfort under these trying circumstances: the young lady occasionally looked to him for sympathy with her emotions concerning the earthly great and beautiful; it indicated a chance that they might yet come to a broad and satisfactory understanding with regard to —— to things in general.

Slowly, and for the most part in silence, they wandered on through the Street of Palaces. At the upper end its monotony of solitude was broken by the

advent of a muleteer driving an overladen donkey, whose tiny hoofs fell noiselessly on the unclean pavement. The presence of these two creatures, the sole reminders and survivors of a once flourishing activity and pomp, made the wasteness and mournfulness of the princely avenue more striking than ever.

"What a contrast!" said Irene. "Is he carrying food for the ghosts?"

"I will send a fire on them that dwell carelessly in the isles," quoted Mr. Payson. "Be still, ye inhabitants of the isle, thou whom the merchants of Sidon have replenished."

Emerging from the palatial desolation, they came upon lofty, venerable ramparts, shaken and tarnished by centuries of the hostility of nature. It seemed strange and almost unearthly to discover a wall of defense around such a city of death. Was there peril that an army of ghosts from the outside would deliver an assault and drive out the inhabiting spectres? Along the summit of the fortifications were scattered ponderous globes of granite, the cannon-balls of perished ages, as if in preparation against supernatural forlorn hopes. It required but a slight effort of the imagination to see, aloft there, gleaming suits of mail and the red-cross banners of the Hospitalers. Only, with them mingled irrationally the great shields and plumed helms of heavy-armed Greeks who fought against the dull batterings and clanking assaults of Demetrius Poliorcetes. It was an incongruous picture of too many heroisms and too many departed cycles.

"To think that the knights remembered the Greeks as we remember them!" said Irene. "Oh, the world has lasted very long."

"And it will last when we are gone," commented Mr. Payson. "We are bubbles on the surface of an ocean. We vanish, and it remains."

De Vries admired the man and respected his solemn meditations, but rather wished that he would keep them more to himself, at least when Miss Grant was in company. He almost felt jealous of this middle-aged, married, devout gentleman because of his obvious influence over the mind and feelings of that attractive young person.

The four paused for a moment to look out through the arched gate-way upon the sun-burnished, magical lands beyond. The two Turkish soldiers who guarded it were squatting in the vaulted alcove which served them for quarters. All was silence and solitude before and behind the travelers. It seemed as if they stood in the portal of some enchanted city. There was a doubt if they had a right to pass through it.

"We need not be afraid, Irene," smiled Mr. Payson, guessing at the feeling within her, for he was a many-sided man and very sympathetic. "The dead and the living alike have no objection to your making a pilgrimage. You and Mr. DeVries can take a run up to that green hill yonder, and see what you can discover. The young always imagine that just beyond them there is something wonderful. As for Mrs. Payson, who looks like the hart that panteth for the water-brooks, she had better stay with me in the shadow."

The two juniors set forward on their Lilliputian adventure. Once outside of the solemn city and away from her almost equally serious guardians, the youthful blood in Irene broke forth in a cry of joy and in a gleeful run toward the verdant acclivity. DeVries ran also, heartily glad to see this jet of human frolic in her, and wishing that he could race her clean out of her missionaryhood. They went nearly two hundred yards in this style, really making something like a struggle of it, laughing and panting like children.

"Oh, dear! I can't go a step further," gasped Irene, coming to a walk. "Besides, what will they think of me?"

"Never mind," counseled DeVries, the worldly creature!

"Oh, but I do mind. However, they won't reprove. Mr. Payson is the most cheerful good man that ever was. You would n't guess it, but he is really fond of a joke, and he loves to see child's play. Only, I don't want them to fear that I am too kittenish for a missionary. I don't want to trouble them."

"I don't see how they can criticise," said DeVries, looking at her with undisguised admiration.

Her brown eyes were very bright, and her usually pale complexion was hot with color, and she was really beautiful.

"Oh, see!" she exclaimed, all absorbed in the sublime sweetness of landscape and ocean.

They were on the brow of the gracious eminence. Only a little below them, at the base of a gentle and sunny slope, was the miniature city of silence, surrounded by its sombre and time-stricken ramparts, and lifting against the sea its few domes and minarets. Beyond stretched the great splendor of the Mediterranean, gleaming without limit into southern distances, a silver sheet of eternal summer. On the left, and only twelve or fifteen miles away, towered the huge black promontory of Southern Caria, a noble sweep of stern, bare, infinitely picturesque mountains, striding fiercely into the waves, as if in menace of the beautiful island. In the opposite direction rose the long green slopes of Artemira, the pine-clad highlands of Rhodes, and the parent of its coolest breezes and brightest rivulets.

"I don't wonder that the knights fought hard to keep such an Isola Felice," said Irene.

"Would n't you like to live here?" asked DeVries, with pointed emphasis. The beauty of the scene and the intoxicating fact of sharing its beauty with this charming girl had quite turned his sagacious head for the moment, and made him feel that they two could make of Rhodes a Paradise.

"I am going to a lovelier land," was the uncomprehending, but still discouraging response.

With a little sense of pique the young man drew himself up to his full height, and resumed a study of the landscape. Indeed, he was able within a minute or so quite to forget his impulse toward a Rhodian Eden, and to discourse of the glorious spectacle around him as became a man of the world and a scholar whose forte was ethnology.

IV.

Irene gazed longest at the magnificent Asiatic coast, and especially at the iron-browed cape which reached out toward the island.

"I think that the old Rhodians must always have been afraid when they looked toward that grim main-land," she said. "Who lived there in the most ancient times?"

DeVries smiled at her confidence in his antiquarian knowledge, and replied, with an air which was an imitation of one of his university professors, "The brazen shielded Carians sought refuge there after they had been driven from the Cyclades and the seas by Minos."

"How glibly you say it off!" she laughed. "But who, exactly, were the brazen-shielded Carians?"

"Oh, dear!" he replied, becoming serious again, as such a subject demanded. "If you only knew and would tell me, I would fall down and worship you. I could settle the great controversy as to whether they were Hamites or Europeans."

"And why don't you dig there, as well as in Philistia?"

"I want to. I want to dig everywhere. The whole of Asia Minor ought to be excavated. But I must attend to the Philistines first."

"I do hope you will find a very long inscription, and be able to read every word of it."

"I would rather find such a thing than find a great hoard of money."

"Ah, you don't know what it is to need money. I am sometimes foolish enough to have reveries about discovering treasure."

"I wonder if she would drop missionarying," thought DeVries, "if I should offer her my fortune, and myself, of course, with it."

But he was not prepared to utter the proposal. It takes many such random thoughts to make a set purpose. I suppose that a young man often feels that he wants the pretty girl who happens to be near him, without at all wanting to

give his life and love in payment for the possession. Still, with all his vagueness of feeling and intention, DeVries was sufficiently interested in Miss Grant to catechise her concerning herself.

"Do you think you will like it in Syria?" he asked. "Do you think that after a year or two you will be glad at having gone there?"

"I have n't looked so far," she replied, shaking her head energetically, as if to expel the idea of a possible regret to come. "I must go, and, for all I can see, I must stay. Besides, I have seriously decided to go, and to make Syria my place of work. I don't think I shall repent. I want to be there. I believe I shall like it. Why should n't I? I love the society of such people as Mr. and Mrs. Payson. I love that man dearly. We are under great obligations to him. You could hardly guess how much he has done for my mother and my sisters and myself. We should be in a very unhappy case, I fear and believe too, but for him. Besides, I love him for himself; he is perfectly sweet and lovable; everybody loves him. And it is a kind of excellence that I am accustomed to. You must know that I am a minister's daughter, and have been brought up among clergymen and grave people. Well, I shall be surrounded in Syria by just the society that I know best, and shall be scarcely more apart from other society than I was in my native village. Then there will be my work, — I hardly know what, but good work. What I feel most is separation from my mother and sisters. We never were broken up before," she added, struggling to keep her voice clear. "But in a year or two, perhaps," and her face brightened again, "I may be able to get one of them out to me. Then why should n't I be contented?"

"I see," answered DeVries, with something like a sigh. "I presume you *will* be contented." And he had a great mind to add, "I am sorry for it," — this selfish young gentleman with a sympathetic imagination.

"Well, we have looked as long as we must, perhaps," resumed Irene, who had drunk in the landscape all the while that she talked of herself. "We can see the home of the brazen-shielded Carians again from the steamer. I like that fine-sounding adjective. Only they ought to have been iron-shielded, like their mountains. Let us go back."

"We will imagine that we are the army of Suleyman charging the city," said DeVries. "But we will spare the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Payson."

"Yes, but I am not going to run. One run in this sun is enough. Who would imagine that it was winter?"

They rejoined their companions, and then the four climbed the ramparts by a disjointed stair-way of stone, and sat down upon the huge granite cannon-balls to overlook the famous little city. There was some dreamy talk again about the Rhodian ages of gold, and then a burst of indignation over the beggarly Ottoman present. It was easier, by the way, to realize the latter than the former, so much mightier are the senses than the imagination.

"Let us depart," said Mr. Payson at last. "The steamer leaves in an hour. We should n't like to see it sailing away from us."

Erelong they were plowing southeastward, leaving behind the green slopes of Artemira and the sombre battle-fronts of Caria, and catching dim sight toward evening of the lofty coasts of Lycia, the land of Glaucus and Sarpedon.

"Do you remember the beautiful story in the Iliad?" said Mr. Payson to his young people. "After Sarpedon had been slain by Patroclus, his father Zeus caused Apollo tenderly to wash the body, and then had it borne by Sleep and Death to its native Lycia. It seems to me a most touching parable of the care of the Great Master for his fallen children. He gathers them up from their fields of battle, cleanses and purifies the poor wounded souls, and has them carried by his angels to their own country. Oh, those Greeks, those marvelous Greeks! I think that they were often inspired, like the Hebrew prophets, to say things greater than they knew. Probably, too, every religion, however false and fallen, has some

reflections, some feeble reminiscences, of the true one."

"I think, Mr. Payson," said Irene, "if you had no Bible, you would make a Bible out of the Iliad."

"Perhaps I should, my dear," he smiled. "I should have to have one. But what a poor Bible it would be, with its fighting and thieving deities! It is very hard there to disentangle the true from the false. Thank God for the clear light of the Scriptures!"

"That is a very curious story about Sarpedon being the son of Zeus," observed our ethnologist. "I suspect it to mean that there was already a Pelasgian or Hellenic colony in Lycia. It was a mixed people. Sarpedon the son of Zeus represents the Hellenic element, and Glaucus the aboriginal race."

Then there was an abstruse discussion concerning prehistoric times, ending of course with a spiritual "application" by Mr. Payson, to all which Irene listened with deep interest, as became a bookish and good girl.

Four hundred miles of sea were traversed before they set foot on land again. It was the sweetest of weather, although the season was winter. The unclouded sunshine and the brisk purity of the always gentle breeze reminded of magic voyages toward Isles of the Blest. There was never movement enough to disturb the poorest sailor among that diverse multitude of passengers. If at any time the vessel keeled a few inches to leeward, the watchful *capitano* had a carronade or two rolled to windward, and restored a perfect equilibrium. The Orientals who strewed the deck smoked and slumbered and ate and cooked at their ease. A cheerful murmur of all the tongues that went forth astonished from Babel always filled the air from forecastle to taffrail.

Not the least persistent of these prattlers were the female satellites of a pasha who was on his way to some Asiatic province. They had a low, improvised tent, gayly patched up out of Turkish rugs and carpets, under which they crawled on their hands and knees, or sat cross-legged by the hour and smoked bubbling nargilehs, generally keeping their waxy features veiled, but sometimes forgetting that stifling decorum. It was surprising how little interest they seemed to take in the many-tongued, various-vestured array of humankind about them. They did not bestow a second glance of curiosity, nor perhaps a first, upon Jew or Greek, Arab or Muscovite. So long as they had their pipes and coffee, and their idle communications concerning harem matters, they appeared to care for naught beside. From childhood they had been accustomed to see a hundred types of race and costume From childhood they had been drilled to believe that women should confine themselves to purely womanish affairs.

Not so with our young lady from a land where man and woman alike are as free as perhaps it is best for them to be. Every one of these picturesque fellow-beings was to her an object of curious and almost audacious interest. They were entertaining and absurdly queer and irrationally unaccountable. They were *foreigners;* no matter if they were under their native skies, they were foreigners: she alone, the American citizen, was a native and possessor everywhere. What were these singular creatures bent upon, and did they even know where they were going? Had they definite purposes in their strangely attired noddles, and were those desires and plans really of a sane nature? She had (though she laughed at it) the Anglo-Saxon feeling that only the Anglo-Saxon knows fully what he is about, and that the other denizens of earth are grown children who need Anglo-Saxons to direct their ways. Something of this sort she smilingly confessed to Mr. Payson.

"You are not so far wrong, at least in this part of the world," he said. "If you could understand the talk of these Orientals, you would be pained by their ignorance and shallowness. I would almost as lief listen to the observations of dogs about their bones, or of ducks and geese about their puddles. Just imagine the lower animals with the gift of speech. How tired we should get of their restricted and egotistic communications! Who would like to answer all the ques-

tions of a cat? It is not much better here. God has removed wisdom and knowledge from the East. It has turned its back upon him, and he has withdrawn from it his light, — the intellectual light as well as the moral. Its counsels are turned into foolishness."

Thus in constant sight-seeing, improvingly interpreted to the soul by Mr. Payson, two Hesperidean days fled away. Then Cyprus rose out of the deep in long slopes of yellow and green, terminating in a lofty, wide-stretching crest of blue and purple highland. At the head of a shallow bay, with no haven but an open roadstead, lay the scattered, shabby little town of Larneca, its deplorable circumstances visible a cannon-shot out to sea, and offending even the olfactories of those who set foot on shore.

Here our quartette of travelers landed, and spent two hours in discovering the well-known. It was a woful exposure of poverty, filth, sickliness, and depopulation. Nearly every human being whom they met was in rags, and stained to a ghastly yellow with malaria. DeVries looked about him in vain for a Cyprian maiden who would be fit to welcome the sea-born Aphrodite.

"It makes me furious," he said. "This island once contained nine kingdoms. It had a great population — some say three millions — under the Venetians. The Turk would ruin Paradise, if he had it. In fact, he *has* ruined the earthly paradise."

Irene walked by his side without reply. She was cast down by this spectacle of wretchedness, and perhaps a little withered by the malarious atmosphere.

"Would n't you like to see green, flourishing New England?" he asked, recurring to an old subject, though he knew that it pained her.

"Oh, don't speak of that again," she begged. "I am sometimes very homesick. I must n't be."

They were quite confidential by this time, as two young Americans are apt to be when they meet familiarly in strange regions, especially if they are of opposite sexes. Irene had begun to cling a little to DeVries, and to entrust him with a knowledge of her emotions, much as if he were an elder brother.

How could she well help it? He showed an interest in her, sought to surround her with little comforts, and clearly wanted her to be happy. I doubt whether anything is more surely fascinating to a right-minded young woman than the respectful, obliging good-will of a young man who is strong enough to protect and wise enough to counsel. Very grateful also is the flattery of perceiving that one has been judged worthy of such honorable favor; and so, before we know it, we are entangled in the delicate snares of vanity, thankfulness, confidence, and perhaps love.

"I shall see you from time to time," DeVries resumed, perceiving that she could not talk of her own expatriation, at least not in desolate, malarious Larneca. "I shall stay a year in Syria, and perhaps more. It won't do to dig in the hot plains during the summer, and I shall probably look you up on Mount Lebanon."

Irene was glad and grateful to hear this, and impulsively said so.

"Thank you," he replied, and really *was* thankful. Perhaps there would have been further talk of this ensnaring nature, but just then the Paysons turned short upon them, and terminated the dialogue.

"My wife has had enough of Cyprus," observed the missionary. "How is it with you two young people?"

"It 's very easy to have enough of this badly perfumed place," answered DeVries. "I think we are quite ready to go aboard."

"To-morrow we shall be in a lovelier land," said Mr. Payson. "We shall be in the country of countries. There is nothing like Syria."

V.

It was morning, but not yet sunrise, when our party came on the deck of the Imperatore to gaze upon the coast of Syria, and to watch for their haven, the city of Beirut.

"Do you see?" demanded Mr. Payson, with an air of elation and love, waving his hand toward an immense wall of sombre mountain which barriered the whole coast. "I have traveled far and seen many glorious things, but nothing anywhere more stately than that. There is the great chain of Lebanon, stretching eighty miles or more north and south, and rising two miles in height from the very edge of the sea. It is the sublimity of loveliness."

"Why did n't Jehovah give it to his own people?" marveled Mrs. Payson, who idealized the chosen race, and had read the novels of Charlotte Elizabeth.

"I have often thought of that myself," replied her husband, with his curious smile, half-shrewd and half-childlike. "Why, indeed, should Israel have been excluded from this goodliest of mountains by the Phœnicians? However, my dear, they did help to build the Lord's house, and they taught Europe its letters. Something fine was surely due them."

Meantime, Irene and DeVries were gazing in silence upon the magnificent panorama of shadowy mountain bars, sweeping beyond the view both to north and south, crowned along the summits with a dim paleness which was snow, and rolling down into mellow obscurities which were forests of pine, mulberry, orange, and olive. In a few minutes a shimmering radiance stole softly over the depressions of the lofty crest, streamed broadening along vast saddles and hollow ways of upland, ripened into gold where it edged the loftier peaks, and meanwhile slowly tinted the western slopes with faint violet and rose. In a little while the lavish sun of the East had risen over Lebanon, and was pouring its dazzling wealth athwart the Mediterranean. Tender miracles of illumination and iridescence were wrought all over the mountain. The alpine visage changed swiftly; delicate sweet colors slid after each other down its long declivities; bright ridges, sable valleys, and then villages came into view: it was a sublime waking from sleep, a glorious resurrection.

"I don't wonder that the old peoples of these lands worshiped the sun," said DeVries. "What transformations and marvels they saw it work daily! Just imagine Punic mariners returning from far away, to be greeted by this glory on their own mountain. It is n't strange that they should look no higher for a deity."

"It was more godlike than an image of Moloch," Mr. Payson conceded. "But, alas, they had the image of Moloch also. Why should the early men have departed so quickly everywhere from the idea of an invisible divinity?"

DeVries, young as he was, had learned to doubt with courtesy; he merely said, "Do you hold that that was their original belief?"

"Yes, I believe it; I believe it firmly. Oh, I know that I cannot prove it; there are so few things that *can* be proved! But have you read your Plutarch carefully? You will find in the life of Numa that he permitted no idols in the temples, and that the Romans had none before his time, and none for long afterward. How many idols do you discover among the remains of the hunting tribes of North America? Zeus was the firmament, and I cannot suppose that the old Pelasgians tried to image him in stone or clay; I must believe that they simply looked upward when they cried Heaven — Father! Well, it is easy to come to the end of one's proofs, I admit. They lie, of course, back of history, and back of archæology also."

"It will always be a debatable question," said DeVries, who did not assent, but did not wish to dispute.

"Yes, and not essential to salvation," added the clergyman. "Thanks be to the Giver of truth that he has made his truth so simple, — so much simpler and more comprehensible than his infinite self! But I do wrong to draw off your attention from Lebanon. You had better be looking at the wisdom of the Creator than hearing me babble forth my ignorance."

They were thrumming swiftly over the glassy sea toward the illimitable mountain, and could begin to distinguish an

undulating lowland which crept out from its base.

"That is the cape of Beirut," explained Mr. Payson; "and that yellow spot on its northern edge is the city. It sits in the seat of the gods, and is far from worthy of it. I am often reminded of a beggar in king's raiment."

As they drew nearer to the great landscape picture, it gained distinctness and delicacy of finish, while losing little or nothing of its vastness. The broad peak of Mechmel receded behind brother mountains, but Sunneen, ten thousand feet in height, came forward with wondrous majesty, and beyond it towered Keneasy and Jebel ed Druz. There was scarcely as yet any certain verdure; the Alpine colors had only changed from faint violet and purple to sunny brown and pale rose; but the ghostly sweetness of the varying tints was something magical. The night was passing away from its high resting-place with a fitful glory which reminded one of the old simile of a dying dolphin. Tender lights of liquid gold, diluted as it were with silver, clothed the juttings and crests and high-perched villages.

Far below, the diminutive tawny city, built solidly out of cream-colored limestone and surrounded by a venerable, blackened wall, rose swiftly out of the waters. Erelong it seemed very beautiful, as well as very picturesque, to the eyes which surveyed it from the sea. Its position alone lent it a striking charm. Behind it lay a semicircle or amphitheatre of gardens, dark green with the rich gloss of orange and mulberry groves, through which glinted dots of yellow, the fronts of stone dwellings. Further back was a mass of verdure not yet distinguishable as a forest of pines; and behind all rose the gracious sublimity of the dells and spurs and crests of Lebanon.

"I shall not regret that I have come," said Irene, her eyes full of wonder. "I shall be very, very willing to stay."

DeVries had a feeling that her content was a wrong to himself, and immediately shook hands ironically, saying, "Just my sentiments."

"What do you mean?" stared the young lady, completely puzzled by college wit.

"I always did like the idea of living in the earthly paradise," he explained; "and now that I 've found it, I propose to stick by like a martyr!"

Irene understood now, and endeavored of course to laugh, but looked so abashed that he grieved for her.

"I am sorry I tried to be funny," he said. "It 's an old vicious habit which I have nearly broken. You must n't think that I believe you don't sacrifice anything," he added. "Of course it 's a sacrifice to leave friends and relatives. You 'll forgive and forget, won't you?"

"I 'll forgive," promised Irene, "but I won't forget. Your fun is a lesson."

"I protest against your remembering it."

"I think she had better," put in Mr. Payson. "Young people must learn to digest good-natured jokes, and missionaries in Syria must learn to hear that they are not martyrs. But there is the Nahr el Kelb," he added, pointing to where the mountain cliffs strode boldly into the sea. "The ancient Lycus foams down through that black ravine. There is the road, hewn in the rocks, along which unnumbered armies have marched, and where Titus led away the captives from Jerusalem. A little way up the gorge are the triumphal tablets of Egyptians, Assyrians, and Romans. What a cemetery of empires this Orient is! And of faiths, also! Each of those conquerors returns thanks there, on the stone of Lebanon, to his own god."

DeVries quoted, —

> "'I know that age to age succeeds,
> Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
> A dust of systems and of creeds.'"

"It is an almost inspired verse," said Mr. Payson. "But there is one creed which will outlast those stones. There is only one."

"The mountain is turning white," observed Irene. "I expected to see something evergreen."

"Lebanon — leben — curds," interpreted the missionary. "It is the Milk Mountain. At present we see chiefly

the light limestone faces of the cliffs and the terraces. But the raiment of Lebanon has two colors, like changeable silk : from below it is white, but from above it is green."

After an hour or so of this eager sight-seeing, — this throbbing approach to the sublime present of nature and the sublime past of man, — they found themselves motionless in the roadstead of Beirut. There was a moment of swaying tranquillity, and then the East deluged them with its turmoil. Gay skiffs gathered swiftly about the steamer, bringing a horde of bright-garmented boatmen and porters, who set up such a loud and seemingly fierce clamor as if they meant to carry the vessel by boarding and put all the passengers to the edge of the scimitar.

"Did you ever hear such screeching?" smiled Mr. Payson. "I sometimes think that the Syrians must have inherited part of their language from the jackals. Nevertheless, the Arabic is a noble tongue; and these poor people only want to work."

Presently the deck was invaded by these deafening laborers, seizing hungrily on pieces of baggage with their dark, lean fingers, and scolding each other furiously as impudent interlopers. On every side there was an uproar of bargaining, conducted in fragments of twenty lingoes. Wild strivings at English, crumbled up with bits of French and Italian, reached the understandings of our Americans.

"Me take you to best albergo," yelled a gaunt, brown youth in a greasy red fez and begrimed white raiment. "Me always show signori to albergo."

"Go shore! Go shore!" bawled a white-bearded man in blue cotton, with a vehemence which seemed to say, Now or never!

Then a swarthy person in ill-fitting European clothing slid up to DeVries and murmured confidentially, "Come with me, English gentlemen. Don't you notice those Arab noisy fellows. I take you to Hotel d'Europa. I am the commissario."

"You may safely go with this Italian," said Mr. Payson. "He is the agent of the principal hotel, and it is a very comfortable abode. In a day or two, as soon as I get into my house, I shall send for you. You must not say me nay. I desire to make return for your mother's hospitality."

DeVries accepted the offer with sincere thanks, partly, it is to be suspected, on account of the graces of Miss Grant. Then he bade good morning to the missionaries, longing much, by the way, to bestow a significant pressure on the hand of the junior one, but deciding under her serious, innocent gaze that it would be best to omit that audacity. Next he pointed out his belongings to the commissario, got into one of the gay skiffs, and rippled shoreward.

"What a lovely young man!" said Mrs. Payson. "I shall be so sorry to part with him."

"He is profoundly kind-hearted," replied her husband. "He is more considerate of other people's opinions and feelings than youth generally knows how to be. I have seen repeatedly that he did not agree with my views of life, and that he would not argue with me for fear of giving me pain. Such a young man must have better than our arguments. He must have our aspirations for his good."

Irene remained silent. Was she too shy to speak of the perfections of the departing one? Or was she spiritually occupied in his behalf according to Mr. Payson's devout suggestion?

Then a skiff appeared with messengers from the mission, — a dark, grave, pensive young man in blue broadcloth, and a grinning old fellow with a long, stiff whisk of gray mustache.

"There is Butrus," said Mr. Payson joyfully. "Irene, that is one of our chiefest helpers and ablest native scholars. And there is my old cook, Yusef. Well, I am glad to see the friends once more, and glad to be here."

Erelong the travelers, with their multifarious luggage, were on their way to the landing-place.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before:
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept, —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say, —
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders, — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

EARLY in the present century, when our government formed treaties with the Cherokee and Creek Indians which resulted in their removal from Georgia and Alabama to the Indian Territory, there was not the remotest probability that so soon as 1878 there would be a demand for the removal of the barriers against immigration to their new lands, which then appeared beyond the desires of the white man. Half a continent of rich land lay comparatively unoccupied, and to comprehend the task of settling it seemed like trying to grasp the idea of eternity. To-day government homesteads of a desirable quality are scarce, and the question naturally arises, What will be the next recourse, unless Oklahoma is established in the Indian Territory?

The five civilized tribes living east of the ninety-sixth meridian, known as the Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Seminole nations, own 19,785,787 acres which have never been surveyed, and are held in common by the several tribes or nations. Of the countless acres in the reservations and hunting grounds of the semi-civilized and wild tribes farther west, I shall not attempt to form an estimate. Under existing laws, no man can buy or sell an acre of this vast domain, nor hold possession of even a garden spot, except for temporary use; nor can he secure this privilege unless he is a member of some one of the Indian nations, or a renter from a member of a nation.

Yielding to the human impulse which causes them to crave that beyond their reach, men have stood upon the boundary line and cast longing glances over to the Indian Eden, and have retreated with dissatisfaction; or, journeying through to Texas, have stopped by the wayside to chose a quarter section, leaving stakes behind them, driven with the hope that Congress might speed the day when the territorial land would become government homesteads. Others have alighted in the Territory, and through tact and good behavior have received permission to cultivate the soil, by paying to the Indian government one dollar per month, and to the renter of the land one third of the crops produced. If a man goes there unmarried, he is apt to find a helpmeet in an Indian maiden, there being many among the Cherokees and Choctaws who, for beauty and intelligence, compare favorably with any ladies in the States. This was especially the case when, a few years since, one of the Indian councils passed a law requiring all single white men to leave the Territory forthwith. As may be imagined, there was a lively skirmish after wives by bachelors and widowers whose business interests required them to remain. This successful *ruse* to turn the white man's skill and influence to the Indian's benefit was happily explained by a sprightly Choctaw lady, whose charming face and perfect grace would render her an ornament in any society of Boston or New York. She said, in speaking of the white man's intrusion to the Territory: "We did n't want him here, but he would come and would remain; so we thought the best thing we could do was to make him a peaceable citizen by marrying him." A wise conclusion, I decided, on looking at the "peaceable citizen," a dignified Quaker gentleman, whom she had thus reclaimed.

By forming an alliance of this kind a man may become a member of the nation to which his wife belongs, and attain the rights and privileges of an Indian, which consist of voting, owning property, except land, and paying no taxes to the United States or Indian governments. That many have taken advantage of this mode of gaining access to the Territory is evident from statistics, which show that there are 8767 citizens by marriage of the different Indian nations who are also citizens of the

United States. In addition, there are several thousand white laborers upon farms, not members of tribes, who remain there by permission; merchants who are selling goods by license, cattle traders, lumbermen, and others. Altogether, about one seventh of the Creek, Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Seminole nations are citizens of the United States.

The Cherokees own 5,031,357 acres of land: the full-blood Cherokees cultivate 1500 acres, the mixed bloods 3000, and the white citizens 12,000. I am unable to state the amount of land which non-citizens cultivate by permission, but from the numbers given it will be seen that the greatest portion of the farming is done by white men, and hence that immigration to the Indian Territory is possible, although it may not, under present circumstances, be advisable.

If, through the influence of reliable men, a non-citizen procures a permit which authorizes him to live in the Territory, he has many difficulties to encounter after settlement. There is no law compelling a person to fulfill a contract. A man may rent a farm and discharge his obligations to the very letter by making the required improvements; may raise crops; and when they are ready to be harvested, if he receives a notice to vacate the farm, he must do so at once, leaving behind him the fruits of his labor for others to enjoy. Aside from personal inclination to pay, there is no way of collecting bills, and no way of obtaining redress for any sort of civil offense. If a man borrows another's horse and he chooses never to return it, he cannot be forced to do so. For crimes committed one against another, the Indians punish their own citizens; but if a citizen of the United States commits a crime against an Indian or against a non-citizen, or *vice versa*, he is taken to Fort Smith, a distance of from one to three hundred miles, according to location, and there he is dealt with by the United States authority. It is said that the trouble and expense of carrying a case so far cause white men to make complaints with great reluctance, and to long for a United States court within the Territory, that they may enjoy the privilege of carrying on lawsuits nearer home.

Since the suppression of Union Agency, which included the five tribes, matters over which the agent formerly had jurisdiction have been settled in Washington. Shortly after the last Union Agent (Dr. Marsten) was removed, an Indian who had favored the suppression of the post, but who still had confidence in the doctor's advisory ability, came to him with the information that he (the Indian) was suffering annoyance from the continual trespass of a neighbor's cow. "Now, doctor, what course do you advise me to take with that cow?" said the Indian. "Oh, drive her on to Washington," answered the doctor, pleasantly.

In passing down the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad, through the eastern portion of the Indian Territory, one gains a knowledge of the commerce which this road is rapidly developing; also interesting glimpses of the scenery and the river system, which are so picturesque and broad as to render the Indian's poetic appellation, "Land of running waters and of flowers," strikingly appropriate.

Leaving the populous Kansas prairies, over which you cannot ride a mile without seeing evidences of individual ownership, you come suddenly upon vast tracts of land on which no crops have ever grown except the sweet wild flowers, which for unnumbered years Nature has sown with her untiring hands.

Vinita, in the Cherokee nation, is the first town south of Kansas. It numbers about three hundred inhabitants, and like all other stations on this line has been built up by white men, who pay the Indians an annuity of from fifty to one hundred dollars for the right to carry on their business within the Territory. Vinita is the present terminus of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, which enters the Territory from Southwest Missouri. Should this road ever be continued westward, as originally designed, it will be the means of opening rich copper mines near the Washita River, north-

west of Paul's Valley in the Chickasaw nation.

Below Vinita courses the Arkansas River in a southeasterly direction, to which the Washita, Canadian, and the Grand rivers, with numerous smaller streams, are tributary. Between this river and the Verdigris is the famous grazing range of the Northeastern Territory. In the sheltered valleys grow the orchard grass and tender wild cane, which the sharpest frost can neither nip nor toughen. Cattle subsist on this all winter without other food. In the picturesque oak openings, where springs are plentiful and the "mulatto" soil yields bountifully, the stockmen make their homes, and prosper, if they have the energy to work out good from their surroundings.

Muskogee, in the Creek nation, between the north and south forks of the Canadian River, is a shipping point for supplies to Fort Gibson, Okmulgee, and the Indian reservations beyond the ninety-sixth meridian. Here one sees, vividly portrayed, the contrast between railroad locomotion and the old, slow process "overland." Freighters from the far West, with their jaded animals and cumbrous "schooners," arrive in Muskogee, eagerly inquire of friend and stranger the latest news from the seat of government concerning the transfer of the Indian Bureau and the opening of the Territory, and whether there is any prospect of the "Frisco" railroad taking a fresh start westward. For a single night their camp-fires illumine the town, and then these rough plainsmen swing again into their lonely round of travel, while the railroad trains flash by with a hundred times their schooners' burden and many times their speed.

The Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad has done much towards encouraging the Indians, by liberally paying for all damage to property, and affording cheap transportation for produce. It should be remembered that this road gained an extension through the Territory against the popular prejudice of the Indians, and met at first great opposition from all sides. On the completion of the road in 1872, one of the officers was commissioned to invite a Choctaw delegation to go in an opening excursion to the terminus of the road, at Dennison. His courtesy was met by a refusal from the chief, who said, "The Indian does not want to go; he says car dirty, — smell bad." The officer responded, "But our cars are new and elegant; you can rest your feet on handsome carpets, and sit on velvet cushions." The old chief, however, was not to be persuaded. "The Indian will not go; he says the white man wants to get him big railroad snake to drag him down to Texas; then white man will put red man into a big pot and make an Indian stew of him," he answered, with decisive grimness. Whether this was simple fear, or affected as a joke upon the white man, the Choctaws did not go to Dennison on the opening excursion.

Within the past six years the Indian's sentiments have undergone a radical change respecting railroads. He now hauls to the stations on the line his pecans, pork, corn, and cotton, and his surplus game, receives a liberal sum of money in exchange, and goes home satisfied that the railroad is a friendly institution. From the single station at Muskogee there were shipped, in 1876, thirty thousand dollars' worth of pecan nuts, a gratuitous crop which nature lavishes on the most shiftless husbandman, who need but reach out his hand to gather it. At a little station in the Territory, I saw upon a wareroom floor four thousand pigeons, which were being packed for freightage to St. Louis and New York. There are roosts on Sallisaw and Lee creeks, also south of the Arkansas River, where millions of wild pigeons flock by night, to fall an easy prey to men who will provide themselves with long poles and lose a night's sleep to get the birds. Many hunters despise the "roost robbers" and condemn their wholesale slaughter, but those who practice it say that there is no perceptible decrease in the number of pigeons from year to year. Several thousand dollars' worth of furs are annually shipped East, and berries of almost every

kind, which grow in great abundance in the Territory.

Three years ago cotton seed was first distributed among the Indians of the five nations. Now nine large gins are kept in active operation, from Muskogee to Atoka, pressing two thousand bales per annum. It is but fair to say that a large share of the cotton has been raised by freedmen, who number 11,506 among the several nations. In the treaties with the Cherokees and Creeks and Seminoles in 1866, the negroes who before that date had been slaves of those Indians were made citizens of the several tribes in which they were slaves. The Choctaws and Chickasaws owned quite as many negroes as the Cherokees and Creeks; but though these Indians agreed in their treaty of 1866 that slavery should no longer exist among them, they did not adopt their former slaves as members of their tribes. Yet the old masters and their freedmen maintain the friendliest relations, and by mutual consent the negroes cultivate the Indians' farms, although with more profit to themselves than formerly. It is said that the Indians made easy masters, their natural indolence preventing rigid discipline.

At McAllister, in the Choctaw nation, coal mines have been opened, and tramways built from the railroad to the mines, two miles distant. Hard, glossy coal is here obtained which is pronounced of equal value with the products of the Pennsylvania mines. Below McAllister the landscape becomes broken by rocky bluffs, moss-grown and crowned with evergreens. Forests of oak and ash and snow-white sycamore skirt the way. Human habitations grow less frequent, and as a supplement to this wild scene I am told that a gang of Indian desperadoes have their rendezvous just here, within gun-shot of the track; a remnant of the Pin Indian order, formed during the rebellion, who used to hold secret meetings in the forest, and as a distinctive badge wore pins inserted crosswise in the lapel of their coats. The cars run lightly here, and I am able to catch the story which a stock agent, cow coroner in local parlance, tells concerning an adventure which he had with these same desperadoes. Business required that he should go among them, and being in a courageous mood he went without a guard, carrying in his pocket a considerable amount of money. The Pin Indians received him cordially, and invited him to take a social glass with them before proceeding to business. He assented, and the liquid was poured out; it proved to be the double extract of Jamaica ginger, which these law-abiding citizens use instead of whisky, a forbidden beverage in the Territory. The agent swallowed a few drops, and stopped for want of breath. What was his dismay on being told that he must drain the glass, and sip an equal quantity with each member of the group, which numbered five. He begged to be excused, but with drawn revolvers they renewed their friendly invitation. Death seemed imminent, when another party stepped upon the scene, announcing that there was a bovine inquest to be held upon his premises, over which the cow coroner must preside, and with a pistol in each hand reversed the order of affairs. In justice to the civilized tribes, it should be stated that the Pin Indians are outcasts from their society, and are punished for lawless acts when proof can be obtained against them. No people are more severe in dealing with criminals than these Indians. For the first offense of larceny the punishment is fifty lashes; for the second, one hundred; and for the third, the criminal suffers death.

The scenery grows more wild until we reach the famous Limestone Gap, a deep, narrow pass cut through rocky hills that bear a close resemblance to the Ozark Mountains, farther east. Embroidery Range is the local name for a remarkable chain of hills set in even scallops, as if cut from one pattern, against the azure ground-work of the sky. Among these mountains is the hunter's paradise; here he finds a great variety of game, including deer and territorial "razor backs," a species of the wild hog, with a long pointed snout, a hoof like a mule's,

and a thick tuft of bristles which stands erect above the spinal column.

At Stringtown, below Limestone Gap, eight saw-mills are making lumber from logs obtained from a pine forest, forty miles wide by one hundred long, which has its west end at Stringtown. Three million feet of lumber are annually shipped from this point by rail. Silver in small quantities has been discovered in four places east of Stringtown; there are also lead mines, as yet unworked, but giving indications of mineral in paying quantities; in addition to these natural resources there are four sulphur springs one mile from Stringtown, which doubtless will become a favorite summer resort, in the event of the opening of the Indian Territory.

Crossing the North Boggy River we reach Atoka, a town of five hundred inhabitants, and the centre of a large coal and cotton trade. Atoka contains the only Catholic church in the Indian Territory, which, owing to the work of missionaries, is preëminently a land of churches.

Caney, below Atoka, carries on a thrifty business in converting *bois d'arc* wood into pavement blocks for the streets of Eastern cities. This wood is of a bright ochre color, extremely hard, and said to resist decay longer than any other native wood. Skimming over a river which we recognize by its red water and redder banks, we are soon in Dennison, which has sprung into existence and attained a population of thirty-five hundred people within the past six years. Here the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad connects with the Texas Central, which passes on towards the Gulf of Mexico. Dennison has two commodious hotels, several churches, and many handsome private residences. Forty thousand bales of cotton have been transferred from the Texas Central to the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad during the past year.

A tour by railroad through the Territory cannot fail to be one of interest and profit. Yet to become acquainted with the people and their customs, to view in full the scenery, and to gain an insight to the agricultural and educational systems, one must seek out the tribes in their retreats, behind the wooded hills that hide them from the "railroad serpent," which has pushed its way through this fair Indian Eden. Even the five civilized tribes, who no longer light their council-fires, save with metaphorical matches, prefer to live in close retirement from the shifting bustle of the outside world.

Taking a wagon route from Muskogee, we crossed the Arkansas River on a ferry, and drove forty miles across the country to Tahlegwah, the quaint old capital of the Cherokee nation. November was fast slipping into winter, yet Indian summer, absolutely perfect, shed its charm over the landscape. The hills were bathed in golden haze, birds sang in the woods, and wild apple-trees and oleanders flowered along the way. We passed through forests whose red and brown and orange foliage formed the richest of chromatic combinations. Gnarled trees stretched out their giant arms loaded with mistletoe and waxen berries of pearl white, suggesting Druid temples and Christmas Eve in English halls.

We crossed and recrossed the Bayou Menage, which has its source from springs among the hills. The small streams, like the rivers, in the Indian Territory are mostly clear, with rocky bottoms and mural banks. Fish abound, — pike, cat-fish, and red-horse east of meridian ninety-six, and trout in the Wichita Mountains.

The products of the country are corn, wheat, oats, cotton, rice, sweet and Irish potatoes, sorghum, pea-nuts, and tobacco. With the present system of cultivation, corn has an average yield of thirty bushels per acre, price fifty cents per bushel; wheat fifteen bushels, price one dollar; oats thirty bushels, price thirty-five cents; and cotton three hundred pounds per acre, price seven cents per pound. In the stock line cattle take the lead; then follow hogs and horses. Goats and sheep are also raised to a considerable extent.

Tahlegwah was made the capital of

the Cherokee nation in 1840. It is a town of five hundred inhabitants, wearing an ancient aspect, with its dilapidated houses and irregular streets. A few modern buildings have arisen, among them a spacious brick capitol, in which I attended a meeting of the council, holding its annual session of thirty days' duration.

The Cherokees have a governor or principal chief, an assistant governor or sub-chief, elected every four years by the people, and a council, consisting of an upper and lower house, whose members are called senators and representatives, also elected by the people. There are judges of the supreme and district courts, county officers, school superintendents, and other public functionaries. Bills originate as in Congress, and the principal chief vetoes in the same manner as the president of the United States.

The treasury at Washington holds in trust for the Cherokees $2,500,000, derived from the sale of their lands in Georgia and North Carolina. Of the interest on this amount, they annually expend $80,000 for executive, judicial, and legislative purposes. The Creeks pay the members of their council $18,750 per annum; their judiciary, $13,000; their delegates to Washington, $6000. The Chickasaws pay their executive and judiciary $20,000, and their legislative department $1500. The Choctaws pay their council $7000, and their executive and judiciary $29,000. The cost of the Seminole government is $11,200. In addition to the necessary governmental outlay, the Cherokee nation sometimes expends $25,000 per year for the support of delegates at Washington. The other four nations maintain delegates at the seat of government every year. If a territorial government should be formed, and a delegate to Congress be chosen from the members of each nation, many thousands of dollars would be saved to the tribes annually.

The present Cherokee chief, Oosalatah, is a full-blood Indian, of a dignified and courteous bearing. Proud of his unmixed lineage, he disdains to speak English, although it is reported that when the mood suits him he can equal his interpreter in the use of forcible Saxon. An exemplary chief magistrate, he is a religious minister of the Baptist persuasion. His zeal may not exceed that of the Sac and Fox chief, Keo-Kuk, who, having become convicted of the error of his ways, particularly Jamaica ginger tippling, forthwith mounted his pony and rode two hundred miles to be immersed, yet Oosalatah is said to be a faithful pastor, and goes about preaching eloquent Indian to audiences who mostly fail to understand the language. I happened to be present at the Young Ladies' Seminary, where he preached a sermon on Thanksgiving Day. One hundred hungry girls sniffed roast turkey and plum-pudding from afar, and listened to their chief with reverent attention. When he had finished speaking, a blue-eyed Indian girl, who taught languages, philosophy, and the higher mathematics in the school, informed me that she understood but two words in the sermon. "And the other girls were no better off than I," said she. "To tell the truth, Cherokee has been crowded out by other languages, with the most of us; although," looking unflinchingly at a full-blood squaw, who had come with her papoose to partake of the liberal Thanksgiving cheer offered at the seminary, "I am far prouder of my Indian blood than of the white blood in my veins."

As an amusing paradox, however, this same young lady introduced soon afterward a companion teacher, who resembled a vivacious French girl, and bore the lovely name of Eloise, saying with a touch of generous pride, in referring to her friend's patrician ancestors, "Miss Eloise is Cherokee, and *also* a grand-niece of Commodore ——, and an own niece of Senator ——, who is now a member of Congress in Washington. She was educated in Philadelphia, and has seen something of Washington society herself." This harmonious blending of the two races, it seems to me, is the great solution of the Indian question as regards the five civilized tribes, which with the rising generation will do away

with prejudice and establish peace and good-will between the whites and Indians. The Cherokees, with a population of 19,000, support two seminaries, male and female respectively, an orphan asylum, a deaf and dumb asylum, and seventy-four common schools, having in all 3000 pupils. They annually expend for purposes of education $79,000. The seminaries and asylums are in brick buildings with three stories and a basement, and are quite handsome and commodious. They were erected at a cost of $40,000 each.

The Creeks, who number 14,260, have twenty-eight public schools and two mission schools, with 1200 pupils, costing $23,000. The Choctaws, numbering 16,000, have fifty-five schools and one academy, costing $29,000, with 1200 pupils. The Chickasaws, numbering 5800, have twelve public schools and one academy, costing $21,000, with 400 pupils. The Seminoles have five schools, with an attendance of 180, for which they pay the annual sum of $2800.

It will be observed that the Cherokees are far ahead in point of education, owing to their having had the earlier work of missionaries and a larger school fund than the other nations. In natural intelligence, the Creeks, Choctaws, and Chickasaws are said to be quite equal to the Cherokees. At the Tullahassee Creek mission school there was pointed out to me a little full-blood Indian, nine years old, who entered the school one year ago unable to read or spell, and with no knowledge of the English language. He now spells rapidly upon the black-board long columns of two-syllable words, and adds figures which number tens of thousands. Professor Dobson, of the Cherokee boys' seminary, who has been a teacher with the Indians since 1860, informed me that, the course of study being equal, Indian children attained as high a standard of scholarship, especially in mathematics, as the average American youth. For instance: two years ago a class of boys, many of them full-bloods, entered the seminary, and began the study of arithmetic with the primary department. They have now thoroughly finished decimal fractions, that chapter of horrors to the schoolboy, of whatever nationality. Another full-blood youth of eighteen years, who has suffered the amputation of both arms to the elbow, has made remarkable proficiency in book-keeping, writing a legible and even handsome hand by using the pen inserted in a band above the elbow. An example worthy of mention is Professor Vann, the present superintendent of the Cherokee boys' seminary, a young man in whom the Indian predominates. He has acquired a thorough education in all the branches included in a college course, with no other aid than that found in a district school-house near his father's cabin. The study of European literature has been his chief source of information. He has never been outside of the Indian Territory except on one occasion, when he crossed the border into Arkansas, yet his conversation on all topics pertaining to the world is broad and brilliant. His library contains the works of standard authors, and the first-class magazines of the day are found upon his study table. It can safely be predicted that one hundred and fifty boys, whose education is being superintended by this self-made man, will be prepared for whatever emergencies may arise concerning a change of government and the admission of white immigration to the Territory. The principal objection which the Indians urge against opening the Territory is that they would be unable to cope with the white man in mechanical skill and business enterprise; that should they consent to have their lands sectionized, and one hundred and sixty acres apportioned to each member of the tribes, a few years, or even months, would find them robbed of their property by sagacious speculators, and left destitute and without the power to earn a living for themselves and families. On the other hand, it is proposed that if the Territory of Oklahoma is established, a law shall be passed restraining the Indians from disposing of their homesteads for a certain number of years, or until the rising generation shall take the places of their sires, and from their su-

perior education be able to manage their affairs with better judgment. It is stated that the interest which will accrue from the sale of lands to the United States over and above their homestead rights, added to the interest upon sums already in the treasury at Washington, will give the Indians a share, *per capita*, that will make them absolutely independent. It is further argued that the present generation will have little to dread from white immigration, for, as the Indians themselves admit, they owe their whole advancement to the influence of white people, acting in the capacity of missionaries, teachers, tillers of the soil, and political directors.

The most rapid improvement which has been observed among the tribes is that made by the Seminoles, till lately but little in advance of the wild Indians, whose leader is a white man, having been adopted by the tribe.

Among the Cherokees, ex-Chief Wm. P. Ross, who is called their most brilliant speaker, had a Scotch grandfather whom he claims with pride. Wm. P. Adair, their most skillful politician, and Wm. Boudinot, the best reasoner in their council halls, also boast of white ancestors. Colonel E. C. Boudinot, who in his lecturing tours through the United States has been designated the "learned and eloquent Cherokee," is a brother of Wm. Boudinot, but has been banished from his tribe on account of his radical sentiments in favor of opening the Territory. The Creeks have their McIntosh, Porter, Graysons, Stidham, and many others of acknowledged talent, who are all of a mixed lineage; and the same can be said of the leaders of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations.

I cannot close this article without alluding briefly to the Nez Percés, whom I visited at their reservation in the northeast portion of the Territory. When we read about the chivalrous Chief Joseph, who ordered the horses of his enemies to be returned, and his people, who disrobed themselves of blankets to cover their wounded foes upon the battle-field, our sympathies are awakened for these homesick exiles, in whom a spirit of tenderness and wildness struggles for the mastery. The Indian summer weather had changed to a cold rain-storm, through which we drove for miles among the timber bordering Lost Creek, — a suggestive name when associated with the forlorn people who are encamped upon its banks. The Nez Percé village embraces an area of about a half mile in circumference, and here I saw the blanket Indian, with his strange, barbaric mode of life. The lodges were composed of army tents grouped among the trees, each tent containing several families, forming messes after the usual manner of nomadic Indians.

In spite of the rain dripping from the trees and chilling the ground, the men and many of the squaws and children were outside the tents, dressed only in their leggings and blankets, without moccasins, or covering to their heads. Some of their faces were painted in characters which signified the number of scalps the brave had taken; whether the squaw was eligible for marriage, or whether the mother of many children, etc.

Chief Joseph is a stately brave, above six feet in height, and is generally conceded to be the grandest specimen of an Indian warrior that has existed since the days of Black Hawk. Aside from his honors as chief, he is renowned among his people for his literary triumphs, having written in hieroglyphics a complete history of his campaign in Oregon, which resulted in his capture and banishment to the Territory. He now mourns the loss of a young daughter, fifteen years of age, who went out to help drive in the cattle on the morning of her father's engagement with General Miles's command, and was never seen again. It is supposed that she was killed by some stray shot, or that she joined the force of Sitting Bull with the remainder of her people who escaped capture. Another source of grief to the Nez Percés is the loss of forty-five hundred ponies, which were taken from them at the time of their surrender, and not returned, as they believed that they would be. Next to his own flesh and blood, the Indian loves his pony, and to be bereft of this animal

causes lasting sorrow. My attendant to the camp chanced to be the bearer of a telegram to the interpreter, and as a return for this favor we gained admittance to the tent in which the medicine man was holding mysterious service over the sick. White persons are excluded from the "medicine making," on account of the belief that they will spoil the charm which is transfused into the medicine, and hence that it will fail to cure the sick. From an old man racked by frequent coughing we learned that there were "many sick, many dying, and many wanting to go back." It is not strange that sickness prevails, for in their persistent clinging to old customs the Nez Percés refuse to put on the comfortable garments offered them by the government, preferring to go almost naked to adopting the garb of civilization. Their sole wish is to return to their northern home. Their feelings may be compared to those of the Modocs, as expressed to Colonel Meaham when he visited that people in their intrenchments in the lava beds of Oregon, just before the fatal tragedy by which General Canby and Mr. Thomas lost their lives. Said Captain Jack: "Give me these rocks for a home: I can live here; I can take care of my people here." But the Modocs were not granted the rocks, and as a precaution against a second outbreak they were settled in the Indian Territory. Mark the change which five years have brought about! The Modocs are now living on farms, in snug log houses built by the government. Their petition now is: "Give us some mares and plows, and seed to plant, that we may make a living for ourselves." I caught a glimpse of Scar-Face Charley and of some comrades, who had come to call upon Chief Joseph. As a pleasing contrast to the pitiable condition of the Nez Percés, they were warmly dressed in citizens' clothes, with felt hats, and boots as neat as though they had been made to order. "We get enough to eat, and are happy," said one of them in reply to my question whether they were satisfied with their new mode of living.

In view of this marvelous change in the Modocs, to send the Nez Percés back to their old life of irresponsible wandering would seem like turning a wailing child, who refused to be warmed and fed, into the street to suffer cold and hunger.

Theodora R. Jenness.

NEW YORK THEATRES.

It is, I believe, a disputed question whether the theatre is in a better condition in London or New York; but there seems to be no room for doubt as to the superiority of the New York theatre to all the others in the United States. Indeed, there is no other place with which to make a comparison. Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, though they contain theatres, are not places where the theatre is at all an important part of the life of the city, or where theatrical reputations are gained, or where original plays from the French possessing a "contemporaneous human interest" are written. Boston holds a peculiar position in the American theatrical world, but, notwithstanding the excellent acting often seen at the Museum, the Globe, and elsewhere, even Bostonians do not seem disposed to claim a theatrical equality with New York; choosing, perhaps, to regard with complacency their well-known supereminence in the fields of moral and intellectual effort, rather than to enter into a doubtful æsthetic competition. However that may be, New York seems by general consent to stand at the head of American cities so far as the stage is concerned, and yet,

strange to say, there has been for years a common agreement among the theatrical critics of New York that the drama in this theatrical capital was in a bad way. Perhaps it would be safe to go farther than this, and to maintain that this feeling in the critical world is not confined to New York, but is to be found in larger and more ancient capitals. The readers of the late Mr. G. H. Lewes's entertaining book on actors and acting are familiar with the fact that he (perhaps the best English theatrical critic of his time) was very gloomy over the decadence of the drama in London, and looked upon the theatrical performances of the London of his later years almost with a sort of wonder as to how it was all going to end. Had I more space I would venture to suggest here that this belief in the decadence of the drama may possibly be explained by natural causes, depending partly on certain peculiarities of the drama as a fine art, and partly on the constitution of the human mind. To be better pleased with the recollection of the past than with the present is so well known a tendency of human sentiments that it passed, ages ago, into a common proverb. Now in the case of most, if not all arts, this tendency is constantly under correction, from the comparison which is perpetually being instituted between the productions of the past and those of the present day. To take the plainest case, — that of poetry: any new poet is quite sure that, however unfavorably he may at first be compared with his immediate predecessors, if he has genuine merit the comparison which must inevitably be made will result, in the long run, in the establishment of his reputation on an assured foundation. This comes, of course, from the fact that since the invention of printing all poetry is preserved from generation to generation. But with acting it is not so. There is no way of preserving the *manner* of acting and handing it down, and so, with the disappearance of the generation which was familiar with a noted actor, all record of his style goes too. Therefore, since theatrical opinion is mainly formed by the class known as "old theatre-goers," it consists in good part of exaggerated regrets at the extinction of those "great actors" whom they saw in their youth, when everything was fresh and bright to them, and who have come, in the progress of time, to appear to their memories as something finer and grander than the theatre, as they now know it, affords. There is no more abandoned *laudator temporis acti* than a theatrical veteran, and as we of the present time cannot correct his recollections by any actual comparison, we are forced to take his reminiscences as a sort of standard; and hence we soon fall into the way of admitting readily enough that the stage is going to the dogs. Where are the Rachels, and the Macreadys and the Keans and Kembles of that elder day? And who is there on the boards that can compare with them now? Of course the drama is declining.

If this suggestion is based on a correct appreciation of the facts, it may cause us to think twice before we assume that the New York stage is in quite as bad a condition as might be inferred from the critical opinions of it volunteered by the press. So far as the material requisites of the theatre go, there is of course no question that in the last twenty-five years there has been an enormous improvement. Without going back to the days of the "Old Park," which must, to judge by its present approaches, have been a most uncomfortable place of amusement, it is enough to recall the days of what may be termed the second theatrical period of New York, when the theatres, at first clustered about the old colonial fashionable quarter, moved up town a mile or two to what was then the practical limit of Broadway. One of the best theatres of that day was Wallack's. Comparisons are odious; but if it were possible to imagine a stranger who had not been in New York for twenty-five years, and had at his last visit seen the elder Wallack act, say in Shylock (one of his best parts), now returning and seeing the new Wallack's, it would be difficult to convince him that he was in the same city.

In all material appliances, then, the most enormous progress has been made. To take another instance, the machinery which exists at Booth's for the production of great scenic and spectacular or historical shows is probably as complete as anything in the world. At the Union Square or at Wallack's the dressing for modern plays is as elaborate and studied as women have made dressing off the stage. The pessimist view of this branch of the subject is that this of itself favors the decadence of the drama. In its palmy days, the houses and scenery and dresses were poor, it is said, but the acting was good. Now managers, not being able to get good actors, pander to the low taste of modern audiences, who are becoming more and more content every year with the perfection of the mere material adjuncts of the theatre, and fail to see that to a real lover of the drama all this is the merest dross, — as valueless, without good acting, as a fine frame inclosing a bad picture. While there is a good deal of truth in the proposition that an exclusive devotion to the material adjuncts and appliances of the theatre would necessarily imply a declining condition of the drama, it may be said, on the other hand, that the very fact that managers find it for their advantage to spend enormous sums of money in making the surroundings of the stage materially perfect shows that there exist in the community two important requisites for any theatrical development, a large amount of money which it is willing to spend on theatrical amusements, and a large amount of popular interest of *some* sort. It must be remembered that acting is an art which above all others depends for its success on the existence of a large popular *clientèle*. There is no such thing, in the long run, as acting for critics. You must please the public, to be successful. An actor or theatre does not (at least in this country or in England) derive support from a subsidy, or the patronage of a small class of highly educated people, but from the public at large, who contribute a great revenue in small sums paid by a very large number of people. These people represent every variety of intellectual and æsthetic attainment, and non-attainment, and actors and managers must please them, or fail. Now is it probable that this vast body of spectators goes night after night to the theatres for the purpose of seeing a particularly well-copied imitation of a modern drawing-room, or a good reproduction of a street in a mediæval Italian town? Audiences have undoubtedly become more exacting in these respects, and perhaps too much so, but it hardly seems credible that they really go to the theatre without caring for the acting. If they did, the modern manager, who knows extremely well which way his interests lie, would find his task much simplified. He would merely have to procure good dresses and furniture and scenery, and let the acting take care of itself. And this brings me to the question, which is not speculative but really a pure question of fact, whether he does anything of the sort. In other words, is it true, or is it not true, that managers at the present day do their utmost to procure good acting? And this question must necessarily be answered, not by the managers, but by the condition of the art itself. So we are brought back again to our starting-point, and forced to inquire whether the art of acting in New York is improving or falling off.

To settle this question by proofs of any very tangible sort is almost impossible, and any satisfactory settlement of it involves the answer of a number of other questions, by no means simple, relating to the comparative merit of different schools of acting. To arrive at any opinion upon it, it is necessary to bear in mind that in New York the theatre is not — as it is in many European cities — a natural local growth. The drama and the stage as they exist in Paris are French, and could not be anything else; the same thing is true of Germany, Italy, or Spain. But there is in this country no such thing as an American drama, or an American stage. It would be easy to count on the fingers of one hand all the plays of American authors which have had any marked success on the boards, and it must be re-

membered that many of these are in reality nothing but adaptations of French plays. So, too, of actors; there is no dearth of good actors in this country, but there is, with a few exceptions, nothing essentially local about their acting. This is not quite as true of low comedy as it is of tragedy or high comedy, yet, speaking generally, it is true of the theatre in New York that it is not local, but eclectic. The New York theatres may be divided into two classes, the stock-company theatres, and the "star" theatres. Of the former the two most conspicuous instances are Wallack's and the Union Square; of the latter the most important are Booth's, the Fifth Avenue, the Lyceum, and the Grand Opera House. At the theatres of the first class the object of the management is to have a trained corps of actors accustomed to acting with each other, and all possessed of a tolerably equal amount of talent. At the others the object is to secure the services of some one good actor who will draw well, having him supported by an indifferent company, whose services are not expensive. The business of theatrical management is so hazardous and uncertain that it is almost impossible to lay down any general rules about it, but the probability is that the first of these two methods is the most difficult to pursue with success, and if successful in the long run the most remunerative. To secure the services of a noted actor for a certain number of nights, and trust the rest to fortune, is a comparatively easy matter. To organize a theatre with a company capable of giving any standard or new play, and giving it well, at a few days' notice, is an undertaking which requires not only capital and audacity, but brains also; not only a knowledge of the public taste, but taste itself; besides patience, judgment of character, influence over others, and many other moral and intellectual qualities of a high order. The fact that two good stock-company theatres have established themselves in New York is a proof of itself that the theatre is making some progress here. Every one can remember how, only a few years ago, that part of the press which interests itself in dramatic affairs teemed with denunciations of the star system, and how managers were entreated to adopt some other. These denunciations have ceased, because the growth of taste and experience has brought the other system into existence, and established it as an institution.

But there is nothing local about this. The fact of course is that the star system is no system at all, and is simply a barbarous substitute for one. To have really good acting, the company must necessarily be a unit, not a mere following for a single actor or actress. To say that Wallack's or the Union Square theatre is a stock-company theatre is simply to say that two theatres in New York have risen to a point at which they can be spoken of as proper theatres, with definite aims and characteristics. It is when we ask what these are that we are brought face to face with the glaring eclecticism of the New York stage. The fact is that you may find almost anything short of tragedy acted at either. Comedy, low comedy, farce, and melodrama are all recognized as having a claim to attention. At Wallack's, within the past two years, we have had such widely different plays as The School for Scandal, Forbidden Fruit, My Son, and The Shaughraun; at the Union Square, Mother and Son, The Two Orphans, and The Banker's Daughter. It may be that there is a less wide divergence in the latter than in the former case, but here we have representatives of the following schools: English high comedy, English low comedy, modern Irish melodrama, old-fashioned French melodrama, American comedy, and modern French comedy. It is quite evident that there is nothing local about this, and no essential connection between such plays and the New York audiences which go to see them. If you ask, Why are these plays brought out in New York? no answer that can be given will explain why it is New York rather than Montreal or Melbourne. (In fact, the probability is that they are brought out in Montreal and Melbourne, too.)

A few years ago, a favorite kind of play in New York was a sort of French comedy, now happily less popular, turning on marital infidelity, and involving a settlement of the difficulty between the husband and lover by an appeal to the code of honor. There was no kind of play which seemed to have less relation to American life, or New York life; for though marital infidelity may not be unknown here, the habit of fighting duels about women practically does not exist, divorce, or condonation, being the usual remedy adopted by the parties interested. But no sort of play was ever more popular in New York than this, and its popularity amounted to a clear proof that there is nothing local in the New York stage or theatre. And this proves, too, how strong the love of acting is in the human mind, that thousands of people will go every night to see a play given which has no sort of connection or relation with their daily lives, their habits of thought, their local or historical interest, if it is in itself entertaining, exciting, or moving.

It may be thought, perhaps, that this is due to the cosmopolitan character of the city; that New York, being a community of all races and languages, brought together from the four corners of the earth, it is only natural that its stage should have an international character. But unfortunately the foreign community in New York does nothing for the support of the New York stage. Although there are many French plays produced here, they are produced for the benefit of strictly American audiences, and although the French residents of New York have never succeeded in establishing a theatre of their own, they certainly do not as a class frequent the Union Square to an extent sufficient to account for the heavy importations to that theatre from Paris. The Germans have a theatre or two of their own, and very good theatres they are, in which those who are interested in such matters may see for themselves the difference between a stage which, although transplanted, is a genuine national growth, and a stage which is of no country and no time.

It is an additional proof of this characteristic of the theatres of New York that there has never been any attempt to restrict a theatre to a particular class of plays which has not resulted in failure, or an abandonment of the attempt. At Wallack's, some years ago, an effort was made to give nothing but what are known as standard English comedies, by Sheridan, Goldsmith, Holcroft, and other well-recognized dramatists. But the plan was after a few years given up, and the present system of giving everything was adopted. At Booth's an honest attempt was made by a theatrical reformer to have a house devoted to Shakespearean drama, and a great deal of time and thought and money was wasted in the enterprise. The result was, after a few years, a total collapse. Of course, such instances as these may be explained by a variety of special causes; but the fact is now established that those theatres succeed best which play everything that is to be had, and those fail worst which attempt to restrict themselves to certain classes of plays, however good.

With regard to the art of acting, it must be observed that in judging of this the public taste has undergone a complete revolution within the past twenty-five years. Very quiet acting has taken the place of the old English method; and of course it is difficult to make any comparison between the two, because they are radically opposed. The English traditions of acting linger mostly in high tragedy, to which it is indeed best adapted; in comedy, quiet and a total absence of that exaggeration which was the essence of the old English method are now generally regarded as all-important. The two styles may be seen on the same stage, and compared in two thoroughly trained and experienced actors, Mr. Lester Wallack and Mr. Charles Coghlan; the first representing the old school, and the second the new. Here, again, may be noticed the very eclectic character of theatrical taste in New York, for these two actors represent such different tendencies and styles that they ought not to be acting in the same

plays at the same time; but the want of harmony between the two does not appear to trouble a New York audience. It probably would not trouble an English audience. An educated French audience would most likely object to it. Speaking generally, however, the modern style has very nearly driven the old style out, just as the modern plays have nearly driven the old ones off the stage; and the modern style has had one curious effect in reducing the size of the theatres. Quiet acting is impossible in a large theatre. The distance of the audience, and the necessity of being heard and of making all the "points" of a part, makes exaggeration indispensable; in a small theatre it is quite the reverse. Consequently, most of the recently built theatres in New York, the Union Square, the Park, the Lyceum, the Fifth Avenue, are all small. This smallness of course precludes any very startling scenic or spectacular effects; but scenic and spectacular effects are not what such theatres as these are put up for.

It is not necessary, in considering the progress of the stage in New York, to discuss what are known as "one-character" plays, such as Rip Van Winkle, in which Jefferson plays. They are generally accidental, or at least the creation of the part by the particular actor who succeeds in it is accidental. But there are two instances of plays of this kind which show how strong a hold the quiet school of acting has taken on the public taste, Rip Van Winkle and Colonel Mulberry Sellers. Both of these parts have secured the position they now hold by their extreme fidelity to life and absence of exaggeration. Of course, in the last there is exaggeration in the dialogue, but not in the character. The sanguine American speculator, kind-hearted, generous, a gambler by temper and habit, — this Mr. Raymond has managed to make a living and entertaining and instructive part, as Mr. Jefferson has the lazy, good-for-nothing Dutchman. They are both triumphs of the modern school of acting.

I have said nothing of the opera, which has this winter created more interest and excitement than all the theatres put together. It has really no connection with the regular theatrical life of New York, as it is an imported luxury. But with regard to the theatres, I think the facts bear me out in claiming for New York a steady advance in theatrical matters. Judging it either by the acting or the material appliances, we have made great progress in the last twenty-five years. We have made the great step, too, of proving the possibility of success by stock companies acting such plays as, when they come out in Paris, or elsewhere, make an immediate hit. That we have not found it possible to go further than this, and have stock companies devoted to particular and carefully selected kinds of plays, is not, perhaps, altogether a matter of regret. With the exception of Sheridan and Goldsmith and a very few others, standard English comedy is a pretty barren field.

The important theatrical events of the winter have been thus far Mr. John McCullough's acting in high tragedy, the production of Mother and Son and The Banker's Daughter at the Union Square theatre, and the revival of The School for Scandal at Wallack's. Mr. McCullough's acting of Hamlet deserves more than a passing notice. He has proved what very few *habitués* of the theatres would have been ready to admit as possible, — that careful study and refined feeling may throw really new light on the part. It is the peculiarity of Mr. McCullough's style of acting that it combines great vigor and fire with an unusual delicacy of perception. Hence, he is admirably adapted to those parts of Hamlet which call these qualities into play (for example, the scenes with Ophelia, with Polonius, the players' scene, and the grave scene). To bring out his strength fully, however, there seems to be needed something more in the situation than mere thought or reflection. Thus, in the soliloquy, he fails to create any illusion whatever. Judging, too, by his acting in Spartacus, it needs a good play to enable him to appear at his best; certainly his Spartacus would lead no

one to infer his power in Hamlet. It is difficult to know whom to compare him with in the latter part. He has evidently carefully studied the style of the late Mr. Edwin Forrest; but his passion is of a much more refined kind than the rage and fury of that dramatic athlete. On the other hand, he possesses greater naturalness than Booth, and is not a melodramatist like Fechter, who (*pace* the hosts of critics who applauded him) had spoiled himself for acting Shakespeare by learning to act so well in Monte Cristo and Ruy Blas. Mother and Son is one of Sardou's latest contributions to the modern French theatre; and The Banker's Daughter one of the latest to what may be termed Franco-American dramas. Miss Sara Jewett's reputation at the Union Square is too well established to make it necessary to call attention to her; but the acting of Miss Linda Dietz in Mother and Son was so full of promise that it alone would have made the play a success. Her part was a very difficult one, being that of an innocent girl forced to assume a position of apparent guilt through no fault of her own. She acted it to perfection, and showed resources in the way of what is now called, in theatrical slang, "emotional" acting (as if all acting were not emotional) which would seem to prove her equal to great things. Of Miss Rose Coghlan's charming appearance and acting in The School for Scandal I have not left myself room to speak; nor of the production of the new Jane Shore, or the spectacular version of Henry VIII. at Booth's. Both these plays were made the occasion of the appearance of Miss Genevieve Ward, a new actress, whose method leaves little to be desired, but whose difficulty appears to be a lack of capacity for the expression of natural feeling, — a capacity, by the way, in which Miss Vaders, who plays with Mr. McCullough, excels. It ought not to be long before this lady (whose Ophelia is one of her best pieces of acting) secures a permanent foot-hold on the New York stage.

THE SAGA OF THE QUERN-STONES.

King Frothi from Sweden two giant-maidens brought,
With many a shining gulden from King Fiölnir bought;
For in all the realms of Gotland no hand was to be found
To grasp the huge quern-handle and turn the millstones round, —

The wonderful gray quern-stones, of his treasures best by far,
Once wrested from the giants by his great ancestor Thor.
Now whoso turned them round about could grind good luck or ill,
Gold and jewels, joy and plenty, could summon at his will!

"Grind, grind for me!" cried Frothi. "Beneath your mighty hold
These magical gray quern-stones shall grind me gems and gold!"
Then Menia and Fenia they stood up at the quern,
And slowly, so slowly, the stones began to turn.

Then swifter and swifter, until through all the land
The gold and silver money was plentiful as sand.
"We grind good luck to Gotland, rich harvest-fields of grain;
No vessel sails from harbor that comes not back again."

"Grind, grind for me!" cried Frothi. "Grind love and joy and peace;
Till Gotland is the richest realm your grinding shall not cease!"
"There is no beggar in the land, each peasant has his hoard,
And nowhere in the kingdom does the warrior draw his sword.

"Now give us rest, O Frothi!" "Then rest ye," said the king;
"But only while the cuckoo's note is silent in the spring."
"Oh, never in the spring-time does the cuckoo's calling cease,
So bid us somewhat longer from labor find release."

"Then rest ye while a verse of my minstrel's song is sung."
Upon the handle of the quern the sinewy hands are flung.
"We grind good luck to Gotland; to Frothi quiet sleep;
Be heard no sound of wrangling, no eye be seen to weep!

"Now give us rest, O Frothi! Have you not had your fill?"
"Rest only while a verse is sung, or the cuckoo's note is still."
"Black are the skies above us, the cold winds beat our breast,
The frost is keen and biting; O Frothi, give us rest!" . . .

"Revenge! Revenge, O Menia! We are of giant's blood.
Grind, grind, O sister, swiftly, — bring ruin, fire, and flood!
A ship comes sailing, sailing, with valiant warriors manned;
We grind them near and nearer. Say, Frothi, shall they land?

"A ship comes sailing, sailing! to Gotland hastening.
Awake, awake, O Frothi, or be no more a king!
'T is Mysinge the viking; thee sleeping shall he find?
. . . Grind faster, grind harder, — to Frothi death we grind!"

The quern-stones and the giant-maids the vikings bear on board,
With Frothi's crown and jewels, and all his shining hoard.
"Of golden store we need no more; but here no salt we find:
Ho, Menia! ho, Fenia! grind salt, weird sisters, grind!"

"From noon of day to noon of night we labor at the quern!
Ho, viking, hast thou salt enough?" And still he bade them turn.
"The ship is filled with salt, O king, so well thy slaves have ground!"
Beneath the weight the vessel sinks, and all the host are drowned.

"Grind, Menia! grind, Fenia! the quern-stones shall not halt
Till all the waters of the sea are filled with shining salt!"
Unto this day the quern-stones whirl, and still the salt outpours,
And where they sank off Norway's coast the Maelstrom seethes and roars!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

THE PENSION BEAUREPAS.

I.

I WAS not rich — on the contrary; and I had been told the Pension Beaurepas was cheap. I had moreover been told that a boarding-house is a capital place for the study of human nature. I had a fancy for a literary career, and a friend of mine had said to me, "If you mean to write you ought to go and live in a boarding-house; there is no other such place to pick up material." I had read something of this kind in a letter addressed by Stendhal to his sister: "I have a passionate desire to know human nature, and have a great mind to live in a boarding-house, where people cannot conceal their real characters." I was an admirer of the Chartreuse de Parme, and it appeared to me that one could not do better than follow in the footsteps of its author. I remembered, too, the magnificent boarding-house in Balzac's Père Goriot, — the "*pension bourgeoise des deux sexes et autres*," kept by Madame Vauquer, *née* De Conflans. Magnificent, I mean, as a piece of portraiture; the establishment, as an establishment, was certainly sordid enough, and I hoped for better things from the Pension Beaurepas. This institution was one of the most esteemed in Geneva, and, standing in a little garden of its own, not far from the lake, had a very homely, comfortable, sociable aspect. The regular entrance was, as one might say, at the back, which looked upon the street, or rather upon a little *place*, adorned like every place in Geneva, great or small, with a fountain. This fact was not prepossessing, for on crossing the threshold you found yourself more or less in the kitchen, encompassed with culinary odors. This, however, was no great matter, for at the Pension Beaurepas there was no attempt at gentility or at concealment of the domestic machinery. The latter was of a very simple sort. Madame Beaurepas was an excellent little old woman, — she was very far advanced in life, and had been keeping a pension for forty years, — whose only faults were that she was slightly deaf, that she was fond of a surreptitious pinch of snuff, and that, at the age of seventy-three, she wore flowers in her cap. There was a tradition in the house that she was not so deaf as she pretended; that she feigned this infirmity in order to possess herself of the secrets of her lodgers. But I never subscribed to this theory; I am convinced that Madame Beaurepas had outlived the period of indiscreet curiosity. She was a philosopher, on a matter-of-fact basis; she had been having lodgers for forty years, and all that she asked of them was that they should pay their bills, make use of the door-mat, and fold their napkins. She cared very little for their secrets. "J'en ai vus de toutes les couleurs," she said to me. She had quite ceased to care for individuals; she cared only for types, for categories. Her large observation had made her acquainted with a great number, and her mind was a complete collection of "heads." She flattered herself that she knew at a glance where to pigeon-hole a newcomer, and if she made any mistakes her deportment never betrayed them. I think that, as regards individuals, she had neither likes nor dislikes; but she was capable of expressing esteem or contempt for a species. She had her own ways, I suppose, of manifesting her approval, but her manner of indicating the reverse was simple and unvarying. "Je trouve que c'est déplacé!" — this exhausted her view of the matter. If one of her inmates had put arsenic into the *pot-au-feu*, I believe Madame Beaurepas would have contented herself with remarking that the proceeding was misplaced. The line of misconduct to which she most objected was an undue assumption of gentility; she had no patience with boarders who gave themselves airs. "When people come *chez moi*, it is not to cut a figure in the world; I have never

had that illusion," I remember hearing her say; "and when you pay seven francs a day, *tout compris*, it comprises everything but the right to look down upon the others. But there are people who, the less they pay, the more they take themselves *au sérieux*. My most difficult boarders have always been those who have had the little rooms."

Madame Beaurepas had a niece, a young woman of some forty odd years; and the two ladies, with the assistance of a couple of thick-waisted, red-armed peasant women, kept the house going. If on your exits and entrances you peeped into the kitchen, it made very little difference; for Célestine, the cook, had no pretension to be an invisible functionary or to deal in occult methods. She was always at your service, with a grateful grin: she blacked your boots; she trudged off to fetch a cab; she would have carried your baggage, if you had allowed her, on her broad little back. She was always tramping in and out, between her kitchen and the fountain in the place, where it often seemed to me that a large part of the preparation for our dinner went forward, — the wringing out of towels and table-cloths, the washing of potatoes and cabbages, the scouring of saucepans and cleansing of water-bottles. You enjoyed, from the door-step, a perpetual back view of Célestine and of her large, loose, woolen ankles, as she craned, from the waist, over into the fountain and dabbled in her various utensils. This sounds as if life went on in a very make-shift fashion at the Pension Beaurepas, — as if the tone of the establishment were sordid. But such was not at all the case. We were simply very *bourgeois;* we practiced the good old Genevese principle of not sacrificing to appearances. This is an excellent principle — when you have the reality. We had the reality at the Pension Beaurepas: we had it in the shape of soft, short beds, equipped with fluffy *duvets;* of admirable coffee, served to us in the morning by Célestine in person, as we lay recumbent on these downy couches; of copious, wholesome, succulent dinners, conformable to the best provincial traditions. For myself, I thought the Pension Beaurepas picturesque, and this, with me, at that time was a great word. I was young and ingenuous; I had just come from America. I wished to perfect myself in the French tongue, and I innocently believed that French tongues might be found in Swiss mouths. I used to go to lectures at the Academy, and come home with a violent appetite. I always enjoyed my morning walk across the long bridge (there was only one, just there, in those days) which spans the deep blue outgush of the lake, and up the dark, steep streets of the old Calvinistic city. The garden faced this way, toward the lake and the old town; and this was the pleasantest approach to the house. There was a high wall, with a double gate in the middle, flanked by a couple of ancient massive posts; the big rusty *grille* contained some old-fashioned iron-work. The garden was rather moldy and weedy, tangled and untended, but it contained a little thin-flowing fountain, several green benches, a rickety little table of the same complexion, and three orange-trees, in tubs, which were deposited as effectively as possible in front of the windows of the *salon*.

II.

As commonly happens in boarding-houses, the rustle of petticoats was, at the Pension Beaurepas, the most familiar form of the human tread. There was the usual allotment of economical widows and old maids, and to maintain the balance of the sexes there were only an old Frenchman and a young American. It hardly made the matter easier that the old Frenchman came from Lausanne. He was a native of that estimable town, but he had once spent six months in Paris, he had tasted of the tree of knowledge; he had got beyond Lausanne, whose resources he pronounced inadequate. Lausanne, as he said, "*manquait d'agréments.*" When obliged, for reasons which he never specified, to bring his residence in Paris to a close, he had fallen back on Geneva; he had broken his fall at the Pension Beaurepas. Geneva was, after

all, more like Paris, and at a Genevese boarding-house there were sure to be plenty of Americans with whom one could talk about the French metropolis. M. Pigeonneau was a little lean man, with a large, narrow nose, who sat a great deal in the garden, reading with the aid of a large magnifying glass a volume from the *cabinet de lecture.*

One day, a fortnight after my arrival at the Pension Beaurepas, I came back rather earlier than usual from my academic session; it wanted half an hour of the midday breakfast. I went into the salon with the design of possessing myself of the day's Galignani before one of the little English old maids should have removed it to her virginal bower, — a privilege to which Madame Beaurepas frequently alluded as one of the attractions of the establishment. In the salon I found a new-comer, a tall gentleman in a high black hat, whom I immediately recognized as a compatriot. I had often seen him, or his equivalent, in the hotel parlors of my native land. He apparently supposed himself to be at the present moment in a hotel parlor; his hat was on his head, or, rather, half off it, — pushed back from his forehead, and rather suspended than poised. He stood before a table on which old newspapers were scattered, one of which he had taken up and, with his eye-glass on his nose, was holding out at arm's-length. It was that honorable but extremely diminutive sheet, the Journal de Genève, a newspaper of about the size of a pocket-handkerchief. As I drew near, looking for my Galignani, the tall gentleman gave me, over the top of his eye-glass, a somewhat solemn stare. Presently, however, before I had time to lay my hand on the object of my search, he silently offered me the Journal de Genève.

"It appears," he said, "to be the paper of the country."

"Yes," I answered, "I believe it 's the best."

He gazed at it again, still holding it at arm's-length, as if it had been a looking-glass. "Well," he said, "I suppose it 's natural a small country should have small papers. You could wrap it up, mountains and all, in one of our dailies!"

I found my Galignani and went off with it into the garden, where I seated myself on a bench in the shade. Presently I saw the tall gentleman in the hat appear in one of the open windows of the salon, and stand there with his hands in his pockets and his legs a little apart. He looked very much bored, and — I don't know why — I immediately began to feel sorry for him. He was not at all a picturesque personage; he looked like a jaded, faded man of business. But after a little he came into the garden and began to stroll about; and then his restless, unoccupied carriage, and the vague, unacquainted manner in which his eyes wandered over the place, seemed to make it proper that, as an older resident, I should exercise a certain hospitality. I said something to him, and he came and sat down beside me on my bench, clasping one of his long knees in his hands.

"When is it this big breakfast of theirs comes off?" he inquired. "That 's what I call it, — the little breakfast and the big breakfast. I never thought I should live to see the time when I should care to eat two breakfasts. But a man 's glad to do anything, over here."

"For myself," I observed, "I find plenty to do."

He turned his head and glanced at me with a dry, deliberate, kind-looking eye. "You 're getting used to the life, are you?"

"I like the life very much," I answered, laughing.

"How long have you tried it?"

"Do you mean in this place?"

"Well, I mean anywhere. It seems to me pretty much the same all over."

"I have been in this house only a fortnight," I said.

"Well, what should you say, from what you have seen?" my companion asked.

"Oh," said I, "you can see all there is immediately. It 's very simple."

"Sweet simplicity, eh? I 'm afraid my two ladies will find it too simple."

"Everything is very good," I went on. "And Madame Beaurepas is a charming old woman. And then it 's very cheap."

"Cheap, is it?" my friend repeated meditatively.

"Does n't it strike you so?" I asked. I thought it very possible he had not inquired the terms. But he appeared not to have heard me; he sat there, clasping his knee and blinking, in a contemplative manner, at the sunshine.

"Are you from the United States, sir?" he presently demanded, turning his head again.

"Yes, sir," I replied, and I mentioned the place of my nativity.

"I presumed," he said, "that you were American, or English. I 'm from the United States myself; from New York city. Many of our people here?"

"Not so many as, I believe, there have sometimes been. There are two or three ladies."

"Well," my interlocutor declared, "I am very fond of ladies' society. I think when it 's nice there 's nothing comes up to it. I 've got two ladies here myself; I must make you acquainted with them."

I rejoined that I should be delighted, and I inquired of my friend whether he had been long in Europe.

"Well, it seems precious long," he said, "but my time 's not up yet. We have been here fourteen weeks and a half."

"Are you traveling for pleasure?" I asked.

My companion turned his head again and looked at me, — looked at me so long in silence that I at last also turned and met his eyes.

"No, sir," he said, presently. "No, sir," he repeated, after a considerable interval.

"Excuse me," said I, for there was something so solemn in his tone that I feared I had been indiscreet.

He took no notice of my ejaculation; he simply continued to look at me. "I 'm traveling," he said, at last, "to please the doctors. They seemed to think they would like it."

"Ah, they sent you abroad for your health."

"They sent me abroad because they were so confoundedly puzzled they did n't know what else to do."

"That 's often the best thing," I ventured to remark.

"It was a confession of weakness; they wanted me to stop plaguing them. They did n't know enough to cure me, and that 's the way they thought they would get out of it. I wanted to be cured, — I did n't want to be transported. I had n't done any harm."

I assented to the general proposition of the inefficiency of doctors, and asked my companion if he had been seriously ill.

"I did n't sleep," he said, after some delay.

"Ah, that 's very annoying. I suppose you were overworked."

"I did n't eat; I took no interest in my food."

"Well, I hope you both eat and sleep now," I said.

"I could n't hold a pen," my neighbor went on. "I could n't sit still. I could n't walk from my house to the cars, — and it 's only a little way. I lost my interest in business."

"You needed a holiday," I observed.

"That 's what the doctors said. It was n't so very smart of them. I had been paying strict attention to business for twenty-three years."

"In all that time you have never had a holiday?" I exclaimed, with horror.

My companion waited a little. "Sundays," he said at last.

"No wonder, then, you were out of sorts."

"Well, sir," said my friend, "I should n't have been where I was three years ago if I had spent my time traveling round Europe. I was in a very advantageous position. I did a very large business. I was considerably interested in lumber." He paused, turned his head, and looked at me a moment. "Have you any business interests yourself?" I answered that I had none, and he went on again, slowly, softly, deliberately. "Well, sir, perhaps you are

not aware that business in the United States is not what it was a short time since. Business interests are very insecure. There seems to be a general falling-off. Different parties offer different explanations of the fact, but so far as I am aware none of their observations have set things going again." I ingeniously intimated that if business was dull it was a good time for coming away; whereupon my neighbor threw back his head and stretched his legs a while. "Well, sir, that 's one view of the matter, certainly. There 's something to be said for that. These things should be looked at all round. That 's the ground my wife took. That 's the ground," he added in a moment, "that a lady would naturally take," and he gave a little dry laugh.

"You think it 's slightly illogical," I remarked.

"Well, sir, the ground I took was that the worse a man's business is, the more it requires looking after. I should n't want to go out to take a walk — not even to go to church — if my house was on fire. My firm is not doing the business it was; it 's like a sick child; it wants nursing. What I wanted the doctors to do was to fix me up, so that I could go on at home. I 'd have taken anything they 'd have given me, and as many times a day. I wanted to be right there; I had my reasons; I have them still. But I came off, all the same," said my friend, with a melancholy smile.

I was a great deal younger than he, but there was something so simple and communicative in his tone, so expressive of a desire to fraternize, and so exempt from any theory of human differences, that I quite forgot his seniority, and found myself offering him paternal advice. "Don't think about all that," said I. "Simply enjoy yourself, amuse yourself, get well. Travel about and see Europe. At the end of a year, by the time you are ready to go home, things will have improved over there, and you will be quite well and happy."

My friend laid his hand on my knee; he looked at me for some moments, and I thought he was going to say, "You are very young!" But he said presently, "*You* have got used to Europe, any way!"

III.

At breakfast I encountered his ladies, — his wife and daughter. They were placed, however, at a distance from me. and it was not until the *pensionnaires* had dispersed, and some of them, according to custom, had come out into the garden, that he had an opportunity of making me acquainted with them.

"Will you allow me to introduce you to my daughter?" he said, moved apparently by a paternal inclination to provide this young lady with social diversion. She was standing, with her mother, in one of the paths, looking about, with no great complacency, as I imagined, at the homely characteristics of the place, and old M. Pigeonneau was hovering near, hesitating apparently between the desire to be urbane and the absence of a pretext. "Mrs. Ruck, — Miss Sophy Ruck," said my friend, leading me up.

Mrs. Ruck was a large, plump, light-colored person, with a smooth, fair face, a somnolent eye, and an elaborate coiffure. Miss Sophy was a girl of one and twenty, very small and very pretty, — what I suppose would have been called a lively brunette. Both of these ladies were attired in black silk dresses, very much trimmed; they had an air of the highest elegance.

"Do you think highly of this pension?" inquired Mrs. Ruck, after a few preliminaries.

"It 's a little rough, but it seems to me comfortable," I answered.

"Does it take a high rank in Geneva?" Mrs. Ruck pursued.

"I imagine it enjoys a very fair fame," I said, smiling.

"I should never dream of comparing it to a New York boarding-house," said Mrs. Ruck.

"It 's quite a different style," her daughter observed. Miss Ruck had folded her arms; she was holding her elbows with a pair of white little hands,

and she was tapping the ground with a pretty little foot.

"We hardly expected to come to a pension," said Mrs. Ruck. "But we thought we would try; we had heard so much about Swiss pensions. I was saying to Mr. Ruck that I wondered whether this was a favorable specimen. I was afraid we might have made a mistake."

"We knew some people who had been here; they thought everything of Madame Beaurepas," said Miss Sophy. "They said she was a real friend."

"Mr. and Mrs. Parker, — perhaps you have heard her speak of them," Mrs. Ruck pursued.

"Madame Beaurepas has had a great many Americans; she is very fond of Americans," I replied.

"Well, I must say I should think she would be, if she compares them with some others."

"Mother is always comparing," observed Miss Ruck.

"Of course I am always comparing," rejoined the elder lady. "I never had a chance till now; I never knew my privileges. Give me an American!" And Mrs. Ruck indulged in a little laugh.

"Well, I must say there are some things I like over here," said Miss Sophy, with courage. And indeed I could see that she was a young woman of great decision.

"You like the shops, — that 's what you like," her father affirmed.

The young lady addressed herself to me, without heeding this remark: "I suppose you feel quite at home here."

"Oh, he likes it; he has got used to the life!" exclaimed Mr. Ruck.

"I wish you 'd teach Mr. Ruck," said his wife. "It seems as if he could n't get used to anything."

"I 'm used to you, my dear," the husband retorted, giving me a humorous look.

"He 's intensely restless," continued Mrs. Ruck. "That 's what made me want to come to a pension. I thought he would settle down more."

"I don't think I *am* used to you, after all," said her husband.

In view of a possible exchange of conjugal *repartee* I took refuge in conversation with Miss Ruck, who seemed perfectly able to play her part in any colloquy. I learned from this young lady that, with her parents, after visiting the British islands, she had been spending a month in Paris, and that she thought she should have died when she left that city. "I hung out of the carriage, when we left the hotel," said Miss Ruck; "I assure you I did. And mother did, too."

"Out of the other window, I hope," said I.

"Yes, one out of each window," she replied, promptly. "Father had hard work, I can tell you. We had n't half finished; there were ever so many places we wanted to go to."

"Your father insisted on coming away?"

"Yes; after we had been there about a month he said he had enough. He 's fearfully restless; he 's very much out of health. Mother and I said to him that if he was restless in Paris he need n't hope for peace anywhere. We don't mean to leave him alone till he takes us back." There was an air of keen resolution in Miss Ruck's pretty face, of lucid apprehension of desirable ends, which made me, as she pronounced these words, direct a glance of covert compassion toward her poor recalcitrant father. He had walked away a little with his wife, and I saw only his back and his stooping, patient-looking shoulders, whose air of acute resignation was thrown into relief by the voluminous tranquillity of Mrs. Ruck. "He will have to take us back in September, any way," the young girl pursued; "he will have to take us back to get some things we have ordered."

"Have you ordered a great many things?" I asked, jocosely.

"Well, I guess we have ordered *some*. Of course we wanted to take advantage of being in Paris, — ladies always do. We have left the principal things till we go back. Of course that is the principal interest for ladies. Mother said she should feel so shabby, if she just passed through. We have promised all the people to be back in September, and I

never broke a promise yet. So Mr. Ruck has got to make his plans accordingly."

"And what are his plans?"

"I don't know; he does n't seem able to make any. His great idea was to get to Geneva; but now that he has got here he does n't seem to care. It 's the effect of ill health. He used to be so bright; but now he is quite subdued. It 's about time he should improve, any way. We went out last night to look at the jewelers' windows, — in that street behind the hotel. I had always heard of those jewelers' windows. We saw some lovely things, but it did n't seem to rouse father. He 'll get tired of Geneva sooner than he did of Paris."

"Ah," said I, "there are finer things here than the jewelers' windows. We are very near some of the most beautiful scenery in Europe."

"I suppose you mean the mountains. Well, we have seen plenty of mountains at home. We used to go to the mountains every summer. We are familiar enough with the mountains. Are n't we, mother?" the young lady demanded, appealing to Mrs. Ruck, who, with her husband, had drawn near again.

"Are n't we what?" inquired the elder lady.

"Are n't we familiar with the mountains?"

"Well, I hope so," said Mrs. Ruck.

Mr. Ruck, with his hands in his pockets, gave me a sociable wink. "There 's nothing much you can tell them!" he said.

The two ladies stood face to face a few moments, surveying each other's garments. "Don't you want to go out?" the young girl at last inquired of her mother.

"Well, I think we had better; we have got to go up to that place."

"To what place?" asked Mr. Ruck.

"To that jeweler's, — to that big one."

"They all seemed big enough; they were too big!" And Mr. Ruck gave me another wink.

"That one where we saw the blue cross," said his daughter.

"Oh, come, what do you want of that blue cross?" poor Mr. Ruck demanded.

"She wants to hang it on a black velvet ribbon and tie it round her neck," said his wife.

"A black velvet ribbon? No, I thank you!" cried the young lady. "Do you suppose I would wear that cross on a black velvet ribbon? On a nice little gold chain, if you please, — a little narrow gold chain, like an old-fashioned watch-chain. That 's the proper thing for that blue cross. I know the sort of chain I mean; I 'm going to look for one. When I want a thing," said Miss Ruck, with decision, "I can generally find it."

"Look here, Sophy," her father urged, "you don't want that blue cross."

"I do want it, — I happen to want it." And Sophy glanced at me with a little laugh.

Her laugh, which in itself was pretty, suggested that there were various relations in which one might stand to Miss Ruck; but I think I was conscious of a certain satisfaction in not occupying the paternal one. "Don't worry the poor child," said her mother.

"Come on, mother," said Miss Ruck.

"We are going to look about a little," explained the elder lady to me, by way of taking leave.

"I know what that means," remarked Mr. Ruck, as his companions moved away. He stood looking at them a moment, while he raised his hand to his head, behind, and stood rubbing it a little, with a movement that displaced his hat. (I may remark in parenthesis that I never saw a hat more easily displaced than Mr. Ruck's.) I supposed he was going to say something querulous, but I was mistaken. Mr. Ruck was unhappy, but he was very good-natured. "Well, they want to pick up something," he said. "That 's the principal interest, for ladies."

IV.

Mr. Ruck distinguished me, as the French say. He honored me with his esteem, and, as the days elapsed, with a large portion of his confidence. Some-

times he bored me a little, for the tone of his conversation was not cheerful, tending as it did almost exclusively to a melancholy dirge over the financial prostration of our common country. "No, sir, business in the United States is not what it once was," he found occasion to remark several times a day. "There 's not the same spring, — there 's not the same hopeful feeling. You can see it in all departments." He used to sit by the hour in the little garden of the pension, with a roll of American newspapers in his lap and his high hat pushed back, swinging one of his long legs and reading the New York Herald. He paid a daily visit to the American banker's, on the other side of the Rhône, and remained there a long time, turning over the old papers on the green velvet table in the middle of the Salon des Étrangers and fraternizing with chance compatriots. But in spite of these diversions his time hung heavily upon his hands. I used sometimes to propose to him to take a walk; but he had a mortal horror of pedestrianism, and regarded my own taste for it as a morbid form of activity. "You 'll kill yourself, if you don't look out," he said, "walking all over the country. I don't want to walk round that way; I ain't a postman!" Briefly speaking, Mr. Ruck had few resources. His wife and daughter, on the other hand, it was to be supposed, were possessed of a good many that could not be apparent to an unobtrusive young man. They also sat a great deal in the garden or in the salon, side by side, with folded hands, contemplating material objects, and were remarkably independent of most of the usual feminine aids to idleness, — light literature, tapestry, the use of the piano. They were, however, much fonder of locomotion than their companion, and I often met them in the Rue du Rhône and on the quays, loitering in front of the jewelers' windows. They might have had a cavalier in the person of old M. Pigeonneau, who professed a high appreciation of their charms, but who, owing to the absence of a common idiom, was deprived of the pleasures of intimacy. He knew no English, and Mrs. Ruck and her daughter had, as it seemed, an incurable mistrust of the beautiful tongue which, as the old man endeavored to impress upon them, was preëminently the language of conversation.

"They have a *tournure de princesse*, — a *distinction supreme*," he said to me. "One is surprised to find them in a little pension, at seven francs a day."

"Oh, they don't come for economy," I answered. "They must be rich."

"They don't come for my *beaux yeux*, — for mine," said M. Pigeonneau, sadly. "Perhaps it 's for yours, young man. Je vous recommande la mère."

I reflected a moment. "They came on account of Mr. Ruck, — because at hotels he 's so restless."

M. Pigeonneau gave me a knowing nod. "Of course he is, with such a wife as that! — a *femme superbe*. Madame Ruck is preserved in perfection, — a miraculous *fraîcheur*. I like those large, fair, quiet women; they are often, *dans l'intimité*, the most agreeable. I 'll warrant you that at heart Madame Ruck is a finished coquette."

"I rather doubt it," I said.

"You suppose her cold? Ne vous y fiez pas!"

"It is a matter in which I have nothing at stake."

"You young Americans are droll," said M. Pigeonneau; "you never have anything at stake! But the little one, for example; I 'll warrant you she 's not cold. She is admirably made."

"She is very pretty."

"'She is very pretty!' Vous dites cela d'un ton! When you pay compliments to Mademoiselle Ruck, I hope that 's not the way you do it."

"I don't pay compliments to Mademoiselle Ruck."

"Ah, decidedly," said M. Pigeonneau, "you young Americans are droll!"

I should have suspected that these two ladies would not especially commend themselves to Madame Beaurepas; that as a *maîtresse de salon*, which she in some degree aspired to be, she would have found them wanting in a certain flexibility of deportment. But I should have gone quite wrong; Madame Beau-

repas had no fault at all to find with her new pensionnaires. "I have no observation whatever to make about them," she said to me one evening. "I see nothing in those ladies which is at all *déplacé*. They don't complain of anything; they don't meddle; they take what's given them; they leave me tranquil. The Americans are often like that. Often, but not always," Madame Beaurepas pursued. "We are to have a specimen to-morrow of a very different sort."

"An American?" I inquired.

"Two *Américaines*, — a mother and a daughter. There are Americans and Americans: when you are *difficiles*, you are more so than any one, and when you have pretensions — ah, *par exemple*, it 's serious. I foresee that with this little lady everything will be serious, beginning with her *café au lait*. She has been staying at the Pension Bonrepas, — my concurrent, you know, further up the street; but she is coming away because the coffee is bad. She holds to her coffee, it appears. I don't know what liquid Madame Bonrepas may have invented, but we will do the best we can for her. Only, I know she will make me *des histoires* about something else. She will demand a new lamp for the salon; *vous allez voir cela*. She wishes to pay but eleven francs a day for herself and her daughter, *tout compris;* and for their eleven francs they expect to be lodged like princesses. But she is very 'lady-like,' — is n't that what you call it in English? Oh, *pour cela*, she is lady-like!"

I caught a glimpse on the morrow of this lady-like person, who was arriving at her new residence as I came in from a walk. She had come in a cab, with her daughter and her luggage; and, with an air of perfect softness and serenity, she was disputing the fare as she stood among her boxes, on the steps. She addressed her cabman in a very English accent, but with extreme precision and correctness: "I wish to be perfectly reasonable, but I don't wish to encourage you in exorbitant demands. With a franc and a half you are sufficiently paid. It is not the custom at Geneva to give a *pour-boire* for so short a drive. I have made inquiries, and I find it is not the custom, even in the best families. I am a stranger, yes, but I always adopt the custom of the native families. I think it my duty toward the natives."

"But I am a native, too, *moi!*" said the cabman, with an angry laugh.

"You seem to me to speak with a German accent," continued the lady. "You are probably from Basel. A franc and a half is sufficient. I see you have left behind the little red bag which I asked you to hold between your knees; you will please to go back to the other house and get it. Very well, if you are impolite I will make a complaint of you to-morrow at the administration. Aurora, you will find a pencil in the outer pocket of my embroidered satchel; please to write down his number, — 87; do you see it distinctly? — in case we should forget it."

The young lady addressed as "Aurora" — a slight, fair girl, holding a large parcel of umbrellas — stood at hand while this allocution went forward, but she apparently gave no heed to it. She stood looking about her, in a listless manner, at the front of the house, at the corridor, at Célestine tucking up her apron in the door-way, at me as I passed in amid the disseminated luggage; her mother's parsimonious attitude seeming to produce in Miss Aurora neither sympathy nor embarrassment. At dinner the two ladies were placed on the same side of the table as myself, below Mrs. Ruck and her daughter, my own position being on the right of Mr. Ruck. I had therefore little observation of Mrs. Church, — such I learned to be her name, — but I occasionally heard her soft, distinct voice.

"White wine, if you please; we prefer white wine. There is none on the table? Then you will please to get some, and to remember to place a bottle of it always here, between my daughter and myself."

"That lady seems to know what she wants," said Mr. Ruck, "and she speaks so I can understand her. I can't understand every one, over here. I should

like to make that lady's acquaintance. Perhaps she knows what *I* want, too; it seems hard to find out. But I don't want any of their sour white wine; that's one of the things I don't want. I expect she 'll be an addition to the pension."

Mr. Ruck made the acquaintance of Mrs. Church that evening in the parlor, being presented to her by his wife, who presumed on the rights conferred upon herself by the mutual proximity, at table, of the two ladies. I suspected that in Mrs. Church's view Mrs. Ruck presumed too far. The fugitive from the Pension Bonrepas, as M. Pigeonneau called her, was a little fresh, plump, comely woman, looking less than her age, with a round, bright, serious face. She was very simply and frugally dressed, not at all in the manner of Mr. Ruck's companions, and she had an air of quiet distinction which was an excellent defensive weapon. She exhibited a polite disposition to listen to what Mr. Ruck might have to say, but her manner was equivalent to an intimation that what she valued least in boarding-house life was its social opportunities. She had placed herself near a lamp, after carefully screwing it and turning it up, and she had opened in her lap, with the assistance of a large embroidered marker, an octavo volume which I perceived to be in German. To Mrs. Ruck and her daughter she was evidently a puzzle, with her economical attire and her expensive culture. The two younger ladies, however, had began to fraternize very freely, and Miss Ruck presently went wandering out of the room with her arm round the waist of Miss Church. It was a very warm evening; the long windows of the salon stood wide open into the garden, and, inspired by the balmy darkness, M. Pigeonneau and Mademoiselle Beaurepas, a most obliging little woman, who lisped and always wore a huge cravat, declared they would organize a *fête*. They engaged in this undertaking, and the fête developed itself, consisting of half a dozen red paper lanterns, hung about on the trees, and of several glasses of *sirop*, carried on a tray by the stout-armed Célestine. As the festival deepened to its climax I went out into the garden, where M. Pigeonneau was master of ceremonies.

"But where are those charming young ladies," he cried, "Miss Ruck and the new-comer, *l'aimable transfuge?* Their absence has been remarked, and they are wanting to the brilliancy of the occasion. *Voyez*, I have selected a glass of syrup — a generous glass — for Mademoiselle Ruck, and I advise you, my young friend, if you wish to make a good impression, to put aside one which you may offer to the other young lady. What is her name? Miss Church. I see; it 's a singular name. There is a church in which I would willingly worship!"

Mr. Ruck presently came out of the salon, having concluded his interview with Mrs. Church. Through the open window I saw the latter lady sitting under the lamp with her German octavo, while Mrs. Ruck, established, empty-handed, in an arm-chair near her, gazed at her with an air of fascination.

"Well, I told you she would know what I want," said Mr. Ruck. "She says I want to go up to Appenzell, wherever that is; that I want to drink whey and live in a high latitude — what did she call it? — a high altitude. She seemed to think we ought to leave for Appenzell to-morrow; she 'd got it all fixed. She says this ain't a high enough lat— a high enough altitude. And she says I must n't go too high, either; that would be just as bad; she seems to know just the right figure. She says she 'll give me a list of the hotels where we must stop, on the way to Appenzell. I asked her if she did n't want to go with us, but she says she 'd rather sit still and read. I expect she 's a big reader."

The daughter of this accomplished woman now reappeared, in company with Miss Ruck, with whom she had been strolling through the outlying parts of the garden.

"Well," said Miss Ruck, glancing at the red paper lanterns, "are they trying to stick the flower-pots into the trees?"

"It's an illumination in honor of our arrival," the other young girl rejoined. "It's a triumph over Madame Bonrepas."

"Meanwhile, at the Pension Bonrepas," I ventured to suggest, "they have put out their lights; they are sitting in darkness, lamenting your departure."

She looked at me, smiling; she was standing in the light that came from the house. M. Pigeonneau, meanwhile, who had been awaiting his chance, advanced to Miss Ruck with his glass of syrup. "I have kept it for you, mademoiselle," he said; "I have jealously guarded it. It is very delicious!"

Miss Ruck looked at him and his syrup, without making any motion to take the glass. "Well, I guess it's sour," she said in a moment, and she gave a little shake of her head.

M. Pigeonneau stood staring, with his syrup in his hand; then he slowly turned away. He looked about at the rest of us, as if to appeal from Miss Ruck's insensibility, and went to deposit his rejected tribute on a bench.

"Won't you give it to me?" asked Miss Church, in faultless French. "J'adore le sirop, moi."

M. Pigeonneau came back with alacrity, and presented the glass with a very low bow. "I adore good manners," murmured the old man.

This incident caused me to look at Miss Church with quickened interest. She was not strikingly pretty, but in her charming, irregular face there was something brilliant and ardent. Like her mother, she was very simply dressed.

"She wants to go to America, and her mother won't let her," said Miss Sophy to me, explaining her companion's situation.

"I am very sorry — for America," I answered, laughing.

"Well, I don't want to say anything against your mother, but I think it's shameful," Miss Ruck pursued.

"Mamma has very good reasons; she will tell you them all."

"Well, I'm sure I don't want to hear them," said Miss Ruck. "You have got a right to go to your own country; every one has a right to go to their own country."

"Mamma is not very patriotic," said Aurora Church, smiling.

"Well, I call that dreadful," her companion declared. "I have heard that there are some Americans like that, but I never believed it."

"There are all sorts of Americans," I said, laughing.

"Aurora's one of the right sort," rejoined Miss Ruck, who had apparently become very intimate with her new friend.

"Are you very patriotic?" I asked of the young girl.

"She's right down homesick," said Miss Sophy; "she's dying to go. If I were you my mother would have to take me."

"Mamma is going to take me to Dresden."

"Well, I declare I never heard of anything so dreadful!" cried Miss Ruck. "It's like something in a story."

"I never heard there was anything very dreadful in Dresden," I interposed.

Miss Ruck looked at me a moment. "Well, I don't believe *you* are a good American," she replied, "and I never supposed you were. You had better go in there and talk to Mrs. Church."

"Dresden is really very nice, is n't it?" I asked of her companion.

"It is n't nice if you happen to prefer New York," said Miss Sophy. "Miss Church prefers New York. Tell him you are dying to see New York; it will make him angry," she went on.

"I have no desire to make him angry," said Aurora, smiling.

"It is only Miss Ruck who can do that," I rejoined. "Have you been a long time in Europe?"

"Always."

"I call that wicked!" Miss Sophy declared.

"You might be in a worse place," I continued. "I find Europe very interesting."

Miss Ruck gave a little laugh. "I was saying that you wanted to pass for a European."

"Yes, I want to pass for a Dalmatian."

Miss Ruck looked at me a moment. "Well, you had better not come home," she said. "No one will speak to you."

"Were you born in these countries?" I asked of her companion.

"Oh, no; I came to Europe when I was a small child. But I remember America a little, and it seems delightful."

"Wait till you see it again. It 's just too lovely," said Miss Sophy.

"It 's the grandest country in the world," I added.

Miss Ruck began to toss her head. "Come away, my dear," she said. "If there 's a creature I despise it 's a man that tries to say funny things about his own country."

"Don't you think one can be tired of Europe?" Aurora asked, lingering.

"Possibly, — after many years."

"Father was tired of it after three weeks," said Miss Ruck.

"I have been here sixteen years," her friend went on, looking at me with a charming intentness, as if she had a purpose in speaking. "It used to be for my education. I don't know what it 's for now."

"She 's beautifully educated," said Miss Ruck. "She knows four languages."

"I am not very sure that I know English."

"You should go to Boston!" cried Miss Sophy. "They speak splendidly in Boston."

"C'est mon rêve," said Aurora, still looking at me.

"Have you been all over Europe," I asked, — "in all the different countries?"

She hesitated a moment. "Everywhere that there 's a pension. Mamma is devoted to pensions. We have lived, at one time or another, in every pension in Europe."

"Well, I should think you had seen about enough," said Miss Ruck.

"It 's a delightful way of seeing Europe," Aurora rejoined, with her brilliant smile. "You may imagine how it has attached me to the different countries. I have such charming souvenirs! There is a pension awaiting us now at Dresden, — eight francs a day, without wine. That 's rather dear. Mamma means to make them give us wine. Mamma is a great authority on pensions; she is known, that way, all over Europe. Last winter we were in Italy, and she discovered one at Piacenza, — four francs a day. We made economies."

"Your mother does n't seem to mingle much," observed Miss Ruck, glancing through the window at the scholastic attitude of Mrs. Church.

"No, she does n't mingle, except in the native society. Though she lives in pensions, she detests them."

"Why does she live in them, then?" asked Miss Sophy, rather resentfully.

"Oh, because we are so poor; it 's the cheapest way to live. We have tried having a cook, but the cook always steals. Mamma used to set me to watch her; that 's the way I passed my *jeunesse*, — my *belle jeunesse*. We are frightfully poor," the young girl went on, with the same strange frankness, — a curious mixture of girlish grace and conscious cynicism. "Nous n'avons pas le sou. That 's one of the reasons we don't go back to America; mamma says we can't afford to live there."

"Well, any one can see that you 're an American girl," Miss Ruck remarked, in a consolatory manner. "I can tell an American girl a mile off. You 've got the American style."

"I 'm afraid I have n't the American *toilette*," said Aurora, looking at the other's superior splendor.

"Well, your dress was cut in France; any one can see that."

"Yes," said Aurora, with a laugh, "my dress was cut in France, — at Avranches."

"Well, you 've got a lovely figure, any way," pursued her companion.

"Ah," said the young girl, "at Avranches, too, my figure was admired." And she looked at me askance, with a certain coquetry. But I was an innocent youth, and I only looked back at her, wondering. She was a great deal

nicer than Miss Ruck, and yet Miss Ruck would not have said that. "I try to be like an American girl," she continued; "I do my best, though mamma does n't at all encourage it. I am very patriotic. I try to copy them, though mamma has brought me up *à la française;* that is, as much as one can in pensions. For instance, I have never been out of the house without mamma; oh, never, never. But sometimes I despair; American girls are so wonderfully frank. I can't be frank, like that. I am always afraid. But I do what I can, as you see. Excusez du peu!"

I thought this young lady at least as outspoken as most of her unexpatriated sisters; there was something almost comical in her despondency. But she had by no means caught, as it seemed to me, the American tone. Whatever her tone was, however, it had a fascination; it was a singular mixture of refinement and audacity.

The young ladies began to stroll about the garden again, and I enjoyed their society until M. Pigeonneau's festival came to an end.

V.

Mr. Ruck did not take his departure for Appenzell on the morrow, in spite of the eagerness to witness such an event which he had attributed to Mrs. Church. He continued, on the contrary, for many days after, to hang about the garden, to wander up to the banker's and back again, to engage in desultory conversation with his fellow-boarders, and to endeavor to assuage his constitutional restlessless by perusal of the American journals. But on the morrow I had the honor of making Mrs. Church's acquaintance. She came into the salon, after the midday breakfast, with her German octavo under her arm, and she appealed to me for assistance in selecting a quiet corner.

"Would you very kindly," she said, "move that large fauteuil a little more this way? Not the largest; the one with the little cushion. The fauteuils here are very insufficient; I must ask Madame Beaurepas for another. Thank you; a little more to the left, please; that will do. Are you particularly engaged?" she inquired, after she had seated herself. "If not, I should like to have some conversation with you. It is some time since I have met a young American of your — what shall I call it? — your affiliations. I have learned your name from Madame Beaurepas; I think I used to know some of your people. I don't know what has become of all my friends. I used to have a charming little circle at home, but now I meet no one I know. Don't you think there is a great difference between the people one meets and the people one would like to meet? Fortunately, sometimes," added my interlocutress graciously, "it 's quite the same. I suppose you are a specimen, a favorable specimen," she went on, "of young America. Tell me, now, what is young America thinking of in these days of ours? What are its feelings, its opinions, its aspirations? What is its *ideal?*" I had seated myself near Mrs. Church and she had pointed this interrogation with the gaze of her bright little eyes. I felt it embarrassing to be treated as a favorable specimen of young America, and to be summoned to enunciate the mysterious formulas to which she alluded. Observing my hesitation, Mrs. Church clasped her hands on the open page of her book and gave an intense, melancholy smile. "*Has* it an ideal?" she softly asked. "Well, we must talk of this," she went on, without insisting. "Speak, for the present, for yourself simply. Have you come to Europe with any special design?"

"Nothing to boast of," I said. "I am studying a little."

"Ah, I am glad to hear that. You are gathering up a little European culture; that 's what we lack, you know, at home. No individual can do much, of course. But you must not be discouraged; every little counts."

"I see that you, at least, are doing your part," I rejoined gallantly, dropping my eyes on my companion's learned volume.

"Yes, I frankly admit that I am fond of study. There is no one, after all, like the Germans. That is, for facts. For opinions I by no means always go with them. I form my opinions myself. I am sorry to say, however," Mrs. Church continued, "that I can hardly pretend to diffuse my acquisitions. I am afraid I am sadly selfish; I do little to irrigate the soil. I belong — I frankly confess it — to the class of absentees."

"I had the pleasure, last evening," I said, "of making the acquaintance of your daughter. She told me you had been a long time in Europe."

Mrs. Church smiled benignantly. "Can one ever be too long? We shall never leave it."

"Your daughter won't like that," I said, smiling too.

"Has she been taking you into her confidence? She is a more sensible young lady than she sometimes appears. I have taken great pains with her; she is really — I may be permitted to say it — superbly educated."

"She seemed to me a very charming girl," I rejoined. "And I learned that she speaks four languages."

"It is not only that," said Mrs. Church, in a tone which suggested that this might be a very superficial species of culture. "She has made what we call *de fortes études*, — such as I suppose you are making now. She is familiar with the results of modern science; she keeps pace with the new historical school."

"Ah," said I, "she has gone much further than I!"

"You doubtless think I exaggerate, and you force me, therefore, to mention the fact that I am able to speak of such matters with a certain intelligence."

"That is very evident," I said. "But your daughter thinks you ought to take her home." I began to fear, as soon as I had uttered these words, that they savored of treachery to the young lady, but I was reassured by seeing that they produced on her mother's placid countenance no symptom whatever of irritation.

"My daughter has her little theories," Mrs. Church observed; "she has, I may say, her illusions. And what wonder! What would youth be without its illusions? Aurora has a theory that she would be happier in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia, than in one of the charming old cities in which our lot is cast. But she is mistaken, that's all. We must allow our children their illusions, must we not? But we must watch over them."

Although she herself seemed proof against discomposure, I found something vaguely irritating in her soft, sweet positiveness.

"American cities," I said, "are the paradise of young girls."

"Do you mean," asked Mrs. Church, "that the young girls who come from those places are angels?"

"Yes," I said, resolutely.

"This young lady — what is her odd name? — with whom my daughter has formed a somewhat precipitate acquaintance: is Miss Ruck an angel? But I won't force you to say anything uncivil. It would be too cruel to make a single exception."

"Well," said I, "at any rate, in America young girls have an easier lot. They have much more liberty."

My companion laid her hand for an instant on my arm. "My dear young friend, I know America, I know the conditions of life there, so well. There is perhaps no subject on which I have reflected more than on our national idiosyncrasies."

"I am afraid you don't approve of them," said I, a little brutally.

Brutal indeed my proposition was, for Mrs. Church was not prepared to assent to it in this rough shape. She dropped her eyes on her book, with an air of acute meditation. Then, raising them, "We are very crude," she softly observed, — "we are very crude." Lest even this delicately-uttered statement should seem to savor of the vice that she deprecated, she went on to explain: "There are two classes of minds, you know, — those that hold back, and those that push forward. My daughter and I are not pushers; we move with little

steps. We like the old, trodden paths; we like the old, old world."

"Ah," said I, "you know what you like; there is a great virtue in that."

"Yes, we like Europe; we prefer it. We like the opportunities of Europe; we like the *rest*. There is so much in that, you know. The world seems to me to be hurrying, pressing forward so fiercely, without knowing where it is going. 'Whither?' I often ask, in my little quiet way. But I have yet to learn that any one can tell me."

"You 're a great conservative," I observed, while I wondered whether I myself could answer this inquiry.

Mrs. Church gave me a smile which was equivalent to a confession. "I wish to retain a *little*, — just a little. Surely, we have done so much, we might rest a while; we might pause. That is all my feeling, — just to stop a little, to wait! I have seen so many changes. I wish to draw in, to draw in, — to hold back, to hold back."

"You should n't hold your daughter back!" I answered, laughing and getting up. I got up, not by way of terminating our allegory, for I perceived Mrs. Church's exposition of her views to be by no means complete, but in order to offer a chair to Miss Aurora, who at this moment drew near. She thanked me and remained standing, but without at first, as I noticed, meeting her mother's eye.

"You have been engaged with your new acquaintance, my dear?" this lady inquired.

"Yes, mamma dear," said the young girl gently.

"Do you find her very edifying?"

Aurora was silent a moment; then she looked at her mother. "I don't know, mamma; she is very fresh."

I ventured to indulge in a respectful laugh. "Your mother has another word for that. But I must not," I added, "be crude."

"Ah, vous m'en voulez?" inquired Mrs. Church. "And yet I can't pretend I said it in jest. I feel it too much. We have been having a little social discussion," she said to her daughter. "There is still so much to be said! And I wish," she continued, turning to me, "that I could give you our point of view! Don't you wish, Aurora, that we could give him our point of view?"

"Yes, mamma," said Aurora.

"We consider ourselves very fortunate in our point of view, don't we dearest?" mamma demanded.

"Very fortunate indeed, mamma."

"You see we have acquired an insight into European life," the elder lady pursued. "We have our place at many a European fireside. We find so much to esteem, — so much to enjoy. Do we not, my daughter?"

"So very much, mamma," the young girl went on, with a sort of inscrutable submissiveness. I wondered at it, it offered so strange a contrast to the mocking freedom of her tone the night before; but while I wondered, I was careful not to let my perplexity take precedence of my good manners.

"I don't know what you ladies may have found at European firesides," I said, "but there can be very little doubt what you have left there."

Mrs. Church got up to acknowledge my compliment. "We have spent some charming hours. And that reminds me that we have just now such an occasion in prospect. We are to call upon some Genevese friends, — the family of the Pasteur Galopin. They are to go with us to the old library at the Hôtel de Ville, where there are some very interesting documents of the period of the Reformation; we are promised a glimpse of some manuscripts of poor Servetus, the antagonist and victim, you know, of Calvin. Here, of course, one can only speak of Calvin under one's breath, but some day, when we are more private," and Mrs. Church looked round the room, "I will give you my view of him. I think it has a touch of originality. Aurora is familiar with, are you not, my daughter, familiar with my view of Calvin?"

"Yes, mamma," said Aurora, with docility, while the two ladies went to prepare for their visit to the Pasteur Galopin.

VI.

"She has demanded a new lamp; I told you she would!" This communication was made me by Madame Beaurepas a couple of days later. "And she has asked for a new *tapis de lit*, and she has requested me to provide Célestine with a pair of light shoes. I told her that, as a general thing, cooks are not shod with satin. That poor Célestine!"

"Mrs. Church may be exacting," I said, "but she is a clever little woman."

"A lady who pays but five francs and a half should n't be too clever. C'est déplacé. I don't like the type."

"What type do you call Mrs. Church's?"

"Mon Dieu," said Madame Beaurepas, "c'est une de ces mamans comme vous en avez, qui promènent leur fille."

"She is trying to marry her daughter? I don't think she 's of that sort."

But Madame Beaurepas shrewdly held to her idea. "She is trying it in her own way; she does it very quietly. She does n't want an American; she wants a foreigner. And she wants a *mari sérieux*. But she is traveling over Europe in search of one. She would like a magistrate."

"A magistrate?"

"A *gros bonnet* of some kind; a professor or a deputy."

"I am very sorry for the poor girl," I said, laughing.

"You need n't pity her too much; she 's a sly thing."

"Ah, for that, no!" I exclaimed. "She 's a charming girl."

Madame Beaurepas gave an elderly grin. "She has hooked you, eh? But the mother won't have you."

I developed my idea, without heeding this insinuation. "She 's a charming girl, but she is a little odd. It 's a necessity of her position. She is less submissive to her mother than she has to pretend to be. That 's in self-defense; it 's to make her life possible."

"She wishes to get away from her mother," continued Madame Beaurepas. "She wishes to *courir les champs*."

"She wishes to go to America, her native country."

"Precisely. And she will certainly go."

"I hope so!" I rejoined.

"Some fine morning — or evening — she will go off with a young man; probably with a young American."

"Allons donc!" said I, with disgust.

"That will be quite America enough," pursued my cynical hostess. "I have kept a boarding-house for forty years. I have seen that type."

"Have such things as that happened *chez vous?*" I asked.

"Everything has happened *chez moi*. But nothing has happened more than once. Therefore this won't happen here. It will be at the next place they go to, or the next. Besides, here there is no young American *pour la partie*, — none except you, monsieur. You are susceptible, but you are too reasonable."

"It 's lucky for you I am reasonable," I answered. "It 's thanks to that fact that you escape a scolding."

One morning, about this time, instead of coming back to breakfast at the pension, after my lectures at the Academy, I went to partake of this meal with a fellow-student, at an ancient eating-house in the collegiate quarter. On separating from my friend, I took my way along that charming public walk known in Geneva as the Treille, a shady terrace, of immense elevation, overhanging a portion of the lower town. There are spreading trees and well-worn benches, and over the tiles and chimneys of the *ville basse* there is a view of the snow-crested Alps. On the other side, as you turn your back to the view, the promenade is overlooked by a row of tall, sober-faced *hôtels*, the dwellings of the local aristocracy. I was very fond of the place, and often resorted to it to stimulate my sense of the picturesque. Presently, as I lingered there on this occasion, I became aware that a gentleman was seated not far from where I stood, with his back to the Alpine chain, which this morning was brilliant and distinct, and a newspaper, unfolded, in his lap. He was not reading, however; he was

staring before him in gloomy contemplation. I don't know whether I recognized first the newspaper or its proprietor; one, in either case, would have helped me to identify the other. One was the New York Herald; the other, of course, was Mr. Ruck. As I drew nearer, he transferred his eyes from the stony, high-featured masks of the gray old houses on the other side of the terrace, and I knew by the expression of his face just how he had been feeling about these distinguished abodes. He had made up his mind that their proprietors were a dusky, narrow-minded, unsociable company, plunging their roots into a superfluous past. I endeavored, therefore, as I sat down beside him, to suggest something more delectable.

"That 's a beautiful view of the Alps," I observed.

"Yes," said Mr. Ruck, without moving, "I 've examined it. Fine thing, in its way, — fine thing. Beauties of nature, — that sort of thing. We came up on purpose to look at it."

"Your ladies, then, have been with you? "

"Yes; they 're just walking round. They 're awfully restless. They keep saying I 'm restless, but I 'm as quiet as a sleeping child to them. It takes," he added in a moment, dryly, "the form of shopping."

"Are they shopping now? "

"Well, if they ain't, they 're trying to. They told me to sit here a while, and they 'd just walk round. I generally know what that means. But that 's the principal interest for ladies," he added, retracting his irony. "We thought we 'd come up here and see the cathedral; Mrs. Church seemed to think it a dead loss that we should n't see the cathedral, especially as we had n't seen many yet. And I had to come up to the banker's any way. Well, we certainly saw the cathedral. I don't know as we are any the better for it, and I don't know as I should know it again. But we saw it, any way. I don't know as I should want to go there regularly; but I suppose it will give us, in conversation, a kind of hold on Mrs. Church, eh? I guess we want something of that kind. Well," Mr. Ruck continued, "I stopped in at the banker's to see if there was n't something, and they handed me out a Herald."

"I hope the Herald is full of good news," I said.

"Can't say it is. D—d bad news."

"Political," I inquired, "or commercial? "

"Oh, hang politics! It 's business, sir. There ain't any business. It 's all gone to " — and Mr. Ruck became profane. "Nine failures in one day. What do you say to that? "

"I hope they have n't injured you," I said.

"Well, they have n't helped me much. So many houses on fire, that 's all. If they happen to take place in your own street, they don't increase the value of your property. When mine catches, I suppose they 'll write and tell me, — one of these days, when they 've got nothing else to do. I did n't get a blessed letter this morning; I suppose they think I 'm having such a good time over here it 's a pity to disturb me. If I could attend to business for about half an hour, I 'd find out something. But I can't, and it 's no use talking. The state of my health was never so unsatisfactory as it was about five o'clock this morning."

"I am very sorry to hear that," I said, "and I recommend you strongly not to think of business."

"I don't," Mr. Ruck replied. "I 'm thinking of cathedrals; I 'm thinking of the beauties of nature. Come," he went on, turning round on the bench and leaning his elbow on the parapet, "I 'll think of those mountains over there; they *are* pretty, certainly. Can't you get over there? "

"Over where? "

"Over to those hills. Don't they run a train right up? "

"You can go to Chamouni," I said. "You can go to Grindelwald and Zermatt and fifty other places. You can't go by rail, but you can drive."

"All right, we 'll drive, — and not in a one-horse concern, either. Yes, Chamouni is one of the places we put down.

I hope there are a few nice shops in Chamouni." Mr. Ruck spoke with a certain quickened emphasis, and in a tone more explicitly humorous than he commonly employed. I thought he was excited, and yet he had not the appearance of excitement. He looked like a man who has simply taken, in the face of disaster, a sudden, somewhat imaginative, resolution not to "worry." He presently twisted himself about on his bench again and began to watch for his companions. "Well, they *are* walking round," he resumed; "I guess they 've hit on something, somewhere. And they 've got a carriage waiting outside of that archway, too. They seem to do a big business in archways here, don't they? They like to have a carriage, to carry home the things, — those ladies of mine. Then they 're sure they 've got them." The ladies, after this, to do them justice, were not very long in appearing. They came toward us, from under the archway to which Mr. Ruck had somewhat invidiously alluded, slowly and with a rather exhausted step and expression. My companion looked at them a moment, as they advanced. "They 're tired," he said, softly. "When they 're tired, like that, it 's very expensive."

"Well," said Mrs. Ruck, "I 'm glad you 've had some company." Her husband looked at her, in silence, through narrowed eyelids, and I suspected that this gracious observation on the lady's part was prompted by a restless conscience.

Miss Sophy glanced at me with her little straightforward air of defiance. "It would have been more proper if *we* had had the company. Why did n't you come after us, instead of sitting there?" she asked of Mr. Ruck's companion.

"I was told by your father," I explained, "that you were engaged in sacred rites." Miss Ruck was not gracious, though I doubt whether it was because her conscience was better than her mother's.

"Well, for a gentleman there is nothing so sacred as ladies' society," replied Miss Ruck, in the manner of a person accustomed to giving neat retorts.

"I suppose you refer to the cathedral," said her mother. "Well, I must say, we did n't go back there. I don't know what it may be of a Sunday, but it gave me a chill."

"We discovered the loveliest little lace-shop," observed the young girl, with a serenity that was superior to bravado.

Her father looked at her a while; then turned about again, leaning on the parapet, and gazed away at the "hills." "Well, it was certainly cheap," said Mrs. Ruck, also contemplating the Alps.

"We are going to Chamouni," said her husband. "You have n't any occasion for lace at Chamouni."

"Well, I 'm glad to hear you have decided to go somewhere," rejoined his wife. "I don't want to be a fixture at a boarding-house."

"You can wear lace anywhere," said Miss Ruck, "if you put it on right. That 's the great thing, with lace. I don't think they know how to wear lace in Europe. I know how I mean to wear mine; but I mean to keep it till I get home."

Her father transferred his melancholy gaze to her elaborately appointed little person; there was a great deal of very new-looking detail in Miss Ruck's appearance. Then, in a tone of voice quite out of consonance with his facial despondency, "Have you purchased a great deal?" he inquired.

"I have purchased enough for you to make a fuss about."

"He can't make a fuss about that," said Mrs. Ruck.

"Well, you 'll see!" declared the young girl, with a little sharp laugh.

But her father went on, in the same tone: "Have you got it in your pocket? Why don't you put it on, — why don't you hang it round you?"

"I 'll hang it round *you*, if you don't look out!" cried Miss Sophy.

"Don't you want to show it to this gentleman?" Mr. Ruck continued.

"Mercy, how you do talk about that lace!" said his wife.

"Well, I want to be lively. There 's every reason for it; we 're going to Chamouni."

"You 're restless; that 's what 's the matter with you." And Mrs. Ruck got up.

"No, I ain't," said her husband. "I never felt so quiet; I feel as peaceful as a little child."

Mrs. Ruck, who had no sense whatever of humor, looked at her daughter and at me. "Well, I hope you 'll improve," she said.

"Send in the bills," Mr. Ruck went on, rising to his feet. "Don't hesitate, Sophy. I don't care what you do now. In for a penny, in for a pound."

Miss Ruck joined her mother, with a little toss of her head, and we followed the ladies to the carriage. "In your place," said Miss Sophy to her father, "I would n't talk so much about pennies and pounds before strangers."

Poor Mr. Ruck appeared to feel the force of this observation, which, in the consciousness of a man who had never been "mean," could hardly fail to strike a responsive chord. He colored a little, and he was silent; his companions got into their vehicle, the front seat of which was adorned with a large parcel. Mr. Ruck gave the parcel a little poke with his umbrella, and then, turning to me with a rather grimly penitential smile, "After all," he said, "for the ladies that 's the principal interest."

VII.

Old M. Pigeonneau had more than once proposed to me to take a walk, but I had hitherto been unable to respond to so alluring an invitation. It befell, however, one afternoon, that I perceived him going forth upon a desultory stroll, with a certain lonesomeness of demeanor that attracted my sympathy. I hastily overtook him, and passed my hand into his venerable arm, a proceeding which produced in the good old man so jovial a sense of comradeship that he ardently proposed we should bend our steps to the English Garden; no locality less festive was worthy of the occasion. To the English Garden, accordingly, we went; it lay beyond the bridge, beside the lake. It was very pretty and very animated; there was a band playing in the middle, and a considerable number of persons sitting under the small trees, on benches and little chairs, or strolling beside the blue water. We joined the strollers, we observed our companions, and conversed on obvious topics. Some of these last, of course, were the pretty women who embellished the scene, and who, in the light of M. Pigeonneau's comprehensive criticism, appeared surprisingly numerous. He seemed bent upon our making up our minds which was the prettiest, and as this was an innocent game I consented to play at it.

Suddenly M. Pigeonneau stopped, pressing my arm with the liveliest emotion. "La voilà, la voilà, the prettiest!" he quickly murmured, "coming toward us, in a blue dress, with the other." It was at the other I was looking, for the other, to my surprise, was our interesting fellow-pensioner, the daughter of a vigilant mother. M. Pigeonneau, meanwhile, had redoubled his exclamations; he had recognized Miss Sophy Ruck. "Oh, la belle rencontre, nos aimables cousines; the prettiest girl in the world, in effect!"

We immediately greeted and joined the young ladies, who, like ourselves, were walking arm in arm and enjoying the scene.

"I was citing you with admiration to my friend, even before I had recognized you," said M. Pigeonneau to Miss Ruck.

"I don't believe in French compliments," remarked this young lady, presenting her back to the smiling old man.

"Are you and Miss Ruck walking alone?" I asked of her companion. "You had better accept of M. Pigeonneau's gallant protection, and of mine."

Aurora Church had taken her hand out of Miss Ruck's arm; she looked at me, smiling, with her head a little inclined, while, upon her shoulder, she made her open parasol revolve. "Which is most improper, — to walk alone or to

walk with gentlemen? I wish to do what is most improper."

"What mysterious logic governs your conduct?" I inquired.

"He thinks you can't understand him when he talks like that," said Miss Ruck. "But I do understand you, always!"

"So I have always ventured to hope, my dear Miss Ruck."

"Well, if I did n't, it would n't be much loss," rejoined this young lady.

"Allons, en marche!" cried M. Pigeonneau, smiling still, and undiscouraged by her inhumanity. "Let us make together the tour of the garden." And he imposed his society upon Miss Ruck with a respectful, elderly grace, which was evidently unable to see anything in reluctance but modesty, and was sublimely conscious of a mission to place modesty at its ease. This ill-assorted couple walked in front, while Aurora Church and I strolled along together.

"I am sure this is more improper," said my companion; "this is delightfully improper. I don't say that as a compliment to you," she added. "I would say it to any man, no matter how stupid."

"Oh, I am very stupid," I answered, "but this does n't seem to me wrong."

"Not for you, no; only for me. There is nothing that a man can do that is wrong, is there? *En morale*, you know, I mean. Ah, yes, he can steal; but I think there is nothing else, is there?"

"I don't know. One does n't know those things until after one has done them. Then one is enlightened."

"And you mean that you have never been enlightened? You make yourself out very good."

"That is better than making one's self out bad, as you do."

The young girl glanced at me a moment, and then, with her charming smile, "That 's one of the consequences of a false position."

"Is your position false?" I inquired, smiling too at this large formula.

"Actually so."

"In what way?"

"Oh, in every way. For instance, I have to pretend to be a *jeune fille*. I am not a jeune fille; no American girl is a jeune fille; an American girl is an intelligent, responsible creature. I have to pretend to be very innocent, but I am not very innocent."

"You don't pretend to be very innocent; you pretend to be — what shall I call it? — very wise."

"That 's no pretense. I am wise."

"You are not an American girl," I ventured to observe.

My companion almost stopped, looking at me; there was a little flush in her cheek. "Voilà!" she said. "There 's my false position. I want to be an American girl, and I 'm not."

"Do you want me to tell you?" I went on. "An American girl would n't talk as you are talking now."

"Please tell me," said Aurora Church, with expressive eagerness. "How would she talk?"

"I can't tell you all the things an American girl would say, but I think I can tell you the things she would n't say. She would n't reason out her conduct, as you seem to me to do."

Aurora gave me the most flattering attention. "I see. She would be simpler. To do very simply things that are not at all simple, — that is the American girl!"

I permitted myself a small explosion of hilarity. "I don't know whether you are a French girl, or what you are," I said, "but you are very witty."

"Ah, you mean that I strike false notes!" cried Aurora Church, sadly. "That 's just what I want to avoid. I wish you would always tell me."

The conversational union between Miss Ruck and her neighbor, in front of us, had evidently not become a close one. The young lady suddenly turned round to us with a question: "Don't you want some ice-cream?"

"*She* does n't strike false notes," I murmured.

There was a kind of pavilion or kiosk, which served as a *café*, and at which the delicacies procurable at such an establishment were dispensed. Miss Ruck pointed to the little green tables and chairs which were set out on the gravel;

M. Pigeonneau, fluttering with a sense of dissipation, seconded the proposal, and we presently sat down and gave our order to a nimble attendant. I managed again to place myself next to Aurora Church; our companions were on the other side of the table.

My neighbor was delighted with our situation. "This is best of all," she said. "I never believed I should come to a café with two strange men! Now, you can't persuade me this is n't wrong."

"To make it wrong we ought to see your mother coming down that path."

"Ah, my mother makes everything wrong," said the young girl, attacking with a little spoon in the shape of a spade the apex of a pink ice. And then she returned to her idea of a moment before: "You must promise to tell me — to warn me in some way — whenever I strike a false note. You must give a little cough, like that, — ahem!"

"You will keep me very busy, and people will think I am in a consumption."

"*Voyons*," she continued, "why have you never talked to me more? Is that a false note? Why have n't you been 'attentive'? That 's what American girls call it; that 's what Miss Ruck calls it."

I assured myself that our companions were out of ear-shot, and that Miss Ruck was much occupied with a large vanilla cream. "Because you are always entwined with that young lady. There is no getting near you."

Aurora looked at her friend while the latter devoted herself to her ice. "You wonder why I like her so much, I suppose. So does mamma; elle s'y perd. I don't like her, particularly; je n'en suis pas folle. But she gives me information; she tells me about America. Mamma has always tried to prevent my knowing anything about it, and I am all the more curious. And then Miss Ruck is very fresh."

"I may not be so fresh as Miss Ruck," I said, "but in future, when you want information, I recommend you to come to me for it."

"Our friend offers to take me to America; she invites me to go back with her, to stay with her. You could n't do that, could you?" And the young girl looked at me a moment. "*Bon*, a false note! I can see it by your face; you remind me of a *maître de piano*."

"You overdo the character, — the poor American girl," I said. "Are you going to stay with that delightful family?"

"I will go and stay with any one that will take me or ask me. It 's a real *nostalgie*. She says that in New York — in Thirty-Seventh Street — I should have the most lovely time."

"I have no doubt you would enjoy it."

"Absolute liberty, to begin with."

"It seems to me you have a certain liberty here," I rejoined.

"Ah, *this?* Oh, I shall pay for this. I shall be punished by mamma, and I shall be lectured by Madame Galopin."

"The wife of the pasteur?"

"His *digne épouse*. Madame Galopin, for mamma, is the incarnation of European opinion. That 's what vexes me with mamma, her thinking so much of people like Madame Galopin. Going to see Madame Galopin, — mamma calls that being in European society. European society! I'm so sick of that expression; I have heard it since I was six years old. Who is Madame Galopin, — who thinks anything of her here? She is nobody; she is perfectly third-rate. If I like America better than mamma, I also know Europe better."

"But your mother, certainly," I objected, a trifle timidly, for my young lady was excited, and had a charming little passion in her eye, — "your mother has a great many social relations all over the continent."

"She thinks so, but half the people don't care for us. They are not so good as we, and they know it, — I 'll do them that justice, — and they wonder why we should care for them. When we are polite to them, they think the less of us; there are plenty of people like that. Mamma thinks so much of them simply because they are foreigners. If I could tell you all the dull, stupid, second-rate

people I have had to talk to, for no better reason than that they were *de leur pays!* — Germans, French, Italians, Turks, everything. When I complain, mamma always says that at any rate it 's practice in the language. And she makes so much of the English, too; I don't know what that 's practice in."

Before I had time to suggest a hypothesis, as regards this latter point, I saw something that made me rise, with a certain solemnity, from my chair. This was nothing less than the neat little figure of Mrs. Church — a perfect model of the *femme comme il faut* — approaching our table with an impatient step, and followed most unexpectedly in her advance by the preëminent form of Mr. Ruck. She had evidently come in quest of her daughter, and if she had commanded this gentleman's attendance it had been on no softer ground than that of his unenvied paternity to her guilty child's accomplice. My movement had given the alarm, and Aurora Church and M. Pigeonneau got up; Miss Ruck alone did not, in the local phrase, derange herself. Mrs. Church, beneath her modest little bonnet, looked very serious, but not at all fluttered; she came straight to her daughter, who received her with a smile, and then she looked all round at the rest of us, very fixedly and tranquilly, without bowing. I must do both these ladies the justice to mention that neither of them made the least little "scene."

"I have come for you, dearest," said the mother.

"Yes, dear mamma."

"Come for you — come for you," Mrs. Church repeated, looking down at the relics of our little feast. "I was obliged to ask Mr. Ruck's assistance. I was puzzled; I thought a long time."

"Well, Mrs. Church, I was glad to see you puzzled once in your life!" said Mr. Ruck, with friendly jocosity. "But you came pretty straight, for all that. I had hard work to keep up with you."

"We will take a cab, Aurora," Mrs. Church went on, without heeding this pleasantry, — "a closed one. Come, my daughter."

"Yes, dear mamma." The young girl was blushing, yet she was still smiling; she looked round at us all, and, as her eyes met mine, I thought she was beautiful. "Good-by," she said to us. "I have had a *lovely time*."

"We must not linger," said her mother; "it is five o'clock. We are to dine, you know, with Madame Galopin."

"I had quite forgotten," Aurora declared. "That will be charming."

"Do you want me to assist you to carry her back, ma'am?" asked Mr. Ruck.

Mrs. Church hesitated a moment, with her serene little gaze. "Do you prefer, then, to leave your daughter to finish the evening with these gentlemen?"

Mr. Ruck pushed back his hat and scratched the top of his head. "Well, I don't know. How would you like that, Sophy?"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Sophy, as Mrs. Church marched off with her daughter.

VIII.

I had half expected that Mrs. Church would make me feel the weight of her disapproval of my own share in that little act of revelry in the English Garden. But she maintained her claim to being a highly reasonable woman; I could not but admire the justice of this pretension by recognizing my irresponsibility. I had taken her daughter as I found her, which was, according to Mrs. Church's view, in a very equivocal position. The natural instinct of a young man, in such a situation, is not to protest, but to profit; and it was clear to Mrs. Church that I had had nothing to do with Miss Aurora's appearing in public under the insufficient chaperonage of Miss Ruck. Besides, she liked to converse, and she apparently did me the honor to believe that of all the members of the Pension Beaurepas I had the most cultivated understanding. I found her in the salon a couple of evenings after the incident I have just narrated, and I approached her with a view of making my peace with her, if this should prove necessary. But Mrs. Church was as gracious as I could have desired; she put her marker into her

book, and folded her plump little hands on the cover. She made no specific allusion to the English Garden; she embarked, rather, upon those general considerations in which her refined intellect was so much at home.

"Always at your studies, Mrs. Church," I ventured to observe.

"Que voulez-vous? To say studies is to say too much; one does n't study in the parlors of a boarding-house. But I do what I can; I have always done what I can. That is all I have ever claimed."

"No one can do more, and you seem to have done a great deal."

"Do you know my secret?" she asked, with an air of brightening confidence. And she paused a moment before she imparted her secret: "To care only for the *best!* To do the best, to know the best, — to have, to desire, to recognize, only the best. That 's what I have always done, in my quiet little way. I have gone through Europe on my devoted little errand, seeking, seeing, heeding, only the best. And it has not been for myself alone; it has been for my daughter. My daughter has had the best. We are not rich, but I can say that."

"She has had you, madam," I rejoined finely.

"Certainly; such as I am, I have been devoted. We have got something everywhere; a little here, a little there. That 's the real secret, — to get something everywhere; you always can if you *are* devoted. Sometimes it has been a little music, sometimes a little deeper insight into the history of art; every little counts, you know. Sometimes it has been just a glimpse, a view, a lovely landscape, an impression. We have always been on the lookout. Sometimes it has been a valued friendship, a delightful social tie."

"Here comes the 'European society,' the poor daughter's bugbear," I said to myself. "Certainly," I remarked aloud, — I admit, rather perversely, — "if you have lived a great deal in pensions, you must have got acquainted with lots of people."

Mrs. Church dropped her eyes a moment, and then, with considerable gravity, "I think the European pension system in many respects remarkable, and in some satisfactory. But of the friendships that we have formed, few have been contracted in establishments of this kind."

"I am sorry to hear that!" I said, laughing.

"I don't say it for you, though I might say it for some others. We have been interested in European *homes*."

"Oh, I see."

"We have the *entrée* of the old Genevese society. I like its tone. I prefer it to that of Mr. Ruck," added Mrs. Church, calmly; "to that of Mrs. Ruck and Miss Ruck, — of Miss Ruck, especially."

"Ah, the poor Rucks have n't any tone at all," I said. "Don't take them more seriously than they take themselves."

"Tell me this," my companion rejoined: "are they fair examples?"

"Examples of what?"

"Of our American tendencies."

"'Tendencies' is a big word, dear lady; tendencies are difficult to calculate. And you should n't abuse those good Rucks, who have been very kind to your daughter. They have invited her to go and stay with them in Thirty-Seventh Street."

"Aurora has told me. It might be very serious."

"It might be very droll," I said.

"To me," declared Mrs. Church, "it is simply terrible. I think we shall have to leave the Pension Beaurepas. I shall go back to Madame Bonrepas."

"On account of the Rucks?" I asked.

"Pray, why don't they go themselves? I have given them some excellent addresses, — written down the very hours of the trains. They were going to Appenzell: I thought it was arranged."

"They talk of Chamouni now," I said; "but they are very helpless and undecided."

"I will give them some Chamouni addresses. Mrs. Ruck will send a *chaise à porteurs;* I will give her the name of a man who lets them lower than you get

them at the hotels. After that they *must* go."

"Well, I doubt," I observed, "whether Mr. Ruck will ever really be seen on the Mer de Glace, — in a high hat. He 's not like you; he does n't value his European privileges. He takes no interest. He regrets Wall Street, acutely. As his wife says, he is very restless, but he has no curiosity about Chamouni. So you must not depend too much on the effect of your addresses."

"Is it a frequent type?" asked Mrs. Church, with an air of self-control.

"I am afraid so. Mr. Ruck is a broken-down man of business. He is broken down in health, and I suspect he is broken down in fortune. He has spent his whole life in buying and selling; he knows how to do nothing else. His wife and daughter have spent their lives, not in selling, but in buying; and they, on their side, know how to do nothing else. To get something in a shop that they can put on their backs, — that is their one idea; they have n't another in their heads. Of course they spend no end of money, and they do it with an implacable persistence, with a mixture of audacity and of cunning. They do it in his teeth and they do it behind his back; the mother protects the daughter, and the daughter eggs on the mother. Between them, they are bleeding him to death."

"Ah, what a picture!" murmured Mrs. Church. "I am afraid they are very — uncultivated."

"I share your fears. They are perfectly ignorant; they have no resources. The vision of fine clothes occupies their whole imagination. They have not an idea — even a worse one — to compete with it. Poor Mr. Ruck, who is extremely good-natured and soft, seems to me a really tragic figure. He is getting bad news every day from home; his business is going to the dogs. He is unable to stop it; he has to stand and watch his fortunes ebb. He has been used to doing things in a big way, and he feels 'mean' if he makes a fuss about bills. So the ladies keep sending them in."

"But have n't they common sense? Don't they know they are ruining themselves?"

"They don't believe it. The duty of an American husband and father is to keep them going. If he asks them how, that 's his own affair. So, by way of not being mean, of being a good American husband and father, poor Ruck stands staring at bankruptcy."

Mrs. Church looked at me a moment, in quickened meditation. "Why, if Aurora were to go to stay with them, she might not even be properly fed!"

"I don't, on the whole, recommend," I said, laughing, "that your daughter should pay a visit to Thirty-Seventh Street."

"Why should I be subjected to such trials, — so sadly *éprouvée?* Why should a daughter of mine like that dreadful girl?"

"*Does* she like her?"

"Pray, do you mean," asked my companion, softly, "that Aurora is a hypocrite?"

I hesitated a moment. "A little, since you ask me. I think you have forced her to be."

Mrs. Church answered this possibly presumptuous charge with a tranquil, candid exultation: "I never force my daughter!"

"She is nevertheless in a false position," I rejoined. "She hungers and thirsts to go back to her own country; she wants to 'come out' in New York, which is certainly, sociably speaking, the El Dorado of young ladies. She likes any one, for the moment, who will talk to her of that, and serve as a connecting link with her native shores. Miss Ruck performs this agreeable office."

"Your idea is, then, that if she were to go with Miss Ruck to America she would drop her afterwards."

I complimented Mrs. Church upon her logical mind, but I repudiated this cynical supposition. "I can't imagine her — when it should come to the point — embarking with the *famille* Ruck. But I wish she might go, nevertheless."

Mrs. Church shook her head serenely, and smiled at my inappropriate zeal. "I

trust my poor child may never be guilty of so fatal a mistake. She is completely in error; she is wholly unadapted to the peculiar conditions of American life. It would not please her. She would not sympathize. My daughter's ideal is not the ideal of the class of young women to which Miss Ruck belongs. I fear they are very numerous; they give the tone, — they give the tone."

"It is you that are mistaken," I said; "go home for six months and see."

"I have not, unfortunately, the means to make costly experiments. My daughter has had great advantages, — rare advantages, — and I should be very sorry to believe that *au fond* she does not appreciate them. One thing is certain: I must remove her from this pernicious influence. We must part company with this deplorable family. If Mr. Ruck and his ladies cannot be induced to go to Chamouni, — a journey that no traveler with the smallest self-respect would omit, — my daughter and I shall be obliged to retire. We shall go to Dresden."

"To Dresden?"

"The capital of Saxony. I had arranged to go there for the autumn, but it will be simpler to go immediately. There are several works in the gallery with which my daughter has not, I think, sufficiently familiarized herself; it is especially strong in the seventeenth-century schools."

As my companion offered me this information I perceived Mr. Ruck come lounging in, with his hands in his pockets and his elbows making acute angles. He had his usual anomalous appearance of both seeking and avoiding society, and he wandered obliquely toward Mrs. Church, whose last words he had overheard. "The seventeenth-century schools," he said, slowly, as if he were weighing some very small object in a very large pair of scales. "Now, do you suppose they *had* schools at that period?"

Mrs. Church rose with a good deal of precision, making no answer to this incongruous jest. She clasped her large volume to her neat little bosom, and she fixed a gentle, serious eye upon Mr. Ruck.

"I had a letter this morning from Chamouni," she said.

"Well," replied Mr. Ruck, "I suppose you 've got friends all over."

"I have friends at Chamouni, but they are leaving. To their great regret." I had got up, too; I listened to this statement, and I wondered. I am almost ashamed to mention the subject of my agitation. I asked myself whether this was a sudden improvisation consecrated by maternal devotion; but this point has never been elucidated. "They are giving up some charming rooms; perhaps you would like them. I should suggest your telegraphing. The weather is glorious," continued Mrs. Church, "and the highest peaks are now perceived with extraordinary distinctness."

Mr. Ruck listened, as he always listened, respectfully. "Well," he said, "I don't know as I want to go up Mount Blank. That 's the principal attraction, is n't it?"

"There are many others. I thought I would offer you an — an exceptional opportunity."

"Well," said Mr. Ruck, "you 're right down friendly. But I seem to have more opportunities than I know what to do with. I don't seem able to take hold."

"It only needs a little decision," remarked Mrs. Church, with an air which was an admirable example of this virtue. "I wish you good night, sir." And she moved noiselessly away.

Mr. Ruck, with his long legs apart, stood staring after her; then he transferred his perfectly quiet eyes to me. "Does she own a hotel over there?" he asked. "Has she got any stock in Mount Blank?"

IX.

The next day Madame Beaurepas handed me, with her own elderly fingers, a missive which proved to be a telegram. After glancing at it, I informed her that it was apparently a signal for my departure; my brother had arrived in England, and proposed to me to meet him there; he had come on business and was to spend

but three weeks in Europe. "But my house empties itself!" cried the old woman. "The famille Ruck talks of leaving me, and Madame Church *nous fait la révérence.*"

"Mrs. Church is going away?"

"She is packing her trunk; she is a very extraordinary person. Do you know what she asked me this morning? To invent some combination by which the famille Ruck should move away. I informed her that I was not an inventor. That poor famille Ruck! 'Oblige me by getting rid of them,' said Madame Church, as she would have asked Célestine to remove a dish of cabbage. She speaks as if the world were made for Madame Church. I intimated to her that if she objected to the company there was a very simple remedy: and at present *elle fait ses paquets.*"

"She really asked you," I said, "to get the Rucks out of the house?"

"She asked me to tell them that their rooms had been let, three months ago, to another family. She has an *aplomb!*"

Mrs. Church's aplomb caused me considerable diversion; I am not sure that it was not, in some degree, to laugh over it at my leisure that I went out into the garden that evening to smoke a cigar. The night was dark and not particularly balmy, and most of my fellow-pensioners, after dinner, had remained in-doors. A long straight walk conducted from the door of the house to the ancient grille that I have described, and I stood here for some time, looking through the iron bars at the silent, empty streets. The prospect was not entertaining, and I presently turned away. At this moment I saw, in the distance, the door of the house open and throw a shaft of lamplight into the darkness. Into the lamplight there stepped a female figure, who presently closed the door behind her. She disappeared in the dusk of the garden and I had seen her but for an instant, but I remained under the impression that Aurora Church, on the eve of her departure, had come out for a meditative stroll.

I lingered near the gate, keeping the red tip of my cigar turned toward the house, and before long a young lady emerged from among the shadows of the trees and encountered the light of a lamp that stood just outside the gate. It was in fact Aurora Church, but she seemed more bent upon conversation than upon meditation. She stood a moment looking at me, and then she said, —

"Ought I to retire, — to return to the house?"

"If you ought, I should be very sorry to tell you so," I answered.

"But we are all alone; there is no one else in the garden."

"It is not the first time that I have been alone with a young lady. I am not at all terrified."

"Ah, but I?" said the young girl. "I have never been alone" — Then, quickly, she interrupted herself: "Good, there 's another false note!"

"Yes, I am obliged to admit that one is very false."

She stood looking at me. "I am going away to-morrow; after that there will be no one to tell me."

"That will matter little," I presently replied. "Telling you will do no good."

"Ah, why do you say that?" murmured Aurora Church.

I said it partly because it was true; but I said it for other reasons, as well, which it was hard to define. Standing there bare-headed, in the night air, in the vague light, this young lady looked extremely interesting; and the interest of her appearance was not diminished by a suspicion on my own part that she had come into the garden knowing me to be there. I thought her a charming girl, and I felt very sorry for her; but, as I looked at her, those reflections made to me by Madame Beaurepas on her disposition recurred to me with a certain force. I had professed a contempt for them at the time, but it now came into my head that perhaps this unfortunately situated, this insidiously mutinous, young creature was looking out for a preserver. She was certainly not a girl to throw herself at a man's head, but it was possible that in her intense — her almost morbid — desire to put into effect an ideal which was perhaps after all

charged with as many fallacies as her mother affirmed, she might do something reckless and irregular, — something in which a sympathetic compatriot, as yet unknown, might find his profit. The image, unshaped though it was, of this sympathetic compatriot filled me with a sort of envy. For some moments I was silent, conscious of these things, and then I answered her question: "Because some things — some differences — are felt, not learned. To you liberty is not natural; you are like a person who has bought a repeater, and, in his satisfaction, is constantly making it sound. To a real American girl her liberty is a very vulgarly-ticking old clock."

"Ah, you mean, then," said the poor girl, "that my mother has ruined me?"

"Ruined you?"

"She has so perverted my mind that when I try to be natural I am necessarily immodest."

"That again is a false note," I said, laughing.

She turned away. "I think you are cruel."

"By no means," I declared; "because, for my own taste, I prefer you as — as" —

I hesitated, and she turned back. "As what?"

"As you are."

She looked at me a while again, and then she said, in a little reasoning voice that reminded me of her mother's, only that it was conscious and studied, "I was not aware that I am under any particular obligation to please you!" And then she gave a little laugh, quite at variance with her voice.

"Oh, there is no obligation," I said, "but one has preferences. I am very sorry you are going away."

"What does it matter to you? You are going yourself."

"As I am going in a different direction, that makes all the greater separation."

She answered nothing; she stood looking through the bars of the tall gate at the empty, dusky street. "This grille is like a cage," she said at last.

"Fortunately, it is a cage that will open." And I laid my hand on the lock.

"Don't open it," and she pressed the gate back. "If you should open it I would go out — and never return."

"Where should you go?"

"To America."

"Straight away?"

"Somehow or other. I would go to the American consul. I would beg him to give me money, — to help me."

I received this assertion without a smile; I was not in a smiling humor. On the contrary, I felt singularly excited, and I kept my hand on the lock of the gate. I believed (or I thought I believed) what my companion said, and I had — absurd as it may appear — an irritated vision of her throwing herself upon consular sympathy. It seemed to me, for a moment, that to pass out of that gate with this yearning, straining young creature would be to pass into some mysterious felicity. If I were only a hero of romance, I would offer, myself, to take her to America.

In a moment more, perhaps, I should have persuaded myself that I was one, but at this juncture I heard a sound that was not romantic. It proved to be the very realistic tread of Célestine, the cook, who stood grinning at us as we turned about from our colloquy.

"I ask *bien pardon*," said Célestine. "The mother of mademoiselle desires that mademoiselle should come in immediately. M. le Pasteur Galopin has come to make his *adieux* to *ces dames*."

Aurora gave me only one glance, but it was a touching one. Then she slowly departed with Célestine.

The next morning, on coming into the garden, I found that Mrs. Church and her daughter had departed. I was informed of this fact by old M. Pigeonneau, who sat there under a tree, having his coffee at a little green table.

"I have nothing to envy you," he said; "I had the last glimpse of that charming Miss Aurora."

"I had a very late glimpse," I answered, "and it was all I could possibly desire."

"I have always noticed," rejoined M.

Pigeonneau, "that your desires are more moderate than mine. Que voulez-vous? I am of the old school. Je crois que la race se perd. I regret the departure of that young girl: she had an enchanting smile. Ce sera une femme d'esprit. For the mother, I can console myself. I am not sure that *she* was a femme d'esprit, though she wished to pass for one. Round, rosy, *potelée*, she yet had not the temperament of her appearance; she was a *femme austère*. I have often noticed that contradiction in American ladies. You see a plump little woman, with a speaking eye and the contour and complexion of a ripe peach, and if you venture to conduct yourself in the smallest degree in accordance with these *indices*, you discover a species of Methodist, — of what do you call it? — of Quakeress. On the other hand, you encounter a tall, lean, angular person, without color, without grace, all elbows and knees, and you find it 's a nature of the tropics! The women of duty look like coquettes, and the others look like alpenstocks! However, we have still the handsome Madame Ruck, — a real *femme de Rubens, celle-là*. It is very true that to talk to her one must know the Flemish tongue!"

I had determined, in accordance with my brother's telegram, to go away in the afternoon; so that, having various duties to perform, I left M. Pigeonneau to his international comparison. Among other things, I went in the course of the morning to the banker's, to draw money for my journey, and there I found Mr. Ruck, with a pile of crumpled letters in his lap, his chair tipped back and his eyes gloomily fixed on the fringe of the green plush table-cloth. I timidly expressed the hope that he had got better news from home, whereupon he gave me a look in which, considering his provocation, the absence of irritation was conspicuous.

He took up his letters in his large hand, and crushing them together held it out to me. "That epistolary matter," he said, "is worth about five cents. But I guess," he added, rising, "I have taken it in by this time." When I had drawn my money, I asked him to come and breakfast with me at the little *brasserie*, much favored by students, to which I used to resort in the old town. "I could n't eat, sir," he said, "I could n't eat. Bad news takes away the appetite. But I guess I 'll go with you, so that I need n't go to table down there at the pension. The old woman down there is always accusing me of turning up my nose at her food. Well, I guess I shan't turn up my nose at anything now."

We went to the little brasserie, where poor Mr. Ruck made the lightest possible breakfast. But if he eat very little, he talked a great deal; he talked about business, going into a hundred details in which I was quite unable to follow him. His talk was not angry or bitter; it was a long, meditative, melancholy monologue; if it had been a trifle less incoherent, I should almost have called it philosophic. I was very sorry for him; I wanted to do something for him, but the only thing I could do was, when we had breakfasted, to see him safely back to the Pension Beaurepas. We went across the Treille and down the Corraterie, out of which we turned into the Rue du Rhône. In this latter street, as all the world knows, are many of those brilliant jewelers' shops for which Geneva is famous. I always admired their glittering windows, and never passed them without a lingering glance. Even on this occasion, preoccupied as I was with my impending departure and with my companion's troubles, I suffered my eyes to wander along the precious tiers that flashed and twinkled behind the huge, clear plates of glass. Thanks to this inveterate habit, I made a discovery. In the largest and most brilliant of these establishments I perceived two ladies, seated before the counter with an air of absorption which sufficiently proclaimed their identity. I hoped my companion would not see them, but as we came abreast of the door, a little beyond, we found it open to the warm summer air. Mr. Ruck happened to glance in, and he immediately recognized his wife and daughter. He slowly stopped, looking at them; I wondered what he would do.

The salesman was holding up a bracelet before them, on its velvet cushion, and flashing it about in an irresistible manner.

Mr. Ruck said nothing, but he presently went in, and I did the same.

"It will be an opportunity," I remarked, as cheerfully as possible, "for me to bid good-by to the ladies."

They turned round when Mr. Ruck came in, and looked at him without confusion. "Well, you had better go home to breakfast," remarked his wife. Miss Sophy made no remark, but she took the bracelet from the attendant and gazed at it very fixedly. Mr. Ruck seated himself on an empty stool and looked round the shop.

"Well, you have been here before," said his wife; "you were here the first day we came."

Miss Ruck extended the precious object in her hands toward me. "Don't you think that 's sweet? " she inquired.

I looked at it a moment. "No, I think it 's ugly."

She glanced at me a moment, incredulous. "Well, I don't believe you have any taste."

"Why, sir, it 's just lovely," said Mrs. Ruck.

"You 'll see it some day on me, any way," her daughter declared.

"No, he won't," said Mr. Ruck quietly.

"It will be his own fault, then," Miss Sophy observed.

"Well, if we are going to Chamouni we want to get something here," said Mrs. Ruck. "We may not have another chance."

Mr. Ruck was still looking round the shop, whistling in a very low tone. "We ain't going to Chamouni. We are going to New York city, straight."

"Well, I 'm glad to hear that," said Mrs. Ruck. "Don't you suppose we want to take something home? "

"If we are going straight back I must have that bracelet," her daughter declared. "Only I don't want a velvet case; I want a satin case."

"I must bid you good-by," I said to the ladies. "I am leaving Geneva in an hour or two."

"Take a good look at that bracelet, so you 'll know it when you see it," said Miss Sophy.

"She 's bound to have something," remarked her mother, almost proudly.

Mr. Ruck was still lurking round the shop; he was still whistling a little. "I am afraid he is not at all well," I said, softly, to his wife.

She twisted her head a little, and glanced at him.

"Well, I wish he 'd improve ! " she exclaimed.

"A satin case, and a nice one!" said Miss Ruck to the shopman.

I bade Mr. Ruck good-by. "Don't wait for me," he said, sitting there on his stool, and not meeting my eye. "I 've got to see this thing through."

I went back to the Pension Beaurepas, and when, an hour later, I left it with my luggage, the family had not returned.

Henry James, Jr.

A DAY IN COLORADO.

INTENT the conscious mountains stood,
The friendly blossoms nodded,
As through the canyon's lonely wood
We two in silence plodded.
A something called our presence good;

The very breeze that stirred our hair
Whispered a gentle greeting;
A sweet, grand courtesy was there,
A welcome, from the summit bare
Down to the brook's entreating.

Stray warblers in the branches dark
Shot through the leafy passes,
While the long note of meadow-lark
Rose from the neighb'ring grasses;
The yellow lupines, spark on spark,
From the more open woodland way,
Flashed through the sunlight faintly;
A wind-blown little flower, once gay,
Looked up between her petals gray
And smiled a message saintly.

The giant ledges, red and seamed,
The clear, blue sky, tree-fretted;
The mottled light that round us streamed,
The brooklet, vexed and petted;
The bees that buzzed, the gnats that dreamed,
The flitting, gauzy things of June;
The plain, far-off, like misty ocean,
Or, cloudland bound, a fair lagoon, —
They sang within us like a tune,
They swayed us like a dream of motion.

The hours went, loitering, to the west,
The shadows lengthened slowly;
The radiant snow on mountain crest
Made all the distance holy.
Near by, the earth lay full of rest,
The sleepy foot-hills, one by one,
Dimpled their way to twilight;
And ere the perfect day was done,
There came long gleams of tinted sun
Through heaven's crimson skylight.

Slowly crept on the listening night,
The sinking moon shone pale and slender;
We hailed the cotton-woods, in sight,
The home-roof gleaming near and tender,
Guiding our quickened steps aright.
Soon darkened all the mighty hills,
The gods were sitting there in shadow;
Lulled were the noisy woodland rills,
Silent the silvery woodland trills, —
'T was starlight over Colorado!

Mary Mapes Dodge.

NEW LIVES OF THE OLD MASTERS.

When Giorgio Vasari, in the golden age of the Italian Renaissance, wrote his Lives of the Most Excellent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects of his time, he gave to the world, if not the very best body of biographical writing in all literature, certainly the most significant and interesting. It is true that his biographies have been found imperfect in parts; that in essential points they are full of inaccuracies; and, as literary performances, that they can scarcely challenge comparison with Plutarch's Lives, for instance; but he was an artist writing of artists. Plutarch's heroes were statesmen, orators, soldiers, philosophers, — men whose lives and deeds were a part of the history of nations and races, whose thoughts were darkly reflected in traditions and stories, whose individualities were more or less merged in the events of their time. But Vasari's heroes were creators of beautiful ideals; their essential personalities were plainly set forth in pictures, statues, and works of art; in these they lived and moved and had their being. Their quarrels and rivalries, their births, marriages, and deaths, their relations with princes and popes, were the accidents of their mortal parts, interesting only in so far as they affected the development of the immortal genius which was their true life. They were the fortunate men of the world's history; for the artistic faculty is preeminently a faculty of works and deeds, and enjoys at least one advantage over all the other faculties of humanity in the fact that every step of its development is marked by a permanent, visible and outward sign. In the succession of these signs, properly considered, resides all that it is really necessary to know of the artistic life. But as these are, to most of us, scattered and practically inaccessible, we have peculiar need to seek in the biographies of the masters some explanation or justification of their fame, so that we may comprehend somewhat of the working of the curious machines out of which such great results could come.

A sympathy which is more than sentimental or emotional, which in fact is professional and informed with especial knowledge, must be brought to the task before the full significance of the life can be understood. In the perfect biography of the artist, the growth of the individual and the growth of his genius are inseparable. It is a dual existence with which we have to deal, of which the two members are often in apparent opposition, — grossness, vulgarity, and sensuousness in the one not unfrequently coinciding with devotion, spirituality, and poetic feeling in the other. It is the business of the competent biographer to reconcile these opposing elements, and to illustrate their condition of interdependence. Of course the combination of the peculiar literary and artistic faculties which such a work supposes in the writer is so rare that the desire of the reader to know his Paul Veronese, his Domenichino, his Vandyck, or his Rubens as well in their especial functions as he knows his Goethe, his Johnson, or his Sterling in theirs is not likely to be gratified until the modern scientific spirit shall have created a race of artistic scholars, or scholarly artists, capable of the task. But the fortunate Vasari does not stand alone. Such sympathy as he was enabled to bestow, and such literary faculty as he was endowed with, have been far surpassed in modern times by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in his remarkable analysis of the life and genius of Turner; by Professor Sidney Colvin, in his study of Albert Dürer and his school; by certain biographers of Raphael and Michael Angelo, notably among them our own Perkins; by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in respect to Titian; by Vosmaer, in respect to Rembrandt; by Michaelis, in respect to Vandyck; by Edmund Cartier, in regard to

Fra Angelico; and by other writers and thinkers more or less capable of seeing the living spirit behind its mask of humanity.

There has thus been formed a mass of biographical literature very interesting to the specialist and to the scholar, but to the general reader forbidding from its quantity, and in great part practically inaccessible. A very capable hand has undertaken the task of bringing together all the essential points of these biographies, and of putting them in a convenient and inviting form for the service of popular education in art. This work has been accomplished by Mr. M. F. Sweetser, in a series of Artist Biographies,[1] comprising in separate books, of about one hundred and sixty pages each, the lives of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Angelico, Guido, Dürer, Murillo, Claude, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Reynolds, Turner, Landseer, and Allston. To this list it is to be hoped the publishers will find it to their interest to add such names as will readily occur to the reader, and which are needed to give to the series greater completeness, and more fully to realize a scheme which in its conception is ingenious and timely. It is perhaps difficult to draw the line between what should be included in and what excluded from such a series as this; but of the Italian Renaissance, such representative names as Cimabue and Giotto, Correggio, Andrea del Sarto and Giorgione, Bellini and Sebastiano del Piombo, Tintoretto and Paul Veronese; of that of Germany and the Low Countries, Jan van Eyck, Lucas van Leyden, Rubens and Hans Holbein, Teniers, Cuyp, and Van Ostade; of that of France, Poussin and Watteau; of that of England, Hogarth, Wilkie, and Lawrence; of that of Spain, Velasquez and Spagnoletto, — such names as these can hardly be excluded, and such names as Landseer and Allston can hardly be included, without challenging criticism as to the scope of the enterprise, or exposing it to the charge of caprice in its selections. But the execution of the work, so far as it is carried, — and the public may really be more responsible for its limitations than the publishers, — is so good that to ask for more of it is perhaps the highest compliment which we can bestow.

A principal merit of these volumes is that they are brief and impressive. Their plan embraces a sufficiently copious *catalogue raisonné* of authorities in the preface. In the text, when the abundance of material is ample, the narrative is close and flowing, the exclusions are managed with discretion and skill, no essential point is omitted, and there are no wearisome digressions. Where the material is sparse, the story develops with greater tranquillity than in the more crowded biographies, and the available space is well occupied with extracts from the best critiques of the master, and with illustrative glimpses of contemporary art and history. In all these lives the popular errors and the absurdities of tradition and fable are carefully eliminated; all the accessible necessary facts are brought together and handsomely arrayed; in no case is the relation of the subject of the biography to the civilization of his time permitted to be a matter of difficult inference; in none is anything omitted essential to a general understanding of methods of workmanship, style, and composition; and the close of each volume leaves upon the mind a comfortable sense of symmetry and completeness, a clear image of a personality. In an appendix at the end of each book is a useful list of the chief works of the master, and their present locations so far as known. According to the capacity of the volumes to receive it, they contain a reasonably complete digest of the best critical estimates of the genius of the master in each case.

In the three or four most conspicuous lives, those of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo in especial, around which successive generations of admirers have accumulated commentaries, speculations, theories, and conjectures like mists, which, if they enlarge, have at the same time a tendency to obscure the central light, — in these, of course,

[1] *Artist Biographies.* By M. F. Sweetser. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

the weighing of conflicting evidence and the exclusion of irrelevant matter, so as to make the most judicious use of the material at hand and to bring the story neatly within the prescribed limits, have presented the most serious difficulties to the biographer. But the results of his labors, as here bestowed, are such as to fulfill all the requirements of his task as a popular writer. Michael Angelo, at war with the world, divinely preoccupied by the great imagery of his thought, but not consoled by it, walks alone, embittered by a fortune which is not adjusted to his exacting ideal, and permitting no approach to break his chosen solitude; Raphael, the happy prince of art, with his outer and his inner being completely balanced and harmonized, an ideal creature, surrounded by an adoring court, burns brightly to the early end; Leonardo, the restless schemer, the audacious investigator and enthusiast, anticipating science by a hundred years, in his intervals of repose stoops to conquer in the world of art, and, with half a dozen works, founds a new school, and opens to posterity a new world of contemplative delight. These imposing figures are clearly presented to view in these little volumes, — perhaps the more clearly because the volumes are little, and because the limitation of space has compelled a careful rearrangement of the story, to the end that it may develop in each case with directness and completeness. The literature of the subject is enormous in quantity and embarrassing in quality, and it requires literary skill, patience, and industry of no common kind to separate all the wheat from the chaff, and to give a presentment sufficiently lucid and bright, without any undue demand upon the imagination or judgment of the reader. Brevity has its sweet uses as well as adversity.

Out of the ponderous records of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Gilbert, Northcote, Vasari, Taine, Blanc, etc., the figure of Titian emerges in like manner, with the same pleasing clearness and fidelity; a semi-pagan, devoting himself with equal power and interest to sacred and profane subjects, his prolific art seemed to stand as a type of the Italian civilization of the sixteenth century, by turns, so far as regards subject, spiritual and gross, religious and corrupt, but always abounding in life and color. Whether he delineated Venus or the Virgin, he gave himself up to the subject with the same frankness and ardor. No man since has been able to unravel the secret of his marvelous technique, and he bequeathed to posterity an inspiration of color which has conferred upon the ideals of art a new and unapproachable mystery of beauty. In strong contrast to this tumultuous life of sensuous energy, the progress of which left immortal and shining foot-prints in every gallery of Europe (there are nearly four hundred known and accredited pictures or groups of pictures from the hand of this master), the sweet mysticism and spiritual purity of Fra Angelico are the last expression of mediæval devotion. The rhetorician could not ask for a happier theme than the delineation of these two typical biographies, so significant, as they are, of the spirit of the two great eras of intellectual activity on the one hand, and of religious contemplation and aspiration on the other. The art of Titian was a part of the pomp and circumstance of the princes of his time, and the secular part of his life — if the part not directly concerned with his professional labors may be so defined — was given up to the duties of the courtier and the man of the world, and mainly concerned with contracts, intrigues, disputes about commissions, and petitions for the payment of arrears of salary and pension. The art of the Angelic Brother was never sold for hire; it was simply and innocently at the service of religion, wherever and whenever it was needed. He painted less than two hundred panels and canvases, but they were all acts and incentives of worship. As a matter of technique, he is represented as subject to three separate influences: the first, that of tradition; the second, that of nature; the third, the result of his visit to Rome, that of the antique. Thus, although essentially spiritual, he was an artist, and exquisitely sensitive to ar-

tistic impressions; but the complicated ideal bequeathed to modern art by the masters of this time owes to this gentle ascetic a distinct element of spiritual grace and pure aspiration. This remote and cloistered life has been treated mainly by the Dominican brothers, Edmund Cartier and Padre Marchese, in a rapturous and ecstatic fashion, and the cool biographer of modern times must have had great ado, with such authorities, to eliminate the panegyrical elements without leaving for his readers a dry husk, destitute even of the virtues of dates and facts, with never a purse to gild it or a prince to give it color. But he has nevertheless succeeded in showing us, in his little book, the soul of the religious art of the fifteenth century; because it is merely one out of a dozen or fifteen other little books uniform with it, it should not be regarded as a piece of perfunctory literary task-work. It is better than that, — it deserves life for its own sake; it would be instructive and profitable to read it consecutively with Delaborde's Lettres et Pensées d'Hyppolite Flandrin, or perhaps with Mrs. Lear's Christian Painter of the Nineteenth Century, to illustrate what curious differences are made by time and circumstance in the character and motifs of art.

Perhaps the most fortunate part of Mr. Sweetser's work is the opportunity offered him, in the lives of Guido, Claude, and Murillo, of presenting the first monographs on these subjects in the language, — no small merit in these days of sleepless research and incessant compilation. If the paucity of record as regards the details of these three careers (especially in the case of Claude and Murillo), as compared with the abundance of circumstance at the command of the biographer of Angelo, Raphael, or Titian, has a tendency to render the personal narrative in places rather meagre and thin, the spaces thus opened for a fuller critique of their works and genius, and for a larger treatment of the accessories, have been used with industry and discretion.

As for Guido, it is worth while to tell the tale of this noble but eccentric genius; for while we are under the spell of the broad and vigorous technique of the modern French school, which now completely possesses our best work, that of Guido is stigmatized as effeminate, dainty, and affected, and the phase of art which this master seems to represent is for the moment neglected as unworthy of consideration. Although this little book does not, of course, attempt any scientific analysis of his style, and does not enter into any detailed study of his manner of composition, yet enough is said, in quotations from accepted authorities and otherwise, to convey to a public to which the originals or even good copies of this master are absolutely inaccessible a distinctive notion of his real claims to immortality. The excellent list of Guido's accepted works which closes the volume contains more than five hundred titles, and yet, by a strange caprice of fortune, the master is known in this country only as the painter of the Aurora and the Beatrice Cenci, two works which, however, may in a manner be accepted as fairly representative of the artist's first and second styles, — the former painting being rendered familiar to us by engravings and photographs, the latter by such innumerable copies that the fair face, to which the ingenuity of modern criticism has attributed such strange complications of emotions, has become a haunting image. The most important contribution to the popular knowledge of Guido, therefore, in this little book is contained in the ample evidence herein collected to prove not only that the title to this picture is extremely doubtful, but that it is not a work of Guido's, although undeniably a production of his school, and characteristic of one of his manners of portraiture. It is written that two hundred of his pupils became famous; these so multiplied the expressions of his exquisite ideal, and so impressed his style upon the history of art, that to know Guido is to know one of the great eras of artistic thought.

In like manner as regards Claude: here is a master who is known in this

country only by engravings, which of course give no impression of color, and by the criticisms in Ruskin's Modern Painters, wherein this artist is used merely as an offset to Turner, and wherein his position in the history of art is not fairly recognized. But in the little volume devoted to this master, who "first set the sun in heaven," are collected the critical summaries of Ruskin, Lanzi, Lübke, Blanc, Reynolds, and others; and out of the obscure or scattered records of Sandrart, Baldinucci, Meaume, Blanc, and others have been rescued or collected enough of his personal history to make a connected narrative, and to leave a clear impression of the true position of this modest but most important figure in the history of landscape art.

The titles and positions of three hundred and eighty-five priceless Murillos are given in the proper place. Among these the traveler may gather what he can of knowledge of the prolific genius which left behind him scarcely another sign of his existence. His life is mainly set forth in perpetual visions of ecstatic saints, seraphic madonnas, the hosts of heaven, and the Holy Mother with her child. But our author's industry has been well spent in collecting for the first time, from various sources, mainly from the Diccionario Histórico of Cean Bermudez, and in setting in order, the few authentic incidents of the master's career, and in relating how, when, for whom, and for what purpose his greatest works were produced; in describing the condition of the contemporary art in Spain, Italy, France, and the Low Countries, and also in giving the proper historical accessories among which the short-lived era of Spanish art was developed and a Murillo became possible.

These little books, by their neatness of statement and by their brevity, have at least the merit of facilitating and inviting instructive comparisons of the parallel lives of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish painters. Indeed, the very uniformity of literary style seems to place the subjects in a position of more significant contrast one to the other, saving us from the fatigues and distractions of laborious research. Thus, both Guido and Murillo are exhibited to us as religious devotees, "continuing instant" in service to the mother church. Guido, like Titian, imbibed the pagan Renaissance in all its fullness, and divided his art about equally between religion and mythology; his abundant work was bright with joy and sunshine. But the Spaniard was not only a devotee but an ascetic, and in the list of his pictures there is scarcely a pagan example; he was emphatically a serious painter of Christian art, and worshiped his own ideal; he never sported with it, and his pure life betrayed no taint of paganism.

The art of the Netherlands is represented in this series by Rembrandt and Vandyck. The basis of the Rembrandt study is chiefly the elaborate Life and Works by C. Vosmaer; that of Vandyck, Michaelis's Histoire de la Peinture Flamande. Of the former there is abundant record; much of it, however, is painfully derogatory. The jealous Houbraken has taught us to regard the master as mean, vulgar, and obstinate, a phenomenon of avarice and ignorance, and much of the interest which fairly belongs to Rembrandt as an artist has thereby been lost to literature. But the diligent researches of Vosmaer have succeeded in clearing the record to a large extent, and our author has promptly adopted his amendments, to the great benefit of the artist's reputation. He now appears in the more imposing attitude of a dignified and melancholy recluse, proud of his mastery of northern art, disdaining to court the great or to associate with the vulgar; his only intimate companion his own genius, his only occupation its complete development and fulfillment in his art; a man of immense industry and triumphant accomplishments, the acknowledged leader of a great new school, which was the proud rival of those of Italy, and the first to free itself in any degree from the religious and from the pagan service in which it had hitherto found all its inspirations. In short, he introduced the modern methods. This new narrative is most excellent reading,

and the analysis of the master's works in color and etching is based upon that of the highest authorities, but is not without marks of original observation.

Except for W. Hookham Carpenter's memoirs of Vandyck and his contemporaries, published forty years ago, and now practically inaccessible, this picturesque character would be merely a name, like Claude, Murillo, and Guido, at least to American readers. At best, little is known of him as a man, although the greater part of his active life was spent in the full light of the English court, where he became the founder of the English school of painting, and although, like Velasquez, he lived in society, and maintained a certain ruinous state of his own which renders him one of the most interesting figures in the gallery of the masters. But our author has succeeded in filling out the vacant spaces of biography with materials sufficiently authentic, and in completing the story of this luxurious but busy life, the beginning of which has been suggested to us by the smiling portrait of the gallant and handsome master at the Uffizzi, and the close by that at the Louvre, which gives us, as Michaelis says, "the coquettish *déshabillé* of a man of the world," weary with its pleasures and overtasked by its labors. The number of his works now remaining and known is incredible; but his fame is upheld mainly by the noble series of portraits through which, after his disappointed expectations of accomplishing more worthy and monumental work upon the walls of the banqueting-room of Whitehall and at the Louvre, he succeeded in proving that, although high art could no longer expatiate in the field of sacred and mythological traditions, as in earlier times, there was opened to it, by the changed conditions of life, yet another which genius could render hardly less fruitful.

This new province of art, made illustrious first, perhaps, by Titian, the greatest master of portraiture, then by Rubens, Holbein, Velasquez, and Vandyck, has been occupied by innumerable followers in modern times, among whom, conspicuous and rivaling the earlier masters, appears the familiar figure of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom Mr. Sweetser devotes one of the most interesting of his biographical series; interesting not only because, perhaps, this career took up and revivified the memories of great and monumental art, but because it was intimately associated with the foremost *literati* and nobles of the Georgian era, and as such must commend itself with especial force to the man of letters as well as to the critic of art. As Baretti once remarked of Sir Joshua, he was a genius and a mere ordinary mortal at the same time, and thus, more than any other of the great masters, seemed to illustrate in his own person the duality of the artistic nature divided by circumstance. At no point of his experience did the outer and the inner life appear to be reconciled to each other. Between the two there was thrust a world of modern gossip and thrifty business, which kept them wide apart throughout all his career. The record of the apparent life is mixed up with the social history of the time, and is full of entertaining anecdote; that of the higher life is expressed only in his portraits and in his discourses. In the former, at least so far as the technical qualities are concerned, many of the traditions of the heroic and religious art of the Renaissance are preserved and transmitted to the later days, infused, however, with that intellectual character without which they could not be acclimated or adjusted to our uses.

The other modern masters presented in this series are Turner, Landseer, and Allston, the first two essentially modern in their inspiration and their methods; the last a legitimate descendant and heir of the great painters of the Renaissance, a man whose learning and high conceptions furnished him with a lofty ideal to which his art never sufficed. As for Turner, the enthusiasm of Ruskin, the keen and pitiless analysis of Hamerton, the diligent but tedious inspection of Thornbury, are all so united in the little book devoted to this many-sided painter that the general reader can have but little more to ask in the service of his biography. In like manner, Land-

seer, the painter who is said to have discovered the dog, finds himself, strangely enough, in the august company of masters, but is introduced with such a pleasant narrative of the events and surroundings of his fortunate career that the attention of the reader is claimed to the end; if there is less of art about the book, there is more of life and prosperity.

Not only as a matter of local interest, but as a study of the new conditions under which high art is developed in modern times, the life of our own Allston must always possess a peculiar significance, particularly when placed in contrast with other modern lives which have been devoted to this pursuit. It has been observed that the first artistic developments of new nations, especially those unblessed by the incentive and instruction of accessible galleries of the old masters, have always been in the direction of landscape art. Thus, in the last Paris Exposition, a distinguished critic has placed Russia in the first rank in this department, while the Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Switzerland, and the United States claim consideration only for their performances in this branch of art. Nature is always open to study, and the art of interpreting her various moods and aspects is less embarrassed by traditions, less overweighted by precedents, requires far less accuracy and experience in the study of forms, than the religious and heroic art of the great times. When, therefore, a man like Allston devotes himself to this higher art, he is placed in a position of peculiar disadvantage; he is confronted by a complicated and difficult ideal which fascinates and, unless he is exceptionally brave and loyal, dismays him. To such a man art becomes a very serious business indeed, — a thing not to be played with, but to study with devotion and supreme respect, — and his life is little more than a record of unavailing and pathetic efforts to give adequate expression to his thought. Instead of the enormous and easy productiveness of the types which he would emulate, his art, however fruitful in ideas, leaves to posterity only a few unfinished studies, full of great promise, inspired with high intention, but unintelligible to the common mind. Instead of Raphael and Titian and Rubens with a thousand masterpieces, we have Allston with equal inspirations and greater learning, but with a result of only a few tentative canvases, cherished in collections as the rare records of a pure and earnest but unavailing service to art.

Perhaps, after all, the best result from the modest labors of Mr. Sweetser is in the encouragement which they give to a comparison of the genius of the masters. The uniformity of the series, the characteristics of literary style, which are the same of course in all the books, and the apparent freedom from bias which is an excellent part of the author's equipment for this especial task, — all these seem to place the subjects in such relative positions that the reader is invited to note differences and resemblances among them which under other circumstances would have escaped his attention. In the consideration of these differences and resemblances is involved a curious study of the effects of time and conditions upon the evolution of genius, and if Mr. Sweetser can find it to his interest to add to his series the biographies of other ancient and modern masters, treated with the same love for art and with the same intelligence and fidelity, he will have accomplished a work of no little importance, not only to the study of art, but to the wider study of the human mind in its comparative aspects of exceptional development.

Henry Van Brunt.

A WORKINGMAN'S WORD ON OVER-PRODUCTION.

I WANT to say a word upon one of the urgent topics of the hour; a word which could be better said by another, — for I have had all too little training in the art of expression, — but to the saying of which my experience peculiarly urges me. I was driven into the machine-shop when thirteen years old, and have been held there until now I have passed full a quarter of a century as a worker for daily wages. I have had my share of the vicissitudes of the times. I do not stand among the least skillful or trustworthy of mechanics, and yet for years now I have not found the opportunity to earn at my trade the means of a decent and comfortable subsistence, and my heart has ached in view of the privation and suffering which industrious and worthy men, and those dear as life to them, have had to endure under the stern grip of circumstance.

The ages have scarcely produced a more helpless and pitiable object than a man out of work in the midst of our roaring century. To such a one, or to one over whom such a fate seems impending, over-production is apparently a self-evident, as it certainly is a terrible inference. No one who would understand the present state of affairs, and especially no one who is in any measure a shaper of other men's thoughts, can safely ignore the thorough fright and desperation of the workingman in the presence of this gigantic bugbear. To comprehend how completely the fear of over-production has taken possession of the minds of workingmen, we may note how perfect a key it is to the interpretation of every distinctive workingman's "movement." To check the advance of this towering terror is the motive of their every proposition. The workingman depends upon the labor of his hands to obtain for him every good, but over-production is suggesting to him that his opportunities are hopelessly circumscribed. The hope of advancement, which was once with him a strong incentive, is gone; he cannot even hope long to hold his own. Circumstances have narrowed about him, until, so to speak, he can no longer use his fins, and, like a fish in a water-pipe, he is borne helplessly down by the current.

Many, blindly following the lead of this idea, attain to positions as absurd as they are pitiable. It has been argued to me personally, and in all sincerity, that even those who live upon the vices of the people, in so far as they are therefore not competitors for the work which is already insufficient for the workers, are a help and a blessing.

Holding such a conviction very distinctly, the workingman is impelled by the instinct of self-preservation to oppose the tendency of the times with all his strength and persistence. The trades-union attempts to limit the number of apprentices in any given trade, and thereby hopes to keep down the number of competing workmen. It attempts in the shops to limit the amount that a man may do for a day's work. It would reduce the hours of daily labor. So the workingman's party opposes all productive convict labor, because it competes with paid labor. The national labor party lately proposed that government should print a vast amount of greenbacks, and pay them out for constructing various public works, as a way of "making work" for workingmen.

So far as I know, propositions of this character constitute the whole of the workingman's wisdom upon the subject. But if the danger be really so great as he honestly believes it, is it not evident that these are all temporizing and contemptible expedients against it? Even the indefinite extension of our foreign trade, of which we have now some glimmering hopes, carries with it a promise of lasting help scarcely less illusory. We must eventually diffuse our methods where we diffuse our products, and then

we shall be as bad off as ever, so far as that assistance is concerned. We have been trying quack specifics for a cure which can be brought about only by a radical change of life.

If over-production be the terrible fact, machinery is as clearly the cause of it. But machinery is human success. It is the accomplishment, still but partial, of the life-long purpose of the race. It wrests from nature as much as possible of material good at as little cost as possible of human exertion. To check its action is simply not to use what we have toiled long to attain. It is a ripened fruit of the tree of knowledge, whose roots are in primeval soil, and it were indeed unwise to cast it from us, or to let it rot on our hands, instead of filling ourselves with its lusciousness.

The joy of the worker, too, is not a thing to be lightly taken from him. What is life worth to me if I must hereafter aim to do as little as possible of whatever I undertake? What of health or vigor may I know if I must always crawl at a snail's pace? I count it not less than a misfortune to a man that he may not swing to the full reach and strength of it the faculty which for the time he is using. Over-production is a false landmark. The road which, in sight of it, we are laying out for ourselves is a most unsatisfactory one, and the view ahead, if we look straight and far, is gloomier still. The way is so bad that there must be a better.

Double-entry is of great service as a preventive of errors in accounts, and is a necessity in recording the transactions of any extensive business. Why will not men more generally keep their ideas by double-entry? Over-production affords a striking illustration of its applicability. While over-production apparently expresses what is meant with satisfactory precision, it is merely a relative term, and it at best expresses but a single relation of an extensive fact. There is a correlative term equally applicable to precisely the same facts, but referring to other relations and suggesting a very different view of the sequences of events; and if we can learn to employ the two terms instead of the one, they will together open to our view a wider field in which to choose the path of our progress.

We hear much on every hand concerning over-production, but we hear little anywhere of under-consumption. What workingman, or, indeed, who of any class, habitually remembers the reciprocal relation which he holds? When we make the debit entry, who of us are equally careful to make the corresponding credit entry? Let the workingman who is so troubled about over-production consider his relations as a consumer also, and he may see that he is a shaper of circumstance even as others are, and that he is not so helpless and abject as he has been in the habit of thinking himself. I gather from the self-styled "workingmen's" papers that there is but one perfect thing in this world: the blamelessness and innocence of the working classes is the only thing without a flaw. "The king can do no wrong" was the doctrine of the olden time; but the doctrine of to-day, taught him at least by implication and by suggestive silence, is that the workingman can do no wrong. Yet in the face of it I venture to probe my fellows with a searching practical question. Let every one who complains that sufficient remunerative employment is not provided for him ask himself whether he does, or whether in better times he did, so use his own earnings as best to provide work for others. I do not know why that is not a perfectly fair and proper question, although I doubt not I actually surprise some workingmen by suggesting it. If there be any obligation of support, it is certainly a mutual one, and that is how I would have it. The workingman has the power, in natural and peaceful ways, of directing the relative tendencies of supply and demand, and by a wise and wide use of that power of enhancing the value of his services. The value of a man's labor, or its ability to purchase the results of another man's labor, is determined by two distinct considerations. The practical value of a man's wages varies: first, with the ratio which his

labor bears to the total l abor of the people; and, secondly, with the ratio which the product of his labor b ears to the total consumption. Let the consumption of the world be fixed; the n, if we increase the product of the w orker, as machinery has done, the rela tive value of the individual product is lessened. If the product of the world be fixed and the consumption of the worl l increased, the relative value of the p roduct, and so of the ability to produce, is increased. The value of a man's labor varies directly with the consumption, and inversely with the production, of t he world.

If, then, we can but maintain the due ratio of consumption to productio n, the same number of people in the worl l may have and enjoy much as well as they may enjoy little; and in the use of the much instead of the little, in the fuller and larger life of all the people, is the true intent and the practical realization of progress. The workingman looks every way but upward; and yet upward is the way of safety, and the one way toward which circumstances urgently beckon him. Our wisdom has been at fault in that we have dealt with but one of the two elements of labor value. While we have been trying, by puny and contemptible methods, to check the current of production, we have paid little attention to consumption, allowing it to stand unchanged, or witnessing with unconcern instances of actual retrogression. The promise of succor for the workingman appears to me to lie in his working at the other end of the line. The promotion of a wider and healthier consumption, and of the fuller life which it implies, and not a compulsory reduction of production, is the thing to be attempted. The workingman holds the consumption end of the chain of life with a far more commanding grasp than he does the production end of it. A man must take what work he can get, and follow it steadily; his production is closely limited by circumstances, and he can do little either to increase or diminish it. But the expenditure of every cent of his wages involves some choice as to the channel in which it shall be spent, and every change of expenditure makes a difference as to the amount of consumption involved in or promoted by it.

The necessity of a broader popular education may be enforced by higher considerations than those which we have got the habit of urging for it. Perhaps what we esteem our weightiest reason for desiring a better education for the masses is in the increased security which it promises the state, by securing to her in each educated man a more law-abiding citizen. But education is growth: the educated man is a man of larger appetite; he draws more vigorously of all the good things of life; he reaches out after and enjoys more of the appliances of culture; he uses more of the world's products; he is a greater consumer. We find in workingmen as markedly as in any class this difference, due to the various degrees of their development. Of men working side by side in the shop and earning equal wages, there is a vast discrepancy in the scope of their expenditure, and in the good which it is made to yield them. Can we for a moment think of them each as giving equal stimulus to the productive forces of the country? The struggle for respectability; the keeping up of appearances, as the stereotyped phrase is, — the keeping up of facts, rather, — against formidable obstacles; the heroic upholding of a home where love and truth and purity shall dwell secure, where taste and knowledge shall increase, is worthy of all honor. They of the humbler classes who would maintain and indeed advance the standard of our home life against all opposing forces are in truth, though they perhaps know it not, the patriots of to-day; and in them, if anywhere, is the hope and promise of our restoration.

It will be well for the world to remember that the workingman is to be led, even as other men are. There is a trace of human nature remaining in him, and there is a directing power in the example and sympathy of other men by which, in part consciously, and in part unconsciously, his course is modified. The broad plan of a man's life and the elaboration of its details are determined by

what he thinks of himself, what others think of him, and, as important as either, what he thinks that they think of him; and he who is wise and seeking the good of all will aim to treat all with just consideration. It is not a little thing for one man to lose his influence among his fellows; but when a class despises and throws away, or when it transforms and reverses, its influence upon another class, the evil is a serious one. The self-respect of the workingman, bracing him to rectitude and widening the range of his necessities, is an important industrial factor; and they who, from whatever motive, or lack of motive, do aught to diminish it, or to weaken his honest pride, not only wrong him, but strike at the national life a blow whose force recoils upon the[illegible]mselves. The working-man needs go[illegible]od advice, of course; but he needs sy[illegible]mpathy and appreciation more. Thro[illegible]ugh the lack of these, he is driven away[illegible] from some of the sources of sound inf[illegible]rmation and elevating influence by w[illegible]hich the course of this age is directed. [illegible] The respectable press has less than its[illegible] due weight with him. Of course he ca[illegible]n be only a loser by it. The papers pu[illegible]blished "in the interest of labor" a[illegible]re not in the interest of intelligent tho[illegible]ught or of fair discussion. I really do [illegible] not know how to bring my convictions[illegible] fairly and directly to his notice. I can o[illegible]nly start my word as high as possible, [illegible]hoping that the farther it is to sift down [illegible] through the masses, the wider it may [illegible] spread in its descent.

Frank Richards.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE, AND OTHER NOVELS.

THE greatest novel of the year is none the less interesting and impressive because the incessantly laborious process whereby the author draws near to his severe ideal is everywhere apparent to the thoughtful reader. Nobody who has read Hardy's Return of the Native[1] can doubt that this is the book meant, and most of those who admire his previous books will, we think, share our opinion that the latest, in its own singular and sombre fashion, is nearer perfect than any other of them. Like Under the Greenwood Tree and Far from the Madding Crowd, it is a tale confined to the obscurest level of society. But it is perfectly sustained in the low key where it is pitched, which the Madding Crowd is not: along the edges of the narrow life portrayed there are frequent glimpses of infinite horizons; the cumulative tragedy into whose forecast shadow we so strongly and naturally shrink from entering is all simple, circumstantial, inevitable, never once, not even on the black night of the suicide, breaking down into melodrama; and at the last we are led into the twilight of better days, with a touch gentle as that of time itself, so that we look back as over an experience, and recognize with admiration the exquisite fitness of the wistful motto from Keats which Mr. Hardy has chosen for his title-page: —

> "To sorrow I bade good-morrow,
> And thought to leave her far away behind;
> But cheerly, cheerly, she loves me dearly,
> She is so constant to me and so kind!
> I thought to deceive her, and so leave her,
> But ah, she is so constant and so kind!"

It has become rather a commonplace to call Mr. Hardy Shakespearean, and we once heard a witty commentator suggest the reason, — because his characters talk like nobody either in life or in books except the clowns in Shakespeare. To us he seems not so much to have borrowed as to have evolved out of one of his own quaint theories that racy and antiquated mode of speech which is so amusing in the mouths of his country-folk; but

[1] *The Return of the Native.* By THOMAS HARDY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.

he has this other quality in co... with Shakespeare and all the veritable immortals, that his work leaves one in an exalted frame of mind, disposed either to dreamy reflection or to vague and fervid eulogy. Such mental exercises, however, being neither here nor there in the way of critical appreciation, let us try soberly to learn something of the manner in which he produces his remarkable effects.

We note first his peculiar but masterly treatment of scenery. Most novelists, since Scott first invited his readers out-of-doors, have more or less affected landscape; but they have either sketched it in around their characters, or set it up as a reflector of their emotions, or themselves sought it as a refuge in the intervals when the languid creatures of their brains positively declined to act. Hardy only, and conspicuously in his last book, elaborates his landscape first, in its utmost breadth, down to its minutest features, and then sets his people in it in their true physical proportions, — sparse, feeble, and insignificant, as human beings are, by comparison with mountain and moorland, sea and sky. It is a method undreamed of in what are called pagan times, but of which the effect is pagan and pantheistic to the last degree. The delineation of Egdon Heath, with which the Native opens, is so solemn and scrupulous that it seems levity to call it picturesque. It is simply one of the most tremendous pieces of verbal realization in the language. It is too long to quote entire, and extracts cannot illustrate the grand and massive plainness of Mr. Hardy's descriptive style.

There follow some very subtle reflections about the way in which the world seems gradually to be outgrowing its taste for mere external beauty, as children outgrow a taste for sweet things. It is one of the author's favorite fancies. We are ceasing, he says, to require beauty and symmetry in landscape. We have already ceased to require it in the persons of men. We may some day cease to require it in the persons of women. Is this the self-same dreary consummation toward which the unhappy Mr. ...nburne is looking in those strange lines of his concerning

> "The obscure Venus of the hollow hill,
> The thing transformed which was the Cytherean"?

But to return to Egdon. "The most thorough-going ascetic could feel that he had a right to wander there. He was keeping within the line of legitimate indulgence when he laid himself open to influences such as these. Colors and beauties so far subdued were at least the birthright of all. Only in summer days of highest feather did its mood touch the level of gayety. Intensity was more usually reached by way of the solemn than by way of the brilliant, and such a sort of intensity was often arrived at during winter darkness, tempests, and mists."

"Then Egdon was aroused to reciprocity. The storm was its lover; the wind was its friend. Then it became the lair of strange phantoms; it was found to be the hitherto unrecognized original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flight and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream till revived by scenes like these."

"It was at present [late on a November afternoon] an environment perfectly accordant with man's nature, — a scene neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly, neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame, but, like man, slighted, enduring, and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have lived long apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face suggesting tragical possibilities."

Anywhere else we might be tempted to condemn as clap-trap a device like that of the map or plan of the heath, with its natural features and scattered dwellings, prefixed as a frontispiece to the volume; but at Mr. Hardy's hands we accept it respectfully, and find it a great practical help to the thorough understanding of a mysterious and momentous thing. Once fairly apprehended, this mighty vision of waste country,

scorned of civilization and unchanged by history, becomes a permanent fact of the imagination. The heath precedes everything, determines everything, outlasts everything. The transit of the intensest human life modifies it no more than that of a cloud modifies the ether. We perceive it to be quite natural and necessary that primeval customs and idioms and superstitions should flourish undecayed in this isolated spot; that there should be no conventional division, even for women, between night and day; that Clement Yeobright, the hero who was born here, should have been drawn backward, by its stern fascination, from the world's gayest centre, to sacrifice himself for its half-heathen people; and that Eustacia Vye, the heroine *par excellence*, when forcibly imprisoned within its melancholy limits, should have fought blindly against its alien spell, until she found in it her doom. The book ought by all means to have been named Egdon Heath. Hardy is apt to be far fetched and infelicitous in his titles, but this one is so decidedly below the dignity of the book that it has the air of having been suggested by a bookseller.

Over and above this tyranny of place under which Mr. Hardy's people labor, there is a crushing tyranny of circumstance. The most trivial accidents are fraught with the grimmest consequences, like the infamous-looking yet comparatively innocent mistake whereby Mrs. Yeobright was turned away from her son's house, and the chance by which Eustacia failed to receive her husband's conciliatory letter. A sense of the omnipotence of accident is no uncommon mode of modern fatalism. There are places even in George Eliot's writings where it seems to nullify, for the time, her fiercest protestations of faith in moral responsibility. In Mr. Hardy's case, added to his superhuman ingenuity in devising unheard-of incidents and wild and memorable scenes, it leaves us with but a feeble suspicion of the freedom and accountability of his people. We are so impressed by them as the strenuously developed logical result of their circumstances that is only by an after thought that we consider them as either good or bad. Eustacia and her lover Wildeve, in the Native, are alike vain, selfish, and lawless, yet our instinctive sympathies are allowed to go with Eustacia under the burst of her blameless husband's terrific wrath, and we are inclined to give Wildeve credit, at the last, for behaving uncommonly well, under the circumstances, *and for him.* Yeobright, on the contrary, is a great soul with a disinterested purpose, who stands nobly the test of terrible tribulations, and we are glad, after his happiness is slain, to have him become an itinerant preacher, if he thought it his vocation, but we find it utterly impossible to imagine what gospel he can have preached. Far-looking philosophical results and cosmic consolations, like those which the author, in his own person, frequently suggests in eloquent asides, were surely not relevant to the heath-dwellers. However, if Mr. Hardy teaches us nothing, it should be admitted that nobody less than he assumes to teach. The self-denying toil whose traces are so palpable in every page he writes is vowed to art purely, and, artistically, his last performance is almost without a flaw.

William Black is hardly more didactic than Hardy, and he is certainly not more so than usual in the wild tale of Macleod of Dare,[1] yet he makes a very different sort of appeal to his readers. He is as full of passionate prejudice and exclusive individual sympathy as Hardy of sad generalities and pantheistic prepossessions. He is boldly romantic where Hardy is sternly realistic, hot and headlong where Hardy is deliberate and analytical. Black always identifies himself with his favorite characters; Hardy seems to keep remote from all of his. Black also is a noble painter of one kind of landscape, and gives us some of his most finished work in Macleod, but human beings are first with him, and the most impressive and importunate landscape still accessory; while with Hardy, as has been said, the peo-

[1] *Macleod of Dare.* A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879

ple are depressed almost into features of the natural scene. These two writers seem curiously to divide between themselves the proverbial functions of tragedy. Hardy "purifies," if at all, by wholesome "terror;" Black, by a slightly morbid "pity."

Macleod of Dare is much more like a great poem than a great novel. It begins like a modern tale, but it ends like an ancient ballad. We have noticed before that the two halves of some of Mr. Black's best efforts do not entirely correspond. He seems to have a constitutional objection to ending on the common chord. In Macleod his theme is extremely, poetically, simple. There are really only two characters: the untamed and intrepid, yet gentle and chivalrous, Highland chief, with a chorus of wild retainers; and the fine London lady, the actress spoiled by flattery and feigning, with her natural *entourage* of relatives and friends in her own circle. The lover is impassioned, generous, constant; the lady beautiful, of course, selfish through timidity, fickle, and shallow. Moreover, the lover is precisely five hundred years behind the lady and his own time in all his modes of action and habits of thought. If Mr. Black had been content to rely upon the incompatibility of nature and the strange anachronism between these two, he would have had matter quite enough for pathos and even tragedy. He made a great artistic mistake in driving his hero mad, and especially when he allowed us to suspect a congenital taint in the high-souled creature, by revealing symptoms of insanity in him while all his prospects were yet fair. And has anybody, since Shakespeare's day, ever succeeded in making madness artistically effective, — more interesting, that is to say, in a fictitious character than distressing? If so, it is not Black himself in the case of Madcap Violet, nor Tennyson in that of the atrabilious lover of Maud, nor even Scott in that of Lucy Ashton. The fact is that there is not much romance about it. When the most devoted lover goes mad for love, we experience a revulsion of feeling. We cannot possibly help reflecting what an escape the beloved object has had of him or her. It is probably better to die at the hands of such unfortunates than to have them as life partners, but, in life or death, we must perforce extend our sympathies to the victim of one de-natured. If, therefore, poor Macleod had slain himself and his Gertrude in simple and likely fashion, we should still have pitied the cold-hearted little coquette more than she deserved; but murder under such aggravated and also aggravating circumstances as those which render chaotic the last pages of Macleod of Dare has a leaning toward the grotesque. It might very well have entered into the mediæval soul of Keith Macleod to try to kidnap an unwilling bride, but a creature so mindful of her own comfort and safety, so fond of her own dainty personality, and so generally clever and collected as Gertrude White would never, *never* have been kidnaped. She would by no means have gone awake and unattended on board his yacht, or if spirited thither by accident or craft she could not have failed of the solitary grain of courage and common sense needful for her escape. Still less is it conceivable that a whole ship's crew, however loyal to a beloved master and wrathful for his wrongs, should calmly have furthered his maniacal purpose and made themselves accessory to a monstrous crime. Nay, we can hardly help feeling as if the author himself were somehow a guilty accomplice in what is done. He is so feverishly identified with his hero, and exults so fiendishly, the moment she is absolutely helpless, over the heroine, whom he has hated from the first, and, in short, *es treibt so toll* generally in the last twenty pages of the tale that we begin to be alarmed for the balance of Mr. Black's own faculties; and we feel like recommending him to keep away from the North Sea, take bromide, and rest for a brief interval from production.

The pity is great, for Macleod of Dare is a book of a thousand for its unity and fire. It is eloquent, tender, and profoundly touching. It soars to a height of simple passion seldom attained in these sophisticated days, but it topples

over at the very last, and misses the crown of ultimate symmetry.

Hardly less lamentable than the *fiasco* of Macleod is the disappointment reserved for those who read to the end, at one fascinated sitting, the dainty little volume which inaugurates the second series of No Name novels. The literary grace and refinement of Signor Monaldini's Niece[1] are quite exceptional. The author is a new one, but she has had much practice in writing, and of a certainty she is not young. How can it be, then, that she is an American, as rumor says? Was a clever American woman ever yet known to wait for the ripeness of her powers and the high noon of her emotions before publishing? Were it for her retiring temper only, we are ready to be extremely proud of this new writer the moment she proves her nationality. Yet the fine workmanship of her book is the least of its attractions. The greatest and rarest is its fullness of feeling, — a sad, unfathomable flood, over whose high surface, made smooth and tranquil by the very repression of the waters, the tenderest love story since Doctor Antonio glides quietly, until it shocks us by its final plunge. The two principal characters seem almost purely ideal personages: the exquisite heroine, gentle, proud, and spotless, harassed and saddened, but never once moved from her serenity of soul by the suffocating espionage and insulting precautionary measures of her vulgar guardian; and the king of men who loves her from the height of his throne with so glorious an ardor, though, until the very last, may be, with such a magnanimous mindfulness of the barrier between them. Yet, though these two and their love are thus highly romantic, they are linked with admirable skill to the commonplace beings around them; the latter are depicted with the light and accurate touch almost of a French society novel, the intensest situations appear unforced, and we believe implicitly even where we read with most emotion. We do not cease to believe, perhaps, though we pine to remonstrate, when the simple and stately movement of the story is broken near its end by the unpleasant and irrelevant episode of Miss Conroy, and we would by no means anticipate the sensation of those who have not yet read the book by hinting what it is upon the final page which occasions a revulsion of feeling and a sort of indignation as though one had been cheated out of a gem.

There is a certain kinship between this nameless writer's talent and that of the exuberant author of Kismet, but there is a balance, a restraint and repose about the new writer to which Miss Fletcher has not yet attained; and while of her we still hope for many more and always better and better things, we are more than half inclined to regard Signor Monaldini's Niece as the aloe flower of a self-centred and unambitious genius, which required many years for its maturing, and is not certain to be matched in as many more. The author is evidently a sincere Roman Catholic, yet sufficiently imbued with the independent spirit of young Italy to have no hesitation in making the one priest in her book, Father Paladino, a timid, time-serving, and unsatisfactory director.

Dr. Eggleston's Roxy[2] is hardly an agreeable book. The situation and scenery are too carefully studied and sincerely represented. Were it possible for a man to have offered him the choice of his place and epoch in the world, it is not to be supposed that any sane person would select a town in Southern Indiana at the date of the Tippecanoe campaign. The beginnings of civilization, like the beginnings of life itself, are strange and shapeless everywhere, and the first stages of its struggle with barbarism are inevitably blind and brutish, painful for a highly organized individual to witness, and gloomy to remember. Yet such things Dr. Eggleston saw in his youth, and in such participated. We are no less sure, after reading his vigorous, humorous, and (the theme considered) marvelously picturesque narrative, that he met them like

[1] *Signor Monaldini's Niece.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

[2] *Roxy.* By Edward Eggleston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

a man than that he afterward grasped them like a philosopher, and has now portrayed them like a genuine artist.

The book is appropriately named after the heroine, who is the centre of all its action, and on whom, as on his worthiest subject, the author has shed the strongest light and bestowed the most careful study. The remarkable character of Roxy Adams is not only clearly conceived, but thoroughly and admirably developed. She reminds one a little of Dinah Morris, but she is more human and adorable than the Methodist preacher. She is a veritable saint in unstinted good works and spiritual aspiration and self-mortification, but her courage is uncalculating and her temper quick and high, and under certain provocations terribly obstinate. She is capable of prostrate self-sacrifice, yet her personal pride is enormous, and there is that touch of the chivalric in her scorn and defiance of all things base for which it would be extremely gratifying to find distinct authority in the New Testament. She stands between the two men, each of whom loves her as well as he can love, — her husband, Mark, with his strong passions, vulgar ambitions, and conceited carnal piety, and her clergyman, sincere, conscientious, courageous in his way, but effeminate, — and she dwarfs both by her grandeur, even in the act of serving them. A pair of quotations will suffice to show how under all circumstances we are made to feel the elevation and magnanimity of her nature. It is thus that the minister Whittaker finds her when he makes his first call at her father's humble house:

"Roxy looked like a figure out of an ancient picture, as she sat there, with the high lights brought out by the soft illumination of the candle, and with her background of visible obscurity. Hers was not what you would call a handsome face, in the physical sense. There was no sensuous beauty of red lips and softly rounded cheeks. But it was indeed a very extraordinary face, full of passionate ideality, and with high enthusiasms shining through it. I have seen an emblematic face in an illuminated title to the Gospel of Matthew that was full of a quiet, heavenly joy, as though there were good tidings within, ever waiting to be told. This pure gladness there was in Roxy, as she looked up now and then from her knitting. It was such a face as a master would have loved to paint, and would have worshiped after he had painted it. So it seemed to Whittaker, as he sat on one side of the table, trying to guess which it was of all the saints he had seen in old prints that she was like. His eye took in the mantel-piece and the old clock in the corner, almost lost in the shadow, and though he was not an artist the sentiment of the picture moved him deeply. Like most men who have lived bookish lives, Whittaker thought it needful to adapt his speech to the feminine understanding. He began talking to Roxy of her father, her garden, her chickens, her friends; but to all of his remarks or inquiries upon these subjects Roxy answered half absently. The minister was puzzled by this, and while he debated what course was best the conversation flagged, and an awkward silence ensued which was presently broken by Roxy asking him what he thought of the experience of President Edwards's wife."

When Roxy went to her little chamber that night, she humbly recorded a "refreshing conversation" with the docile priest, and no better proof is needed that Dr. Eggleston has performed a rare feat of characterization than the fact that this scene and the very different one far on in the book, where Roxy, after the discovery of her husband's disgraceful intrigue with Nancy, shakes the dust of his dwelling from her feet, seem equally natural and necessary to the woman.

"Mark rode into his own gate with dread. Martha Ann [a servant who had followed her mistress] had not felt obliged to close the doors, so that the place had the air of being inhabited yet. He threw the bridle-reins over the hitching-post in front of the house and alighted. He went across the porch into the hall, through the sitting-room, into the parlor. The horrible foreboding that he was too late to make the con-

fession he should have made before gradually deepened into certainty. He hurried up-stairs, hoping that Roxy might be there. There was Roxy's apparel as she had left it. He opened the drawers; there were all the things he had ever given her. Her dresses hung in the old-fashioned clothes-press. He did not doubt that she had gone. But she had gone — Roxy-like — not meanly, but proudly. . . . Not an unnecessary shoe-latchet of his would she carry away. These things strewn about the room said plainly that, having loved her husband and not his possessions, she utterly rejected what was his when she cast him off. Mark cursed his own folly and wickedness. In his hour of desertion and loneliness he loved Roxy as he had never loved her before."

Mark is almost as good a study as Roxy, though so much less agreeable a subject; in fact every character in the tale is well and clearly discriminated. Much of the action goes on among deeply vulgar people, but while the author himself is never vulgar, he bestows his pains on baser as well as better folk with a respectful impartiality, which again recalls the earlier and less labored manner of George Eliot. And while Roxy is inferior to the Scenes from Clerical Life in intellectual grasp, it has more spontaneity, and gives the reader no such sense of intellectual effort.

One fault this clever novel has, however, into which the author of Silas Marner never fell while the poise of her powers was perfect, nor is even now like to fall. The book continues after it is done. How strange is the vanity or the fatality whereby so many authors fail to cut short their performances at the proper point! The poems may be reckoned by the score which are spoiled by the last three stanzas; the novels by the hundred, which are stultified by the last three chapters. The fact is the more exasperating, because it is only works of unusual merit which come within three verses or chapters of being exactly right. There is momentum, and, of necessity, force, in all things which rush past their proper goal, spreading confusion and catastrophe like that which blunts what might have been the fine ending of Roxy. The story should have closed with the adoption of Mark's illegitimate child by Roxy, and the reconciliation of husband and wife. Roxy's illness and supposed death, Mark's insanity, the steamboat explosion, are all superfluous and suicidal to the symmetry of the tale. They are the reintrusion of chaos into cosmos. "Let no man be called happy till his death," and let no author be called happy till his inebriated imagination is safely chained up, and his work removed where his own last touches cannot ruin it.

LIVING IN LONDON.

My search for lodgings in London ended in my fixing myself in Maddox Street, which runs from Regent Street near its upper end across New Bond Street. Here I had a parlor, bedroom, and dressing-room on the second floor; and, although they were not handsome, perhaps hardly cheerful, I was very comfortable. I did not mind it that my little sideboard, my sofa, and my chairs were old mahogany of the hideous fashion of George IV.'s day. They were respectable, and there was a keeping between them and the street into which I looked through chintz window-curtains that reminded me not unpleasantly of those that had hung over my mother's bed in my boyhood. They were much more grateful to my eye than those which formed the canopy of my bed,

which were heavy moreen of such undisturbed antiquity that they made the room somewhat stuffy. But I liked the old bedstead, which was a four-poster so high that I ascended to it by steps; and those also brought back my boyhood to me in the recollection of a dreadful fall which I had from just such a pair, which I had mounted to blow a feather into the air, in defiance of parental injunction. The low French bedstead long ago drove the four-poster out of American bedrooms, in the Northern cities at least; but the stately and, to uneasy sleepers, somewhat dangerous old night tents still hold their own, not only in London lodgings of the higher class, but in great country houses, where they have stood, many of them, for more than a century, some of them for more than two. English beds are, in the day-time, among the few things in England which I did not find pleasant to look upon. This is because of the fashion in which they are made up, which I found to be invariable. The coverlet is drawn up over the pillows; and the curtains, hanging from the canopy or pushed up to the head-posts, are then drawn across the upper part of the bed, one curtain being folded over the other. To an eye accustomed to the sight of white pillow-cases and of the upper sheet turned down over the coverlet, the effect of the English arrangement is gloomy, stuffy, and forbidding. But at night, when the maid has released and half drawn the curtains and turned down the coverlet, and has prepared everything for your night toilet, an English bed-chamber, even in lodgings, has a very attractive and sleep-provoking aspect. The bed, too, keeps the promise to the eye. English beds are delightful to sleep upon, and are something in feeling between a hair mattress and a well-stuffed feather bed, soft upon the surface yet firm beneath. I found all English beds so, even in hotels in small provincial towns.

The locality in which my rooms were had a little interest for me, and would have had more if I had been a woman, from the fact that they were within a few yards of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, where the marriages of which accounts are published in the London newspapers almost always take place. My fair readers I believe have wondered, some of them I know have wondered, why the Lady Arabella must always be married at St. George's. The reason is simply this: that St. George's is, or till lately has been, the westernmost parish of London, the "West End" parish, that which is nearest the quarter known as Belgravia or May-Fair. Now an Englishwoman of position is married, as a rule, at her parish church; if from her father's country-seat, at the little old stone building which has stood just outside the park perhaps for centuries; if in London, at St. George's, Hanover Square. The church is, however, not upon Hanover Square; not nearer it, indeed, than Grace Church is to Union Square, or than the "Old South" is to Boston Common. It has its designation, after the London fashion which I have mentioned before, because it is in the neighborhood of Hanover Square. The church itself is ugly enough, like most of the London churches built in the last century; but it is somewhat imposing from its large portico, over which is a handsome pediment supported by six Corinthian pillars. Inside, however, it is mean and frivolous, almost vulgar. It is remarkable that this portico stands out over the pavement or sidewalk, the steps rising abruptly from the edge of the road, so that pedestrians walking upon that side of the street must go into the road, or mount the steps and pass within the pillars as if they were going to church. The effect is somewhat that of a huge ecclesiastical trap set to catch wayfaring sinners.

When I took these lodgings, I was struck with another manifestation of that confidence which I have already mentioned. One day, as I passed through the street, I stopped and looked at the rooms, attracted by a neat little card in the lower window, announcing that there were apartments to be let. Three days afterward I came unannounced in a cab with my luggage, and, finding that the rooms were still unlet, said that I would take them for an indefinite time between

a fortnight and six weeks. I was made welcome, and my luggage was taken upstairs. I had not yet given even my name; but now I presented my card, the name on which I am sure my landlady had never seen before, and asked if I should pay a week in advance. The answer was, "Oh, no, we don't want that, sir." Inquiries were then made as to how I would like to be taken care of, at what hour I should breakfast, and so forth. For the rooms I paid a guinea and a half a week, exclusive of fire and candles. For breakfast, and for luncheon when I chose to take it there, I was to pay just the cost of what was furnished to me. I found the bills for these "extras" very moderate; and from the time when this arrangement was made I never saw my landlady, or heard the sound of her voice, or knew of her existence, except by her bill, which appeared, with every item carefully priced, weekly upon my breakfast table. I was expected to pay for every article that I asked for, no matter how trifling. An extra candle appeared in the bill; and I remarked, when the arrangement as to my occupation of the rooms was making, that Mrs. —— said, "As you won't dine at 'ome, you say, there 'll be no charge for kitchen fire." It seems that the cost of heat expended in making breakfast is counted in the room rent of London lodgings, but that for every dinner that may be served there is an extra charge for kitchen fire. I paid also for the washing of my bed-linen, towels, and napkins. My own clothes were sent out for me to the laundress, of whom I knew nothing but the wonderfully written bills on minute scraps of paper which came with the returned garments. The price of their lavation looked very small to me, as indeed it should have been if price bore any proportion to purification; for it seemed to me sometimes, when they came back, as if the smoke and dirt of London, which was upon them in streaks and patches when they were sent out, had been merely dissolved and diffused through them, and fixed in them by heat and starch. For once I sympathized heartily with that selfish snob, George Brummell, — the sufferance of whose impudent vulgarity by English gentlemen and gentlewomen was always a marvel to me, — in his insistence upon country washing. Was his charm a singularity in being clean in his person and neat in his dress? Country washing in England is as fine as can be; the clothes come to you as white as snow, and seeming to bring with them a suggestion of daisies and lavender. But London washing seems to be done in a dilution of grime; and how, indeed, could it be otherwise?

This homely subject leads me to remark upon the relief of the English housekeeper of middling rank from one great trial of her American sister in a corresponding condition of life. In no English household of a station above that in which washing is done as a means of livelihood is any washing done at all. The weekly wash which is the ever-recurring torment of most American housekeepers is unknown in England. Everything is sent out to a laundress. I think that the effect of this is one element of the greater serenity and repose of English life. Nor would English kitchens — and I saw not a few, in full operation, in houses of all grades — admit of the laundry work that is carried on in so many American kitchens where there is no separate laundry. The English kitchen in the houses of men of moderate means — for example, professional men and merchants not wealthy — is not half so large as that in corresponding American houses. A set of standing-tubs would more than half fill it. And that Moloch of the American kitchen, the great mass of heated iron known as a range, is almost unknown in England. The fire-places are comparatively small; the fire is open, and although there is the hob and the hot closet and the boiler, the whole affair is much less formidable than our range, which looks like an iron-clad gun-boat stranded upon the hearth-stone.

I dined, when not at the house of a friend, at restaurants of various grades. Eating and drinking is such serious business in England, and is taken so much to heart by everybody, that one expects

to find ample and worthy provision for it in the great capital. But although a stranger need not go hungry in London if he has money in his pocket, he is not sure of being able to breakfast, lunch, dine, or sup to his satisfaction, at short notice, if he is at all fastidious as to viands, cookery, or table service. There are eating-houses in great numbers and variety, at some of which you may fare sumptuously, and at many of which excellent cold beef and hot, tender chops may be had, with good beer, and even good wine; but of restaurants at which you may order from a copious bill of fare to your liking, there are very few. I did not find one that would compare favorably with half a dozen that I could name in New York, or with Parker's in Boston. At most of the London eating-houses of the first class there is a set dinner at set hours, or rather two or three set dinners of different grades, which are served at corresponding prices. The courses, few or many, are placed before you in due order, and the cooking is tolerably good; but you cannot travel out of the record; and as to coming in at your own hour and making up your own *menu*, the preparation of which begins while you are dallying with oysters and soup, that is almost out of the question. Of course, there is good reason for this; for it need hardly be said that London can and will have anything that it wants; and I find the reason in the habits of the people, who are prone to regularity of life, and as a rule have a liking for the simple and the solid, and are not inclined to be fanciful. Notwithstanding the introduction of French cookery and dinners *à la Russe* among the luxurious classes, the average Englishman, even if he can afford to be fanciful and luxurious, has a liking for his joint, and is satisfied with that if it is well cooked, juicy and large enough. Lord Palmerston used to tell his butler, when people were coming to dinner, to get what he pleased for the rest, but to be sure to have a good joint of roast mutton and an apple-pie for him, — and "Pam" was a typical Englishman. Moreover, the Englishman generally likes to eat his dinner at home, even if he is living at lodgings; if not at home, at his club; if neither at home nor at his club, then at some eating-house, where he goes regularly and takes the regular course of things, content if his dinner is plentiful, his wine sound and strong, and his cheese mild, but reserving the right to grumble, with good occasion or without. He is not inclined, like the Frenchman, to take his wife and children to a restaurant and make his dinner a work of art, more or less varied and rich in design and costliness, according to the condition of his purse or the festivousness of the occasion. Such, too, if I mistake not, were the habits and tastes of Yankees, until the Delmonicos introduced into New York, some thirty or forty years ago, I believe, the French restaurant system, which has gradually exercised a modifying influence upon habits of life in this respect throughout the country. It may be questioned whether, all circumstances and consequences being considered, this influence has been in every respect benign, even upon cookery.

The joint is still dominant upon the average English table. Its rule is visible, tangible, almost oppressive. It appears in various forms, even at breakfast. That greasy Juggernaut of many American breakfast tables, a hot beefsteak, or a beefsteak which is not hot, is almost unknown in England; at least, I had the pleasure of never seeing it, even at a hotel; but mighty cold sirloins, and legs of mutton, and hams, and birds in pies, and mysterious potted creatures weigh down the buffet at all the great hotels. Your eggs and bacon, your sole or your whiting, with your muffin kept hot by a bowl of hot water beneath the plate, are set before you upon your special table; but to yonder mountainous holocaust of cold heterogeneous flesh you may take your plate at pleasure, and carve for yourself, and cut and come again. In private houses the same arrangement obtains, but modified and gently tempered to more fastidious eyes and delicate appetites than are generally found in the coffee-room of a hotel.

In the windows of the middling restaurants, soon after midday, placards begin to appear, announcing in large letters, "A Hot Joint at 2 o'clock," and a like announcement is repeated at intervals of an hour or thereabout. It seemed to me as if there was a degree of solemnity about this, and I am sure that the word joint in reference to the table is uttered with a notable unctuousness and emphasis by the average Englishman.

At a restaurant of high class just out of Regent Street, at which I dined twice, the worship of the joint was impressively brought home to me. The room was a handsome one, and the service rich, almost elegant; the diners seemed to be all of such a condition in life as one would expect to find in such a place. In due time I was asked whether I would have roast beef or roast mutton. I chose mutton, of course. Whereupon my waiter disappeared, and presently returned, slowly followed by a man clothed in a white garment and with a white cap upon his head. In one hand he bore a huge blade that looked like a sabre, in the other what seemed to be some pronged instrument of torture. Behind him came an assistant who pushed forward on rollers a small staging of dark wood, which was solemnly set before me. I looked in amazement, but not with apprehension; for was I not in the land of Magna Charta, and trial by jury, and the Bill of Rights? It was in truth not a block, and the man in the white cap was not a headsman who had come to take my head, although upon the seeming block was a charger large enough to have held that of John the Baptist if he had been as big as Goliath of Gath. But it was already occupied by a huge roast saddle of mutton, and the man in white was only the carver. The blade gleamed in the air and descended upon the joint, and the only result of this solemnity was that there lay upon my plate a large slice of mutton so delicious that the eating of it marks an era in my gastronomic life. I shall date my dinners back and forth from the day when I ate that mutton.

In no other eating-house that I remember was there so formal and elaborate a *cultus* of the joint as this, which I found was peculiar to the house where I saw it. But in all others, and particularly in those of a somewhat lower grade, I observed that the joint was spoken of with a certain deference and unction, much as, for example, when it was said that Mr. Blank was particularly engaged; "Lord Soandso was with him." The manager of the place where the joint was solemnly sacrificed to the god of Philistia had but finely apprehended and boldly conformed to the spirit of the public, one of whose priests he was. His carving performance was a little above and yet closely akin to that of the grill-rooms, the attraction of which is that your chop, or your kidney, or your steak, is broiled before your eyes. You may pick out your chop, if you like to do so, see it put upon the gridiron, and stand by while it steams and smokes and hisses and sputters before you, and, hastening to your table, send it steaming, smoking, hissing, and sputtering down your throat. The smell of cooking is one of the sensuous miseries of life; and the sight of a gashed and dismembered joint, with its severed tendons and fibres, its gory gravy, and the sickening smell of its greasy vapor, is, it would seem, what any man not a Fijian of the old school would gladly avoid. But in England, eating, with us a necessity, with the French an art, is a religion, and the joint is, like some other fetiches, at once god and sacrifice. The devouring of hot, red, half-roasted flesh is high among the duties and the beatitudes.

I said that when asked to choose between beef and mutton of course I chose mutton, and that I was richly rewarded for my preference. Much as English mutton has been praised, not half enough, so far as I know, has been said of its excellence. As to the roast beef of Old England, it is good enough, but although I suppose that I had opportunities of eating the best that could be had, I found it no better in flavor or in fibre than that to which I had been accustomed. On the whole, I think that although we have nothing better, one is rather more

sure of getting very good beef here than there. I found the beefsteaks decidedly inferior to ours. But with English mutton eaten in England there is none to be compared. Canada mutton, and even English eaten here, is inferior in every respect. I had such a distaste for mutton, particularly when roasted, that I had often said, to the discomfiture of the domestic powers, that I should be glad never to see it again upon the table; but in England I ate it always when I could obtain it. There it was mutton which was mutton, and yet was not muttony. For tenderness, juiciness, and flavor, it was beyond praise. It was merely to be eaten with thankfulness.

To return to my lodgings: for my comfort in them I was chiefly, and indeed it seemed almost entirely, dependent upon a maid-servant who took care of them and of me, and who was always ready when I touched my bell. Emma — for that was her name — was a typical specimen of her class. I have said that the prettiest women I saw in England were, with few exceptions, among the chamber-maids and the bar-maids; and Emma's fine figure, bright eyes, and ever pleasant and respectful manner of course enhanced the agreeable effect of her careful and thoughtful service. They even caused me to be somewhat disturbed by the consciousness of the fact that she cleaned the shoes which she brought with my hot water in the morning. I did not quite like to feel that a woman, and a pretty young woman, performed that service for me.

The freedom, innocent and unconscious, of the English chamber-maid was also a surprise to me. When at the house of a friend, in one of the suburbs of London, just after my arrival, I was awakened by a slight tap at the door, and a rosy, blue-eyed, fair-haired young woman, of that type of English beauty which is not too often seen in England, walked into my bedroom with a can of hot water. I was startled, although I did not find the shock at all unpleasant. She set out my "tub" and my rough towels, and disappeared with a pleasant "Good morning, sir." One reason for this agreeable ceremony is that bath-rooms are very rare in English houses; and in households in which men-servants are not kept, the maid-servants perform all such offices. For that a "gentleman" should do anything for himself, even in the preparation for his own toilet, is not to be thought of, except in some great emergency.

The care with which one is looked after by these good creatures — and they seemed to me to be the perfection of good nature and of thoughtful kindliness, and made me wish that I had sovereigns to give them instead of shillings — was illustrated to me on my return to my lodgings from my first dining out. It was after midnight when I came in. In the passage below stood a lighted candle, and against it leaned something, I forget now what, which showed that it was meant for me. I found the door of my sitting-room wide open, with a chair set against it to keep it so; for, like all the other doors in my rooms, it was hung upon beveled hinges, which caused it to shut gently of itself. Upon the table directly in front of the door stood two candles unlit; between them were the letters and cards that had been left for me during the evening. The door between my sitting-room and bedroom was also wide open, and was stayed back, as also was that of my dressing-room. In both bedroom and dressing-room everything was prepared for my night toilet, even to the laying out of my night-shirt "in a wow" upon the bed, like Dundreary's dozen. This careful setting open of all the doors did indeed suggest to me a suspicion on Emma's part of the condition in which I might possibly return from dinner; but that I readily forgave her for the forethought. Briefly, there was nothing that I could wish or reasonably expect to have done for my comfort that this good girl did not do for me, generally without my asking it. After I had been in my rooms a day or two, she seemed to understand me, and to know what I should like, and to set herself to making my stay as pleasant as possible. And like most of her class that I saw, she added to her ministra-

tions the grace of cheerfulness, while at the same time, although she was not without the capacity of enjoying a little complimentary chaff, her manner was perfectly modest and proper, mingling respect for herself and for me with an ease of manner very uncommon in the Hibernian maid-servant of America.

She illustrated to me one day a superstition which had quite faded out of my memory. I had asked for a fire, which she laid and lit, but which, owing to some ill condition of the air, smoldered in blackness. I went into my bedroom for a minute, and, returning, found the open tongs laid over the top of the coals, and Emma standing over the grate watching it intently. "What is that for?" I asked, pointing to the tongs. "To draw up the fire, thir," replied the girl, who added a little lisp to the charm of her soft English voice; and then I remembered that I had read of this superstition, but I did not suppose that it still held its own in England, and that I should ever see it acted upon in simple good faith. But the blaze came up, and the girl lifted off the tongs with a little look of triumph at my face, which I suppose showed some of the amusement and the doubt I meant to conceal.

With all their respectfulness and deference, English servants and people in humble life indulge in a freedom of speech of which democracy has unfortunately deprived us. I made purchases from day to day; they were greater in number and in bulk than in value, and one day, being a little annoyed by the clutter which they made upon my table and sofa, when Emma brought in an addition to it which had just come home, I cried out against them. "And yet they keepth a-comin', thir," said the girl, as she turned to go out. Another time, being very much vexed at a mistake that I had made, I exclaimed, "I do sometimes think that I act like a born fool!" "I thuppoth tho, thir," demurely said Emma, who entered from my bedroom just as I spoke. I looked at her a moment, and we both laughed, — I heartily, she shyly and blushing. And yet in all this there was not the slightest lack of respect; she never forgot her place, and I could not but think in regard to her, as I thought in regard to others in like condition, how much better this freedom of intercourse was, how much more human, than an absolute interdiction of all communion between the server and the served, and how much it might do to smooth and sweeten life for both.

I was witness to a scene of freedom between the server and the served in which the conditions and the sexes were reversed. One morning I went to take an early walk in Hyde Park. It was not later than nine o'clock, which for London, and particularly for that end of London, is very early. And indeed, as I walked at my will through path, or over lawn, beneath great trees, with that perfect freedom the consciousness, or rather the unconscious possession, of which adds so much to the charms of an English park, the rays of the sun slanting through a golden mist, the cool freshness of the turf, and a moisture yet upon the leaves made the landscape seem like one seen soon after dawn in an American summer. I had crossed the Serpentine, and was walking slowly along the footpath by the side of the road, when I saw coming towards me a young lady on horseback. She was riding alone, but at the usual distance behind her I saw her groom. Till then I had found the park as deserted as if it were midnight; and now I and the two distant riders were the only living things in sight; and sound there was none except a gentle murmur faintly coming from the town, as it slowly wakened into life. The riders walked their horses, and as we gradually approached each other I saw that my horsewoman was a large, fair girl, some twenty years of age. She rode a handsome bright bay, remarkably tall and powerful, as indeed the horse that carried her had need to be; for she herself was notably tall, and her figure was full to the utmost amplitude of outline consistent with beauty. Plainly neither she nor the groom saw me, and as I wished to have a good look at her without seeming rude, I withdrew myself into a position which enabled me to do

so, as she passed within a few yards of me. Her face was not beautiful, and pretty would have been too small a word to apply to it in any case, but she certainly was a fine, handsome girl; her face breathed health and sweetness and good nature; she was very fair, with glowing cheeks, and teeth that made me thank her for smiling as she passed. She wore a blue riding-habit that fitted very close, and of course a chimney-pot hat. As she drew near to me, I saw that the groom gradually shortened the distance between them, and spoke to her, he speaking first. She answered, and they began to talk, he bringing his horse step by step nearer hers. Looking at him attentively, I found him one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. He was tall, and strongly although sparely built, with fair skin, dark hair and whiskers, steel-gray eyes, and a firm yet persuasive-looking mouth. He was in complete groom's costume, top-boots, livery-buttons, and striped waistcoat, but these did not seem able to subdue a certain distinction in his bearing. Perhaps, however, he was only a fine, handsome animal, and would have been vulgarized by being put into a dress-coat and a white neck-tie, — that crucial test of a man's ability to look like a gentleman. Nearer and nearer he came to his young mistress, closer and closer his horse sidled up to hers, till when they had just passed me he was only about a head behind her, — just enough to say behind. He spoke earnestly now, leaning over toward her from his saddle; and she did not lean the other way, but turned her head slightly, and looked down with a sidelong glance upon the ground. I could hear her voice as well as his, and although I was not able to distinguish the words of either, and the sounds became fainter with the slow stepping of their horses, I felt somewhat ashamed of my position. And yet the place was public, and I had expected only to see an English lady ride past me. Gradually I lost the sound of their voices, but I still saw the groom leaning toward her and her head not turned away from him. At length it seemed as if their saddle-girths must touch, and I almost expected to see him put his arm around her, as she sat there, except for the blue woolen surface, Lady Godiva from the saddle up. But he was discreet, and merely held his place; the blue outlines of her noble figure became indistinct, the great gleaming knot of her golden hair waned and faded in the distance, and they rode out of my sight, leaving me to wonder what might come of all this.

Another of my early walks was to Covent Garden market, where I went soon after sunrise to see the early traffic. Covent Garden, with an adherence to the signification of its name, is a market for flowers and vegetables only. It is not much frequented by private purchasers, but is the place where dealers, green-grocers and coster-mongers, supply themselves. Half London gets its supply of garden stuff from Covent Garden. I found little peculiar in the place, except its size and the filling of this vast expanse with vegetable produce. I arrived in the height of the early business. All around the place were the little carts of the little dealers, waiting to be filled, or just filled and hurried off at that break-neck pace with which such people think it necessary to drive as well in London as in New York. Even the donkey-carts went off with rapidity. The number of these was amazing and amusing. I never saw so many donkeys on four legs before, nor shall I ever see so many again. There were ears enough there to have stretched in a straight line through London. The hurry and bustle was bewildering. Every dealer seemed to think that his fortune for the day depended upon his making his purchases and getting off with his load five minutes before his neighbor. But in the midst of all, here and there auctions went on, — Dutch auctions, as they were called. For it has long been the strange custom to sell vegetables and flowers every morning by auction at Covent Garden; but the sale is called an auction because the offered price does *not* increase, but diminish. The things are put up at a certain price, which is grad-

ually lowered by the crier, until they are taken at the rate named. When this so-called Dutch form of auction came in I did not learn. The vegetables were much what may be found in American markets, but seemed fresher, perhaps because I saw them earlier in the morning than it is my wont to see anything. I took note of no novelty except the vegetable marrow, that fruit of the soil which Mrs. Nickleby's admirer cast at her feet. On eating this vegetable, I thought it most ill adapted to the expression of an ardent passion, in which it might yield to the pretensions of a pumpkin. It looks like a long, smooth squash, and, even when it passes through the hands of a skillful cook, it tastes like squash and water. The fruit at Covent Garden, some of it, was fine and fair to the eye; but in this respect I found in England much to be desired. I shall not say with Hawthorne that I never tasted anything there that had half the flavor of a New England turnip; but, excepting grapes, I found the taste even of wall fruit and hot-house fruit comparatively tame. Apples were small and tough; pears, mostly from France, were better, but still inferior; peaches were often fair to the eye, yet at best rather greenish in tint, but within always an almost tasteless, watery pulp. Indeed, the climate of England is not well adapted to the growth either of fruit or of grain. For both there seems to be required a drier and longer continued heat than her skies afford. The hot-house supplies this in part for fruit, but only in part, except, I am told, as to the strawberry; but that I did not eat; it was not in season. The melons, even those which came from Spain, were poor, flashy things, far past the help even of pepper and salt. Yet it is poor melon the flavor of which is not spoiled by condiments. As to grain, it remains to be proved, and will probably erelong be tested, whether England might not better abandon its culture, and depend, for wheat at least, upon other countries. To this end come the corn laws.

It is not very far from Covent Garden to Seven Dials. This place is so called from the fact that by the meeting of seven streets seven corners are formed, at each of which there was once, it is said, a dial. This place has a reputation like that of Five Points in New York; and it is remarkable that the meeting of many streets should in both cities have been followed by a degradation of the neighborhood. But Seven Dials, although I found that it richly deserved the ill odor in which it stands, is not, as Five Points is, or was, the lowest and most wretched part of the town. There are neighborhoods in London which are to Seven Dials as Seven Dials is to May-Fair. These are regions which stretch away to the east and north from the city proper. They are a city in themselves. The formation of a nest of slums one can understand; but it was inconceivable to me how this vast area of wretchedness and vice, and of moral and physical filth and gloom, could have been formed in a civilized country. I went into the innermost recesses of it, into quarters which I found few London men knew of, and where I was warned by those who did know them not to go, for the danger of it. But although remarked and gazed at, I was not molested; and although I had nothing with me for self-protection but an umbrella, I came out unharmed. Indeed, I have found that a man may go almost anywhere and among almost any people, if he will only behave to them as if he neither fears nor hates them; and the only way of doing that is neither to fear nor to hate. I found here nothing to provoke hate, nothing ludicrous, nothing amusing. The sadness of it weighed heavily upon my spirit. The houses were high and without any character whatever; plain brick walls, lead-colored for the most part, and pierced with modern windows. Indeed, all this part of London is quite modern. In one little court, however, that I penetrated running out of Whitecross Street, (a street named twice by Defoe in his History of the Plague in London, once as the street in which a shop-keeper lived who was summoned to the closed door of his deserted shop to pay money, and who, with death in his face, told the

messenger to stop at Cripplegate church and bid them ring the passing bell for him, and died that day; next as the scene of the burning to death of a plague-stricken citizen in his bed, and, as it was supposed, by his own hand), I found a remnant of the old city, a relic of the great fire which so closely followed the great plague more than two hundred years ago. It was the rounded corner of an old peaked-roof stone or plaster house, only two stories high, which had escaped the burning, and although not more than about twenty feet square of it had been left, this had characteristically been preserved, and was built into the modern building. From the quaint windows of this ancient habitation two girls, not more than twelve or thirteen years old, but with pallid faces and a hideous leer, began to chaff me as I stood in the little court. I felt that to be the most dangerous place that I had ever been in, although I had walked under the walls in Havana more than twenty years ago; and I turned away and got out of it as soon as possible, but went leisurely, and nodded good-by to the girls.

And in these streets there were shops, although of what forlornness of aspect who can tell! But they told that even these people buy and sell and get gain, and live upon each other. It would seem that they must live altogether by thieving and burglary. One business was a strange one to me. Cooked food was sold at stands, at not very remote distances from each other. A board or two was stretched across two trestles or two barrels, and on this were a few potatoes, bits of bacon, and other viands. I saw no one eating, at which I did not wonder. There might have been much of interest to be learned from the people in these houses, but upon that I could hardly venture; externally, they but oppressed me by the seemingly endless sameness of their dull and formless misery.

The mention of the great fire reminds me that one day I passed the place where it was stayed. This is Pye Corner, and the fact is recorded in a little inscription on one of the houses. It had an interest to me beyond that of the event thus announced; for Pye Corner is the place where Mrs. Quickly tells us that Falstaff came continuantly to buy a saddle. Most unexpectedly I came upon this memorial of the old London of Elizabeth's and Henry V.'s days; and I confess that by the help of Mrs. Quickly I felt myself nearer to Shakespeare there than when I stood in his father's cottage in Stratford, or looked upon his signature in the British Museum.

The scene of Falstaff's continuant shopping for a saddle is also celebrated by Defoe, who tells us, in his History of the Devil, that the fact that Satan had a cloven foot is certified by "that learned familiarist Mother Hazel, whose writings are to be found at the famous library at Pye Corner." Did the circulating library spring up at Pye Corner to flower into Mudie?

What proportion of intelligent Londoners know that there is such a place as Pye Corner, and such a street as Whitecross Street, I shall not undertake to say; but I think that the number must be very, very small. And apart from the general ignorance about places of interest, but not of celebrity, which is not peculiar to Londoners, I was much impressed by the Englishman's ignorance of everything that did not concern him, if it were a little out of his daily beat, even if it were daily before his eyes. I was walking, one day, with an elderly London friend through precincts where he told me he had passed his boyhood and his youth. Going from one charmingly secret and mysterious court to another, as much in private, it would seem, as if we were going through a succession of back yards, I saw just on one hand a great gate-way with square posts surmounted with balls; it must have been twelve feet high. I asked my friend what it was. He hesitated a moment, and then said, smiling, "Indeed, I don't know. Strange to say, although I 've seen it all my life, I never did know." Just then another elderly gentleman came out of some hidden by-way to worm himself into another, and my friend exclaimed, "Oh, here 's A——! He 'll tell us; he 's

lived near here all his life." But A—— knew no more about the gate-way than my friend did himself, and they were not such Philistines but that they laughed at each other for their common ignorance.

Not only did I find this sort of ignorance, but actual ignorance of their own neighborhoods, of the principal streets, great thoroughfares, and public places. The very cabmen were not to be trusted; and I had to set one right when I had been in London only a fortnight. I found that it was much better to trust to my own general knowledge, and to my feeling for form and distance, than to ask direction from any one but a policeman. They were always right, always attentive, always civil. Before I left London I came to look upon every policeman that I met as a personal friend.

I was lost but once, and that was after midnight, and because, instead of trusting to my own instincts, I was misled and misdirected. I was on my way home from dinner at a suburban house (it was the occasion when Emma set all the doors open for me), and found myself set down, or turned out, at the Victoria Station about twelve o'clock. I had been there only once before, but I wanted the walk home; and, confident in my ability to go back over any road by which I had passed one way, I called no cab, and set out to walk to my lodgings by way of St. James's Park, St. James's Street, and Regent Street. To my surprise, as I was turning into the street leading, as I thought, to Buckingham Palace Road, I saw all the cabs going my way turn off at another street. I waited a few moments, and, seeing that they all went that way, I inferred that I had at last gone wrong, and I followed the lead of the cabs. I had not gone a hundred yards before I thought that I must be astray. That was not the street I had come through before; everything was strange to me. But I reflected that the night was very dark, and I kept on for a while, the impression of strangeness and of lengthening distance still increasing on me. The cabs were out of sight and out of hearing long ago. Just as I was about stopping to reconsider my ways, I saw a young man — a gentleman he seemed — come out of a house just ahead of me. When we met I asked him if this was the way to St. James's Park. "Oh, yes," he kindly replied, "quite so, quite so. You 'll keep on for about off a mile, and then go straight through it." The distance, half a mile in addition to what I had walked, struck me as too great, and I asked if he was sure, and mentioned again that it was St. James's Park I wanted. "Oh, yes," he replied, "quite sure, quite so, quite so." I thanked him, and walked on. But at every step I was more and more impressed by the feeling that I had not been driven through that street on my way to the station, and after walking full "off a mile" I saw no sign of the park, or of anything of its surroundings. I did, however, see a policeman, and glad I was of the sight. To my inquiry how far it was to St. James's Park, he replied, "Why, bless your art, sir, I dun know ow far it may be the way you 're goin'. You 're a-walkin' halmost right away from it. You must turn back for near a mile," etc. In a word, I was to go back to where I had first turned off. I started, but before I got there along came a belated cab, which, thinking I had had walk enough for that night, I hailed and took. It was well that I did so. My cabman astonished me by the route *he* took; so much so that I turned and called to him, "Maddox Street, Maddox Street!" "All right, sir," he answered, and on he drove, up and down, through ways unknown to me. At last I recognized my street through the darkness, and was set down at my own door. "Why did n't you come by Buckingham Palace Road?" I asked. "It 's much shorter." "I knows it, sir. *Hof* course. But the pok was shut up this afternoon, sir; mendin' the road, sir." And this was the reason that the cabs had turned off into another street, to my misleading.

Another little experience of this kind amused me and made me wonder. A gentleman had asked me to his house on Sunday morning. He lived in Knightsbridge, and was an author of high re-

pute, — a very distinguished author. I had never been to Knightsbridge; did not even know where it was; but I found out that it was to be reached through Piccadilly, and I set out to walk there. I had come, I was sure, pretty near to the place, and I thought that I would ask to be directed to this gentleman's house; less that I felt in need of direction, than for the sake of trying an experiment; for the ignorance of these London people about London had become a matter of observation to me, and of amusement. I looked about and saw a gentleman descending the steps of a very handsome house near Albert Gate, Hyde Park. I went to him and asked if he could tell me where my friend lived, mentioning the celebrated name, of course, and adding that I was sure it was very near there. The gentleman was not only polite, but kind, as I always found people in England; but he hemmed and hawed, and said he ought to know, yet at last was obliged to confess that he did n't. "But come," he said, "we 'll find somebody to tell you. Here 's a crossing-sweeper; he 'll be sure to know, if it 's near by." But the old sweeper was as ignorant as the gentleman, and touched his hat and looked at us with a lack-lustre eye. I had a delightful inward smile, said good morning, and in less than three minutes I was at Charles Reade's door, which was not much more than a hundred yards off, and in five minutes more I was sitting with him in a pleasant parlor (not a drawing-room) before a sea-coal fire, talking fiddle, — a subject which he understands better and warms up about more than any other except one; and what that is no woman need be told who has read his novels, from Peg Woffington down to The Cloister and the Hearth, and onward through the brilliant list. I wish to write of things, not persons, but I may say that I found Charles Reade far more attractive than authors generally are. He is tall, distinguished in person and in manner, yet easy and simple in speech and bearing, with no more vanity than he has the right to have (and this I mention only because he is credited with more); and as to his companionableness, I only wished for greater opportunity of testing it. I did not tell him that his near neighbors did not know where he lived; but I wish that I had done so, for the sake of the hearty laugh that we should have had together.

Richard Grant White.

THE BURIAL OF THE POET.

In the old churchyard of his native town,
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,
And left him to his rest and his renown.
The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down
White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall; —
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call
His name, as worthy of so white a crown.
And now the moon is shining on the scene,
And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er
With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,
As once the winding-sheet of Saladin
With chapters of the Koran; but ah! more
Mysterious and triumphant signs are these!

Henry W. Longfellow.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

NOTWITHSTANDING Professor Tyler's investment of the colonial period of American literature with the fascination of romance, it is only the master of quaint materials who can make it interesting to the general reader. It was not until this century had been well begun that any piece of writing was produced which could be said to make its mark in imaginative literature. Nearly all the men who first gave tone and nationality to our literature were born in the last part of the last quarter of the last century, and had begun to make their mark before 1825. Salmagundi and Irving's Knickerbocker led the way; the Monthly Anthology stood for New England culture; Buckminster's discourses had made a wonderful impression; Moses Stuart had begun his Hebrew Grammar; Edward Robinson was thinking of his Biblical Researches; Buckingham and Stone were raising the standard of journalism; Silliman was investing scientific study with the charm of his discursive genius; Allston had just returned from Europe, fresh from English studios and from Coleridge's home at Highgate; George Ticknor had given an impulse to letters by his lectures at Harvard College on modern literature; Timothy Dwight had shown what a man of universal acquirements could do as a college president; Edward Everett had begun his work at Cambridge and in the North American Review; Halleck had published his Fanny; Drake was musing airy nothings for the fantasy of The Culprit Fay; Cooper was initiating a new school of fiction; Channing was just entering upon his great controversy; James Hillhouse had produced The Judgment; Percival was writing fugitive poems in his happiest vein; in England, Wordsworth and Coleridge were founding a new school of poetry and philosophy; Goethe and Schiller were making German literature famous by their writings; Dr. Marsh was introducing the study of Coleridge in this country; and in every branch of letters and of thought the lines were being laid by which what is distinctively American in literature, philosophy, politics, and theology has been developed. It was the day before Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, and Whittier had begun their work; even Bryant had hardly entered upon his career, and Allston was best known by The Sylphs of the Seasons.

It was in this company that Richard Henry Dana grew up to leadership. It was the day of ventures the world over; with us it was the day of venturous beginnings. In 1821 Dana began the occasional publication of The Idle Man, as Percival, about the same time, began the occasional pamphlet called Clio; but even earlier than this he had made his mark with vigorous critical articles in the North American Review. Bryant and Allston assisted him with their poems, and an intimacy began between these three which may be called the most touching friendship yet known in American letters. It was the day when authors wrote because they must, and thought themselves well off if they were not obliged to pay the expenses of publication.

In Dana's case it was the push of genius which impelled him to authorship. He was the first to discover the merit of the author of Thanatopsis, and no one saw more clearly than he the elements which were to control the higher departments of thought during the century. He welcomed Coleridge when only one beside himself among American scholars, President Marsh, of Vermont, had discovered his merits. He first stood up for Wordsworth in America; he shared with George Ticknor the merit of turning the tide of American literary life away from the artificial school of Pope, and made himself so unpopular in his efforts to break up the clannishness of the Cambridge culture of that

day that when his cousin, Edward Tyrrel Channing, retired from the editorship of the North American he was too unpopular to succeed him in that position. But it was this very independence of contemporary opinion, so marked a feature of his prose writings, that enabled him to be true to himself. He had the prophetic instinct in letters. If, as has been thought, he is more of a critic than a poet, he is still a critic who interprets his author through a sympathetic, powerful imagination, and his prose is often the best kind of imaginative writing. The merit of Thanatopsis was so akin to his own intuitions of what is true in nature and experience that it bound him to Bryant for life, and the discovery of the same poetic and artistic instinct in Allston was the secret of their intimacy. Through half a century the attraction of Dana's work in poetry and in prose has brought to his home nearly every foreign or native author or eminent person who has visited Boston, and, much as he shrank from the visits of literary idlers, the persons who sought him with honest purpose never left the quiet home in Chestnut Street without feeling affection and reverence for the remarkable man who dwelt within it. Every one felt that he must see Dana if he were to trace American literature to its leading mind. It was seen and felt even by his own contemporaries that he held this place. Percival, shy and sensitive, found in the home of Dana not less than in that of Ticknor the appreciation which he craved; Charles Brockden Brown found him the true interpreter of his genius; he was the one man in America who saw what was in Edmund Kean; he introduced the criticism of Shakespeare which is now universal, and never grew tired of quoting and interpreting him; men old and gray to-day say that he discovered Shakespeare to them. One by one, the very people who once turned against him came to honor the man who had broadened American culture; and the things for which he stood firm fifty years ago — the return to nature, the spiritual philosophy of Coleridge, the sympathetic interpretation of life and thought, the masculine elements in English style, the breadth and truthfulness of culture — have now become the common property of the generation that has followed him to his grave. The career is unique; the position in American letters is secure; as time dwarfs the men of that age, he stands out more and more clearly as the prophet of the new day.

It is the simplest justice to his memory that his literary position should be understood at the start, but it is not easy to understand why he ceased to be an author without entering a little into his family and personal history. The Dana family draws its blood from the best stock in New England, and has been distinguished for over two centuries in our history. Richard Henry Dana's father was the first minister to Russia, John Quincy Adams acting as his private secretary, and is well remembered as Chief-Justice Dana. He resided in Cambridge, and owned nearly the whole of the tract of land between the University grounds and the Charles River. In those days it was believed that the mouth of the Charles would be the port of Boston. In accordance with this conviction, immense sums of money were spent upon docks and wharves and other improvements to render the land more available for business purposes. The chief-justice lived to inaugurate these plans, but they were for the most part developed by his children. The property involved is now valued at some fifty millions of dollars. When it was too late, it was discovered that commercial interests were taking a different direction, and the rapid depreciation of the estate, with the cost of improvements along the water-line, greatly impaired the family fortunes. It was believed in those virtuous days that if people failed they were not honorably discharged until they had returned dollar for dollar. This was the feeling with the children of the elder Dana. They surrendered their property; a brother returned from his studies abroad; horses and carriages were sold; valuable lands were turned into cash at forced sales; and every claim of honor

and justice was fully met and satisfied. Although the property of the family was somewhat impaired, the brothers and sisters were still in good circumstances, as in fact they always were, and united their homes in one, which was entirely agreeable to the wonderful strength of their affection for one another. Richard Henry, however, was not satisfied to be without a profession, and chose the law, — a profession for which he found himself unfitted by his extreme sensitiveness and enfeebled constitution. Foreign travel was beyond him, and there was little to spare for the indulgence of his private tastes. He would have been graduated from Harvard University in 1808 had it not been that he was one of the insurgents in what is known as the Rotten Cabbage Rebellion, which resulted in the expulsion of all the members of his class who refused to say that they were properly fed at the college commons. Dana was not the youth to refuse to stand by his convictions, and never got his college diploma till within the last eight years of his life, when the university which had long ago honored itself by making him an LL. D. performed its tardy duty of conferring upon him his bachelor's degree. He shrank from the law soon after he passed from its study to its practice, and virtually remained a private gentleman all his life; but his original mind found expression in prose and poetry, and before his fortieth year had passed he had written what Christopher North, in 1835, pronounced "by far the most powerful and original of American poetical compositions." The Idle Man found few readers and fewer purchasers, and when his publisher came to him after the issue of the last number and asked for a hundred dollars to balance the accounts, Dana felt that he had no further right to indulge his literary tastes at the expense of the comfort of his family. He had symptoms of apoplexy in his thirtieth year which caused him to be careful of himself, and his health, never firm in earlier life, was greatly broken for many years. It was these causes combined which withdrew this remarkable man from both professional and literary life, and when he had once abandoned writing as a vocation and had no stimulant to use his pen for the pleasure of it, there was little to call out his very rare abilities in the more ambitious forms of literary production. When his poems and prose writings first appeared in 1833, his pen was no longer used for print. It is to this date, however, that his lectures on Shakespeare, said to contain the freshest criticism then known in America, and to have anticipated by at least a quarter of a century the best criticism of our own time, are to be referred.

Yet, if Dana's active literary career ended half a century ago, he did not cease to have an important influence upon American literature and upon the men who have been most engaged in shaping its future. His intimacy with Bryant dated back to their early manhood, and letters between them, covering every interest, political, literary, social, passed to and fro for the last sixty years. He revered and loved Bryant, and nothing pleased him better than to repeat The Future Life and The Conqueror's Grave and dwell upon the beauties of separate lines and particular words or images, as he walked up and down the wild coast of his sea-side home. If ever this correspondence is given to the public, it is truth to say that it will be the most interesting American literary correspondence of the century, a likeness of the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller, and yet as purely American as that is thoroughly German and national. Even more intimate, and longer by far in years, was his friendship with Washington Allston. It was Allston who was married to his sister; who had precious letters from Coleridge; who had heard the great transcendentalist tell ghost stories by the hour; who had actually seen Wordsworth, Lamb, Hazlitt, and others; whose words had sunk deepest into his soul; who was doing with his brush, and even with his pen, the work that Dana most loved. The sympathy between them was boundless, and when Allston died suddenly, in 1843, he felt that he had lost his dearest friend.

He could never afterward pronounce his name without an accent of tenderness, and always liked to have his pictures near him. It was one of his strongly expressed wishes that those of Allston's pictures now in the Art Museum, with other unfinished pictures like Belshazzar's Feast and Jason and the Golden Fleece, might be placed in a room by themselves, so that artists might have the full benefit of all that Allston had done as a painter; and when Mr. Edward A. Brackett, then a young sculptor, cut in marble the bust of Allston, and Dana saw it for the first time, he was deeply moved. He took his seat before it, and, after a long and reverent gaze, said, with infinite tenderness of manner, "Ah, he makes us all look down." In the sculptor and in his brother, Mr. Walter M. Brackett, the portrait painter, as well as in other young artists, he took a kindly and personal interest.

For Dana to write the life of Allston was most natural. He collected the materials and began the manuscript, but his very love for his friend disabled him; the precious story was beyond his power to tell; he could not hope to realize to the world what Allston had been to him. Allston's letters from Coleridge he was never tired of reading, and Allston's life was ever after enfolded in the sacred memories of his own.

The interest in Dana's later years centres about his home. While still a young man he was married to a woman of wonderful beauty, "a bit of sunshine," whose sweetness and charm still linger like remembered music in the traditions of the family. She was called away after she had borne to him three children, — Richard Henry, Ruth Charlotte, and Edmund Trowbridge. His sisters, with whom he had lived on terms of the closest intimacy, Martha Remington, Elizabeth Ellery, and Sarah, took their brother to their own home in Cambridge after the death of Mrs. Dana, and cared for his children with peculiar tenderness. No man more exemplified the words of Scripture, "I dwell among mine own people." And this was not changed in all the generations through which he lived. I am told that when he decided to come into Boston, he could not bear to have his sisters away from him, and their affectionate intercourse was not broken until he found himself the sole survivor.

The affection for him in his own home controlled the servants, and extended even to animals. He made them love him. A waif among dogs which came to his door, and which the old man refused to have turned away, watched by his bedside in his last days, caressing him in the animal's dumb way, and seeming to take in the whole meaning of the scene. The strength of this affection was its charm, and it reached, though he had few intimates, to those who knew him best beyond the family circle. These friends were always welcome at his home, and he could never see too much of them.

In the early period of his acquaintance with the Brackett brothers, when their studios were on the same floor, he found much pleasure in watching their work. One summer, before the home at Manchester was purchased, Dana and Bryant spent the season at Pigeon Cove. It was here that Edward A. Brackett modeled his bust of Bryant. Later, he made the bust of Dana in Boston, which is still in plaster, waiting to be cut in marble. Mr. Walter M. Brackett says of Dana's conversations, "I could no more keep his sayings than I could bottle up the perfumes of a flower." He never courted the society of strangers, but off in the country, or at the sea-side among plain people, he was the most accessible of men. In the freedom of unconventional life, the painter speaks of him as "the most simple man I ever saw." He took in the character of people at once, and his immediate judgments generally proved to be correct.

Two Episcopal clergymen were intimate with him, Moses P. Stickney, formerly his pastor at the Church of the Advent, and the venerable Dr. C. S. Henry, of Stamford, Connecticut; and the Rev. H. N. Hudson was valued by him for his own sake and for what he had done to make people understand Shakespeare. Mr. Stickney adminis-

tered the holy communion to him shortly before he died, and their intimacy in the religious life was close and strong. The late Dr. Harry Croswell, the first rector at the Church of the Advent, was also one who found the way to his heart. There were others who crossed his path now and then, at the shore or in town. At the tercentenary Shakespeare festival he was present, silent until called upon, and then wonderfully energetic in his expressions. Occasionally he was found at Parker's, dining with the Saturday Club, of which he was a member, but latterly hardly at all, and was never known to make a speech. To the world outside he was a silent, pensive man, who derived refreshment from the company of others, but was greatly reserved, and held his abilities somewhat in check.

Mr. James T. Fields relates an amusing story of the only time when Dana appeared in public after the lectures on Shakespeare had been laid upon the shelf. There was a private company of school-girls, called the Saturday morning Club, who greatly desired to hear one of these lectures, and Mr. Fields was asked to do their errand to the venerable poet. He consented to plead their case, and said to him, "It is a great thing for these bright young girls to hear the man who has done so much years ago." Dana replied, folding his hands one over the other, nervously, "I can't think of it. I am too old." "You are just as capable as you ever were." Mr. Fields's words touched him. He was beginning to yield. "Do you mean the whole course?" said he. "Oh, no, only one, if you are willing to do that." He consented; the day was named, and Mr. Fields called with a carriage at the appointed hour, nine A. M., to take Dana to the lecture-room. He found him dressed with the greatest care as for an evening party, but the poet pleaded a cold; he was not well; he could not speak; he was too nervous for such an effort. "But," said Mr. Fields, who understood the man he was dealing with, "Mr. Dana, the carriage is here at the door, and surely you will not disappoint these young ladies who have counted so much on hearing you." At the lecture-room the scene was an ovation. The cheerful, sympathetic faces contrasted strongly with the patriarchal beard and strong features of the poet. The lecture was on Hamlet. He read it sitting. His voice was exquisite, — the voice of youth; and when he came near the close, and applied in a voice of pathetic pleading the lesson of Hamlet to their young lives, the effect was such that at the end they crowded around him and gave him in flowers and words the fervent testimony of their joy. The old poet told Mr. Fields, as they drove home, that it was one of the most delightful experiences of his life.

His fondness for music was great and marked, and he had a profound sensibility to it.

His interest in Edmund Kean is one of the theatrical traditions of Boston, and his comments upon Kean's acting have been pronounced the most perfect piece of dramatic criticism ever written in this country. Of his Othello, when Kean said to Iago so touchingly, "Leave me, leave me, Iago," and, turning from him, walked to the back of the stage, raising his hands and bringing them down upon his head with clasped fingers, and stood thus with his back to us, Dana often declared, "I have never seen such a picture of woe as the bent back of Kean's body." The acting of Kean was a subject he liked to talk of. He used to quote Coleridge's saying, "To see Kean act is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning," and add that it was literally true. He also remembered Kean's singing, in a beautiful, pathetic voice, Thomas Moore's songs. From all the accounts we get from Coleridge, Dana, and Allston, it must be decided that David Garrick was not the greatest actor, and that Edmund Kean was his superior. This was the opinion of Samuel Rogers.

The most charming way to see Dana was on his own coast, on the rocks, under a gray sky, as the small black figure moved slowly up and down the beach, with the face to the sea. He was the first person to build a summer home on the delightful stretch of shore between

Salem and Newburyport, and wisely left his home, when the house was built and the necessary paths were made, in its original wildness. He said that the easterly winds were like champagne to him, and even in Boston he welcomed an east wind as others welcome the sunshine. He was more fond of the sea than of the land, and never tired of the marvelous sunsets to the northwest, or of the glimmering lights on Baker's Island and along the coast. He liked the roar of the surf along his coast, and could look out upon the sea from his window when the storms were too wild for him to venture out. The Buccaneer and The Little Beach Bird express the spirit of his sea-side reveries, and the former is said to have been inspired by the scenery off Newport, where he used to spend his summers before Manchester was discovered. The Manchester home stands upon a cliff some sixty feet above the beach, which forms a semicircle below. The beach itself is isolated on one side by a projecting ledge called Eagle Head, and on the other by the steep base of a cliff known by the name of Shark's Mouth. A wild growth of bushes and low trees fringe the edge of the bluff in front of the house, before it descends to the beach. The estate contains a hundred acres of such land as may be called a poet's paradise; everything about it was in keeping with the strong melancholy and wonderful intuitions of Dana's vigorous mind.

He was not a collector of books. He was too near the libraries to need them. He was a diligent if not discursive reader. The family often read to him in his later years, but he stopped the perusal of many a volume because he could not endure its barbarous style. He deeply admired the genius of Hawthorne. The story of Iris, in the Professor at the Breakfast-Table, greatly pleased him. He never tired of Sir Kenelm Digby's Broad Stone of Honor. He was eager to read everything from the pen of Mr. Gladstone. The poems of Crashaw and Southwell, also of Crabbe and Cowper, were often in his hands. He fed upon the works of the old dramatists. The writings of Principal Shairp excited his warmest admiration, and his article in a late number of the Princeton Review on The Aim of Poetry, lent him by a city pastor, was thoroughly enjoyed, and returned with the message, "It will do your sermons good to read it." Mallock's New Republic furnished him very keen enjoyment. He read the book through twice, and the same author's recent magazine articles on points in religious inquiry were read to him not more than a fortnight before his decease. He was particularly pleased with the article on Faith and Verification. When something in a book had pleased him, it was refreshing to hear him talk. His conversation was always in good, strong English, without any brushwood in it. I shall never forget a talk I had with him in the spring of 1875, when John Morley's celebrated readjustment of Macaulay's fame (he was a diligent reader of English and American magazines) was the universal topic in literary circles; he indorsed Morley's positions, and went into their justification as if he had given special attention to the subject.

He sat beneath his portrait, the work of William M. Hunt, and as I cast my eyes at the portrait the thought came that this was an octogenarian, but as he drew me into conversation upon current literatures I could not but feel that I was talking with a man of my own age. To one who was specially intimate with him he recently said, "I never remember I am old. I feel young." In fact, he never grew old. His beard grew to be silver gray, but he never used glasses, and even the print of the London Guardian was not too close for him to read by gas-light only a few days before his death. And so I found him the youngest old man I have ever met. His conversation was as fresh as salt-sea spray; it was racy; it sparkled. I never met a man who put more meaning into words.

It was his occasional lament, as the years drew nigh when he knew that he must go away, that he had not done more with himself. The assurances from persons as wide apart as William Henry Channing and Bayard Taylor that his

life was already in many another man comforted him.

His religious life, if less prominent than his literary life, was what was chief and best in him. He took the conservative side in the famous controversy in which his cousin, Dr. Channing, led the liberal side. His opinions were broad and strong; they were his own. He was not satisfied with the Calvinism of his day, and finally found his home in the Episcopal church, in which communion he henceforth lived and in which he died. He was one of the original founders of the Church of the Advent, and as long as it kept to its old position was warmly attached to it, and worshiped there to the last. Though a very staunch churchman, however, and holding his opinions with great tenacity, he was a man of too much breadth and strength to look at truth otherwise than with his own eyes. The underlying purpose of his published writings is religious; they have the sombre tinge of the puritanism in which he was bred, but his religious temper mellowed as he ripened in years. He felt that practical goodness was of more importance than mere rightness of opinion. He had crosses, but bore them in silence, and went down to his grave with intellect unclouded and with faith undimmed.

During the autumn he had been failing so rapidly that he remarked to one of the family that he could not stay much longer with them. It was the loosening of the silver cord. His day had come, and at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, February 2d, he began his sleep until the dawning of the new day.

Julius H. Ward.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, AND MR. STORY'S DESIGN.

I HAVE been surprised to find how little attention our people are willing to pay to what is really the most important artistic undertaking with which the nation as a whole has been concerned since the building of the United States Capitol. To build a monument to Washington was the loyal intention of our great-grandfathers, of our grandfathers, and of our fathers. Successive generations of Congress pledged the national government to it, and when at last the pledges were seen to be of no effect, the matter was taken up in a burst of popular enthusiasm, and on a correspondingly ambitious scale. We all know how the movement faltered and came to a stand-still; how only the persistence of a handful of men, who inherited the care of it, has at last got the momentary attention of Congress, and extracted a rather grudging dole of money for it. The curious thing about it is the apathy with which everybody now looks on who looks at all, and the paucity of those who look. Here is the man whom our fathers delighted to honor above all men, and whom it is our tradition still to honor; his statues are in our legislative halls, his head on our money and our postage-stamps, his name strewn over all the towns in the country. Here is our public, the cultivated part of it, much occupied with every form of art, stirred, in fact, with more apparent enthusiasm for art than for anything else; the people at large blazing lately with ardor, not yet spent, to cover the land with monuments, and set up statues to all their perishable celebrities. Here is the memorial, begun on such a scale that all our other monuments are toys to it, resumed in the centennial year with a general appeal for public support, taken up later by Congress, and then made the subject of a very exciting quarrel among engineers over its construction, of a warm competition among some artists of note over its design. Yet nobody outside of Washington shows any interest in it. I

doubt if more than one in fifty thousand of our people has given it any serious thought, and am sometimes tempted to wonder if one tenth as many care anything about it.

There are some obvious reasons why the matter should have been neglected in the stirring years that we have passed. One is the puerile character of the design on which work was begun; another, the inevitable presumption against a belated and somewhat threadbare project. But the intrinsic importance of the project made it worth while to aim at a better design, while in the last year or two there has been every opportunity to revive it with freshness. A more controlling reason has been that the men who had the monument in charge, clinging to an obsolete idea in the midst of an unparalleled growth of interest and activity in art throughout the country, have held aloof from all who had part in this growth, and persistently refused to take counsel with the artistic portion of the community to whose greatest artistic undertaking they were giving shape. This was a fatal administrative blunder. It left them with no following, and no resource but to coax what money they could out of a Congress that had no interest of its own in the monument, and lacked the impulse which an interested public might have communicated. The case illustrates with curious emphasis the absolute separation there is between the working political class in the country and the cultivated class. It also illustrates, what is to our purpose here, a certain narrowness and wayside absorption of our æsthetic class, of which we do not see much account made, but which is a serious check to our progress in art, and is accountable to a great degree for the failure of our public attempts in it, — greatly accountable for the misguided way in which the Washington monument has made its manful struggle for existence.

But now, at least, the old excuses for indifference are removed. Congress has made an appropriation for the work, and it is resumed. United States engineers are busy with its discredited foundation, and we may assume that if they are let alone they will make it secure, whatever form is finally given it. What is most to the point, the question of form itself is at last fairly reopened. Some prominent men have interested themselves in its design. The joint committee on public buildings and grounds, which represents Congress in the business, wisely distrusting their unaided judgment, appealed for advice to Mr. Story when he was last in the country. Mr. Story took a livelier interest than his countrymen at home have shown, and made some suggestions, which seemed at first to bear little fruit. He has lately submitted a design, however, which the monument commission has approved and recommended to the congressional committee for adoption. The inviolability of the old design having been at last renounced and a new one officially proposed, it is important that the nation should not again be hastily committed to a scheme which may not, after all, be the best. The fact that Mr. Story's design is incomparably better than the old one, or pleases the committee better than others which have, without solicitation, been laid before them, is not enough to warrant them in adopting it without further trial, and especially without subjecting it to careful criticism.

It has been described as a copy of the famous campanile of St. Mark's in Venice; this is not accurate, but it has apparently been studied exclusively from Florentine and Venetian models. At least, it is such a structure as might be designed by a person who had never seen anything outside of Florence and Venice, and the towns on the railroad between them. This I say not to condemn, but to characterize. Mr. Story has incased the existing stump and carried it up with vertical sides to a height of three hundred and fifty feet, including its pyramidal capping. Around the base he has built a square lower story, projecting six or eight feet, against the sides of which he has set four gabled porches a hundred feet high. These porches are carried on a composite order of detached columns, and in the faces of them are

niches, in one of which stands a colossal statue of Washington on a high pedestal. To the shaft above he has added small octagonal angle-turrets, as it were, like those of Giotto's tower at Florence, which do not any more than Giotto's rise into roofs, but, like his, stop short at the crowning cornice. The shaft is in three stories, divided by cornices: the lowest, above the porches, is short, and ornamented with a double arcade and paneling; the middle division is very high, — a hundred feet and more, — with a triple arch-headed paneling through its whole height, enriched by shafting and tracery, and cinctured at the middle by a paneled belt; the upper is a kind of belfry stage with a blind arcade, and upon it is a pyramidal roof crowned with a bronze statue of Fame poising lightly upon one foot. The whole monument is incrusted with marbles, which on the porches, on the friezes, cornices, and panelings of the upper part, are richly inlaid after the fashion of the Tower and Duomo at Florence.

Without venturing on minute criticism, it may be said that the general aspect of the design has the qualities that might be expected in Mr. Story's work. Its outline is agreeable; it has an expression of rather dignified and elegant repose; its detail looks refined and delicate. Nevertheless, critically examined, it brings disappointment, as was, it must be said, inevitable. It is very questionable whether a design of this kind is suited to its position. There is absolutely nothing in its surroundings, or in Washington, with which it would be at all in keeping. In no city in the country have the public buildings so consistent and uniform a character as in Washington, despite some recent innovations. It is the only city of importance to which its public buildings give an architectural expression of its own. Needlessly to violate this expression would be a great injury. Mr. Story's design would be in hopeless conflict with it, and must appear like an immense exotic, or suggest a diplomatic importation. It is more than questionable, too, whether a structure of this kind would suit with our climate, even in Washington, with our time or our people. An incrusted monument, like Giotto's tower or the Albert memorial, which would need, as has been said of them, to be kept under a glass case, would look sadly astray in an outlying and probably neglected spot on the banks of the Potomac. A sterner style is required by its position and its historic associations. The grand severity of Washington's character and bearing, the simplicity of the time in which he lived, would be ill commemorated by a monument of such ornate delicacy. Even Sir Gilbert Scott's ability could not prevent the Albert memorial from seeming a *tour de force*, factitious and out of place, and we should hardly fare better here. The style of Giotto's and Arnolfo's work is not the best for a monument on such a scale. To use it successfully at all requires the richness, the delicacy, and the spirit of Giotto's work. It is no discourtesy to say that we could not expect these here, and if we could have them the cost would be overwhelming. We have not the means or the aptitude for such work. The poverty-stricken baldness of the new front of Santa Croce, or the proposed façade of the Duomo of Florence itself, shows rather what we should be likely to accomplish.

As to the question of design there is a word to be said. In spite of the merit I have ascribed to Mr. Story's project, it is not satisfactorily carried out. The effect is mechanical, after all, — one is almost tempted to say amateurish. First of all, it lacks scale. It is pretty sure that at any distance from which this monument could be seen as a whole, its real size would not be felt, but would be greatly underrated. There is nothing in the detail by which to guage it, and there is an unfortunate discrepancy in scale between the shaft and the porches at its base. To these porches, and to the statue of Washington under the chief of them, one would naturally look for the measure of the monument; but the statue is eighteen or twenty feet high, while the colossal porches, one of which covers it, are so proportioned that they must necessarily dwarf it to some-

thing like ordinary dimensions. They are as large as the façades of ordinary churches, and higher; being composed of few members, however, and serving only as canopies for the statues, they cannot look so, but must confuse the beholder's idea of scale, and rob the monument of much of its effect of size and grandeur. The porches are effective in themselves, but too heavy for the slender order that supports them. The shaft, agreeable in its proportion, is badly divided. The belfry stage is not adequate for the upper story of such a tower. The junction of the shaft with the portion below it, and the setting on of the pyramidal roof, two crucial points in the design, are not accomplished without some effect of dislocation. When it comes to the detail, although it may be inferred that Mr. Story had the assistance of a professional hand, it is evident that the hand was not quite adequate to its task. The attempt to amalgamate the fully developed Renaissance with details of the thirteenth century was in fact too ambitious to succeed. The attenuated spiral shafting of the builders of the thirteenth century, and the poor reminder of northern tracery which their successors contrived in the sixteenth were not the best inventions of Italian architecture. It is not strange that the designer should fail to harmonize these, or the slender balustrades and inlaid decoration of the earlier period, with the orthodox classic orders. One cannot examine Mr. Story's design critically without being impressed with these short-comings, or without hoping that something more successful may be the outcome of this great opportunity.

The public has reason to thank Mr. Story for giving a new life to the project, important as it is, and for relieving it of the incubus of a design that made its completion a thing to be dreaded. There is one thing more which he might gracefully have done, that he did not do. Seeing that the monument could not possibly be made a monument of sculpture, but must be one of architecture, he might have advised the committee to appeal to those men in the country — or even, if they liked, outside of it — who have made it the study of their lives to design monuments of architecture. There is no one architect among us who occupies the universally recognized position which Mr. Story occupies in his own art; perhaps because architects are so much more abundant than sculptors. But there are among them men of signal ability, of thorough training, and of great experience; the presumption of success would naturally be in favor of some of these. It may be that the only means by which it was possible for Mr. Story to clear the ground was to submit a design which should show by contrast the utter inadequacy of the first one. It was natural that a brilliant and versatile artist should be strongly impelled to try the problem himself. We may admire the boldness of the attempt, — the audacity we may fairly call it; we should call it audacity if a painter or an architect had tried to do an equivalent thing in sculpture. That he should have succeeded so far as he has is witness to Mr. Story's exceptional ability; that he should fail of absolute success was a foregone conclusion.

It seems to me time that those in our nation who value its historic memories and those who care for the progress of its art, those even who wish to know that its wealth is spent on worthy objects, should wake up and see that one of the world's great works is going on before their eyes; should use what influence they can to insure its carrying out in the worthiest way, and that, being worthy, it shall not fail. It belongs to those who have the direction of it to make sure, now that the question of form is open, that they are not hastily committed to what might be bettered, and that they use due means to discover what is the best thing they can build. The ultimate decision whether Mr. Story's design or another shall be adopted rests with Congress, it is understood. Congress should not be left to such a difficult and unusual decision without all the help it can get from the opinion of those who are best qualified to judge and to propose, or from the stimulus of an intelligent public interest.

An Architect.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE run over in a most matter-of-fact way, brutally if you please, the indices of the three leading magazines for February. Any idea of comparison of merits is furthest from my mind. In order to remain perfectly unbiased, I shall not read these magazines for a day or so. I simply look at these indices as catalogues of goods, with the names of the makers. All I want to do is to fix the number of people, insiders or outsiders, who contribute to magazines, and to calculate the chances men and women have of earning bread, butter, or fame in this special class of literature.

I find the sum total of all the articles in the three best known magazines, poetry, prose, reviews, etc., to be about sixty-seven. Something, then, like twenty-two articles and a fraction make up a magazine. From there being rather more short bits of poetry than usual in the present batch, twenty-two articles per magazine I deem rather in excess, about twenty being a fair average.

Do these sixty-seven articles represent the brains of exactly that number of individuals? I think they do; for your additions and subtractions will leave that number sixty-seven about intact. The book reviews must have been written by at least four persons for each magazine. But in every magazine there is about the same number of salaried persons, the editor, sub-editor, etc., who regularly contribute their quota to every number of the magazine, the year round. Sixty-seven, then, I think not very much out of the way, — neither too many nor too few. Now, having secured this number sixty-seven as a foundation, let us examine the stones which uphold the literary fabric. My sixty-seven contributions in the three magazines I class into three categories: the Well Known, the Little Known, and the Unknown. I trust it may not be thought that I am guessing at the value of these brains, for without prejudice I believe I am fairly acquainted with the names and writings of the majority of them. I shall want to apply to these contributors exactly the process I should use had their manuscripts been submitted to my paid judgment.

Here are Messieurs et Mesdames A., G., P., Q., D., E., H., O., letters taken entirely at random. Now, I know that G., E., and H. have a good reputation. I believe that they write excellent English. I am positive that their stories, essays, or verses have interested the public for the last five years. I am satisfied that the credit they have obtained is deserved. The chances are ninety-five in the hundred that their copy can be accepted without any reading at all. The authors may have stumbled over a bad plot, or worked out something not exactly in their vein; still their clearness, elegance, and force will carry them through. I cannot call them outsiders, for they are insiders. As an editor I am glad to have G., E., and H. So much, then, for the Well Known. Now come A., P., O. These are names of more recent date. True, there is great promise in some of them, as good as the best. But in others, the spurt has been too evident, and the trouble is that they do not pull evenly. Here and there come out luminous spots in their pictures, but their drawing is often out of line, and they want the power of blending. They have not as yet put a stamp on their coins. So far the public are not quite ready to pass them from hand to hand. A., P., O., I should have to read over and weigh carefully. Such are the Little Known. Now for Q., D., the Unknown. Blessed be that unknown quantity, though it may take ever so much bother to find it out! Q. may be as limpid as Henry James, Jr., or as turbid as ——. D. might be the Balzac of America! A., P., O., Q., and D. are the true outsiders.

Now to my indices. I am going

through my sorting process again. Here are no less than thirty-three well-known writers, eighteen little-known, ten unknown, with six articles bearing no signature. As our magazines are issued monthly, my sum total of contributors for the year to the three magazines will be eight hundred and four. The thirty-three well-known brains will represent three hundred and ninety-six articles, or very little less than one half of the whole. Of course, the very same names will not appear over and over again in the same places, but we may be quite positive that the heavier proportion of the Well Known will be kept up all the time. The real fight, then, will be with the eighteen Little Known and the ten Unknown, who are essentially the outsiders. (The anonymous people hardly disturb the equation, for they may be among either the regularly hired writers, the Well Known, the Little Known, or the Unknown.) These twenty-eight Little Known and Unknown will ship annually their three hundred and thirty-six packages to the magazine. Now it is appalling to think of the number of intelligent people in the United States who are trying to get into the places of exactly these three hundred and thirty-six outside contributors.

In making this summary, the result of some thought and experience, I would by no means wish to wet-blanket the incipient magazine writer. Success depends solely on merit. There are no cliques in magazines. All an editor wants is really good goods. With so much offering, as the difficulty of selection increases, the editor has a right to become more exacting. No one is quicker than your editor to appreciate and appropriate. He will go through great heaps of dry shells, vast kitchen müdjens, to find a single implement which shows the power of man's brain, thought, or ingenuity. The magazine statistician has not as much sympathy for the thirty-three knights who, with spear *en jouste* and fluttering banderole, have fought their fight with the public and won their spurs, as with those sturdy knaves the twenty-eight outsiders, varlets who as yet only twirl quarter staffs, or at best do their fencing-bout with buttoned foils. Battle on, then, ye patient, hopeful multitude. Who can tell how long it may be before a man (only one perhaps of the twenty-eight in the ten thousand outsiders) will batter down the castle gate with that sledge hammer whose ringing blows will echo throughout the land?

— There seems to be a mystery about the cause of the Cheyenne exodus; but their lot in the Indian Territory must have been a hard one. They were exiles who longed for the land where (to use their own words) their fathers were buried and their children were born. The climate had proved fatal to other Northern tribes, the Modocs having decreased one third since 1873. Beside, there are stories about privation and diseased horse-flesh for food.

We know of their long journey through two great States, crossing both the great continental railroads, fighting whenever overtaken, and evading with wonderful adroitness every effort made to intercept them. Some of their male members retaliated savagely on innocent persons, but four fifths of them, at least, were women and children, who *could not* have committed the crimes charged against the party.

Near their former home they surrendered. This surrender, they afterwards declared, was based on the promise that they should be allowed to remain where they were born. But after they had been disarmed (as was supposed) and brought near a strong military post, they were coolly informed that they must go back to their hated Southern reservation. Then, in wrath and despair, they broke away and dug holes in the side of a ravine, where they could use their few secreted weapons to fight the United States. But in spite of their splendid pluck, their plight was wretched. Men and women were weeping together in impotent, outraged despair; children were clinging, frozen and famishing, to their gaunt, half-naked, suffering mothers. Pen never drew a more piteous picture.

It did not soften the commandant of

Fort Robinson. He surrounded them with several companies of troops, and sent back for cannon. In the end, after two days' starvation, the valorous threat that he (in perfect safety) would blow their wives and children from the face of the earth brought the Cheyenne braves to the *status* of captives again.

But as soon as they thawed into human beings once more, their bitter protests against exile recommenced. So this officer cut off their supply of food as a punishment. One is tempted to suspect that he designed to force an outbreak, as an excuse for an economical massacre. At any rate, that is what occurred. After twenty-four hours of this treatment, the Cheyenne men ("fleeing desperadoes," the dispatches term them) snatched up their children, and, leaping through the windows, dashed out upon the prairie, followed by their wives. Can it be believed that human beings could be found so devilish as to slaughter fathers running with their infants for food and freedom, and murder women and little girls and boys? Yet this was exactly the work which Captain Wessell's cavalry performed for mile after mile. Officers and privates together poured volley on volley into the poor creatures, and blew out with their pistols the brains of the wounded who writhed on the ground. These monuments of American heroism strewed the entire trail to the hills. Nearly all were shot through the head, obviously in giving the *coup de grâce*. More than one third of the killed were women and children. Twenty-six were dumped into a hole together. The telegram reported "one old squaw is dying to-night of six gun-shot wounds."

A pitiful remnant of the fugitives reached the hills; and these several days later, after frantic doubling and one or two repulses of detachments, were cornered by four companies of United States cavalry. The "enemy" consisted of eighteen men and eight women. These eighteen red Spartans held the troops at bay in spite of odds, until "providentially" their ammunition gave out. Then the four companies crowded up to the mouth of the little hole that held the Cheyennes and blazed away, while the latter sang their death song. Three braves, "all that were left alive," sprang out in a desperate effort to escape, and of course were mercilessly riddled with bullets. The dead bodies in the pit were mutilated till they bore no semblance to humanity. Only one of the indomitable eighteen was drawn out alive, but frightfully injured. Five wounded women and one unhurt, beside two young girls, were found under the pile of corpses of the "young bucks," who had made their bodies shields, in death as in life, for those who looked to them for protection.

— Germany has a new poet. This statement may not appear so very striking when it is considered that the German language seems to have been designed for the especial encouragement of the poetic art; but this new poet is so genuine, so true, that he has at once leaped into eminence amongst a legion of his fellows. A short time ago I read in a German periodical a review of a little volume of poems by Rudolf Baumbach, and the critic, who is not at all given to gushing, accorded it such hearty, unreserved praise that I sent for it at once. On receiving it I read it through at a sitting, and my feeling was far from that of satiety, but rather a wish for more. Of the personality of the author of the Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen (Songs of a Wandering Hand-Works-Lad), as the modest collection is called, I know nothing; but to judge from his work I should say he was young, of a glad, sunny nature, quickly sympathetic, and rejoicing in life. Even the sombre sides of human experience take on a cheerier tinge when seen through the medium of his song, something as the dark hemlocks of a frowning mountain-side show in the warm summer sunshine. There is not the trace of mawkish sentimentality about him; nothing of the affectation of an imaginary woe; no vacant longing for the indefinite. His pathos is simple and direct, bringing the tears with a sudden start, — a single word the key that unlocks the fountain, which flows only

to show a glad rainbow in its spray. A true poet does not spring into being out of nothingness any more than does any other living thing, but is the natural descendant of his great predecessors, whose mental qualities can be traced in his. So in Baumbach we find certain phases of Goethe and Heine, and also not a little of the rollicking audacity of Victor Scheffel. Did this combination merely hold these qualities in suspension, the result would simply be a reflective poet, but Baumbach's own individuality is thrown into the crucible, fusing all into a new solution which marks the original poet.

Take the element of wandering, — that joyous vagabondism which in some degree seems inherent in every human child who loves his mother earth or nature, — take this element from German poetry, and the wound left would be well-nigh fatal. Goethe is impregnated with it, and it forms Heine's brightest side; it will keep his memory green when his *Weltschmerz* becomes as a sealed book to future generations. It is this roving, strolling spirit that sounds the key-note to Baumbach's song, and he has fitly chosen as a motto for his book these lines from the old German of Magister Martinius, who wrote them down in the year 1498: —

> "I live and know not how long,
> I die and know not when;
> I fare and know not whither I go, —
> I wonder that I am merry so."

The first song begins: —

> "A hand-works-lad a-wandering,
> Know I not a sorrow;
> Drink I now from woodland spring,
> Rhine wine drink I to-morrow.
> Am a very doughty knight,
> On cobbler's steed a-faring;
> With heedless bird my shield bedight,
> And the proverb flaring:
> Merry blood and thoughts e'er gay,
> Away 's away, away 's away.
> Amen!"

Riding on cobbler's steed is a German expression for going a-foot, like shanks's mare in the Yankee vernacular. The songs are remarkable for their conciseness and plain straightforwardness. It would be hard to find a dull line in the book. There is a fresh, morning crispness, a sparkling spontaneity, and a delicate but invigorating aroma, like the breath of the pine woods. The writer has the rare power of painting with a few quick strokes a vivid and perfect picture. Here is an instance from the poem called The Highway (Die Landstrasse): —

> "Garden-houses listen
> From fresh young green around:
> Fountains bubble and glisten,
> Roses in hedges abound."

Who that has seen on an early summer morning the outskirts of one of those quaint German towns which abound in Thuringia and the Black Forest could fail to recognize it here? Die Lindenwirthin is an excellent example of the roguish vivacity which characterizes the poet's lighter moods: —

> "Not a drop more in my glass,
> Empty hangs my purse, alas,
> Longing heart and tongue, —
> 'That has done to me thy wine,
> The clearest depths of those eyes of thine,
> O Linden hostess so young!'
>
> "Smiles and speaks the hostess then:
> 'In the Linden ne'er has been
> Chalk nor slate, I 'm thinking.
> Hast thou not a penny more?
> Give as pawn thy knapsack o'er,
> But keep on a-drinking!'
>
> "So his knapsack gave the lad,
> Drank the wine that made him glad,
> Then to go was wending.
> Hostess speaks with merry laugh:
> 'Thou hast mantle, hat, and staff;
> Drink, and keep a-lending!'
>
> "For the wine the wanderer-boy
> Gave mantle, hat, and staff with joy.
> 'I go,' he said in sadness.
> 'Fare thee well, thou clear, cool wine!
> Linden hostess, young and fine,
> Thou 'st fed my eyes with gladness!'
>
> "Speaks to him the handsome wife:
> 'Thy heart doth leap with youthful life;
> Pawn me that, — don't pother!'
> What happened then? 'T is quickly said:
> On the hostess' mouth so red
> Warmly pressed another.
>
> "He who this new song did write
> Sang it on a summer night
> In a quiet hour.
> Before him stood a glass of wine,
> Beside him sat Dame Hostess mine,
> Under the linden in flower."

But there is another side to our poet, showing moods as tender as this is gay. Note the exquisite pathos of this poem, Reue: —

" Remorse in breast and heavy with heart-woe,
A boy across the heather green doth go.

" ' Sun, light sun,' so spoke he, sadly pleading,
' Of all things knowing art thou, all things heeding ;

" ' Oh, give me tidings of the maid so pale
Whom by a stream I left in woodland dale ! '

" Sun speaks : ' I saw upon my way of light
Of maids forlorn full many with cheeks all white ;

" ' But that lost maid whom thou didst leave in woe
I saw not from the heavenly way I go.'

" And when the moon appears at even-tide,
Then from the moon the boy doth tidings bide :

" ' Sawst thou not upon thy lightsome way
The one whom I so basely did betray ? '

" Speaks the moon : ' Well saw I many a maiden
With pain and sorrow all too heavy laden ;

" ' But she whom once thou leftst betrayed alone,
I saw her not from off my heavenly throne.'

" Down in the grass speaks the narcissus low :
' Nor sun nor moon can either ever know

" ' Where his pale love a-hidden now doth dwell ;
But we the flowers could well the secret tell, —

" ' We flowers, who hide ourselves in earth's deep gloom
Until the Spring awakes us from our tomb.' "

One more, as an example of fine artistic touch: —

THE SPINNER.

" My knees are stiff and the snow drives down,
And still far distant lies the town.
Grant me, good mother, to enter here
And know for a while your fireside cheer."
" You are very welcome," the old one smiled,
" But disturb not the spinning of yonder child."
" Hum and tread,
Twist the thread,
Busy the foot and the fingers, maid ;
Reel on to the spindle the strand so fine,
Spin thee a lover to a house of thine."

The red fire crackles, the spinning-wheel burrs,
The cat in the corner is drowsy, and purrs ;
The beautiful spinner her light work tends,
And a stolen glance to the stranger sends ;
The old one reads with head so gray
And reads in the Bible, and still doth say :
" Hum and tread,
Twist the thread,
Busy the foot and the fingers, maid ;
Reel on to the spindle the strand so fine,
Spin thee a lover to a house of thine."

It seems I 've known all that before,
And still not wandered this pathway o'er ;
Where have I ever this maiden seen
A-plying the wheel with earnest mien ?
Where saw I the old one her Bible hold ?
Where heard I the murmured saying told ?
" Hum and tread,
Twist the thread,
Busy the foot and the fingers, maid ;
Reel on to the spindle the strand so fine,
Spin thee a lover to a house of thine."

That is — now know I whence it came —
That is the tale of the wise old dame
With whom concealed in the pine woods wild
There sat and spun a king's fair child.
She spun and drew the fine thread long,
But the old wood-wife e'er sang the song :
" Hum and tread,
Twist the thread,
Busy the foot and the fingers, maid ;
Reel on to the spindle the strand so fine,
Spin thee a lover to a house of thine."

I believe at last to the spinner fair
A wandering royal youth comes there,
The hut then turns to a marble hall,
The guests they flock to the wedding ball,
And knights and ladies form a ring
And a torch-light dance to the old tune bring :
" Hum and tread,
Twist the thread,
Busy the foot and the fingers, maid ;
Reel on to the spindle the strand so fine,
Spin thee a lover to a house of thine."

A pity that I on the day of my birth
Was wrapped in no purple swathing-girth ;
A pity that I from hence must wend ;
The tale perhaps might find its end.
I go, nor venture to turn my eye,
A pang in my heart — and why, oh why ?
Hum and tread,
Twist the thread ;
May Heaven guard thee, lovely maid ;
Reel on to the spindle the strand so fine,
Spin thee a lover to a house of thine.

It is impossible to render into English the fascinating music of the refrain: —

" Schnurre Rädchen,
Dreh' dich Fädchen,
Ruhre den Fuss und die Finger, Mädchen ;
Roll' auf die Spindel den Faden fein,
Spinn dir den Freier ins Haus hinein."

— I own that I found it difficult, after getting her a valentine, on which were represented some forget-me-nots: —

" Forget me not. So say these painted flowers :
So say not I, to you or any man.
Together we have spent some pleasant hours,
Now go, sir, and forget me — if you can."

— That a Christian and a gentleman are synonyms has long been the boast of Christianity; that is, that the code of the former, perfectly carried out, coincides with all which distinguishes the latter. In more senses than one, the rule is a pretty safe one. There are many to whom Christianity as a body of doctrine is incomprehensible, but the morals of

the ten commandments still remain the only possible basis of civilization. The codes of savage nations, in which murder and theft are considered praiseworthy deeds, are confessedly of a lower and earlier order than those that coincide with the Jewish law. No doubt the ideal of honor was unconsciously formed from the Christian ideal, and our present notions of a gentleman are, in truth, largely mediæval. Still, the theory that has resulted in this ideal is now so rooted in Anglo-Saxon society that, divorce honor and religion as much as you will, their dictates remain largely the same. A man brought up by parents of gentle antecedents and associations, no matter how creedless he may be, will act in every emergency as the best Christian, though the motives of each will doubtless differ. Especially in the matter of truth, honesty, straightforwardness, this man's instincts may be trusted: he will need no one to tell him that to equivocate is contemptible; to look at an open letter despicable; to put himself into a passion wrong, as well as undignified; to swear and otherwise lose control of his speech vulgar and blamable. He will naturally side with the weak against the strong; despise anything savoring of meanness; refuse to shield himself at the expense of another, or allow another to bear any blame as having counseled or shown him an example in a doubtful direction; in a word, he will act uprightly even in the subtlest matter, and his first impulse will always be generous. Conscience is his guide, under the name of honor. There may be matters where a man might hesitate; for instance, those vexed questions which Mr. Gladstone's challenge to loyal Catholic Englishmen brought to light — rather unnecessarily — two years ago, as to where a man's first allegiance was due. Other enthusiasts followed up these test questions with still more crucial ones, as to the lawfulness of murdering an excommunicated sovereign, and the obligation to keep faith with heretics; and this year, Dr. Pusey has raised equally disingenuous subtleties out of their theological graves by starting anew the doctrine that what a man knows under the seal of secrecy (meaning private confession) he knows less than anything else, and may lawfully deny *any* knowledge of whatsoever. Perhaps these questions, from the first to the last, seem puzzling to some people. Act as a man of honor, and all difficulty disappears. To break one's word, or to deny one's lawful relations, is what a gentleman would not for a moment dream of doing. The "barbarians," from whom we should be proud to descend, and the Arabs of all times, past and present, had a certain code of honor and hospitality which was Christian in all but name; and the Albanian servant who recently gave his master notice, under the plea that he wanted to attack him on the highway, with his band, and therefore warned him to defend himself, was undoubtedly a fine fellow, and robbed his act of thieving of two thirds of its heinousness, if not of its unlawfulness.

— In translating an author, write as he would have done had he written in your language. This is one of the old rules of translators, and appears a very just one. The trouble has been in its application; by quoting it all sorts of vagaries have been justified. At present the tendency of translators is to follow this canon by rendering the matter more literally than they were wont to do of old. As long as ease and freedom are preserved, this practice deserves commendation.

If the matter be verse, the imitation can be pushed a degree further and the metre followed, and if possible made the same as in the original. To this point too little attention has been given. I now refer particularly to Latin and Greek classic authors. Many of the classic metres can be given quite faithfully in our language. The heroic hexameter has been used by Longfellow in several poems, as Evangeline and The Courtship of Miles Standish. Examples of the elegiac combination of this verse with the pentameter occur among our minor poems, and Tennyson has written one or two pieces in "the metre of Catullus," and in the Alcaic stanza.

The poem in the latter metre is addressed to Milton, and certainly no fault can be found with its melody.

The essential difference between Latin or Greek and English prosody is that the first is founded on quantity, the latter on accent. The laws of quantity assigned a certain value to every syllable: it was long or short in accordance with some fixed law or with no less rigid authority. This "quantity" was quite independent of accent. A syllable which is short is in many cases the very one which receives the accent. Yet in classic versification no regard was paid to the accent; quantity was everything. The consequence is that in classic verse quantity and accent clash in a manner very discordant to our ears. With us, on the contrary, all depends on accent; a syllable is long or short according to the accent only. Thus, in obedience to the old rules of quantity, this word which we have used so often, "accent," should be a spondee; both syllables should be long. In English verse it must rank as a trochee: the first syllable, receiving the stress, is long; the second is short.

The spondee, the foot consisting of two long syllables, is a very hard one to introduce into our verse. In one word two adjacent syllables can rarely be accented. Hence to form a spondee or any succession of two long syllables, we must use two words. The first or last syllable of a polysyllabic word may be half, a monosyllable will do for the other half. No more perfect example of spondees inclosing a dactyl can be found than the homely words, "mān whō kēpt ă sĕgār stōre." The straight lines indicate long, the curved ones short syllables. In adopting classic metres this rule has not been followed, and really need not be. The spondee is almost opposed to the genius of our verse, yet I would by no means discard it. A foot consisting of one long and one short syllable may, however, in many cases, take its place. In Longfellow's hexameters, trochees, a long before a short syllable, are continually employed in its place, and harmonize very well with the dactyls.

I have spoken of the clashing of accent and quantity in the classic poets. So much have some critics been disturbed by this that they have pronounced the whole theory of classic versification false, said that it was founded upon accent, and endeavored so to scan it. Edgar A. Poe may be mentioned among these revolutionists; he tried to substitute a new theory for the old, enunciating his ideas on the subject in The Rationale of Verse.

We must, I think, adhere to the old system, and scan the classic verses by quantity. Any other system presents many inconsistencies. We may the more willingly do so as we can then readily imitate them in English, and produce many metres new to our language.

I will illustrate what I have said by a translation of Horace's Elegy on Quintilius. To my ear the choriambic metre sounds very well in English, and it certainly adds to the interest of a translation to know that in metre as well as matter it is nearly identical with the original.

TO VIRGIL.

(Qūis dēsīdĕrĭō sīt pŭdŏrānt mŏdŭs, etc.)

Shāme nōr līmĭt shŏuld bē ūntŏ oŭr grĭēf ănd wōe
For so darling a head: teach us thy saddest song,
O Melpomene, muse, liquid of voice, for slow,
Slōw thĭs mēasŭre mŭst glīde ălōng.

Lo, Quintilius sleeps; equal of whom to find
Long may Chastity search; though she assisted be
By the sister of Faith, Justice whose eyes are blind,
She thy equal shall never see.

Good men all will lament; yet was the loss more sore
Unto none than to thee, Virgil, my dearest friend.
All thy pity is vain; never will it restore
Him whose life has attained its end.

Though more dulcet your tones than was the lyre sweet
Which when Orpheus struck forests and rocks obeyed,
Vain indeed were the task over our friend to meet,
Who the terrible world of shade

Once has entered, and passed into the regions drear
Where great Mercury rules, sceptred, with blackened rod.
Very hard is thy lot: patience must dry the tear;
Tears will never unseal the rod.

—Having positive ideas on the subject of reviews and book notices, I read with interest all that I can on the subject that is printed in our magazine, and

I did not pass by the remarks made by a contributor in October. You remember that he said that there is a great deal of choice in reviewers, looking at them from the position of authors and publishers. He thought that the more praiseworthy of them practice "the art of skillfully stimulating the reader's curiosity," rather than of giving a synopsis of the contents of the book, and thus, of course, doing the reader some good by adding to his information.

I will not deny that this view may be correct, though I think that the experience and long practice of some American publishers will show that there is much to be said on the other side. A difference must be made between classes of books, and no one would think it right to treat a novel as he would a work on science, or a historical essay. I think that it is the established practice of some publishers to give all possible publicity to the contents of their books, often having long illustrated articles prepared in advance, with the intention of stimulating the reader's curiosity by giving him information, rather than by keeping it from him.

Is it not, however, a low view of the office of the reviewer that we get when we think of him as an agent for the sale of books? Without doubt, it is a good thing to further the sale of good books, but the critic, to do himself perfect justice, must remember that he is the agent of the reader, not of the author or the publisher. The editor of "the old Putnam" was right when he said, years ago, that it is the duty of the reviewer to tell his reader what there is in a book, and to pronounce honest judgment upon it. This has been the mode of all the really great reviewers.

The editor of a critical periodical is in the pay of the reader, and must please his pay-master, or he will fail. The reader says to him, "I am not able to buy all the books that are published, and yet I wish to know what is going on in the literary world, and to be informed of the relative merits of the current books; will you give me an account of them all, with your judgment and that of experts as to their worth, accompanied with sketches of the subject matter of the best of them?" This is what *I* say to the reviewer, and I suppose that others do the same. The publisher's interest is subserved when the reviewer follows such a course, for the reader will be attracted to those books that seem to meet his individual needs; and when once a critic has established his reputation as furnishing reviews that are real guides to buyers, his opinions will possess a money value that will be held as long as his judgments are considered honest.

An author cannot read with self-respect the reviews of his book that are written by a man whom he knows to be a mere agent of his publisher. I can speak freely on this subject, for I write both books and reviews. I know what it is to have snap judgment pronounced upon my own humble productions, and the knowledge makes me all the more careful not to offend in that way myself. I practice what I preach, and as an author I prefer that my reviewers should tell the truth about what I write, and never indulge in denunciation on the one hand, or in fulsome flattery on the other. As I do not write works of the imagination, I do not care how much of the contents of my books they give to their readers in advance. Of course, a novel would be damaged by treatment that is proper in other cases.

— Two or three contributors of The Atlantic have lately called attention to the "grimness of country life." Sometimes they seem to confine their remarks to New England, but sometimes, again, they apparently include all rural Americans in "our country people." One suspects unintentional exaggeration, even with the limitation first given; but, however this may be, there are American country districts to which the doleful descriptions of the contributors do not fully apply. It must be borne in mind that New England (though important beyond all proportion to its area or its population) is not absolutely the whole of the United States, after all. There are regions where Puritanism has not in-

truded, and where, indeed, the very word is suggestive of no pleasant or respectable associations. One need not go farther south than Maryland to find rural communities (every whit as orderly as any in Massachusetts or Vermont) where the good old English sports of fox-hunting and partridge-shooting are still habits with many of the farmers, where horseback-riding both for pleasure and for locomotion is not yet a disused custom, and where the influence of past social conditions has not wholly spent itself. In the *ante bellum* days it was common for families to journey about, visiting, their estates being left in care of overseers and the like; and thus for weeks together an ample country house would be overflowing with both population and enjoyment. This custom has passed away now; but far more attention is paid to the etiquette of visiting than at the North, and calls are more frequent and longer. The meets for fox-hunting also serve sometimes to bring the families of the hunters together, and some seasons the desire to entertain young visitors from the city will give rise to a series of parties and similar entertainments lasting for weeks. Tournaments, though in their decadence, occasionally add somewhat to the pleasure of the community, and each tournament ends with a ball. Many of the villages are provided with amateur theatrical organizations; brass bands have outstripped the telegraph in all directions; canoe races (much like yacht regattas) are common along the bay side; and weddings are scenes of great jollity. Indeed, I am sorry to say that the influence of past days may still be found in the maxim (heard sometimes from old gentlemen who abhor drunkenness on any other occasion) that it is a shame for a man to go home sober on such an occasion. A wedding is the time for a man to be merry, they say.

Of course, this last is not to be commended, but assuredly it is not puritanical. Nor has the gradual fading of sociability since the war, and the concurrent decline of culture and manners, as yet reached a point where grimness can fairly be chargèd. Certainly, the life of which I speak is dull (except during the season of field sports) to one accustomed to the moving masses and newsy atmosphere of cities; but we may well doubt whether it would be half so dreary to the average thinking mortal as the ceaseless round of perfunctory calls and routine nonsense which wastes, under the name of "society," the lives of so many men and women in the national capital itself. I know rational beings who can hardly attend to any work until Lent comes, because of the amount of this sort of thing which they have on hand. Compared with the solid comfort of a pleasant home and a few books, is it not the very hollowest "vanity and vexation of spirit"? What can be "grimmer" than the lot of the cabinet lady, with her five hundred perfunctory calls in arrears? — And such things have been.

— One of your readers, at least, is thoroughly tired of young men who smoke. She finds little relief in reading The Atlantic, since even its heroes are continually appearing on each scene with cigars in one state or another of enjoyment or completion.

Cannot a kindly contributor write something, anything, — for the sake of influence, — though it be fiction, about a young man who does not smoke?

— The present basis of educational reform, or at least of changes in the method of instruction, is to render all subjects attractive. The fashion seems to have come in with sugar-coated pills, capsules, and other agreeable ways of making disagreeable things palatable to people. The public insists upon harnessing the draught-horse of information with the trotting nag of entertainment. Perhaps, however, the result will be that they will neither go very fast, nor carry much of a load. Grammar is the special repugnance of most pupils, and, if we may believe some teachers, the great intellectual obstacle to the right and ready acquirement of the real genius and finest use of language. If it can be made picturesque and attractive, stimulating the pupil's imagination as well as his memory, by associating it with familiar objects and

experiences, this difficulty will be lessened, if not removed. Something has been done, or attempted, in the book called Grammar Land. My method, on exhibition below, somewhat incomplete, but perhaps sufficiently suggestive, may give some useful hints in this direction. My paradigm of verbs will serve to show the scope and design of the plan: —

PRESENT TENSE.
(*Rather*) *Singular.*
I amaranth,
Thou artichoke,
He Israelite.
Plural.
We argument,
Ewer, a pitcher,
Year 1000,
Thereupon.

(VERY) IMPERFECT TENSE.
I didactic,
Heeded nobody,
Weeded a garden.

FUTURE TENSE.
Singular.
I willow basket,
Thou Wilton carpet,
Heal the sick.
Plural.
Weal and woe,
Yule log,
They languish.

PRESENT INTENSE.
Singular.
I due bill,
Thou dust brush,
He dozen dozen.
Plural.
Widow's mite,
You duellist,
Th' ado about nothing.

IMPERATIVE.
Singular.
Let meander,
Letter box.
Plural.
Lettuce bed,
Yeast rising.

The pupil's mind is by this method carried along and deluded by the beauty of the imagery; and while thinking that he enjoys only a series of interesting pictures, he is deep in the mysteries of conjugation before he knows it.

— A passage in the recently published table-talk of Prince Bismarck recalls a little-known episode in European politics, in which an American diplomat played a very creditable rôle. The history of this occurrence has never been published, nor have direct allusions to it been made in print till a year or so ago, when a German journalist, Brachvogel by name, gave the bare facts of the case. Bismarck's reference to it, as quoted in The Fortnightly Review, is as follows: —

"I was intrusted with the office of conferring with Napoleon about the Nuremberg affair [the translator, or printer, should have said *Neuchâtel*, German *Neuenburg*]. It must have been in the spring of 1857. I had to ask him what attitude he would assume in relation to the matter. Now I knew that he would declare himself in a favorable sense, and that meant war with Switzerland. . . . Napoleon was very pleasant and friendly. Certainly he could not accede to the king's wish to be allowed to march through Elsass and Lorraine, as that would cause too much excitement in France; but, for the rest, he fully approved of the undertaking. It could only give him satisfaction, if the democrats were cleared out of their den. So far, then, I had been successful, but I had not calculated upon the change of policy which had meanwhile occurred at Berlin, — probably through taking Austria into account, — and the affair was given up. No war resulted."

In the time of William of Orange, the direct line of the princes of Neuchâtel became extinct, and the heir at law being a vassal of the French king, the notables of the principality thought fit to settle the succession upon William as the next heir. He, however, died without issue, the heir at law to his titles and possessions being the then Elector of Brandenburg, — no other, in fact, than the "great elector," Friedrich Wilhelm. But William did not at all intend that his claims to the sovereignty of the Netherlands and his enormously valuable estates should pass to a foreigner, if he could help it; and to avoid this he had made a will, which was naturally supported by the Dutch authorities, making his cousin of Nassau universal legatee. The Brandenburger, however, succeeded in getting a portion of the private property and the principality, whence the title of the Hohenzollern family, surrendered only in 1857. Up to 1848, the prince, himself living at Berlin, kept at Neuchâtel a vice-prince, who was always a Prussian subject. In this year the populace rose and overcame the governor and his handful of soldiers, proclaiming the principality an inseparable part of Switzerland. After a time a *modus vivendi* was arrived at by which, on the one hand, the Hohenzollern sovereignty was acknowledged, and, on the other, some arrangement was entered into by which, to all intents and purposes, Neuchâtel became a Swiss canton. With any other person than the weak and vacillating Friedrich Wilhelm IV., such

an arrangement would probably have been impracticable; but if what happened in his immediate home caused him completely to lose his head, it was not to be expected that he should be able to attend to matters so far off as these. Accordingly, this anomalous state of things lasted till 1857, but the nobility of the principality, which was the only class injured by the change, thought it would try its hand at a revolution. At first the insurgents were successful, but ultimately were defeated, and the captured leaders were carried off to Bern.

A greater piece of luck for the Swiss government it would be difficult to imagine, and the people then in power resolved to take the utmost possible advantage of it, for the successors of old Nicholas von Diesbach have rarely been unworthy of their great predecessor. So when Friedrich Wilhelm demanded the release of the captured nobles, they demanded a compensation therefor, said compensation to consist in the absolute and complete abandonment of all claim on Neuchâtel. This placed the king in a highly embarrassing position. Desert friends of his own order, — men who had gotten into trouble through devotion to his interests, — he could not; surrender inherited titles and prerogatives, he would not. There was, indeed, a third way out of the difficulty, namely, war; but to this the peace-loving king was by no means inclined. None the less, as it appears, was Bismarck sent to Paris to inquire, some preparations for war were made, and the bold statesmen of Bern, in spite of their bumptiousness, were still somewhat anxious.

It was at this point that the American diplomat appeared upon the scene. Mr. Theodore S. Fay, long a Knickerbocker journalist and novelist, was made envoy to Switzerland in 1853, having previously, for eighteen years, been secretary of legation at Berlin. During this period Mr. Fay had intimately known Humboldt and other members of the king's literary coterie, and had, on several occasions, been brought unofficially in contact with his majesty himself, and had been treated by him with great consideration. A happy thought now occurred to Mr. Fay, in pursuance of which he went to the head of the Swiss government, and made him the following proposition: He should go to Berlin and see the king (of course as a private person), and should prevail upon him to give his royal word to renounce his claims, provided the nobles were first released. For to give up his claims at the mere threat of the Swiss government would, all parties felt, be quite inconsistent with the dignity of his crown. The proposal being accepted, Mr. Fay at once set out, and after a toilsome journey (there was then no railway to Bern) arrived at his destination. But the difficult part of his mission had really just begun. The king was surrounded by high tory ministers, and they were anxious for war, — a war, that is, which should not bring them into conflict with Austria. Finally, however, Mr. Fay obtained an interview, no third party being present but Baron Manteuffel, the premier. Friedrich Wilhelm was a weak, kindly man, with a horror of bloodshed, and, in addition to this, of a deeply religious turn of mind, especially in his later years. It was by working upon this side of his character that Mr. Fay finally succeeded, in spite of the king's natural unwillingness and the grunts of the disgusted Manteuffel, in obtaining the promise desired. He then went back to Bern, and the prisoners were released.

So far, so good; but the king did not at once carry out his part of the bargain as was expected, and the envoy, as well as the Swiss government, was for some weeks kept upon the anxious seat. Had the one thrown away its trumps in vain reliance upon the higher cards of the other? But eventually everything came right, and the American envoy was the recipient of an enormous amount of gratitude.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE Diary of Judge Sewall,[1] in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society, has been used by Holmes and other historians, but is now made available to all students by its publication and by the valuable apparatus of notes and introduction furnished by the editors. The entire diary covers the period from 1674 to 1729, the present volume, the first of the series, reaching to 1700. Sewall graduated at Harvard in 1671, and three years later took his master's degree. It was while in the service of the college that his diary begins, and the first few pages intimate the hesitation which he showed in choosing between the clerical profession and a secular life. After that the reader follows him in his business, his family life, his social relations, and to some extent in his observation of public affairs, but it is to be said that the diary is valuable rather for the incidental light which it throws upon contemporaneous history than for any very direct illustration. It is not difficult to define the intention of such a journal. It is a Family Book. Probably such books are comparatively rare in our cities nowadays, but forty or fifty years ago it was a common matter for a merchant or professional gentleman to set up a family book at the beginning of his active life, in which to record, with more or less reflection, the events which collected about himself and family. The Boston of Sewall's time was a vigorous community, having all the interests, in miniature, which attach to an independent state. It had its little college, its little congress, its little court, its little commerce, and even its little revolution. The family was an integer in this community, and the diary of such a family could scarcely fail to touch on the notable people of Boston, to refer to the questions that were uppermost, to imply customs, and to reflect local characteristics; but after all its main object would be to record in brief notes the daily experience of the family, the births, marriages, deaths, accidents, sicknesses, the sermons heard, the visitors who called, the special news brought of absent members, and so far as it was the memorandum book of the head of the family, his business engagements and personal reflections.

Such a diary assumes, moreover, the family for its readers. The persons and events are named to those who already know them, and it is left for future editors to open the mysteries of relationship and to explain allusions which were entirely intelligible at the time. Hence it seems very unlikely that Judge Sewall had any thought whatever of future publication. Certainly, there is a wide difference between his diary and that of Governor Winthrop, which was clearly felt by the writer to be of the nature of annals. This helps to explain also the absence of anything more than fragmentary reference to the witchcraft delusion, with which Sewall's name is connected in so painfully noble a way. The writer, we may suppose, was too full of the matter to journalize it in a notebook. There are indeed one or two pathetic references to the matter. Under April 11, 1692, he writes: "Went to Salem, where, in the Meeting-house, the persons accused of Witchcraft were examined; was a very great Assembly; 't was awfull to see how the afflicted persons were agitated. Mr. Noyes pray'd at the beginning, and Mr. Higginson concluded. [In the margin:] *Vae, Vae, Vae*, Witchcraft." Later, he notes a fast "respecting the Witchcraft, Drought, etc.," and one at the house of Captain Alden, "upon his account," who was in Boston jail at that time, awaiting trial for witchcraft. He enters the hanging of Burrough and others, writing in the margin, "Dolefull Witchcraft!" and concludes, "Mr. Mather says they all died by a Righteous Sentence. Mr. Burrough by his Speech, Prayer, protestation of his Innocence, did much move unthinking persons, which occasions their speaking hardly concerning his being executed." Four years later there is a brief entry under December 24, 1696: "Sam recites to me in Latin, Mat. 12, from the 6th to the end of the 12th v. The 7th verse did awfully bring to mind the Salem Tragedie." ("If ye had known what this meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless.") It was three weeks after this, when weighed down by private affliction also, that Judge Sewall put up his celebrated petition on the Fast Day. It is recorded in the Diary, with the

[1] *Diary of Samuel Sewall*, 1674–1729. Vol. I. 1674–1700. Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Vol. V. Fifth Series. Boston: Published by the Society. 1878.

brief note at the head: "Copy of the Bill I put up on the Fast day; giving it to Mr. Willard as he pass'd by, and standing up at the reading of it, and bowing when finished; in the Afternoon." There must be some of our readers who have not seen this "Bill," read thus before the congregation of which the judge was a member, and we give it for its own noble pathos, and for the commentary which it affords upon the temper of the times immediately following the tragedy, — a temper not always taken into account by writers who are quick to discover the reproach which the delusion brings upon Massachusetts: —

"Samuel Sewall, sensible of the reiterated strokes of God upon himself and family; and being sensible, that as to the Guilt contracted upon the opening of the late comission of Oyer and Terminer at Salem (to which the order for this Day relates) he is, upon many accounts, more concerned than any that he knows of, Desires to take the Blame and shame of it, Asking pardon of men, And especially desiring prayers that God, who has an Unlimited Authority, would pardon that sin and all other his sins personal and Relative: And according to his infinite Benignity, and Sovereignty, Not Visit the sin of him, or of any other, upon himself or any of his, nor upon the Land: But that He would powerfully defend him against all Temptations to Sin for the future; and vouchsafe him the efficacious, saving Conduct of his Word and Spirit." There is a subject for a historical painter! — the upright judge making this humble confession in the sight of all the congregation, while the minister reads it from the pulpit.

The student will find many exceedingly interesting notes by Sewall upon occurrences and people, but we are not willing to give up the book to specialists. Any one generally at home in New England history will find his account in reading the book for the many unconscious exhibitions of personal character, and of that typical New England character which seems at first so clearly cut on the pages of history, yet reveals itself in every new book like this with fresh value and with touches of nature that forbid our regarding it with too impersonal a criticism. We have been struck, for example, with that fascination of death which becomes a vulgar curiosity in uneducated countrymen, but rises into a singular importance in the nature of such a man as Judge Sewall. At the time of the entry just cited, on Christmas Day, 1696, he buries a little daughter, and makes this note respecting the tomb: "'T was wholly dry, and I went at noon to see in what order things were set; and there I was entertain'd with a view of, and converse with, the Coffins of my dear Father Hull, Mother Hull, Cousin Quinsey, and Six Children: for the little posthumous was now took up and set in upon that that stands on John's: so are three, one upon another twice, on the bench at the end. My Mother ly's on a lower bench at the end, with head to her Husband's head: and I order'd little Sarah to be set on her Grandmother's feet. 'T was an awfull yet pleasing Treat; Having said, The Lord knows who shall be brought hither next, I came away." Apparently no one dies — certainly not "Eliza. Scot, a good ancient Virgin" — without his making a note of it: "Wednesday Decr 9th 1685. Our neighbour Gemaliel Wait eating his Breakfast well, went to do something in his Orchard, where Sergt Pell dwells, there found him Self not well and went into Pell's his Tenant's House, and there dyed extream suddenly about Noon, and then was carried home in a chair, and means used to fetch him again, but in vain: To the Children startled about him he said, here is a sudden Change, or there will be a great Change, to that purpose. Was about 87 years old, and yet strong and hearty; had lately several new Teeth. People in the Street much startled at this good Man's sudden Death. Govr Hinkley sent for me to Mr. Rawson's just as they were sending a great Chair to carry him home. Satterday, Decr 12, '85. Father Wait buried: Magistrates and Ministers had Gloves. There heard of the Death of Capt. Hutchinson's child by Convulsions, and so pass to the Funeral of little Samuel Hutchinson about six weeks old, where also had a pair of Funeral Gloves." It is surely with pardonable pride that in one place he makes a minute, — "an account of some I have been a Bearer to," — a list of thirty persons within seven or eight years. Their ages are given, and against each is written, "Ring," "Ring, Scarf," "Scarf, Gloves," as the case may be, with "Nothing" occasionally, — a ghostly list of funeral trumpery, with these two or three protesting Nothings to represent "Friends are requested not to send flowers" of these later days.

There is no great or small in such a diary. The governor's hat blows off, — "hath a new Border which began to wear Catechising day or Sabbath last, as I take it;" one of his children throws something at his sister

"upon which, and for his playing at Prayer-time, and eating when Return Thanks, I whipd him pretty smartly. When I first went in (call'd by his Grandmother) he sought to shadow and hide himself from me behind the head of the Cradle: which gave me the sorrowfull remembrance of Adam's carriage." His persistent struggles to put down the abomination of periwigs in the community; his uneasiness at every encroachment of the Church of England, together with a half-simple curiosity about the service; his innocent but vain endeavors to substitute numbers for the heathen names of months; his habit of discovering divine judgments at every turn, — all find expression in the Diary. A portion, too, covers a voyage to England, and he shows himself a keen observer and naïve commenter. What could be more delightfully childish than his attempt to write down for use at home the drum-beat which he heard at tattoo?

"Dūrrera dūm
Dūrrera dūm
Dūrrera dum
Dūrrera dūm
Dūm dūm Dūm dūm Dūrrera dūm
Dūm dūm Dūm dūm Dūrrera dūm."

We have only hinted at some of the curiosities of this very readable volume. No one can read it steadily without carrying away a pretty distinct impression of the bustling community in which the diarist lived, and a real respect for the strong man who presents himself in it in his *négligée* costume. The editors have shown admirable care in the selection of points for annotation, and in the elucidation of difficulties. Their work is so scholarly and fresh, the occasional humor betraying their lively perception of the different values of the book, that we heartily wish it had been shown in two important labors. The introduction might well have brought together for the reader the continuous facts of Sewall's life, — possibly this is reserved for a later volume, — and the index should have been topical. The labor in this latter case would have been considerable, and it might have been difficult to keep a topical index within bounds as to length; yet surely there might have been some clue in it to the subjects for which one now has to hunt in perplexity after a reading of the book.

— In this very readable and really useful volume[1] Professor Boyesen has written tolerably full lives of Goethe and Schiller, with analyses of their principal writings, and, what is of more especial importance, a fairly complete account of the two parts of Faust. The biographies are so satisfactory that the one on Goethe may well be read along-side of that of Lewes; while that on Schiller, which is written with incomparably more ease and delicacy of touch, deserves warm commendation as a thorough and interesting monograph. If we have any fault to find with what the author has to say about Goethe, it is with his almost monotonous praise of that great man. He has drawn so largely from German commentators on Goethe and his immortal poem that the reader cannot help feeling the narrow bounds in which German literature has been confined, and the pettiness of much of the Germans' enthusiasm for even the faults of their greatest writer. They would be thoroughly justified if there were no other literatures extant, if no other people had poets, — for it is, after all, by poets that the measure of a literature is taken; but one cannot help wondering what the annotators and lecturers of that part of the world would have made of Shelley, for instance, if that author had been born of a German mother. Instead of having two or three editors who clapperclaw one another about the punctuation of his verses, and a clique who preach him to a horde of barbarians, there would be a host of writers pointing out that by this poem he meant that, that the skylark was symbolic of the other, and so on. And by this no disrespect is intended to Shelley or to Goethe, nor yet to those who have written about them. It is meant to call attention to the fact that not only have brave men lived before Agamemnon, but that there were some men of courage marching in the same line with that undoubted hero. What the German commentators, and Mr. Boyesen after them, seem to forget is that, while many of Goethe's loveliest poems and wisest thoughts have all the charm — the undying charm — of lovely, fresh fountains, there are great sandy wastes of verbiage to which they owe part of their merit; they are like these same fountains in a huge desert. The amount that Goethe wrote of what is really unreadable is recognized only

[1] *Goethe and Schiller: Their Lives and their Works. Including a Commentary on Goethe's Faust.* By Hjalmar H. Boyesen, Professor of German Literature in Cornell University; Author of Gunnar, A Norseman's Pilgrimage, Tales from Two Hemispheres, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

by the yawns of readers, or whispered irreverently by them to one another; there is no acknowledgment of it by Germans, — shall we say they do not perceive it? — and it has become a usage to accept everything that Goethe wrote without a murmur. Ridicule of his work will not be fair, but veneration "this side idolatry" is only just. There are signs of his weakness in Egmont, for instance, in spite of the charming bits this play contains, and the second part of Faust seems full of it.

There is no greater proof of how far Goethe removed himself from human life and human interest in the conclusion of his greatest poem than the fact that Faust redeems himself from his load of sin, and baffles the devil, — by what? By draining a piece of land! Wordsworth at his prosiest could never have devised so stale, flat, and unprofitable a conclusion. This is harnessing Pegasus to a tip-cart with a vengeance. There is of course the underlying truth that work, and work for the benefit of others, is an ennobling thing, and draining land is a better occupation than seducing Margaret; but could the imagination be more willfully superseded by invention? All the boards of agriculture in the world cannot prove this to be a fit subject of poetry. And yet Goethe has adorned this didactic lesson with every charm of art; nowhere has this master of form written more graceful lines, so far as the form is concerned, than here; his Euphorion springs to the most delicious of metres; but it is like what architecture has been defined to be, — frozen music.

In fact, most of the first part of Faust deserves all that can be said of it by even the most enthusiastic Germans, although it contains also cold bits inserted by Goethe in his later years. There are pages brimming with that intense poetry where the height of art seems like the easiest simplicity. Who can read, dry-eyed, the last scene? "Schön war ich auch, und das war mein Verderben" is simply untranslatable. But, as Goethe said of Byron, — when he wrote poetry he was sublime, when he began to think he was child, — it may be said of him that when he began to think he was an old man, and the last part of Faust is a work of the intellect, and not of the heart, and lacks the eternal youth which all true poetry has. Indeed, all Goethe's life was a conflict between his passionate heart and his cool head. His hot love and his cold withdrawings, his intense feelings and his critical analyses, prove this.

Now, of all this Mr. Boyesen makes no account, and doubtless it is well that students should not pick flaws with what receives universal respect. Taine, for instance, or Dr. Johnson, is not the teacher from whom we should care to have our children receive instruction about the Paradise Lost, and it is well that beginners should learn to admire before they are taught to find fault. For this purpose Mr. Boyesen's book is very good. The student will find bits of information and of critical comment to accompany the text of Faust, and he can hardly fail to receive benefit from this carefully prepared volume. Where the various commentators have parted company and gone hopelessly astray, Mr. Boyesen picks out what seems the true explanation from all kinds of sources, and makes clear what would have been confused. His enthusiasm for his subject is really inspiring, and it is equaled only by his painstaking exactness. Possibly Mr. Boyesen's fling at the interest felt by the French romantic school for Goethe hardly does justice to the great poet's sympathy with his admirers, which Eckermann frequently reports. To us this appears to have been much greater than his feeling for Carlyle, but this is a matter about which opinions may fairly differ.

It is impossible to close without praising the excellence of Mr. Boyesen's style. He beats most American writers, as he does many German commentators, on their own ground.

— Mr. Spedding's Life of Bacon[1] certainly ranks high as an authority concerning the great man whose works have been the constant study of the biographer. The book is really compact of study, research, and unwearying care, and we can feel pretty sure that Mr. Spedding will leave his name indissolubly connected with that of Bacon. This American edition leaves out considerable matter which may be fairly enough called superfluous, and these excisions have the full approval of Mr. Spedding, so that in its present form the book may be regarded as a careful revision of an already valuable book. That excision was needed cannot be denied; Mr. Spedding in his desire to be complete had amassed much that the reader would be likely to omit. In this re-

[1] *An Account of the Life and Times of Francis Bacon.* Extracted from the Edition of his Occasional Writings by James Spedding. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

vised reprint the task of selection has been discreetly performed, and consequently the life is much improved. It is really, one might almost say, the official memoir.

At the close of the book, Mr. Spedding says that Bacon's character can be left to the debating societies for discussion and possible determination, and there is but little doubt that it will be still a question on which two opinions will be obstinately maintained for a long time. Biographers are not unfrequently advocates, and Mr. Spedding, if he errs at all, errs in the direction of putting too favorable construction on the dark parts of Bacon's life. Macaulay's bitter denunciation of Bacon is well known, and it is safe to say that much of what he says is left unanswered. In the case of Peacham, for instance, we are told that the incident was only noteworthy because Bacon was present as a witness when he was tortured, and that there is no mention of any interest in the matter on the part of his contemporaries. But this is all that even Macaulay claimed; he thought it a lamentable thing that Bacon had been present when a man was tortured, and he expressed his feeling very warmly.

With regard to the infinitely more serious matter of Bacon's acceptance of bribes, Mr. Spedding shows great tact and judgment. The whole pitiable history is told with great simplicity, and with every scrap of information that could be collected. Throughout, the biographer defends Bacon to the best of his ability, and every palliating circumstance is urged that ingenuity could discover and affection suggest. The decision of the lords had, he says, "a great constitutional value: it inflicted upon an abuse which had been heretofore tolerated a punishment which made it thereafter infamous." But even Mr. Spedding, a few pages earlier (vol. ii., page 507), says that he "should not be surprised to find that the taking of gifts from suitors was one of those practices which, though everybody knew them to be illegal, and nobody would undertake publicly to justify them, were nevertheless not only generally indulged by those who received the profit, but generally known of and tolerated by others who had no share in it." Again, "Upon this point, however, I have not myself seen any evidence that seems conclusive." This is the spirit which the reader most cares to find in a biographer, — a disposition to maintain the reputation of the man whose life is written, to defend his faults and call attention to his good qualities. Too judicial severity would seem as out of place as on the lips of a man who describes the shortcomings of his own family with precision. Moreover, we all know that the more we study a man, the more disposed we are to think well of him, — of course, there are exceptions, but the statement is generally true, — and in Bacon's case harsh judgment seems especially odious. But it is possible to acknowledge the greatness of his errors, and, so to speak, to forgive him, to think only of what was great and fine in his character. We shall have but few books to read if we wait for the histories of only faultless men, and Bacon has left us enough to outweigh many times his faults.

In a word, this memoir shows us what Bacon was; it is full and accurate, and is brought into much more reasonable compass by the tact of the American editor.

— The paper in this volume of L'Art[1] which will peculiarly interest Americans is that of M. Charles Tardieu on our painting at the Universal Exposition of 1878. It is not a flattering paper, nor is it a satisfactory paper. The ability of M. Tardieu to estimate the American spirit and American conditions may be inferred from his statement that Mr. Bret Harte "paints the actual manners of America." Poetry, he rightly declares, owes to us in Longfellow one of the greatest artists of the century, and he ends by saying, "American painting may have long to await its Longfellow, but we count upon soon seeing its Bret Harte." We hope not *very* soon, M. Tardieu, if his coming is to mean the further misapprehension of American things through the work of genius which, however surprising, is that of a romancer, and not a realist. American painting may be what you will of feeble and insufficient, but so far as truth to American life is concerned, it is much better without its Bret Harte. That it should be more true to our life, that it should be more patriotic (in the æsthetical way), more indigenous, more native, M. Tardieu very justly insists, and he has an acceptable impatience with our artists for living, thinking, and being in other atmospheres than ours, and for so rarely taking their subjects from their own country. Of the sixteen illustrations to the paper, only four are of American subjects, and only two — Mr. Winslow Homer's Sunday

[1] *L'Art.* Revue Hebdomadaire Illustrée. Quatrième Annee. Tome IV. Paris: A. Ballue. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1878.

Morning in Virginia and Mr. Inness's Medfield landscape — could have been painted nowhere else but in America. The rest are mythological, Bavarian, Egyptian, Breton, and Heaven knows what. M. Tardieu's tone is patronizing, and a little insolent, as he had the right to make it upon this showing; and we cannot complain of it when he "roughs" Mr. J. McL. Hamilton, who has profited by his voluntary exile to paint the indecent doze of an improper Parisian, with her parrot, and her champagne, and her Journal pour Rire, and her stocking; as Tardieu suggests, that sort of thing might have been studied in Philadelphia. But where M. Tardieu is clearly wrong is in his treatment of Mr. Vedder, — or rather, L'Art itself is wrong. This journal, as we learn from Mr. Vedder's protest, especially requested him to furnish designs for engravings from his Cumæan Sibyl and his Young Marsyas, and these are made the occasion by M. Tardieu to reproach him with a "misdirected classicism," of which "his education is not thorough enough to enable him to assimilate the tradition," while his "native originality is not strong enough to renew it." M. Tardieu goes on out of his way to insinuate that whatever pleasure the illustrations may give is attributable not to the painter, but to the engraver. L'Art had the right to express an unfriendly opinion of Mr. Vedder with any severity, but it had no right to ask him to prepare its text. The whole performance is what we untutored outlaws of the Western World, whose manners Mr. Harte has painted, would call shabby. L'Art has, by way of compensation, an excellent letter on artistic matters in the United States, treating largely of the New York Metropolitan Museum and the Cincinnati Women's Art Association. It has of course, also, the usual array of articles, agreeably written and wonderfully illustrated, on the artistic interests everywhere. One of these, especially rich, is on Contemporary Ceramics of the Exposition; another is the second paper on the Grosvenor Gallery; another, in several parts, on the Prado Museum at Madrid; others on Dutch, Swiss, Greek, and Russian art at the Exposition; another, curiously interesting and extremely valuable for the finely etched portrait, on the Mary Tudor (bloody Mary) of Antonio Moro at Madrid; another on Japanese Art at the Exposition; another on Belgian Art there, with a delicious etching of Les Visiteuses of Alfred Stevens, and a wood-engraving of his extraordinary Sphinx Parisien, — "angel or demon, girl or wife, one knows not," but an inscrutable marvel of cunning, audacious, self-sufficing, mysterious vapidity, alluring, repelling, altogether discomforting and discomfiting. A young face, with two fingers of the left hand at the corner of the small mouth, short nose, wide-open eyes, and hair en *caniche* stares at you from the convolutions of a fur boa; it is, as we said, extraordinary, and the most notable thing in this volume of L'Art.

— Miss Young, in her Compendium of the History and Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain[1] has done a man's work in the modern woman's fashion. Recent experience of woman's work in this and in kindred fields of the practice and observation of art has already furnished us with such a high standard of performance that the sex can no longer be sheltered by *la politesse* from the rigors of criticism. In the republic of letters and art she claims and is held to a man's responsibility. This especial department she is certainly qualified to occupy with peculiar fitness and grace, and Miss Young's work on The Ceramic Art goes far to realize the just demand and expectation of the critic.

The main point of originality and interest in this volume resides in the fact that the subject is viewed from an American point of observation; and although we have no right to expect and do not find in the book any new discoveries in the general history of the art, yet the new stand-point seems to offer certain advantages in fresh groupings of familiar facts, and in presenting in the foreground a view, by no means so familiar but in every way interesting and instructive, of our own national achievements and prospects in the art, and their relations to its various developments in other countries. To many readers it will be a surprise that we have, as a people, gained a position in the manufacture of faïence and porcelain worthy to occupy so much space in a general history. Our position, it is true, is one rather of promise than of performance, and our wares cannot of course compete as yet with the higher class of productions from the best workshops of Europe; but in the better class of common household table service we are already producing work so

[1] *The Ceramic Art: A Compendium of the History and Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain.* By Jennie J. Young. With 464 Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

excellent that a Staffordshire manufacturer, quoted by an English arbitrator at our Exposition, has said: "The boast of the Americans is no empty boast, that in ten years, at the rate they are going on, they will supersede British crockery in the United States." Indeed, the statistics show that the importation of Staffordshire ware has almost entirely ceased, the market being fully occupied, according to English testimony, by American goods superior to the corresponding class produced in England, and at a much lower price. (Speech of Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, in the house of representatives, in the debate on the tariff in 1878.) Miss Young is more modest in her expression than this authority, but her vigilance has gathered sufficient evidence to indicate not only that the manufacture of faïence as a commercial commodity is already an important interest in our industrial arts, but that, in the higher grades of faïence and porcelain, such as that produced at the Greenpoint works in New York, at Bennington, Vt., at Trenton, N. J., at Jersey City, and at Chelsea, Mass., the artistic work may sometimes challenge comparison with the corresponding productions of the Old World. Painting over glaze is of course recognized as a common elegant accomplishment, and the more difficult technical work of decorating under glaze is carried on with a promise of success which may in time give characteristic expression to our artistic capacity as a nation. The illustrative wood-cuts of the American manufactures confirm our own observation that, although the work is full of promise, absolute excellence is phenomenal. Our higher efforts at design in this as in other arts is still distinguished by an absence of reserved power; by a want of that natural elegance which is the result of traditions loyally developed through a long series of experiments; by a hardihood of invention and an eagerness for originality which, unrestrained by the training of schools, has expression in a certain crudity and baldness, not to say vulgarity, which are the distinguishing marks of all our really vernacular arts. But surely this awkwardness is the awkwardness of undeveloped strength. We can wait.

But Miss Young carries us back from the porcelain of Greenpoint to the prehistoric pottery of the Mississippi mound-builders; from the elegant modern productions of Haviland and Copeland, Limoges and Lambeth, to the vases in the tombs of Curium and the sun-dried bricks of Egypt. The scheme of her book includes four main divisions, devoted successively to nomenclature and methods of manufacture, and to Oriental, European, and American ceramics. The first division is very full and instructive, and shows, if not a practical familiarity with the complicated processes of mixing and firing in the various wares, at least a very vigorous inquiry on her part among the best authorities in literature and practice. As for the historical parts, our author displays a fruitful industry in her investigations, but she by no means blindly follows even such accepted authorities as Jacquemart or Brougniart; her deductions are frequently original and ingenious, and her narrative is always bright and interesting. Of the four hundred and sixty-four illustrations the greater part is gathered from accessible American collections, and as a general rule, represents the types and not the exceptions of the art.

It is a distinctive merit of Miss Young's book that the relations of the art to the people who practiced it are set forth with a vigor of research and an independence of judgment which are by no means common in works of this class. When one undertakes this subject who is not skilled in the art of combining facts and rejecting non-essentials, the excessive detail to which he is invited is apt to obliterate the impression of the preceding parts, and to produce a result of confusion. But Miss Young's book furnishes attractive and remunerative reading even to those whose tastes are not hospitable to pots and crockery, and may well be set down in reading courses as a valuable supplement to general ethnological and even political histories; for she rarely loses sight of the essential points of her subject, and rarely suffers herself to be led astray by technical digressions, which, though perhaps a necessary knowledge to the special student, are a fatigue and stumbling-block to the general reader.

— Six little books[1] of interest are the Messrs. Harper's reprints of the first volumes of the series of literary biographies projected by Mr. John Morley, who, besides the lives of Johnson, Gibbon, Scott, Shel-

[1] *English Men of Letters.* Edited by JOHN MORLEY. [Samuel Johnson. By LESLIE STEPHENS. Sir Walter Scott. By RICHARD H. HUTTON. Edward Gibbon. By JAMES C. MORRISON. Percy Bysshe Shelley. By JOHN A. SYMONDS. Oliver Goldsmith By WILLIAM BLACK. David Hume. By PROFESSOR HUXLEY.] New York: Harper and Brothers.

ley, Goldsmith, and Hume, has in preparation by various hands the lives of Spenser, Bunyan, Dickens, Milton, Wordsworth, Swift, Burns, Byron, and De Foe. The names of the biographers are hardly so interesting, though they include those of Messrs. Froude, Huxley, William Black, Thomas Hughes, and Goldwin Smith; but there is warrant in them, and in the manner in which the work already done is done, that a well-conceived enterprise will be well carried out. The volumes published are none of them brilliant, but they are of a good, honest, careful workmanship, such as the present processes of British literary manufacture nearly always turn out. They range in quality from Mr. Stephens's Johnson to Mr. Symonds's Shelley. The writers have not gone to original sources; they have necessarily used the material of former biographers; to the student of literature they bring no news, and they divine little that was not known of character already. But they speak with information, with just observation, and with sense, and they speak agreeably.

Mr. Black, in his pleasant monograph on Goldsmith, takes generally the ground opposite to that heretofore assumed by the poet's biographers, — especially, his most voluminous and disagreeable biographer, the late Mr. John Forster. This writer, a mind of coarse fibre and of thumb-fingered perceptions, perpetually beats himself into a passion of pity and indignation for sufferings which were at least as largely attributable to Goldsmith's unfortunate temperament as to his unfortunate circumstances, and Mr. Black's attitude is the natural revolt which the general reader makes from Mr. Forster's tedious commiseration. Indeed, Mr. Forster is himself from time to time wearied by it, and cautions people not to let his excited sympathy impose upon them; but mostly he promotes the mistake that Goldsmith was an ill-used man. He certainly lived in a time when the trade of letters was at its most unprosperous, but seldom has a man been so much and so often befriended. "Was poet ever so trusted before?" asks Johnson, referring to the two thousand pounds which Goldsmith died owing; and he says elsewhere, "He had raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense." That is the truth; and if he was not the less a genius, and not the less a most lovable man, for his waste, he was certainly none the more so for it. He is forever dear to us for the breath of simple and humble love of home which he breathed into English poetry, and he was doubtless better than many a man who did not game, or cheat his tailor, or live loosely; still, for the great mass of mankind, it is better to be honest and chaste, and it would have been better for Goldsmith to have been so. Mr. Black's analysis of his character is good and clear without being profound, and his criticism of his literature is apt and clever without being at any time subtile, without giving the last touch of satisfaction. His book is like the other books of this series in being of a slight impressiveness while being very good. So far, they have treated of men so well known otherwise that it is quite impossible to say whether the books alone would make them intelligible. They are pleasant recapitulations, for the most part, of what has been already thought and said.

— In his new volume[1] Mr. Piatt has rearranged a good many poems already familiar to his readers, with others of like mood now collected for the first time. They are all poems that treat of the things of home in his characteristic way, and one cannot read them without feeling the charm of a rare and tender spirit, — a sympathy which never dissolves in sentimentality, and a simplicity infinitely removed from commonness. They have to do with interests rather than incidents, with impressions, experiences, regrets, fancies; they are lyrics, not ballads. It is a book to be read by winter fires and under summer trees; but it will not yield its sweetness to the reader who comes to it impatiently. You must be yourself fond of the gentle and inartificial aspects of life, before you can enjoy it. As we have before expressed, it breathes the perpetual homesickness of a new land; it is Western in nothing so much as its tinge of melancholy.

Among the pieces not included in the Poems of House and Home is the fine and stately Ode written for the opening of the Cincinnati Music Hall, which, if here and there a little too closely wrought for public recitation, is all the better for the private perusal of such as can read twice.

— Mrs. Celia Thaxter's elegant little volume, modestly self-styled Drift-Weed,[2] is really not weedy in the least. It is much more like a collection of shells from one of

[1] *Poems of House and Home.* By J. J Piatt Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879

[2] *Drift-Weed.* A Collection of Poems. By Celia Thaxter Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879

our Northern beaches, delicate in tint, simple and symmetrical in form, minute and light, exceedingly, and it must be confessed remarkably, like one to another. But a chain of sea-shells is always a pretty thing, and in certain of these one may catch, by intent listening, fragments of the murmur of the great deep.

— There is to us a peculiarly agreeable flavor in Mr. Winter's little book about England,[1] — the tone of a fine, gentle, and somewhat pensive mind. Mr. Winter's reminiscences of England are almost wholly confined to London, where he visits the objects which all tourists visit; when he goes out of London it is to go to Warwick and Kenilworth, and to Stratford-on-Avon; he has also a glimpse of France. What always breathes from his page is a loyal and manly love of English places, English manners, and English men. He belongs to the tradition of Irving, who took England and its inhabitants both to his heart; whereas most of us are agreed with Hawthorne that England would be very well but for the English people in it. But no one can help sympathizing with Mr. Winter's mood, nor help listening with interest to whatever he says of the haunts dear to history and biography and romance. His attitude is studiously unambitious and serious; there are no tiresome attempts at making fun; the literature of the little book is as sweet and pure as its spirit is sincere. You may be sure that the writer attributes nothing to himself that he does not feel, and there is such evident honesty in all his opinions that if he likes to call the righteous execution of Charles the First a "murder," we, for our part, like to have him do it.

— The edition of Macaulay's England[1] which Messrs. Harper and Brothers publish in five volumes hardly affords occasion for comment on a work whose place is so securely fixed, and whose qualities are so well known. But the fit shape and aspect of the edition is to be praised: the volumes are of a handsome octavo; the type is very clear, and the paper is of a singularly agreeable tint and texture; the cloth of the binding is a decent black. The first volume has a forcible engraved portrait of Macaulay after a photograph by Claudit, — the clear, firm face of a man who has produced more good reading of a good kind than perhaps any other of our century.

— In four discourses[3] upon Socialism in General, Communistic, Anti-Communistic, and Christian Socialism, the author sketches some of the changes in social conditions produced by modern civilization, touching upon the employment of machinery, the extension of commerce, the creation of new wants, the transfer of most of the land to a few owners, and the increase of pauperism.

He thinks that the average European peasant was better off, relatively, in the fourteenth century than his successor in our own time; that is, his work would obtain more food then than now. Our civilization, though nominally Christian, is distinctively materialistic. The inequality in the distribution of wealth cannot be wholly justified, but as civilization advances the distance between the upper and lower classes becomes greater, and this inequality of conditions the author regards as permanent and inevitable, as most of its causes are permanent. Philanthropy concerns itself about the whole nature and destiny of man for time and eternity; socialism deals with the environment, and ends with time. It dreams of regenerating society without regenerating the individual, or insists upon beginning with society. This is its failure. The result of communistic socialism would be equality of social conditions enforced and reënforced from generation to generation, and this would lead to anarchy, the destruction of art, religion, morality, and civilization, and the prevalence of unmitigated animalism.

The author's conclusion is that labor "must for the most part look out for itself." He does not approve the organization of a labor party in politics, nor of any action on the part of the government for the relief of labor difficulties, except the establishment of a bureau to collect and tabulate statistics. He advises that job work be substituted for time work wherever it can possibly be done; thinks the study of political economy is of great importance to theological students, and that the entire problem of Christian charity needs to be thoroughly overhauled; and believes that we may hope for Christians enough by and by to make the commerce of the world more sane and sober. "That Christianity will hold its own I do not for a moment doubt. Always it has been the best thing

[1] *The Trip to England.* By WILLIAM WINTER. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

[2] *The History of England, from the Accession of James the Second.* By LORD MACAULAY. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

[3] *Socialism.* By ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D. D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 1879.

in the world, and always it has conquered the world."

The discourses are highly rhetorical, and there is much historical and literary allusion, but there is a lack of vigorous reflection. The book may be regarded as a tolerable introduction to the subject of socialism, but the discussion is painfully inadequate. The confidence that our farmers can be trusted, and that no communistic engineering can barricade a prairie, is a queer basis for optimism. This is much as if the Yellow Fever Commission should triumphantly report that New Orleans is not in danger of ruin by volcanic eruptions. What is needed, if there is anything grave in our social conditions, is not a new eulogy of Christianity, but patient and resolute analysis of the phenomena of our civilization, and the suggestion of methods for the application of remedial or improving influences. It is not a time for eloquence, but for thought.

— This volume,[1] which contains an exact account of the grounds and buildings of the Centennial Exhibition, will be of more interest, possibly, a hundred years hence, when our descendants will quote from this list of measurements the petty dimensions of the buildings we thought so grand only three years ago. Meanwhile, a complete description is good, and there is no doubt that the statistics in this volume are accurate. The engravings, however, are not so satisfactory, although they are exact enough. This is a book that will be more sought for by public than by private libraries.

French and German.

It is late in the day to say anything about Cherbuliez's L'Idée de Jean Têterol,[2] for those who have not read the book in French have done the next best thing and read it in English, and congratulations on the excellence of the novel come in after the feast is long since devoured. It shares with many other of Cherbuliez's stories the merit of being of his best, and that best is very good, for there is no novelist with a clearer vision of what he undertakes to describe, and a greater power of representing things clearly, than this author. To speak of his wit is to talk platitudes; his invention is always ingenious, and this time he has given us a novel without any such lapse of taste as mars some of his stories, in which in his effort to be touching he becomes melodramatic, as in his Ladislas Bolski and La Revanche de Joseph Noirel. Fallible man must fail somewhere, and Cherbuliez delights his readers, but it is by his appeal to their intelligence; he never touches the heart, except possibly in Paule Méré. Fortunately, however, there are different kinds of good novels, and Cherbuliez stands at the head of the writers of his kind.

The plot of this story is as simple as possible; it is the account of the way in which the man who has become rich tries to revenge himself on his former master. The hero, Jean Têterol, is the self-made man, and the drawing of his peasant nature is admirably done, as it is put into contrast with the most worldly and fascinating lack of character of the thriftless nobleman. The account of the struggle between the two men almost hides the excellence of the part about the two young people, the charming daughter of the nobleman and Têterol's accomplished, but unpriggish son. In a word, the story is as bright as possible. Cherbuliez is never dull, and here he has excelled himself. His wit is constant; every paragraph, with its epigram at the end, is a model of good writing. Those are to be envied who have yet to read this capital story.

— Louis Ulbach is by no means a writer who deserves to be compared with Cherbuliez, but some of his stories are well worth reading. A recent one of his, Simple Amour[3] by name, is almost charming. It is the sequel of another novel, but there is not required for the enjoyment of it any more knowledge of its predecessor than is given in a few pages of the present volume. The main merit of the story is the drawing of a radical, a village tailor by trade, and of his daughter, Marcelline, who are bound by various ties to an aristocratic family of the neighborhood. The heir of this family falls in love with Marcelline, and his youthful passion is well described, as is her conduct. There are various other persons introduced who are not the conventional people of the French novel, and about the whole story there is a pleasing air of novelty, which in too great a quantity might

[1] *Grounds and Buildings of the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia*, 1876. Edited by Dorsey Gardner, Assistant Secretary United States Centennial Commission. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

[2] *L'Idée de Jean Têterol.* Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris: Hachette. 1878.

[3] *Simple Amour.* Par Louis Ulbach. Paris: C. Lévy. 1878.

become tedious, although for a change Ulbach is pleasant enough. He has no great power, but there is a kindliness of heart about him, and an intention of doing good by his work, that are rare and attractive qualities. This novel certainly, slight as it is, cannot fail to please those who do not crave the most highly spiced fiction.

— Those who want fiction of the spiced kind have probably read Mario Uchard's L'Etoile de Jean,[1] as it appeared last year in the Revue des Deux Mondes. Uchard is of course not one of the greatest of living novelists, and perhaps he will be best known to posterity as the husband of Madeleine Brohan, and the man who is supposed to have introduced bits of his autobiography into a play he wrote for the Théâtre Français about twenty years ago. Yet this novel is entertaining enough, as novels go. It is as artificial a story as ever was beaten out of a writer's brains, but it keeps the reader's attention fastened while he has the book open before him; it is only when he has finished that he will feel any discontent with the writer's method, and even then his discontent will not be of a very serious kind. The hero, whose family relations are of an extremely complicated kind, has been a soldier on the Southern side during our war, and he has brought back with him that phlegmatic nature which is the distinguishing trait of all good Yankees. The evil angel of the book is a young woman of gypsy blood from Cincinnati, who has married the eminent General O'Donor. She is known as Lady O'Donor. We have no cause for complaint, however, for there is similar inexactness in the way that noble dame wanders about France in a boy's dress, without exciting surprise even when she calls upon a respectable family. "The originality of Lady O'Donor was a satisfactory explanation of a visit to Brittany in this disguise." In fact, the scene of the novel is set in the civilized fairy-land which is familiar to the readers of French stories. The principal interest of the story hangs upon the escape of a young girl from her mother, who is anxious to make her marry a man against her will. By a singular coincidence, Henry Gréville's Marier sa Fille has just the same plot.

— Now that this last-named author has settled down to the regular composition of three — or is it four? — novels a year, it is impossible to notice every one of her books, which, moreover, appear in English about as soon as they do in French. Certainly Marier sa Fille[2] is an entertaining story. The heroine and the hero stand out in bold relief against the setting of their disreputable surroundings, and there is a great deal of humor in the talk of all the people. In short, the writer's cleverness cannot be questioned, and there will be but few, it is fair to say, who will object to the good-natured way in which the good people are rewarded for their virtue by a comfortable income, although the generous gift on the part of the author is like the way in which amiable hostesses cram the pockets of their neighbors' children with sweetmeats when they leave the house. The question of its fitness for translation does not fairly come up here, but it may be well to wonder whether the array of vicious relations and habits that makes the merit of the story is exactly what careful parents would like to place in the hands of young girls. So long as a book stays in the original French, it is, so to speak, behind a door, — in the bookcase, possibly, but yet not under the hand; when it is translated, it tempts the youngest readers, who will not be much improved by premature knowledge of vicious society. Other readers, however, will find the book agreeable.

— The four books just discussed bear the mark of being manufactured to suit the public rather than that of being the utterances of writers who were burdened with something to say, and it is a pleasure to turn to a volume of such real merit as Paul Heyse's last volume of collected stories, entitled Das Ding an sich.[3] When it is mentioned that this is the twelfth volume of Heyse's short stories, it will be seen how practiced a writer he is. He has done well, too, to confine himself so exclusively to short stories. He has twice tried to write long novels, and the Kinder der Welt and Im Paradise serve to show what a fist he made of it. It is hard to say which of the two is the poorer. Im Paradise has been translated, and has received the flattery that is more the due of the German empire and of the German army than of the distasteful and long-winded novel itself. In his short stories, however, Heyse fully deserves all

[1] *L'Etoile de Jean.* Par MARIO UCHARD. Paris: C. Lévy. 1879.

[2] *Marier sa Fille.* Par HENRY GREVILLE. Paris: Plon. 1878.

[3] *Das Ding an sich und andere.* Novellen. Von PAUL HEYSE. Berlin: Um. Hertz. 1879.

the praise that he has got, and more. Of the four that form this volume there is not one that is poor. They should not be translated, because here, as in other instances, Heyse has chosen subjects which stand outside of our conventional propriety. Yet he writes with such delicacy of feeling, with such true modesty, that he cannot seriously pain the grown-up reader. Possibly the best of the four is the one called Zwei Gefangene. This tells with great simplicity the story of a young man and a young woman who meet at the theatre, where is given a representation of Schiller's Kabale und Liebe. They fall into conversation, and it appears that the youth of both has been sacrificed to the claims of duty. Then arises in both — and it is very naturally told — the longing for a taste of the joys of life, and, to put it grossly into a single sentence, they run off together. He is a priest, that is to say, he is a sort of innocent Fra Filippo Lippi, who has come into some money, and they propose coming to this country to be married. On their way he meets at Hamburg a woman who makes him untrue, and the tale ends tragically. This, it will be seen, is not a plot that Miss Mulock, for instance, would have chosen, but no one can read the story without seeing the hand of a master in the way it is told. There is another story, equally sad, of a young officer who falls in love with a young girl; and the one that gives the title to the book, though possibly a trifle spun out, shows us, what indeed is nothing new, how worthy a writer Paul Heyse is. He has many of the qualities of a great novelist, and if he is better at writing tales than at writing long novels, he is not to be despised on that account, any more than is Meissonier, for choosing small canvases.

Heyse has very delicate feeling, and he writes in a really charming style, which is what few German authors do. This volume cannot fail to be read with pleasure by those who like good work. Good story-writers are rare even nowadays, when every one tries his or her hand at some form of novel.

EDUCATION.

The collegiate education of women is to have a partial trial at, or more correctly near, Harvard. The college authorities, it is well known, have steadily refused to admit women upon the same footing with men, but have indicated their interest in the problem by lending their aid to what is known as the Harvard examination for women. Meanwhile Girton and Newnham Hall have been founded at the English Cambridge, with the clear purpose of making use of the academic advantages of the university, and a movement is reported on foot for trying the same experiment even more closely at Oxford. Possibly these English trials have given greater confidence to Harvard; possibly, too, the individual experience of professors at Harvard has demonstrated the capabilities of young women to carry forward college courses with perseverance and the true *scientiæ sacra fames*. At any rate, an ingenious and yet simple scheme has been devised by which the collegiate education of women may be secured at Cambridge; not in the university itself, and not in the name of Harvard, but under conditions which are identical, so far as teachers go, with those governing the young men. A young woman could at any time, if regardless of expense, have come to Cambridge, resided there four years, and pursued as a private pupil of various professors the studies which a collegian followed before taking his degree; but she would have had the immense disadvantage of solitary study and solitary recitation. What is now proposed is the formation of classes of young women, doing this same thing, with the advantage of a division of expenses and the stimulus of society.

The machinery of this college running on parallel lines with Harvard is very simple. Seven ladies, well known in Cambridge and elsewhere from their position as members of professors' households, constitute a board of management, having also for secretary a gentleman unconnected with Harvard, and their function is to secure suitable lodgings for the students, to assist them with advice and other friendly offices, and to bring to-

gether the professors and students, organize the classes, and establish the tariff of fees. The courses followed must be those of Harvard, but it is only recommended, not required, that a complete course of four years should be undertaken. The management has of course no power to give degrees, and Harvard, being officially ignorant of these students, will give none; in place, certificates will be given, signed by the instructors, when any course has been satisfactorily followed, and in the case of a four years' study the certificates will be merged in one and signed by all the instructors. It is hoped that the expense of tuition for each pupil will not exceed four hundred dollars a year, and that it may fall as low as two hundred and fifty dollars. The hint is thrown out that endowments may be looked for which will still further reduce expenses.

The practical difficulties of instruction appear to gather chiefly about the courses in those studies which require laboratory work. There is no deficiency of apparatus at Harvard, and a way may be found by which it may do double service, as well as the professors who employ it; but if not, the elementary instruction, which is all that many require, does not call for elaborate or very costly appointments, and it is not likely that a difficulty of this kind would be suffered to spoil the scheme. The splendid library is already accessible to all, without distinction, for consultation, and to such as the authorities approve for borrowing; there are certain lecture courses to which ladies are admitted, and in short the material for collegiate education is ready and capable in large part of duplicate use; it only needs that the individual pupils, who have hitherto availed themselves of it in a desultory fashion, should be increased in number and organized economically.

Supposing this plan carried out as proposed, will it constitute practically a college for women? Will the young women who encamp under the walls of Harvard secure all the advantages of their brothers who look down upon them from within the sacred inclosure? Wherein would it differ from the regular Harvard? In the first place, there would be the absence of all the compulsion which, under many forms, exists for the young men; the supervision by the board of management would be purely advisory; there would be, we suppose, no such thing as comparative rank, but each would run against time; the stimulus of a degree would be wanting; the comradery, in the absence of dormitories and class associations and college sports, would be reduced to a very small point, and the whole competitive system, with its prizes and honors, would be left out of consideration. Now, it is undoubtedly true that the young women who entered on this purely intellectual course would be those only who were impelled by the noble thirst for learning, and that the very absence of all the engaging circumstance of college life would exclude those who regarded that as the chief pleasure of the four years' career at Cambridge. Nevertheless, this indefinable something which makes college other and more than the bare intercourse of studious minds cannot be left out of the account. A college for men never will be resolved into the simple relation of teacher and taught. The traditions which have grown up may be modified and refined, but the experience of every collegian shows him how largely his character and destiny have been the result of the countless streams which have made his four years at college green and fertile. Therefore, admirable as this step is, we cannot look upon it as final or sufficient. It is valuable chiefly for what it may prove and what it may develop. It is too early to say what kind of scholastic life would be unfolded were such a scheme to ripen, but it is very certain that it could not remain in such an embryonic condition. It must either die or advance.

In the interest of a just and economical use of the hoarded wealth of Harvard, the trial of this plan is every way to be desired. It would seem as if it would test the capacity of women to subject themselves to a severe training, and we hope that those having the ordering of the plan will not suffer themselves to lower the standard of attainment. In the interest of the broader education of women, too, the experiment will be watched closely. Should it succeed, it will undoubtedly extend its influence backward upon the preparatory education of girls. It will also, in such an event, have an effect upon the women's colleges already founded. It cannot injure those that are doing solid work, but if there are any that content themselves with superficial results, the experiment at Cambridge, so far as it means severe training and solid acquirements, will be a test for them. In any event, this movement has the advantage that it involves no radical change in the university, but simply readjusts existing conditions. If a more intimate identification with Harvard grows

out of it, it will be because the step now taken proves itself to be a real advance; if the experiment fails, there will be no wrecks or ruins to clear away. In this respect a more conservative course has been pursued than at Cambridge, England, where an investment in brick and mortar preceded a somewhat similar experiment.

THE NEW YORK CATHEDRAL AGAIN: LETTER FROM MR. HASSARD.

NEW YORK, *February* 22, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

SIR, — I learn from the March number of The Atlantic that Mr. Clarence Cook has written me a letter in reference to grants by the public authorities for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum in this city. If I had been invited to a public discussion of this or any other topic I should have declined the distinction. When Mr. Cook asked my leave to print, as an act of justice, a private note which I had sent him in friendly correction of his mistake about the cathedral property, I did not suspect that in a public epistle addressed to me, without my knowledge, he would bring a fresh charge against the Catholics (no better founded than the first), and virtually challenge me to answer it.

Admitting that the Catholics did not "jockey" the city out of the cathedral land, he complains that they did nevertheless jockey it out of the land for an orphan asylum. I should think that the difference between a grant to a church and a grant to a free orphan asylum ought to be tolerably plain; but Mr. Cook says of the donation to the charity: "From a point of view outside of any sect or party, I cannot see any defense or excuse for the transaction I have described. The men who were at the head of the city government at the time had no right to give away or to lease in perpetuity, for the benefit of any body of men, secular or religious, lands that belonged to the whole people. Nor could the bargain have been proposed and consummated except by crafty and unscrupulous men. That was a dark day for our city politics, and I am much mistaken in your character if you do not agree with me that it was a time in the history of the Catholic church in this city which its best friends must prefer not to have dragged into the light."

(1.) If Mr. Cook means that the public authorities have no right to give public property to charitable institutions, I can only say that the contrary opinion has uniformly prevailed here, both in the common council and in the various churches. Besides the per capita allowances made annually from the public funds to a great variety of benevolent societies, representing many creeds and no creeds, both the city and the State have always appropriated lands and money of the taxpayers for the endowment of institutions of charity or education, Protestant and Jewish, as well — to say the very least — as Catholic. The grant to the Catholic Orphan Asylum differs in no respect from numerous grants to other charities which are not Catholic. I could cite a multitude of anti-popery precedents for the transaction which Mr. Cook is unable to defend or excuse; but not to trespass on your space, I confine myself to cases which seem to me the most exactly in point. The Colored Orphan Asylum, in which the religious instruction is Protestant, although no particular denomination controls it, obtained from the common council in 1842 a grant of twenty lots on Fifth Avenue, between Forty-Third and Forty-Fourth streets. The Hebrew Orphan Asylum (exclusively Israelite) obtained from the common council in 1860, for the consideration of one dollar, a deed of the land which it occupies, measuring three hundred feet on Seventy-Seventh Street and one hundred feet on Third Avenue, and in 1864, for a similar consideration, a further grant of adjoining land, one hundred by one hundred and twenty feet in extent. Are we to understand that these "bargains" could not "have been proposed and consummated except by crafty and unscrupulous men"? The legislature granted endowments of twenty-five thousand dollars in 1867, and other liberal sums in other years, to the House of Mercy of the Protestant Episcopal sisterhood of St. Mary. Bishop Potter was — and I suppose is — president of the board of trustees of that institution; I hope nobody is going to call him a crafty and unscrupulous jockey.

(2.) Mr. Cook *is* mistaken in my character, or in something else; for I do not agree with him that there is any "time in the history of the Catholic church in this city which its best friends must prefer not to have dragged into the light." Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN R. G. HASSARD.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S LITERARY BULLETIN

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

*** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., *Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on page* 8.

The Lady of the Aroostook, which delighted all who read the story as it appeared in THE ATLANTIC, will delight yet more when read continuously in the tasteful book it makes. Within its range, the portrayal of character is perfect. New England country-folk, two types of Boston gentlemen (three, if we *must* include Hicks), the honest captain and his aids, Italian cavalieri, blasé English artists, and the other loud and lazy and low fashionables that flit through the scene at Venice are photographed with a precision and touched with a light that assure them of literary immortality.

The Boston *Advertiser* anticipates that this "will seem to many readers the best of Mr. Howells's novels," and, after giving an outline of the story, concludes with this paragraph: —

As a matter of course, Lydia Blood, the Lady of the Aroostook, suggests, rather by contrast than by comparison, the type of American girl lately brought so prominently into public view for contemplation and discussion by Henry James, Jr. No doubt Daisy Miller is the type of a class; but thanks and gratitude are due to Mr. Howells for showing so opportunely and so triumphantly that there are other girls not less thoroughly American in their nature and their training, upon the molding of whose intellectual and moral form European social habits and manners have never exerted even a remote influence, but who are, nevertheless, in every condition of fortune and every circumstance of life, faithful in thought and behavior to the ideal of a womanhood as modest as it is pure, as decorous as it is brilliant, self-respecting as well as self-reliant, altogether lovely as well as beautiful to see.

The Chicago *Tribune* pronounces the story perfect, its only fault being that it ever comes to an end.

The Cleveland *Leader* declares "The Lady of the Aroostook" "a long step above and beyond all Mr. Howells's previous efforts."

Household Bryant. — The Household Editions of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Tennyson, and Owen Meredith, by their happy combination of compactness, fullness, legibility, and small cost, have gained a very large circulation. A multitude of readers will be pleased to learn that the poems of Mr. Bryant can now be procured in the same desirable style, uniform with the other volumes named. It is needless to praise Bryant's poetry; it is one of the purest and most enduring portions of American literature, and, unfortunately for the world, no more can now be added to what this volume contains.

The Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe has been carefully revised to date, and the edition for 1879 has just appeared. This is the only compact guide-book covering the whole ground of ordinary "vacation" travel in Europe, including the British Isles, Belgium, Holland, Germany and the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Austria, and Italy. It contains in the simplest form precisely the information and hints tourists need to enable them to travel comfortably, economically, and profitably. As the *Pall Mall Gazette* well says: —

The book is indeed a model of perspicacity and brevity; all the advice it gives will be found of immediate service. The "Satchel Guide" tells the reader *how to travel cheaply without a sacrifice of comfort,* and this feature of the book will recommend it to many tourists.

"Artists of the Nineteenth Century." — Mrs. Clement's new work, in which she has had the competent aid of Mr. Laurence Hutton, is just ready. It is in two crown octavo volumes, and is a perfect encyclopædia of information concerning the lives, styles, schools, and works of more than two thousand artists who have lived and wrought within the present century. Including so many subjects, it cannot within the limits of two volumes discuss artists and schools of art exhaustively; indeed, such discussion is not the object of the work, but to embrace in convenient compass such personal, characteristic, and artistic facts regarding artists of the century as will make the work indispensable for reference and a great convenience for artists and art lovers and students. Critical estimates from competent authorities and full indexes add largely to the value and practical utility of the work.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, Cheaper Edition. Lovers of handsome books cannot yet have forgotten that one of the most successful of the

handsome volumes prepared for the last holiday season was the illustrated edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A new impression of this has just been made, from the same electrotype plates, with all the illustrations, but without the red-line border; and, bound in simpler style, it is offered at $2.00. It includes the exceedingly interesting Introduction and the Bibliography prepared for the Holiday issue, and is a very desirable edition of a book unique in its character as in its wonderful history. It can hardly fail of a general re-reading, for though American Slavery is fortunately done away, the power and spirit of the story are immortal, and appeal irresistibly to the noble and humane sentiments of mankind.

Mr. Cook on "Heredity." — The fifth volume of Mr. Cook's famous "Boston Monday Lectures" attracts much the same criticism as have the previous volumes. Some critics take exception to certain methods of treatment or points of taste, but the major part may fairly be represented by the following paragraphs. The *Providence Journal* says: —

The famous divine has treated his difficult theme in his usual clear and forcible style, interspersing his arguments with passages of eloquence and power, and enlivening the most prosaic portions with lively touches of ironical import. Some of his noteworthy points are a historical study of ancient Greece as an illustration of the capacity of the race to produce great men rapidly; a defense of the belief of the soul as originating in the nature of the structuring power existing previously to organization; and the laws of the seven different divisions of heredity. The closing discussion of the perfectibility of the race through the application of the laws of hereditary descent will command attention from the skill with which the argument is handled, and the immense possibilities for the improvement of the race it earnestly promulgates. Mr. Cook's lectures are wonderful for their vigor, eloquence, and power of analysis. His resources for treating difficult and perplexing themes seem to be almost boundless.

The Philadelphia *Presbyterian* observes: —

It is characterized by the vigor, originality, and independence which mark all the author's writings. The wonder to us is that in so short a time, and with such constant demand for his services as a lecturer, he can reach so many and such rich veins of thought, and make them available for the public. He strikes heavy blows, and they are extensively felt by the skeptical world.

The sixth volume, on "Marriage," will appear shortly.

Holmes's Memoir of Motley has been welcomed in all quarters as a fascinating biography of a thoroughly admirable writer and excellent man. But the descendants of the Hollanders, whose unsurpassed valor and love of liberty Mr. Motley has so eloquently commemorated, are especially hearty in their welcome. The *Christian Intelligencer*, of New York, which may be regarded as their representative American journal, remarks: —

We who are so deeply indebted to the historian of the Duch Republic, who made known to ourselves as well as to the world the splendid heroism and statesmanship and the whole circle of the great qualities of our forefathers, have been hungering since his death for a biography which should give us a better knowledge of the man who has filled so large a place in our admiration and affection. Now our wishes are gratified by a Memoir, prepared by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the intimate friend and correspondent of Motley. . . . The life of such a man by such a friend could not fail to be a most fascinating production. . . . It is the life of the man to whom we are grateful beyond expression, who is enshrined in our hearts amongst the dearest objects of our affection. And after we have read this faithful record of what he was our gladness has no bounds, for we have found that Motley, boy and man, was in every way worthy of our admiration and love.

Philosophical Library. — The latest addition to the highly valuable "English and Foreign Philosophical Library" is a volume on "Color-Sense: Its Origin and Development," by Mr. Grant Allen. Mr. Gladstone not long since, in an interesting paper, advocated the theory that savage people have not the sense of color; that it is acquired as one of the effects of civilization. Mr. Allen combats this theory, and adduces a vast amount of direct and of circumstantial proof that this sense is one of man's natural possessions; that the savage is no more color-blind than the most cultivated, though of course his sense of color is untrained and inexact. The book is one of much interest, and one need not be a philosopher to enjoy it greatly.

"Angelo." — A new edition of Stuart Sterne's remarkable poem, "Angelo," has just been issued. As good readers remember, it is a blank verse poem of some two thousand lines, and narrates with great force and delicacy the love of Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna. In noticing the poem on its first publication, Mr. Bayard Taylor remarked: —

The key of feeling — or sentiment — upon which the poem is pitched, is remarkably well sustained throughout. In the character of Vittoria, especially, the author has achieved a distinct success: she is a sweet, gracious, noble apparition, justifying the love of Michael Angelo, yet justifying herself in holding it within the bounds of a pure and perfect friendship.

And the New York *Times* welcomed it as containing "verses and passages of rare and peculiar beauty," and "full of interest as a mere story."

Mrs. Whitney's Best Book. — In a recent issue of the Denver *Tribune* is an article (which may safely be attributed to "H. H.") on Mrs. Whitney's "Just How." We quote from it quite at length, because it touches so precisely and felicitously the salient features of this "good fairy of the kitchen:" —

Every really good cook-book is a philanthropy, and of all the American cook-books we know, Mrs. Whitney's is the very best. Not so much in the greater variety or excellence of the receipts, though those are all good; but in the clearness and explicitness of the instructions as to small details. The book is precisely what it is called, "A Key to the Cook-Books," and the name "Just How" has a

fine felicity of aptness which is not often hit in a title. A person entirely ignorant of cooking could, it seems to us, go into her kitchen with this book in her hand, and be confident of success in all the simple forms of cooking. It is not possible to speak too strongly in praise of the peculiar method and methods of the book. We can only advise every housekeeper who has an inexperienced but willing and interested cook, to buy the book at once, put it into the kitchen and await the result.

. . . . We might go on indefinitely with these extracts and comments; it is as well to sum all up in one strong recommendation of the book to housekeepers; and one strong expression of gratitude to Mrs. Whitney. She has written good novels which everybody likes, and good verses which everybody loves; but it is to be questioned after all whether this little simple treatise on cookery is not her best as it is certainly her most disinterested gift to her countrymen.

The Family Library of British Poetry secures the critical approval of all the most competent judges of poetry and of the peculiar skill requisite to make such a work in all respects excellent. Mr. William T. Harris, the eminent educator of St. Louis, commends this work most heartily in the *American Journal of Education*. He says: —

Of the excellence of the selection made by the editors — Messrs. Field and Whipple — there is not the slightest need to speak; everybody trusts their judgment, and it is certain that the trust is a wise one. There are few peers of these men in literary knowledge living.

An excellent thing to be commended in this volume is the completeness of the selections. They are either entire poems, or else they are curtailed in so skillful a manner as to preserve the wholeness of treatment essential to the imagination.

An invaluable feature of the work is the strict accuracy and reliability of the editorship. All the best editions have been carefully collated, errors corrected, and we have here unquestionably the best readings.

The chronological arrangement is emphatically approved, as indeed it is by all the wisest critics.

Mrs. Whitman's Poems continue to call forth expressions of admiration for the purity and refinement and indescribable charm that characterize them. The editor of the delightful "Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine*, in noticing the poems, remarks: —

Intense feeling, a spiritual glow, a singular elegance and sense of fitness and symmetry, will impress every reader of this book. It is throughout exquisitely womanly, with great freedom and fullness and richness of expression, — an emotion that sweeps the reader along. . . . Certainly no American woman has written verses which can take precedence of these of Mrs. Whitman for pure and tender sentiment, for womanly depth and truth of feeling, and for a strain most musical, most melancholy.

British Poets, Riverside Edition. — The latest issues in this series are Gay's Poems in one volume, and Montgomery's in two volumes. The former includes a Life of Gay, by Johnson; the latter a Memoir of Montgomery by Robert Carruthers. "As often as a fresh installment of this edition comes to hand," says the *Boston Advertiser*, "we are newly impressed with its beauty and value, and the satisfaction increases as the row lengthens on the library shelf."

The New York *Evening Post* remarks: —

The volumes are particularly neat and comely when seen separately, but their beauty is greatly enhanced now that their number is sufficient to fill a shelf or two. They were designed for a set, and it is as a set that their tastefulness most fully appears. In no other shape is it possible to secure so complete an edition of the standard British poets so well made or at so moderate a price.

Taylor's "Faust." — The London *Saturday Review*, in noticing a new translation of Goethe's "Faust," says: —

Mr. Bayard Taylor, in whose premature death literature has just suffered heavy loss, has rendered the whole poem in English wonderfully close and wonderfully free from strain and harshness. Line for line and metre for metre, he followed Goethe's way, flinching before no difficulties, and seldom otherwise than victorious, — a labor so great that no man could have hoped for success who had not in himself enough of the poetic spirit to undertake it as a labor of love. Bayard Taylor's "Faust" is altogether, to our mind, one of the most remarkable feats of translation achieved in any modern language.

Bret Harte in London. — The London dailies gave quite full accounts and reports of Mr. Harte's recent lecture on "The Argonauts of '49." Mr. Harte's easy, unobtrusive manner, "quiet and subdued to an extent which one does not generally expect from an American," remarks the *Standard*, does not seem to have realized the British ideal of what the bearing of an "American humorist" should be. One critical authority decides that the "Argonauts of '49" is a beautiful and highly interesting story, told in what would be the most preferable style of narration, "if Bret Harte were not an American humorist and expected to behave as such." Just how an American humorist is expected to behave when in London is an interesting question. We tender our respectful sympathies to our esteemed London contemporaries upon their manifest disappointment in Mr. Harte's performance as a circus, and congratulate them on its charm as a lecture. They found in it the same fascinating qualities that all readers find in his stories and sketches. Mr. Edmund Yates criticises the *London Times* for omitting to mention Mr. Harte's lecture, and speaks of him as "of all American authors, not merely the most original, but without question the most popular in England."

The "Faed Heliotype Gallery." — In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the "Faed Gallery," Mr. Thomas Faed writes as follows: "Accept my grateful thanks for the 'Faed Gallery,' and while doing so allow me to say that I look upon your having produced such a work as one of the greatest compliments I have received in my artistic career. With two or three exceptions, the plates are admirably rendered."

Art for the Nursery. — Under this heading appears a paragraph in the excellent "Home Interests" department of the New York Weekly *Tribune*. Its suggestions are so valuable that we reproduce them here :—

"Emma" writes: "I would like a few suggestions from you on this important topic. As my children grow older, I feel an increasing need of something to develop and direct their latent love of the artistic. I notice that nearly all children are apt art critics to a certain extent, and I am anxious to give mine a proper direction. What class of inexpensive pictures would you advise for the nursery walls, and what are the best means for educating the art instinct in the young?" Just as the beginner in instrumental music should have a perfect instrument in order that his ear may be perfectly attuned from the very commencement, so should the beginner in art be surrounded at every stage of his progress with the finest creations and models. In Italy the common people seem to be born judges of works of art, of the drama, of poetry, because for generations their taste has been formed by the works of the great masters. In our country the nearest approach that the majority of the people can make to acquaintance with these is through engravings and heliotypes. Engravings are expensive, but heliotypes are cheap. The engraving, for example, of Millais's "Huguenot Lovers" is $15 or $20, but the heliotype is only $1, and it is excellent. This heliotype and others of classical and popular subjects are 19x24 inches in size, and at this price can be afforded by people in moderate circumstances. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass., publish a catalogue of heliotypes, from which our correspondent may select and order such as she wishes and frame for the walls of her room.

On another page is given a list of some of the eminent old masters and modern artists whose works can be had in fine heliotype engravings.

Dwight's Journal of Music. — The London *Academy* speaks of this as "the oldest and one of the best of American musical papers," and, after alluding to the recent change of publishers, adds :—

Mr. John S. Dwight continues to hold the post of editor. The first number of the new issue has been forwarded to us; and, after a careful examination of its contents, we are able to give it warm commendation, whether from a literary or artistic point of view. It is evident that the well-earned reputation of the journal is likely to be worthily maintained.

An Important Law Book. — Leonard A. Jones, Esq., whose treatise on "Mortgages," published last year, has been generally accepted as an authority, has written a work of similar value on "Railroad and other Corporate Securities, including also Municipal Aid Bonds." It embraces a statement of the laws relating to these peculiar kinds of securities, and will be found of very great value to all who are interested in them.

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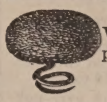

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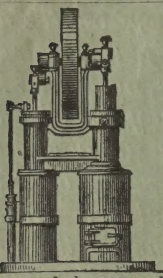

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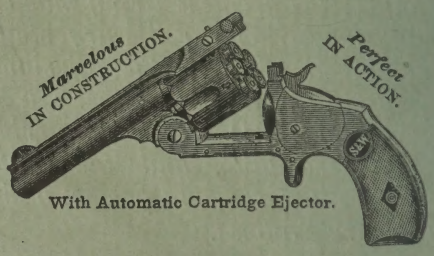

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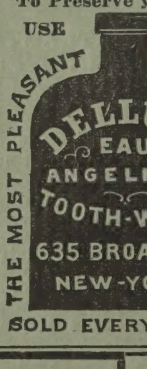

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VOL. XLIII.—MAY, 1879.—No. CCLIX.

LABOR AND THE NATURAL FORCES.

VARIOUS causes have been assigned for the present commercial depression. Stump speakers during the late political campaign presented startling pictures of Western grain bins bursting with wheat, while there were millions of laborers unemployed, and therefore unable to earn their daily bread, on account of a woful lack of greenbacks. Specie resumptionists, on the other hand, have maintained that the cause of all the trouble was the great abundance of greenbacks.

Another class of writers claim that the distress is owing solely to the late civil war and the measures taken to carry it on, the passage of the legal-tender act, the inflation of prices, the disbandment of the army.

Still another class find the prime cause of all present disturbance in invention and the substitution of machinery for muscular labor.

It is certain that a lack of greenbacks and the great abundance of them cannot both be first causes; and it is clear that there must be some other cause, for the distress is sharper in England, where there are no greenbacks, than in this country. It is apparent, also, that the trouble is not due wholly to the war measures, for while there has been civil war in the United States, there has been peace in England. If the use of machinery is the cause of all the trouble, how happens it that in China, India, Japan, Brazil, and Australia, where there is little or no machinery, there should be the same stagnation of trade and quite as much distress?

The distress being universal, there must be causes world-wide in their effects; and, moreover, this commercial disturbance has been distinguished from all others that have preceded it by its breadth and prolongation.

With the beginning of the present century there was the beginning of a new civilization through the employment of the forces of nature, which up to that period had been dormant. Rivers had turned mills for grinding corn and sawing lumber, but now they were set to doing work which in all former periods had been done by human hands. The coal deposits had been lying in their subterranean beds from the primeval ages, but thenceforth this "stored-up sunlight" was to take the place of muscular power. This employment of the forces of nature brought about a change in social conditions. In all past ages men had labored singly, but from that time on they were to work collectively, organized and directed by one individual, as a general marshals an army, with astonishing results, as we shall presently see. This employment of the forces of nature and concentration of laborers

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has not only brought about a change in social conditions, but has given rise to questions the solution of which will be vital to the well-being of society.

Under this new order of things we have organizations known as trades unions, labor leagues, labor reformers, socialists, communists, which claim that the laborer is in a condition far worse than at any time in the past; that the use of machinery throws men out of employment; that capital is oppressive; that the rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer; that the cause of the present distress is gely due to the power of capital over labor; that as things are now, labor is at the mercy of capital; that interest on money is robbery; that labor has done pretty much all that has been done; that there is a natural antagonism between labor and capital, with other assertions that remain to be proved.

Various are the demands for relief at the hands of government. The demand is made for a reduction of the hours of labor; for the abolition of the patent laws, on the ground that patents are monopolies; for a discontinuance of convict labor, upon the plea that the employment of criminals by the state is an injustice to honest laborers. Petitions are sent to Congress for the construction of a railway from New York to Omaha, and for the reconstruction of the levees of the Mississippi, the chief argument for such action being the employment of the unemployed. A bill recently advocated in the house of representatives made provision for the removal of the unemployed of the cities to the unoccupied lands of the frontier, and for the erection of houses, the government giving the emigrants land, advancing money, and holding a mortgage on the property. Socialists and communists demand the enactment of laws limiting the amount of property that an individual may acquire, and the division and distribution of what has already been acquired.

In order to ascertain whether laborers are worse off to-day than in the past, let us see what they had in the past; and as it is claimed that the use of machinery has caused much of the distress, we will refer to the most authentic data to ascertain what the *havings* were before the introduction of mechanisms. We will limit our view to a time when Boston, New York, Albany, and Philadelphia were considerable towns.

The first power loom was set up in Waltham, in 1816. At that time nearly all the clothing and much of the cloth used in household furnishing was manufactured upon the household spinning-wheel and loom. Many a weary day was spent by housewives at the loom, and by maidens at the spinning-wheel, preparing sheets, towels, and articles for personal use. A maiden, to obtain her marriage "outfit," must first card the cotton or wool into rolls; then came the spinning, and during ten hours' labor she could spin three and eight tenths miles of thread, but would be compelled to walk nearly six miles in doing it. She must toil day after day, month after month, and year after year, to procure linen enough to begin housekeeping. In contrast, we now see, in our manufactories, a girl sitting at her ease, or leisurely walking to and fro, minding the automatic working of a machine that produces in ten hours twenty-one hundred miles of thread; and a young lady preparing to engage in housekeeping may purchase a sheet for about seventy-five cents.

The development in the manufacture of textiles was so rapid that the spinning-wheel of the household was consigned to the garret about 1830, thenceforth to be regarded as a curiosity, to be brought out only in aid of church fairs, or on centennial anniversaries.

We may take 1830 as the beginning of the new order of things in this country, for at that period there were but twenty-nine miles of railroad in operation, against eighty-one thousand at the present time. The new civilization, therefore, is mainly the outgrowth of half a century. Fifty years ago a citizen journeying in the public stage traveled seventy-five miles a day, whereas now he is whirled forty miles an hour. Then

the stageman was the mail carrier, and a merchant of Boston writing to New York could not expect a reply to his missive in less than six days; in contrast, the broker of Wall Street, the pork packer of Chicago, the cotton factor of New Orleans, every business man of the country, regulates his affairs now by the hourly reports from every great commercial centre of the world.

A half century ago, a large part of the people of the United States lived in houses unpainted, unplastered, and utterly devoid of adornment. A well-fed fire in the yawning chasm of a huge chimney gave partial warmth to a single room, and it was a common remark that the inmates were roasting one side, while freezing the other; in contrast, a majority of the people of the older States now live in houses that are clapboarded, painted, blinded, and comfortably warmed. Then, the household furniture consisted of a few plain chairs, a plain table, a bedstead made by the village carpenter. Carpets there were none. To-day, few are the homes, in city or country, that do not contain a carpet of some sort, while the average laborer by a week's work may earn enough to enable him to repose at night upon a spring bed.

Fifty years ago, the kitchen "dressers" were set forth with a shining row of pewter plates. The farmer ate with a buck-handled knife and an iron or pewter spoon, but the advancing civilization has sent the plates and spoons to the melting pot, while the knives and forks have given place to nickel or silver plated cutlery.

In those days the utensils for cooking were a dinner-pot, tea-kettle, skillet, Dutch oven, and frying-pan; to-day there is no end of kitchen furniture.

The people of 1830 sat in the evening in the glowing light of a pitch-knot fire, or read their weekly newspapers by the flickering light of a "tallow dip;" now, in city and village, their apartments are bright with the flame of the gas jet or the softer radiance of kerosene. Then, if the fire went out upon the hearth, it was rekindled by a coal from a neighboring hearth, or by flint, steel, and tinder. Those who indulged in pipes and cigars could light them only by some hearthstone; to-day we light fire and pipes by the dormant fire-works in the match safe, at a cost of one hundredth of a cent.

In those days we guessed the hour of noon, or ascertained it by the creeping of the sunlight up to the "noon mark" drawn upon the floor; only the well-to-do could afford a clock. To-day who does not carry a watch? and as for clocks, you may purchase them at wholesale, by the cart-load, at sixty-two cents apiece.

Fifty years ago, how many dwellings were adorned with pictures? How many are there now that do not display a print, engraving, chromo, or lithograph? How many pianos or parlor organs were there then? Reed organs were not invented till 1840, and now they are in every village.

Some who may read this article will remember that in 1830 the Bible, the almanac, and the few text-books used in school were almost the only volumes of the household. The dictionary was a volume four inches square and an inch and a half in thickness. In some of the country villages a few public-spirited men had gathered libraries containing from three to five hundred volumes; in contrast, the public libraries of the present, containing more than ten thousand volumes, have an aggregate of 10,650,000 volumes, not including the Sunday-school and private libraries of the country. It is estimated that altogether the number of volumes accessible to the public is not less than 20,000,000! Of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, it may be said that enough have been published to supply one to every one hundred inhabitants of the United States.

THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR.

This glance at the past shows us the *havings* of the people, of laborers and capitalists alike, at the time when machinery was introduced. With the invention of machinery for the manufacture of textile fabrics, there came of necessity an organization of labor. Men and women, instead of working for them-

selves, sold their services to employers, subjected themselves to rigid rules, and worked in masses. From the settlement of the country up to that time, manual labor had depended solely on itself, and had made but little progress. In the factory men gave up, to a certain extent, their individuality, and consented to labor as others should direct. There was also of necessity an association of capital. Prior to that time the farmer, the blacksmith, the carpenter, hired laborers during summer, and turned them adrift in winter. Journeymen in the different industries were ever being crowded out by apprentices, but the factory employed no apprentices, and gave employment through the year. What were the first effects of this association of capital and organization of labor? Better wages, the cost of production cheapened, steady employment, the laws of demand and supply brought into active operation.

Did this introduction of machinery, organization of labor, and association of capital throw men out of employment? On the contrary, it created a great demand for labor, with a great increase of wages. In 1830 women at work in households, making butter and cheese, spinning and weaving, could command but fifty cents a week, with board, while in the Lowell manufactories their net earnings were from two to three dollars per week. More was earned by the daughter in the factory than by the father upon the farm, and many a homestead mortgage was lifted by her savings.

Let us examine this question more minutely.

The man who started the ball was the inventor who contrived the machines; but the inventor, being a poor man, could not introduce his mechanism to the public until he called to his aid men who by thrift and enterprise had accumulated wealth.

HOW CAPITAL EMPLOYS LABOR.

The capitalist in turn called to his aid the entire fraternity of trades and occupations, a host of skilled and unskilled artisans and laborers, men who should use their muscles and brains as the capitalist should direct, in rearing the building and constructing the machinery. Long before it was possible for the capitalist to receive a dollar in return, his accumulations of the past were scattered broadcast over the land, and all for the benefit of labor. He called for men of a high order of intelligence and executive ability, after the building was erected, to be superintendents, overseers, engineers, clerks, accountants, inventors, chemists, dyers. What were these men doing, and where were they? On the farm, in the workshop, behind the counter of some country store, doing ordinary work, but endowed with power and capacity to do something higher and better. Then, when the machinery was in place, the capitalist summoned the farmers' daughters and the women who were out at service, weaving with the hand-loom, to lay it aside, to do more work with the looms driven by the Merrimack. Nor did the movement stop there. This calling of laborers into new industries had its effect upon those who remained upon the farm and in the workshop by increasing the value of their labor. Hands upon the farm who had been receiving eight dollars per month through the increased demand for labor soon obtained ten and twelve; the girls who had worked for fifty cents a week demanded one dollar for doing the same work.

While on the one hand there was a general advance in wages, on the other there was a general cheapening in the cost of manufactured goods; the cotton prints sold at the present time for five cents a yard are far superior to those that formerly commanded twenty to forty cents, and "homespun" woolens which before the introduction of machinery were sold at one dollar a yard would be dear now at fifty cents.

Through invention and the employment of the forces of nature, one person does the work of many. It is asserted by cotton manufacturers that by the use of machinery a man may accomplish one thousand fold more work than he could by the hand wheel and loom in use at the beginning of the century. It is es-

timated that the number of persons engaged directly in cotton manufacture throughout the world is from 1,100,000 to 1,300,000. If we assume that the population of the globe is 1,400,000,000, it follows that the work now done by the operatives in the cotton manufacture would require the labor of every human being on the earth, if forced to use the methods of former days.

What is the inference? The cotton cloth annually manufactured is about 10,000,000,000 yards. It is evident that only a small portion of that amount could be furnished by the spinning-wheel and loom; that in consequence there would be less demand for raw material, less demand for labor in its cultivation, less acreage in cotton, less clothing worn, fewer comforts of life, with a multitude now employed *thrown out of employment.*

We have seen that to introduce machinery men were called from the farm and workshop, and that there was a new demand for labor, and now we see that if machinery were to come to a stand-still not only the operatives would be thrown out of employment, but the agricultural laborers as well. It is the *stopping* of machinery rather than its introduction that throws men out of employment, and that is just what has happened. Why the machinery stopped is another matter, upon which I shall have something to say farther on.

Before the invention of the cotton-gin, the seeds of cotton were separated from the fibre by hand; only about four pounds of fibre per day could thus be prepared by muscular labor, whereas the amount cleaned by a gin is about four thousand pounds per day. As the crop last year aggregated about 2,100,000,000 pounds, it is plain that if cleaned by hand it would have required 505,000,000 days' work, yet it was cleaned by 1600 machines, working through the year; the difference in cost being about $500,000 against $500,000,000!

No argument is needed to show that such an amount could not have been produced under the old method. From this presentation we see that by employing the forces of nature we may with mechanism use the materials of nature as it would not be possible for us to do by muscular effort for the supplying of our wants; that, practically, there is no limitation to the gratification of our desires; that in this unlimited gratification we administer to our comfort, well-being, and happiness.

The growth of the manufacture of cotton will be seen by the following exhibit: —

SPINDLES IN THE UNITED STATES.

1832	1,200,000
1845	2,500,000
1875	9,500,000

IN GREAT BRITAIN.

1832	9,000,000
1845	17,500,000
1875	37,500,000

IN EUROPE.

1832	2,800,000
1845	7,500,000
1875	19,500,000

RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION.

For a half century an army of laborers has been employed in the construction of railroads. There are no data to show the millions of cubic yards of earth thrown up, nor the millions of tons of iron ore and coal consumed in the construction and maintenance of roads whose length exceeds 80,000 miles; nor the number of men employed. We can only give free scope to the imagination in thinking of the vast multitude wielding the pick and spade for a half century along the lines and in the mines; working in founderies, furnaces, rolling-mills, and machine-shops; building locomotives, cars, and the machinery used in their construction (engines, lathes; planing, bolt, rivet, screw machines), — engineers, machinists, carpenters, joiners, painters, decorators, upholsterers, superintendents, overseers, architects, designers, mathematicians, draughtsmen, inventors, chemists, men of a high order of intellect in every branch of science and industry. From whence came they, and what were they doing? They came from farms, workshops, and counting-rooms; they were swinging the scythe, wielding the sledge, planing boards, or following some other occupations.

EMIGRATION.

The development of manufactures and the construction of railroads called for such a vast number of laborers that we could not supply the demand, and we summoned them from other lands. I call attention to the fact that not till the beginning of manufacturing, not till we began to use machinery, was there any great amount of emigration to this country.

The statistics of emigration reach back to 1820, when the number of emigrants was between 7000 and 8000 per annum. By 1830 the number had increased to 23,000, in 1840 to 84,000, per annum. In 1845 there were but 4633 miles of railway in operation, but that year was marked by a new departure in railway construction. By 1850 the railway mileage had doubled, and the emigration had gone up to 369,000 per annum. In 1856 the mileage was 16,728, and the emigrants that year were 427,000, the largest number arriving in any year. Since 1820, more than 9,000,000 *emigrants* have arrived in this country. Whoever will take time to study the emigration statistics in connection with the use of machinery, the development of all our industries, will see that there is a remarkable correlation between the two; that *the more machinery we had, the greater the demand for labor!*

Undoubtedly our unoccupied lands called a large portion of the 9,000,000 to these shores, but aside from that, there was a demand for labor that could not be supplied by our own population, and there was at the same time a steady advance, as I shall show, in the prices paid for labor.

While this development was going on in this country, there was a corresponding movement in Great Britain and Europe, — a constant subtraction of agricultural and mechanical laborers, and an advance in wages, as on this side the Atlantic.

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY.

The withdrawal of such a large number of farm laborers in this country and in Europe, and the rise of wages, stimulated inventors to supply their place with machinery that should do the work of human hands upon the farm. In the harvest field a man with a cradle, in 1830, could cut from one to two acres per day, — quite as much as could be raked into "gavels" and bound by two other laborers. Mr. Obed Hussey, as early as 1833, patented a machine for reaping, but so crude the invention, so rude the machine, that it did not come into use before 1844, and in 1852 a committee of the New York Agricultural Society doubted if the machines would supersede the scythe in the hayfield, or the cradle in the harvesting of grain; but invention has gone on, till now the self-binding harvester dispenses altogether with human muscles in harvest. Never again will Boaz marshal his reapers, or a fair Ruth glean behind them; and those rural scenes of white-shirted harvesters bending to their work are all of the past. Now the farmer drives his team afield, riding in his seat, cutting and binding the grain, — fifteen acres a day.

The development of the self-binding reaper is one of the marvels of the age. It was brought into use in 1874, when fifty tons of wire were manufactured for binding sheaves; in 1875, three hundred tons; 1876, twenty-eight hundred tons; 1877, sixty-five hundred tons; 1878, *fourteen thousand tons!* This last amount is quite as much as the total tons of wire manufactured in this country in 1860.

Besides the self-binding reaper, there is the California harvester, a machine that, on account of the rainless seasons in that State, can be used to advantage, propelled by sixteen mules, cutting off the heads of grain; mowing a swath twenty feet wide; threshing, winnowing, and feeding into bags, three men cutting and threshing and bagging fifty acres a day.

Before these inventions, the Western farmer, during harvest, was preyed upon by a class of men known as "binders," who began in June in Tennessee and Missouri, and moved northward to Minnesota as the grain ripened, making the farmer's necessity their opportunity, demanding and obtaining from three to

five dollars a day with board, materially reducing the profit of the crop to the owner. The farmer and his wife were slaves during the harvest season, and in consequence of this emancipation there was the spectacle, last season, in some of the grain-growing States, of the burning of farm machinery by the men who complain that by its use they have been thrown out of employment.

Now, does not the use of the self-binding reaper prevent those men from doing what they have been accustomed to do? Let us take another look before we settle down upon an ultimate conclusion. Did Mr. McCormick, or Mr. Osborne, or Mr. Wood, individually manufacture the reapers? On the contrary, they did not lift a chisel, or place their hand to a saw. They called upon the lumberman to supply them with lumber; the iron-master to supply them with iron; the miner to furnish coal. They set the entire brotherhood of mechanics to work; gave a stimulus to every branch of industry, and employment to hundreds of men, before the machines were sent to the harvest field. Their capital was scattered broadcast, like seed from the hands of the sower, over the entire field of industries. Is it not manifest that while one class of laborers are forced to do something besides binding wheat in the two months of harvest, another class of skilled laborers are employed, the year round, in manufacturing the machines? Do we not see that the ultimate benefit is beyond all calculation? Cheap bread has ever been regarded as one of the greatest of blessings. The farmer, by dispensing with human muscles, by using a machine that will do the work of ten or twelve men, can afford to sell his grain more cheaply. He can still have a good margin of profit, and at the same time reduce the cost to the consumer. So it comes about that morning, noon, and night millions are sharers of the inestimable blessing of cheap bread. Is it the farmer alone who is thus cheapening our daily loaves? Shall we say that he alone brought $180,000,000 from England to this country last year for breadstuffs? Let us give honor and credit where they are due; let us not fail to see that had it not been for the brain labor of Hussey, McCormick, Wood, Osborne, and the great host of men whose names are enrolled in the archives of the patent office, but who are otherwise unknown, it would not have been possible for this country to have harvested more than one quarter or one third of the 360,000,000 bushels of wheat produced last year. Through their brain labor the world to-day has cheap bread. Harder than now would be the times, had they not brought the reaping machines to their present degree of perfection; sharper would be the distress in England, if they had not thus devoted their lives and employed their capital. It is not sentiment but literal truth to say that whenever the impoverished millions of Great Britain behold the sun sinking in the west, they think of it as throwing its departing beams over a land wide and fair, where there is an abundance of food for the famishing of the world, and only through failure of crop will bread ever be dear.

GENERIC INVENTIONS.

Telegraphy and photography were discoveries, but with those discoveries there followed a class of inventions that were generic in their nature. The Morse telegraph was brought into practical use in 1844, and had a rapid development. We have seen that up to 1830 a letter could be carried about seventy-five miles a day, and that the locomotive transmitted correspondence five hundred miles in twenty-four hours; but with the invention of the telegraph time was annihilated. The telephone has now come to our aid, and we may converse with our friends far away as freely as if they were present.

The construction of telegraph lines, and the establishment of an office in every village, brought about another levy upon the labor of men and women who were doing something else; but far beyond this has been the effect of Morse's invention. It has revolutionized methods in business. The merchant, broker, manufacturer, is not now compelled to

wait weeks or months before deciding upon a course of action in trade, but he does it on the instant. He is not forced to wait months, or may be a year, before he can turn over his capital and count up his gains; he may do it in an hour. It is manifest that through the use of the telegraph there has been a vast augmentation of the power of capital.

Photography has not been productive of any corresponding change, but its development has called many thousands from other occupations; has given a great stimulus to other industries, affecting even the egg markets of the world, enhancing the value of every barn-yard fowl in Christendom by the incessant demand for albumen. This discovery has widened the employments open to women, calling them from lower to higher occupations, with an increase of wages.

In connection, I may mention the development of the india-rubber and gutta-percha industries, invention and discovery calling another multitude from some other occupation, and giving a stimulus to labor in far-off lands.

THE REPRODUCTIVE POWER OF INVENTION.

When the first rude locomotive was brought from England to the United States, there was not a machine-shop in the country that could have constructed one like it, and American mechanics were compelled to direct their attention to the invention and construction of machines to make machines. After Goodyear discovered the process by which india rubber could be vulcanized, inventors were obliged to construct machines for its manipulation, and those in turn required other inventions and devices. Like seed corn reproducing itself a hundred fold, like yeast spores reaching out in every direction, the law of reproduction goes on, expanding and increasing the power of man to bring into use the forces and materials of nature for the welfare of his fellow-men.

The report of the census to most people is a dreary, bewildering mass of figures, but to one who studies the progress of the nation there can be no more interesting reading. As has already been shown, manufacturing prior to 1820 was wholly done in the household and by individual effort. Very little capital was invested even in 1830, but in the census of 1870 we ascertain that there were 2,053,000 persons directly engaged in manufacturing, whose annual wages amounted to $775,584,000; that the capital invested aggregated $21,018,000,000; that the annual product had a value of more than $4,200,000,000. In contrast, the wages of farm laborers, including board, were only $300,000,000, less than one half the amount earned by those engaged in manufacturing.

The development of manufacturing has been altogether disproportionate to the growth of population. Between 1850 and 1870 the population increased sixty-five per cent., while manufacturing increased three hundred and twenty-two per cent., and, notwithstanding the commercial depression of the last four years, it is confidently maintained by those who have made the industries a study that there has not been any material change in the ratio of increase.

THE FORCES OF NATURE.

The new civilization has its origin in the employment of the forces and materials of nature to do the work of human muscles. Before the beginning of manufacturing, there were coal and iron deposits beneath the Alleghanies as there had been from the primeval ages, and the rivers ran to the sea as they had ever run; but the time came when they were to be put in harness for the benefit of the human race. In calculating the power of these forces of nature, James Watt used the term *horse-power*, representing the efforts of the strongest horses at short intervals as equivalent to the continuous raising of thirty-three thousand pounds at the rate of one foot a minute. With a steam-engine this amount of energy is accomplished by the evaporation of a cubic foot of water per hour, from a temperature of 60°, under a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. After deducting all losses

from friction, this power is estimated to be equal to the labor of six men, and this six-men power is obtained by burning about six pounds of coal per hour. With coal at five dollars per ton, this force of nature does the work of six men for ten hours at a cost of about eighteen cents, or of one man for ten hours at a cost of three cents.

Is the employment of this force detrimental or beneficial to manual labor? The argument that would relegate machinery out of existence would likewise put a stop to the mining of coal, or the employment of water to turn mill-wheels. Is it not manifest, rather, that if we can set a hitherto idle force to work for us instead of using our own muscles, we are gainers thereby? Is it not a using of the riches of nature for our comfort?

The first power loom was set up in 1816, since when capital has been adding machinery, until in 1875, in all industries in Massachusetts, there was in water wheels and steam engines power equivalent to that of 318,748 horses, equal to the labor of 1,912,000 men, or nearly 300,000 more than the entire population of the State. By the census of 1870, we learn that the power derived from the forces of nature in the United States in manufacturing was equal to the power of 2,343,000 horses, representing the muscular force of more than 14,000,000 men!

RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION.

Some of us can recall the days when ponderous wagons, drawn by six and eight horses, were dragged from Vermont to Boston, along the turnpikes. Those were the days when country taverns abounded, but now the highways, once so thronged with teams, are grass-grown and desolate.

> "To the mossy wayside tavern
> Comes the noisy throng no more,
> And the faded sign, complaining,
> Swings unnoticed at the door."

Dismal were the forebodings of the farmers when railroad construction began, — nevermore would they find a market for their grain, and horses would depreciate in value; but oats are still marketable, and horses salable.

According to the railway reports of Massachusetts, there were in use last year in that State 1030 locomotives. Mr. Edward Appleton, a competent engineer, estimates that the number in constant use — deducting those that are undergoing repairs — is 682, and that the work performed by them is equivalent to the power of 1,519,000 horses on common roads, whereas the number of horses in the State, by the census of 1875, was only 53,218. Applying Mr. Appleton's formula to the number of locomotives in the United States, we find that the locomotives are doing the work of nearly 30,000,000 horses, whereas the aggregate horses of all ages in 1870 was less than 9,000,000.

We smile at the ideas of the men living a half century ago, who thought, when they were planning the first freight depot in Boston, for the use of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, that a building forty by sixty feet would accommodate the road for a quarter of a century! How little did they comprehend the power of steam as a force of nature to change human affairs! How little do we comprehend what it has done, or what it is yet to do!

CAPITAL.

We have seen that the new civilization has had its development through the united efforts of capital and labor, powerful when working harmoniously, but able to accomplish nothing separately. But what is capital? If this were a treatise on political economy, several pages would be needed to set forth the nature and functions of capital, but it will be sufficient here to say that capital is accumulated earnings, which when we put into a house, farm machine, or anything else material, we call *fixed* capital; when we have it in money, or its equivalent, we call it *active*. If once fixed, it is a permanency. As an individual, I may sell the house, but somebody's labor is in the bricks and carpentry, and will be there forever, unless fire destroys it, and then it is annihilated.

ANNIHILATION OF CAPITAL.

Many of us indulge the illusion that if we could only once obtain property we could keep it, but I think that most men will agree that its preservation is quite as difficult as its attainment. By fire and flood capital disappears; moth and rust are agents for its destruction. Use destroys it: the machine wears out, and a new one must be obtained. Invention destroys it: stage-coaches were capital once, but the locomotive has superseded them; sickles and scythes were capital once, but now they are rusting in garrets. No manufacturer could afford to take as a gift to-day a cotton-mill equipped as in 1860; it would bankrupt the man who might undertake to run it, invention having rendered the machinery of twenty years ago utterly worthless.

"We have rebuilt one of our furnaces five times since 1850," was the remark of an iron manufacturer recently; "not that it was worn out, but because invention has made such an advance that we could not afford to run it on the old methods."

Fashion annihilates capital. A few years ago millions of dollars were invested in machinery for the manufacture of hoop-skirts, and thousands of men, women, and children earned their daily bread in their manufacture; but when the sex discarded crinoline, the fixed capital was annihilated and the operatives were compelled to seek other employment.

It is a law of nature that there can be no progress without decay. Progress is eternal change. Nothing can prevent the destruction of accumulated earnings; it is the gnawing of the tooth of time, and the moment we invest our money which represents our accumulated earnings in anything material, it becomes a permanency, is subject to constant depreciation and ultimate extinction. The use of Bessemer steel has annihilated a large portion of the capital once invested in iron furnaces. The "dead past" is a comprehensive term, and sooner or later we, with all our accumulations of material wealth, go back to the dust from whence we came.

What has become of the wealth of Rome, once so immense? How the fire whiffs out riches — one hundred millions per annum in this country! — so much labor annihilated. How the war swept it away! And yet, notwithstanding the ravages of war, the devastation by fire and flood, the extinction by new invention, the accumulations have been marvelous. Want of space will not permit the giving of details, but it can be shown that the earnings of labor and capital together, invested in savings-banks, general banking, insurance, railroads, national, state, and municipal securities, aggregate at the present time not less than $13,000,000,000! The data for this estimate is at hand and reliable; much more trustworthy than the estimated general value of all property in the United States as given in the census, which is placed at $30,068,000,000.

While these accumulations have been going on in this country, there has been a corresponding increase in other lands, and Mr. Gladstone is reported as saying that the development of the present century is greater than that from the time of Julius Cæsar to 1800.

PROGRESS OF THREE NATIONS.

The volume of trade is a fair indication of the progress of a people, and the following exhibit shows how Great Britain, France, and the United States have respectively advanced since the coming in of the new civilization. The presentation is by decades.

GREAT BRITAIN.

1827-37	Imports and Exports	$4,948,750,000
1837-47		6,771,555,000
1847-57		11,065,280,000
1857-67		20,379,890,000
1867-77		28,879,205,000

FRANCE.

1827-37	Imports and Exports	$2,002,400,000
1837-47		2,998,400,000
1847-57		4,601,800,000
1857-67		9,261,200,000
1867-77		13,313,600,000

UNITED STATES.

1827-37	Imports and Exports	$2,006,218,000
1837-47		2,285,428,000
1847-57		4,255,074,000
1857-67		7,103,309,000
1867-77		11,016,805,000

Great Britain has increased her trade

six times, France six and one half, the United States five and one half. Is it probable that there would have been any such increase if the forces of nature had not been brought into play? But the forces of nature and the use of machinery have not been the only factors.

CREDIT.

Coöperating with these forces of nature there has been what is felicitously termed a force of *human nature*, the confidence of men in their fellow-men.[1] In commerce it is called *credit*. I write a promise to pay, and my neighbor, having faith in my ability to meet my promise, loans me money. He does not need the money in business, and is willing that I should use it on paying him interest. A laborer, earning more than he needs for his daily living, promises to pay, and men having faith in him supply him with money to build a house, or start in business for himself. A country trader from Illinois purchases goods in New York, giving his promise to pay, and the New York merchant, needing money, obtains it on this promise by putting his name on the paper. It comes about that we can make that which does not exist as available as that which does exist, as long as we can meet our promises; but, failing in that, it is like a phantom that eludes our grasp. It may serve all the purposes of gold and silver to-day, and to-morrow be utterly valueless.

Under the new civilization, through the agency of the railroad in supplying quick transportation, and through the telegraph, in flashing a message from New York to California in a few moments, a promise to pay given in New York may be just as potent in San Francisco, for the purposes of trade, as gold would be. The transfer of the gold, the time and cost, all are saved. Very little money is used in these days in commerce; checks and drafts and notes serve in nearly all commercial transactions. The confidence of man in man, and the ease with which we can make a promise to pay serve the purposes of gold and silver, ever lead men on, in the pursuit of wealth, to take tempting risks, to promise more than they can perform.

This tendency is universal, and just as manifest in the Parsees and Hindoos, in the Chinese and Japanese, as in the people of Europe, Great Britain, or the United States. In every country credit answers all the purposes of capital, as long as men meet their promises; and in all countries, when men fail in that, there will be instant distrust.

PRECIOUS METALS.

In 1830 the amount of bank-notes and specie in circulation in this country was under six dollars per capita of population. There had been no great increase of the precious metals for many years. The mines of Mexico and Peru still yielded silver and gold, as they had for three centuries, but in 1849 came the discovery of gold in California, then in Australia, together with the opening up of the argentiferous deposits of Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, and Montana. The vast production of what in every age has been accepted as the representative of wealth in a short time brought about a universal change of values. The price of a day's labor, the product of labor, the value of all material things, began to change the world over.

I do not say that the rise added anything to the real wealth; labor alone does that; the change was relative, but it had the effect of stimulating men, in the race for riches, to make larger promises than they could keep. In all countries there was a mania for speculation.

In this country, in 1860, there came the outbreak of civil war, followed by the issue by the government of several billions of promises to pay, not to mention the promises issued by States, municipalities, banking institutions, and individuals. Labor and capital and machinery were producing largely, but the real wealth was becoming fixed capital in railroads, manufactories, buildings of all kinds; and it was disappearing in the waste of war. Never before in the world's history had there been such a

[1] Economics; or, The Science of Wealth. Page 90.

rapid accumulation of wealth; never before had the products of labor been so rapidly transformed into fixed capital, or annihilated by war and the progress of invention. In the rise of values, in the wish to accumulate wealth, we mortgaged our prospective earnings for a long period of years. The circulation of greenbacks and national bank-notes advanced from less than six dollars per capita in 1830 to more than eighteen per capita in 1876. We built railroads where they were not needed and from which we could not hope for any immediate returns, and for the time being the amount of capital thus invested became extinct; we laid out towns in the wilderness and marked up the house lots to fabulous prices, upon which we issued promises to pay; multitudes, instead of producing, gave their attention to creating fictitious values, upon which they issued more promises to pay; the nation, States, counties, towns, corporations, societies, churches, individuals, all issued promises to pay. A piece of land which before the construction of a railroad was utterly valueless was sold perhaps a dozen times, each purchaser giving his promise to pay. We bought pictures, horses, books, pianos, things delightful to have, and paid for them in promises to pay, but they were all unproductive fixed capital.

So long as we could meet our notes by issuing more promises, there was fair sailing, and we all congratulated ourselves upon the good times we were having, flattering ourselves that we were getting rich, losing sight of the fact that everything in the universe is under the domain of physical law, and that those laws which govern human progress and are powerful to build up are equally powerful to destroy. But there came a day when a firm that had issued many bonds found itself unable to meet its promises, and society, which had been one grand mutual confidence association, was seized with a panic. Our neighbors asked us to secure our notes; we asked them to secure theirs; and we all discovered that what we thought good security was worthless. Machinery stopped, because there were no buyers for manufactured goods; the laborer was thrown out of employment and the capitalist into bankruptcy. The laborers who had lived up to the limit of their earnings were distressed; those who had saved their earnings and invested in houses and lands, which had been marked up in value, who had paid in part, saw their property disappear "like the baseless fabric of a vision." Then came the clearing away of the wreck, the stern decrees of the courts of insolvency, the wiping out of the fictitious, the breaking up of happy homes, a looking about to find some employment where men might earn their daily bread. It is one of the saddest pictures of the nineteenth century. It is not local, from the fact that the causes were not local, but universal. Their origin lies far back in the forces of nature and of human nature, — in the powers of the new civilization. I would not be understood as maintaining that the war had nothing to do with the present trouble: it had its effect, for it stimulated cotton culture in India, Egypt, and South America; it stopped the machinery of Lancashire, and started it again, with a great addition of looms; it set founderies and furnaces in blast in Great Britain and in this country; it swept American commerce from the ocean, and contributed to make Great Britain the world's carrier, manufacturer, and banker. The surrender at Appomattox was felt in every commercial centre, in every banking house in the world; but it is morally certain that if there had been no war in this country there would have been, sooner or later, a commercial disturbance the world over, with distress everywhere. The present trouble has been brought about through a disregard of the physical laws that underlie progress. There has been commercial stagnation at other periods in the past, as there will be in the future, but it is not probable that for many years there will be a depression so prolonged, intense, and universal as that which began in this country in 1873, and which is now so severe in other lands, for like conditions will not exist in the immediate future.

THE EARNINGS OF LABOR.

Amid the wreck and ruin, there are complaints that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer; that the laborer has a harder time than ever before. At the beginning of this article I contrasted the havings of the present and past; now let us glance at the earnings of laborers. Without perplexing the reader with long columns of figures, I will simply state the results, as set forth most conclusively in the late report of Colonel Carroll D. Wright, chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, in which he shows that while the average cost of living has advanced fourteen per cent. since 1860, the wages of operatives have advanced twenty-four per cent.

I may further say that the books of a manufacturing company in New Jersey, that supplies its operatives with goods at cost, show that in all the staple articles of food the cost of living at the present time is lower than in 1860.

PAUPERISM AND CRIME.

It is stated that pauperism is on the increase; that the use of machinery drives men out of employment, and that not being able to obtain work they are reduced to beggary. Unfortunately, there are few reliable data upon this point in the United States, but in no other country is there so much machinery used as in Great Britain, and there we have authentic data.

In 1863 the population of England and Wales was 20,590,356; the number of persons relieved, 1,142,624; the amount of relief, £6,527,036; in contrast, the population in 1878 was 24,854,397; the number of persons relieved, 742,703; and the amount of relief, £7,400,966. The percentage of population receiving relief in 1863 was 5.55; in 1878 it was 3.06, showing that with the great increase of machinery there was a great reduction in the number of persons relieved.

In connection, let us notice one other important fact: the amount paid per individual in 1863 was $28.50, while in 1878 it was $49.50. It is evident that this difference does not arise from any corresponding increase in the price of provisions; may we not infer that it does arise from an increase of the articles now regarded as necessary to human comfort? Mr. Bonamy Price states that it costs to maintain 1000 poor in London five times as much as it did in 1815 (Political Economy, page 237); that this increase of cost is due, in part, to the popular estimate of what is needful for human comfort. We see the same popular estimate here in the cost of erecting and maintaining our penal, reformatory, and charitable institutions. It is stated that by the use of machinery men become poverty-stricken, and so are led into crime; but the statistics of Great Britain show the reverse (Blue Book, 1878). In 1862 the total commitments of criminals for trial in the United King dom were 30,291, while in 1876, with an increase of 4,365,000 population, the commitments were only 22,937. The de crease was nearly uniform in England, Ireland, and Scotland. What shall we infer from this, — that justice is not so vigilant now as in 1862, or that from some cause there is less crime? Manifestly the latter.

RÉSUMÉ.

From this review we arrive at the following conclusions: —

(1.) That the havings of to-day are far greater than in the past.

(2.) That the earnings of the present are greater than in 1860.

(3.) That the cost of articles that enter into living has not advanced in proportion to our earnings.

(4.) That the mass of the people are better fed, clothed, housed, and in possession of more of the comforts of life, than at any other period.

(5.) That the change has been brought about by the development of the forces of nature through discovery, invention, the use of machinery, and the harmonious working of capital and labor.

(6.) That capital and labor, instead of being antagonistic, are naturally helpful, and that any conflict between them is brought about by elements beyond the control of either acting separately.

(7.) That there are three such elements, — discovery, invention, and fashion.

(8.) That the laws of progress will ever require a readjustment of labor; that men will ever be forced to abandon old and seek new occupations.

(9.) That every advance in invention will demand a higher degree of intelligence, requiring a higher education.

(10.) That men must accommodate themselves to the laws of progress, or be crushed by them.

Let me not be misunderstood. No legislative enactment can alter or amend the laws which underlie progress any more than they can protect the man who happens to stand in the path of the thunderbolt. I assert with emphasis that under those laws labor will ever be compelled to seek new occupation, while capital will ever be annihilated. They are beneficent laws. The fire that burns up my hard earnings is the fire that drives the engine that enables me to accumulate earnings. The water that turns my mill sweeps it away. The power that builds is the power that destroys, and I must accommodate myself to it.

(11.) That under those laws there has been a general diffusion of wealth; that while the rich may be growing richer, the poor are not necessarily growing poorer.

(12.) That commercial disaster may come in the future as it has in the past.

(13.) That the popular estimate of what is needful for human comfort is higher to-day than in the past.

(14.) That though under the use of machinery men may be compelled to seek other occupations, each invention enlarges the sphere of labor.

(15.) That pauperism and crime, instead of being on the increase, are on the decrease.

(16.) That the human race, through the employment of the forces of nature, is moving ever on to a higher plane of civilization.

Charles Carleton Coffin.

WITCHWORK.

Undiné and all her troop
Are out to-night; the tides are high;
Like spray far thrown across the moon,
The clouds go sailing through the sky.
The showers sweep down and shroud the world,
On darkling rainbows skim afar;
The brooks burst up beside the way,
And great winds strip some naked star, —
Great winds, mad winds, winds of March,
That, streaming from the void and vast,
Make mortals feel the impotence
Of atoms borne before the blast.
But Ariel holds them in his leash;
All the Wild Ladies follow him.
The great Ghandarvas blow their tunes
From silver peaks and valleys dim;
Witch and warlock, imps and elves,
The urchins of the misty dale,
And echoes mocking all the stir,
Ride down the long gust of the gale!

Hark! do you catch the Banshee's cry?
That is the hammering trolls you hear!
Turn not too swiftly, lest you start
The Lurley singing in your ear!
Powers of earth and powers of air
Are all abroad; the night is quick
With strange and subtile sorceries,
Bred of the storm, and swarming thick
As bees about a blooming branch,
Honey dripping, dew besprent,
Steeped in sunshine underneath
The blue of some great morning's tent.
Each enchantment of the sphere,
Blown from the sea and blown from shore,
Works its wild will and wizardry
While darkness wraps the gay uproar,
Till rosy dawn shall set the spell;
When, lo! the bare boughs of yestreen
Confess the magic of the March,
And wave such veils of callow green
As clad, in the old mystic tale,
The rods that Jannes and Jambres throw,
To break in blossom as they fall
Before the feet of Pharaoh!
For the fierce tempest, with its shock
Of wind and sleet that midnight cloaks,
Like some old thaumaturge who makes
A mighty marvel, now evokes
The violet on her dewy locks,
The sunlight on her lifted wing,
The clouds of incense floating by, —
The Apparition of the Spring!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

TO LEADVILLE.

On the 25th day of last May the bottom-lands along the Monument Creek, just west of the town of Colorado Springs, were as purple as a clover field. I had not seen them for a week; between a Saturday and a Saturday thousands of purple vetches had grown high and burst into bloom, and the change from the usual muddy and unsightly color of the place was so great that my first feeling in looking at it was of bewildered wonder, as if the region were new. In no other year since I had known the spot had it ever been beautiful. If the world lasts and these vetches keep on growing, there will come a spring when these acres of bottom-land will stretch a solid belt of waving purple bloom, quarter of a mile wide, for two or three miles up and down the creek.

One short season of exceeding loveliness even this muddy bottom-land will have; what earthly thing or creature can have more?

A season of peerless music, moreover, it has, for larks like vetches, and hang about their low and shady coverts, every now and then fluttering up to sing. Four of them we saw in less than a mile, this morning, — soft, brown-winged, yellow-breasted, trusting creatures, perched on posts or bushes close to the road, looking us full in the eyes, and throwing back their heads as if to let the song out faster and give us all they could before we were out of sight.

"You say that the voice is always a test of a person's culture," said the professed realist of the party. "How much do you think the lark knows?"

How often do these realists surprise us by a thought or a phrase so full of poetic fervor that it instantly recalls Herbert Spencer's bold assertions that not only does science underlie all poetry, but is itself poetic!

Past the hamlet of the Good Spirit (Manitou), a bower of shining green; up the Ute Pass, down which the Fountain Creek came foaming, all white and amber; past blue mertensias nodding rhythmically into the water, and seeming to drink at each dip, like birds; alders, willows waving full of catkins; vines all starting to climb; pines and firs glittering with fresh plumes at every bough tip; thickets where dusky wings were glimmering; narrow belts of young cotton-wood trees on the mountain sides, so vividly green they looked like narrow belts of sunbeam slanting here and there, — past all these, through the pass, up, and out into the great plateaus of spruce and fir forests we climbed, twenty miles or more, climbed slowly: and yet, could it have been so slowly after all? We outstripped the Spring and left her behind, sitting by the roadside, cautiously unfolding a few catkins and cotton-wood buds, and keeping one eye askance and apprehensive on an inky cloud in the northwest which might mean rain, hail, snow, and ice.

Sure enough, it had meant them all. When we had climbed high enough and gone northward enough to turn the flank of Pike's Peak, there stood the great mountain, solid walls of white on its north and northwest sides; it looked like eternal winter, and we chuckled to think how shrewd Spring had been to halt ten miles back down the pass. Bare trees, bare roadsides, deep mud, icy sloughs, chilly winds, — these were what we got by racing ahead of Spring, up the Ute Pass, on that late May day.

It was twilight. As we floundered through the fast-stiffening mud in front of the little inn where we were to pass the night, we said to each other, "Did we really see anemones and mertensias and willow catkins and purple vetches three hours ago? Is this Wonderland, and are we Alice and the rabbit? Shall we be short or long when we step out of the carriage?"

The Kansas woman who was temporarily acting as landlady of the little inn took the same view of the paradoxical situation of things that we did; but having neither a poetical temperament nor an acquaintance with Lewis Carroll's wonderful fairy story, she expressed herself more tersely, and also more to the point:—

"Ye would n't call this spring, now, would ye?" she said. "Why, last night the hailstones were lying two inches deep up to this very door-step. It does beat all. We came here two weeks ago from Kansas, and there the grass was real high, and all our vegetables up. This country beats all."

While she was speaking, a heavily-loaded freight wagon came creaking, twisting, and plunging along in the mud. It was drawn by only two horses; the poor things tugged till the muscles in their legs stood out like ropes. The driver, muddy and wet up to his knees, ran by their side, laying on the whip, swearing now in German, now in English, as he sank into one deep hole after another. Before the inn door he halted, wiped his face, and looked anxiously at the wagon.

"How much does your load weigh?" I asked.

"Twenty-t'ree hunder," he answered. "I did not t'ought it vas so bad. But she pull like devil, dat mare," pointing to the near horse; "she wort

two, to pull. But I did not t'ought it so bad."

"Oh, they go by every day, worse loaded than that," said the Kansas woman. "I thought I 'd seen cattle driven hard in Kansas, but I had n't. It seems as if every teamster on this road was bound to get to Leadville, dead or alive, no matter how many cattle he kills on the road. It 's a downright shame! I don't suppose the silver 's goin' to run away before you get there, — do you? " she continued, addressing the teamster, severely. "Why don't you take one more day, or two days, on the road, and show some mercy to your beasts? It would pay ye better 'n hurryin' through."

"Dat ish so," said the man, striking the good mare a sharp cut on the hindquarters, which made her plunge violently forward, and really start the wagon before her slower mate had bestirred herself at all. "Dat ish so; but must make time; all bodies ish vaiting for deir t'ings. Vat wagon go quickest, he get most freight."

From the window above came the faint wail of a very young babe. Only a few days before, the little creature had come to begin life in this lonely, storm-smitten spot. There was something infinitely touching in the low cry. If it had come from the top of one of the tall, creaking pines, it would not have seemed to belong more thoroughly to the wilderness; no young of wild bird in all the surrounding forest more helpless and more unconscious of the meaning of the perpetual going up and down of money seekers on the road below.

Next morning, clear sun and white frost everywhere. Seven miles of muddy slough were powdered thick with tiny ice crystals, whose treacherous beauty would only make the muddy slough worse an hour later. Out on the open of the Platte River, northward along its meadows, then westward again, over divide after divide, through seemingly interminable forests of spruce and fir, and so we came at sunset to the edge of the great South Park. Here we found the song sparrow; or at least if he were not the song sparrow, he was a sparrow with a song. "How would you describe the song of that bird? " said I to the realist. "Does it not baffle all description? "

"Oh, no," was the instant reply. "Two sweet little whoops, a twiddle, and a twitter."

And that is precisely what it was. Will an ornithologist recognize our bird by this token?

All along the way we had found flocks of blackbirds eating greedily in the road and on the roadsides, hundreds in a flock, and so tame that they only hopped, like hens, leisurely to right or left, as we passed, often barely escaping the wheels. Even these tiny creatures were profiting by the new discoveries of silver in Leadville; but who told them that freight wagons and campers would be on this particular road this particular summer? They were like the stragglers in the rear of a great army on its march, picking up a comfortable vagabond living on the remains of the army supplies. Sometimes, the first indication we saw that a spot had been a camping-ground the night before was a solid black patch of these birds, heads down, tails all in a quiver, crowding, pushing, snapping, as if they were in terror of being driven away before getting their fill. They were so fat and round-bodied they waddled. Evidently, they had been part of the Leadville procession for weeks. When the reaction comes, as it does come in all these mining excitements; when some bigger mines are found in some other mountain, or the Leadville mines begin to dwindle in yield, and the frantic throng of delvers and sellers turns into another road, how will the little blackbirds begin to wonder and wait. They too will have to come down from a season of unearned plenty to one of want. Yet they are luckier than men: they can take wing any morning, and fly till they come where food is; at worst, they can return to their native wild foods, which though scantier are no doubt more wholesome for them than the oats and corn of civilization. But they are sure of feasting so long as the Leadville fever lasts, for all roads leading to the town are alive: freight wagons coming down

loaded with ore, and freight wagons going up loaded with every conceivable thing, from mining machinery and railroad iron down to baby-wagons and pepper-casters; we saw sixty-two of these wagons in this first day's journey of ten hours. The most interesting thing in the procession, next to the blackbirds, was the human element: families — fathers, mothers, with crowds of little children, bedsteads, iron pots, comforters, chairs, tables, cooking-stoves, cradles — wedged into small wagons, toiling slowly up the long hills and across the long stretches of plain, all going to Leadville to seek that fortune which had so evidently eluded their efforts hitherto; solitary adventurers, whose worldly possessions consisted of a pack-mule, a bundle, and a pick-axe; and adventurers still more solitary, with only the bundle and pick-axe, and no mule; dozens of these we passed.

"Going to Leadville?" was our usual greeting.

"Wall, yes; I was a-thinkin' I 'd make my way over there," was a frequent reply, often followed by the anxious inquiry, "How fur is it?"

We always gave them the distance as low as we conscientiously could. It seemed cruel to say to that sort of pedestrian that he had fifty or a hundred miles to walk; and it seemed half inhuman to whirl past him with our fast trotting horses.

The South Park is sixty miles long and forty wide, walled on all sides by high mountains. When it was a lake it held many fair and wooded islands; these islands are now fair and wooded hills, among which winds sluggishly the Platte River, all that is left of the waters of the olden time. A belt of green meadow, invaluable for farming and pasturage, marks the course of the river, and ranchmen are growing rich on its free domain. We slept in one of the most comfortable of the ranches, and were up and off again early on our second morning; snow-covered peaks before us, behind us, east, west, north, south, — a panorama of the guard mounting of Winter over one of Summer's palaces. And the figure is, after all, not so forced as it sounds; for it is the slow and almost exhaustless filtering down from the mountains' reservoir of snow which keeps the rivers full and the park green and fertile. The western foot-hills were dark blue and purple; the snow line just above the blue and purple sharply defined and dazzling white. Winding among the fair and wooded hills we had a succession of changing vistas, and new revelations of the mountain walls in the distance. They looked arctic and forbidding; as we journeyed toward the northwest boundary of the park, where Mount Lincoln and its surrounding group make the great water-shed of the continent, we could well fancy ourselves looking toward Labrador. To heighten the effect, columns of storm gathered in the north, inky black, and moved slowly southward, following the mountain line. In spaces they suddenly fringed out into a great glory of white mist, spent themselves for a few moments, then gathered up all their forces and hurried on, in narrower and blacker pillars against the sky.

As we drew near the town of Fair Play, we descended into a miserable bottom-land, full of sloughs and pools of muddy alkali water. Long and sinister-looking lines of gaunt firs bounded and divided this evil region; its tint was ghastly and dead; as our wheels rolled through the sticky water they were instantly covered thick with a white and muddy incrustation, like the hideous things which rural people in some sections of our country make out of variously colored alum solutions. It was a spot for despair, for murders, for suicides. The town of Fair Play, lying in full sight on the foot-hills to the north, and not more than six miles away, looked unreal, unattainable. If we had found ourselves suddenly seized by some dire enchantment and forced to circle round and round, hopeless, slower and slower, to be changed into speechless firs rooted in the desolate moor, it would have seemed nothing surprising. I did not know that Colorado held so unredeemed a spot.

To enter Fair Play from the South Park, you cross the Platte River; that is, you cross the place where the Platte River once was. Men have treated the Platte River roughly here. They have ripped it up, so to speak, and not left a thread of it in place. They are forever sluicing it, draining it, pumping it dry, twisting and torturing it, to get the gold of which its water has been full in its day; but the stream is getting to be poverty-stricken in its old age, and no longer returns such lavish good for evil to its persecutors. It looks now like an old gully worn out by years of freshets; and the water, all of it which is not cooped up in sluices, zigzags along in slow, purposeless, tinkling lines, as if it were not worth while to try to go anywhere in particular. You lower yourself cautiously down a precipice into this gully, pick your way across it, climb up another precipice, and then you are in Fair Play. The name has an attractive sound, as if mirth and mercy had joined hands with justice; but when you hear the legend from which the name sprang, it loses its charm, and makes you shudder.

Two men loved one woman, as has been the way of men ever since the world began. The man whom the woman loved deserted her. The man whom the woman did not love followed the faithless lover, found him, unarmed, working with his miner's pick on the banks of the Platte River, — perhaps just where we crossed that day; nobody knows now the spot where the lovers fought. The avenger pointed his rifle, and was about to fire. The guilty betrayer threw up his hands and called out, —

"Fair play! Give me fair play!"

"Go home, then, and get your rifle," said the true lover of the woman and of honor. "I 'll wait for you here."

The other must have had honor, also, for he did not fly; he came back, and met, what perhaps he did not wholly deserve, his death. The rival disappeared, and this is all that is known to-day of the two men and the woman whose loves and sorrows made such sharp tragedy and named the little town.

In its infancy Fair Play, like all mining towns, was full of hope, enthusiasm, and brilliant expectation; it knows better now; nobody has made a very big fortune. It is dull work simply earning a living and no more, — getting just gold enough to pay one's current expenses, when one has had visions of being a millionaire; but if a man would only realize it, it is matter for some thankfulness in this world even to get a living, and mining is not on the whole a harder vocation than many others. When Fair Play recovers from the reaction of disappointment and relative failure, it will perhaps put shoulder to the wheel and be blithely industrious, clear up its disorderly streets, and make itself into a tidy and contented town, which there is every reason for its being. At present it is the picture of slovenly confusion: broken and dirty ditches through which unwholesome water is carried about for the town to drink; unneat-looking houses with only here and there an attempt at inclosure; great waste spaces littered with old bones, tin cans, junk, dead hens, cats, ground moles, straw, paper, rags; and if there be any other variety of refuse likely to accrue to a town from untidy habits on the part of its citizens, it is to be found in the highways and byways of Fair Play. The demoralizing effect on a community of living year after year in such surroundings is hardly to be reckoned. It will make itself felt "unto the third and fourth generation."

The most contented-looking person I saw in Fair Play was a German woman who kept a shop, where she sold newspapers, tobacco, and herbs. The place was barely big enough to turn round in, and looked and smelled as if it belonged to an out-of-the-way street in Prague.

"Do you like living in Fair Play?" I asked her.

"Ach, yes; I haf been in mush bad der place," she replied, with a chuckle.

"Where was that?" said I.

"Shentral," she answered. "Ach, but dat is hole-y place; if go out house, you ish unter mountain."

So graphic a picture of Central City and of the condition of its inhabitants could not be drawn in good English.

"In a gulch and among gulches," which is what we should say of the situation of the town, is very feeble by the side of "hole-y place;" and how infinitely superior is "you ish unter mountain" to any or all of the circumlocuting phrases by which we should say that each street seemed to be tumbling down on the one below it!

Another contented-looking woman I saw; she also kept a shop, — dry goods, millinery, — and there was a dress-making department in addition. Her stock of goods was so surprisingly well selected that I took the liberty of saying so, and of asking some questions as to her method of doing business. A woman suffragist would have been delighted to hear the story of this Fair Play milliner, whose husband gives her the building for her shop, warms it and lights it for her, and then allows her to "have for her own" all that she can make off the shop. Six years she had kept it, and had never in all that time asked her husband for one cent of money, except for doctor's bills. It struck me, not being a woman suffragist, that most shop-keeping men would be glad to get shops on these terms. However, the energetic milliner had not, apparently, looked at the matter from that stand-point. One of her business principles impressed me as being a noticeably good one: "I never keep an inferior article," she said; "or, if I have to, I keep a first-rate one also of the same sort."

The stage from Fair Play to Leadville starts at seven o'clock every morning. It is an open wagon with three seats; two horses draw it, no matter how many men it carries; luggage is not much taken into account, most of the stage passengers for Leadville being able to carry their luggage in one hand. Men going to Leadville with grave and permanent views are not apt to go by stage. The stage passengers are more likely to be prospecters, silent partners in mines running up for a few days to look into matters, adventurers, curiosity mongers,— in fact, it would be hard to mention the sort of man who is not to be found, in these days, going to Leadville, so strong is the magnet of rumors of new mines. Before the stage set off, I studied the eight faces of the men it carried. They were simply eight different types of expectation and plotting. They were silent, observant, full of reverie. I fancied that each of them wished he knew about the other seven, — whether they had "struck ore" or not, whether they were going to buy claims or not; but the money seeker keeps his own secrets.

We followed on, close in the wake of the stage. It was to be our guide. "How tiresome!" I thought. "We shall have to crawl along at a snail's pace behind." If the stage-driver had known of our apprehension, he might have laughed well at our mortification at discovering that our horses had hard work to keep up.

It was a clear morning; a hot sun, but a crisp air blowing off the mountains, which stood white as great icebergs against the blue sky. When the Colorado mountains are solidly covered with snow, their many-sided, wedged, crystal-like formation becomes more striking, and makes them look in some lights simply like gigantic upheavals of frozen seas. The range we were to cross looked as white as the rest, but we were assured that, except at the very top of the pass, we should find no snow on the road. Nobody said anything about mud, and who would have thought to ask? A few miles southward down the park, then sharply to the right, threading among the wooded islands, and up into the foothills, and we were in Weston's Pass, one of the very few clefts through which men can cross the great snowy range. As usual, a creek had made the way for the road. The slopes of the pass which faced the north were white with snow. The forests of spruce and fir showed black against it. The slopes facing the south were bare of snow, beginning to be green, young shoots well out on the firs, and here and there daisies in patches. On our left hand, winter; on our right hand, spring. The creek bottom was a study of delicious color. It was filled in solidly with willows, whose stems were claret, red, yellow, orange,

slaty purple. To have painted a picture with this broad, curving belt of vivid tints lying low between a black and white mountain wall on the one side, and a green mountain wall on the other, would have been merely to invite laughter and scorn, as by a picture of the impossible. Nobody may dare be so daring as nature herself; no, not even so daring as to tell the truth about nature. Now and then little opens, where last year's grass lay silvery or pale brown, added to the beauty of the belt of reds and yellows. In some places this belt must have been three hundred yards wide; in others it narrowed to a yard; but nowhere did any one tint predominate; they mingled like threads shot in and out of some gossamer fabric, distinct yet blending, transparent yet solid. As we climbed up, the contrasts grew more vivid, — the forests blacker, the snow whiter, the willows redder. At last we were twelve thousand feet high. The forests suddenly ceased; the creek sank farther from sight among sharp and barren hills; forbidding peaks, seemingly all of disintegrated rock, with here and there colossal bowlders to hold them down, rose on all sides, their tops shining with snow; snow-banks began to appear on the roadside; on the edge of one of these, where the sun had melted a tiny opening, looked up one white strawberry blossom; and on two or three of the barrenest hills we saw the blue anemone, lying low, dainty and courageous. But at the top of the pass was a deep-sunk lake; it was frozen solid; the wind had swept the snow off its surface, and piled it up in a wall on two sides. This was the highest point; from this summit we looked down into the great Arkansas valley, which would be called a park, doubtless, except for its view. The Sawatch mountains, sharp, serrated, made its western wall. They were dazzling white with snow; only for a few moments did we enjoy this surpassing view. The stage, which was a few rods before us, began suddenly to execute the most surprising gyrations. My first thought was that the driver had lost his senses and was driving over bowlders. The realist knew better. An ejaculation of something very like dismay broke from his practical lips. A few seconds more, and we ourselves were gyrating, floundering, as the stage had been; it took all the nerve and muscle of our good little horses to pull us through the morass mud — black, sticky, bottomless mud — on this mountain ridge, twelve thousand feet above the sea. As we descended the slope, a sorry sight met our eyes: all we could see was a ghastly alternation of snow-drifts and black mud. The road, a gloomy belt of inky water, disappeared at intervals between high walls of snow on either hand; it was simply a track hewn through the snow-banks. On the left hand the ground sloped away sharply, almost precipitously, in places, down to the snow-filled bed of a creek. On the right it was less forbidding; there were here and there open spots on which it seemed probable a man, if he were cautious, might stand without slumping through. These gracious high and dry spots were crowded with freight wagons in different states and stages of unloading and general confusion, mules in different states and stages of exhaustion, and men in different states and stages of profanity. Some of the wagons were stuck fast in mud; some drivers were unloading and dividing their load into two parts, to make two trips across the ridge; some were unhitching their horses and mules, to "double up" on the more heavily loaded wagon of a comrade. All was misery. In desperation, for there was nothing else to be done, we floundered along, following closely the lead of the floundering stage. The driver knew better than we where the mud was deepest. Except for the sight of the stage ahead, we would hardly have ventured on and in. Again and again we thought it had surely gone over, or sunk too deep to get out. Our little horses went in literally up to their bellies; their legs seemed to fly and sprawl like the legs of spiders. Even the realist was alarmed.

"How much road is there like this?" he asked one of the freighters.

"Oh, only about three miles where

it's so muddy; none of it so bad 's this," he replied, cheerfully, as if it were all nothing more than what might be expected in spring on mountain tops.

"That man is a philosopher," said the realist.

"What 'd ye say, sir?" asked the man, thinking the words were addressed to him.

"Nothing, nothing," the deceitful realist replied. "I did not speak. This is the worst road I ever" . . . He did not finish his sentence. At that moment we suddenly sank into a trough of mingled mud, water, and ice; the trough was barely wide enough for the carriage; walls of muddy snow from eight to ten feet high were on both sides of it. The bottom of the trough was simply more snow; soft in places; worn away in places by hidden currents of water. The horses sank, we sank; the horses scrambled out, and as no part of the harness gave way the carriage had to follow, but it was an ugly piece of work. Nobody spoke a word. The stage-driver, in spite of his own difficulty, looked back anxiously at us. A worse spot for an upset, or one where an upset seemed so inevitable, I never saw. Nothing but positive virtue could carry horses safely out. This did not last long, luckily. When we were out we stopped and looked back. Doré would have liked to add the sketch of that hill-side to his portfolio of studies for the horrible. And in one hour we were on smooth, green, grassy opens in the Arkansas valley: such is Maying in Colorado.

California Gulch, in which or on which the new town of Leadville is growing up, lies at right angles to the Arkansas valley, and about twelve miles from the head waters of the Arkansas River. It was a wild gulch, its sides grown thick with spruce forests, and a little snow-fed creek making its way down among them. But the waters of the creek held gold, and men soon found it out, cut down the spruce forests, and began placer mining all along the sides of the gulch. They are torn up and riddled, to-day, as if an earthquake had shaken them violently. All this while, in the stony mountains at the head of the gulch, lay stores untold of solid silver, of which the miners lower down, working for gold sands by the handful, never so much as dreamed. It is the old story of treasure biding the time of the man who knows its secret. One day, a man who knew one stone from another picked up a bit of mineral and handed it slyly and significantly to his comrade, saying nothing. The comrade, experienced in the ways of mines, took it, saying nothing, and pocketed it. The gulch was full of men: there were those working by their side to whom one word might be a hint. Later, alone, the two comrades conversed with each other on the subject of this bit of stone. They took cautious and secret rambles over the mountain side. They said not one word to anybody for two years, but quietly possessed themselves largely of lands. To-day, in one mine which these two men own, you may see, it is said, six millions of dollars' worth of silver; not infer it, trust, hope, believe it, from the "dip," or "bearing," or "vein," as is usually the case in silver mines, but see it; the walls of the galleries are it! The miners simply chop the walls down, foot by foot, and wheel out the ore in barrows.

And the whole range is believed to be full of the precious metal. It is the western slope of the mountains lying back of Fair Play, on whose eastern slopes many profitable mines have been worked for years. It is odd that miners did not at once think that if one side of a mountain were made of silver, the other was likely to be. But they did not; and so the Leadville silver bided its time.

The town is a marvel. In six months a tract of dense spruce forest has been converted into a bustling village. To be sure, the upturned roots and the freshly hacked stumps of many of the spruce-trees are still in the streets of the town; fallen spruce-trees, too, on which you can sit down to rest, and here and there clumps of superb tall ones standing, which afford a most grateful protection from Colorado's hot May sun, — the sun which made that mud I spoke of at the top of Weston's Pass. Great spaces of scorched sage brush are to be seen, its

gray stalks looking as twisted as if they had been wrung out wet and thrown down to dry. Great spaces covered with chips, also; nobody had time to pick up his chips, and they are handy to burn; the houses are all log cabins, or else plain, unpainted, board shanties. Some of the cabins seem to burrow in the ground; others are set up on posts, like roofed bedsteads. Tents; wigwams of boughs; wigwams of bare poles, with a blackened spot in front, where somebody slept last night, but will never sleep again; cabins wedged in between stumps; cabins built on stumps; cabins with chimneys made of flower-pots or bits of stove pipe, — I am not sure but out of old hats; cabins half roofed; cabins with sail-cloth roofs; cabins with no roof at all, — this represents the architecture of the Leadville homes. The Leadville places of business are another thing; there is one compact, straight street, running east and west, in the centre of this medley of sage brush, spruce stumps, cabins, and shanties. Here are shops, restaurants, billiard rooms, dance halls, banks, lawyers' offices, hotels, livery stables, — all that a town needs. There are fairly-built, wooden houses, principally of the battlement-front style, and one story high, — a few of them two stories high, — and not without some pretense of finish; the platforms and steps in front of them make one continuous line of lounging grounds for Leadville men. I counted forty-six at one time in a short distance, men either leaning against door-posts, or sitting with their elbows on their knees. The middle of the street was always filled with groups of men talking.

Wagons were driven up and down as fast as if the street were clear. It looked all the time as if there had been a fire and the people were just about dispersing, or as if town-meeting were just over. Everybody was talking, nearly everybody gesticulating. All faces looked restless, eager, fierce. It was a Monaco gambling room emptied into a Colorado spruce clearing.

The town lies well up on the slope; the mountain off-look toward the west is good, — the broad, green valley of the Arkansas, some miles wide, and the Sawatch mountains, all from ten to fourteen thousand feet high, all snow-topped, beyond. From higher points on the mountain, where clearings have been made for the miners, the view is made much more beautiful by the near foreground of the solid green of the spruce forest. Just in the edge of the forest are large reduction works, their smoke pouring up a perpetual lurid column of almost rainbow tints. Here one may see long rows of bins filled with the ore from different mines. It looks simply like yellow dirt, but fire turns it into solid silver. I looked into the mouths of the great furnaces; the molten mass bubbled and seethed; from one opening ran the worthless "slag," from the other the shining metal. The slag was caught in an iron vessel shaped liked an inverted bee-hive, and swung between two wheels. By a long tongue, two men drew it out, emptied the fiery liquid on the ground and shook out the crust which in that few seconds had solidified into a cast of the bee-hive. The ground was strewn with these casts, and crusted with the hardened slag in shapes like those of lava beds.

Near the other opening were piles of solid bullion bars ready to be shipped, each bar worth about fifty dollars. I saw a dozen of these made in a few minutes.

By a queer and paradoxical mental process, money seems to be at once cheapened and made precious as you watch it being created by the ton. There is no reason why everybody should not be a millionaire; and as for actual poverty, it is perverse and impossible.

In the afternoon we climbed the mountain side to the highest point where mines are being worked. Looking up from the town we could see nothing except a solid front of spruce forests, but winding in among the trees we found mines and miners every few rods; before we could see them, the creak of the windlass would draw our attention to the spot. They were all alike: a square hole in the ground planked over like a disused well; just open space enough left for a

man to go up and down; a windlass, rope, and bucket; two men at the windlass; one below, filling the bucket. Over and over and over, all day long, the bucket is lowered and raised, emptied on the yellow pile of earth or ore, at one side, — lowered and raised, lowered and raised, from eight to twelve times an hour. Bending over the dark opening, you can hear the faint clink, clink, of the miner's shovel at the bottom of the well; it sounds incredibly far off. The men at the windlass lean on their elbows in the intervals of rest, and look off vacantly into space. They are paid by the day, most of them; it is all one to them what the bucket brings up, earth or ore. Now and then, however, when a new shaft is being worked, and it is uncertain whether ore will be "struck" or not, as the decisive time draws near there is great excitement at the windlass. Any moment may show that which will reveal that a fortune lies below. It is like waiting a throw of the dice.

It is two miles from the town up to the highest mine now being worked. Nobody seems to think the road a bad one; but it is simply a mixture of gullies, morasses, and bowlders. A New England farmer would hardly think his oxen could draw wood down such a road, yet every day the Leadville mules and horses draw four-thousand-pound loads up, and eight-thousand-pound loads down, and make nothing of it, — so their drivers say. The stretches of spruce forest are grand, and even the thickly-scattered mines, with their windlasses and piles of ore, do not much break the sense of profound solitude. The ground is in places literally matted with Linnea vines, the first I have found in Colorado; why it should elect to grow at this altitude of eleven thousand feet, and decline to grow lower down in the same latitude, is not easily seen. In New England it luxuriates at elevations of twelve to fourteen hundred feet; in the White Mountain region and in Nova Scotia it runs riot in the woods along the banks of tidal rivers; but in Colorado I have never found it before. It startled me, looking up suddenly in my face in the dark depths of these spruce forests. It would have been easy to fancy the dainty thing chuckling at my surprise. The vine is a little more compact, leaves smaller and closer together, than at the East, but the mats are thick and glossy, and can be taken up solidly. When it is in bloom, the air of these wildernesses must be almost overpoweringly sweet with its fragrance, added to the aromatic odor of the spruce. I ran against another old friend, also, on this high mountain, — the yellow buttercup, genuine glossy buttercups; these and a new variety — to me — of white daisy grew in a bit of green and spongy meadow which lay far up on the mountain side.

Around two of the largest mines we found clearings of some size, and comfortable wooden buildings put up, — boarding-houses for the miners, offices, and stables. In one of these boarding-houses was a woman who reminded me of the Fair Play milliner in clear business-like qualities. She had "taken" this miner's boarding-house on her own responsibility, and during the first month had made profit enough to buy the furniture for her bedroom, goblets, glass preserve dishes, and pitchers for the table; at least fifty dollars she must have spent on these things. And she had not made the money by starving her boarders, either, for I chanced to be in her house as she was putting dinner on the table, and very much I wished I could accept her hospitable invitation to eat dinner with them, the meal looked so thoroughly good: roast beef, potatoes, stewed tomatoes, pie (of course), stewed cranberries, and a sort of jelly cake; the bread looked delicious. All was neatly served, and on a white table-cloth.

"The men think everything of that," the woman said, with justifiable pride. "Some folks think miners don't know the difference, but they do. This is the only boarding-place where they get a white table-cloth, and they jest do enjoy it. It's some trouble to wash 'em, but I'd rather 'n not."

The ordinary visitor to Leadville listens to the talk of men, and busies himself with the statistics of the newly-made

fortunes. These conversations, as you overhear them, on street corners, door-steps, in hotel offices, sound bewildering enough, almost like a jargon of new dialects. And no doubt there is much of interest to be learned from them, — some most remarkable cases: for instance, like this of two brothers, Irishmen, common day laborers, so poor that they had difficulty in supporting their families. One day they would have been glad and thankful to engage themselves for three months at two dollars a day, to dig; the next, they had sold their "claim" for two hundred thousand dollars, and had had the actual money counted down into their hands. And of another man who offered his mine for sale, went about vainly begging people to buy it for four thousand dollars, and is now taking out of it eight hundred or a thousand dollars a day. There are numbers of cases similar to these; but to me the whole thing resolved itself, after all, into the same old story: so many men getting rich of a sudden; so many men getting poor; crowds pouring in to snatch at chances. Names and dates are of no account. The drama has been repeating itself over and over ever since the time when the Weitmorers mined gold in the Austrian Alps, centuries ago. Weitmorer then, Gallagher now. It is all one, or will be.

But the lives of the homes, the experiences of women, little children, fathers, mothers, — those are individual; those belong to humanity; those have the greatest interest. Of any new or exceptional life the narrative of one individual home will give a far better history than volumes of statistics and general descriptions. One who wishes to know the real atmosphere of a place lingers in suburbs, chats on door-steps, and does not concern himself about town records. By far the most vivid impressions I brought away from Leadville are of conversations which I had with women whom I met accidentally, and who never dreamed that they were talking history. Two of these women were washer-women: theirs is always the first and most thriving industry in a new mining town.

One of the women was a Canadian, mother of twelve children. Seven were with her in Leadville; four or five of them were rolling about on the floor of her log-cabin. The cabin had no window; a big fire-place supplied some ventilation, but not enough. The fumes of the boiling clothes made the place reek. This woman was bold, slatternly, and antagonistic. She said, with a toss of her head, that they had always lived "in style" till they came to Leadville, but she thought she "might as well make a little money, 's that was the order of the day. She reckoned, however, she should n't keep on long. 'T was too hard work, and one dollar and a quarter a dozen did n't pay, anyhow."

Meantime, her children were in filthy rags, and she herself was barely decently clothed. If this woman's husband finds his fortune in the hill-side, evil times will come of it.

The other washer-woman was English: a sweet-faced, fair, blue-eyed woman, painfully thin, and with a nervous vivacity and energy in every word and movement. Her cabin was in the edge of the forest. I had found her hanging out clothes the first time I climbed the hill, and had been much amused by her reply to my inquiry how she got water for her washing.

"Oh, I 'ire my 'usband and his partner to pack it up 'ere for me. They pack up all my washing water, and I keep them in tobacco. That 's our bargain."

The next day, when I went by, the husband was at work putting up a little shed in addition to the cabin. "Ah," I said, "you are going to have another room."

"Yes," she said, "'e is going to put it up for me. I 've got it to pay for, though. Fourteen dollars it 'll cost me; not paying 'im for the work. 'E can take that out in board, I tell 'im," and she looked affectionately at the strong, square-shouldered fellow, who did not betray by a change of muscle that he heard a word we said.

"It is a comfort to see anybody look so contented as you do," said I.

She laughed out. "Sugar, Sugar!" she called to her husband, "the lady says I look so contented."

"Live with her, mum, an' you 'll see the difference," said Sugar gruffly, but with a half twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh, you can't deceive me," I said. "I know by the little wrinkles all round her eyes that she laughs a great deal."

"And the corners of her mouth turn up, too," continued Sugar, proudly and confidingly, thawing out at last. Then they fell to chaffing each other good-naturedly about the new shed and how it was to be paid for. "She always gets the best of me, somehow. She 's sharp enough for that," said he.

And she: "Ah, 'e 's always a-borrowin' money of me, an' there 's never any change, when it 's to pay." But it was plain that they loved each other, and matters generally went well between them. Twenty-seven dollars she had earned by her washing the last week, and she would earn more this; but "a dollar was not worth any more here than a shilling in the old country," she said. She had been a servant in a gentleman's house in Liverpool, and she liked it much better there than in America. People talked about all people's being alike in this country; she did n't see it. If you had money, you were somebody; if not, you were nobody. Poor woman! it was a strange thing that she had such merry wrinkles around her eyes, for she had known great suffering. For three years after coming to this country she had been very ill, and had finally had "a tumor large as a water jug" taken out of her side. For a year she could not sit up or move. "It cost 'im as much as eight hundred dollars, my bein' sick," she said; "an' that took just about all we had." Now she felt perfectly well again, if she did not sit and sew. She could wash or iron all day long, "from morning till night, an' never get tired; anything but sewing." The last year they had lived above timber line, and she had washed and ironed "every day but Sundays for one whole year, and hardly sat down."

There was a lesson for pleasure lovers, and all grumblers, in the laughter record on the temples of this working woman. I am not sure that I know today any other face which has so long a "tally" of smiles.

A mile farther up on the mountain I met Cupid and Psyche. One meets them everywhere, the masqueraders, of so many ages and in so many different garbs that one never knows where or how they will turn up next. This time Cupid was a tiny fellow, about ten; he wore ragged gray trousers and a flannel shirt of red and black check. Psyche was a little older, — twelve, perhaps; she wore a limp, short, blue calico gown, an apron of plaid, and a green sunbonnet which hung far down her back. Her pretty brown hair, half in, half out, of curl, reached to her waist. She held her apron gathered up carefully in one hand; it was evidently full of something very heavy.

"Goodness!" I exclaimed, "where have you been, children?"

"Oh, up to the Crescent Mine," they answered, both speaking at once.

"What have you in your apron?" said I.

"Specimens," they answered proudly, still speaking both at once, as if some mysterious bond linked their vocal organs together; and Cupid took hold of Psyche's hand, and loosening her grasp of the apron folds opened them, so that I might see their treasures.

I examined them eagerly with deceitful interest, to lure the children on to more talk. "What is this?" I said; "and this?" touching some of the stones.

"Oh, that 's no good," said Cupid, scornfully; "that 's jest waste."

"I don't care," said Psyche. "It 's real pretty, and I 'm going to have it in my museum."

Cupid tossed the stones over with a lofty air of superior information. "That 's third-class ore," he said, pointing out one piece; "and that 's — well, I guess that 's pretty near first-class. They don't let us take much that 's real first-class, though; but that 's more 'n second-class, I 'm sure."

"How do you know them apart?" I asked, eying the confident little chap more closely, he seemed so ludicrously mature for his size.

"Oh, I 've been told lots o' times," he replied; and waxing garrulous under my admiring gaze, "I 've been down a hundred feet under the ground, too, in lots o' mines, on a ladder; 't was all icy, too."

"What did you see down there?" I said.

"Oh," contemptuously, as if it were not worth while to particularize to an ignoramus like me, "lots o' stuff. It seemed as if you 'd never git to the bottom."

"One of these days you won't," interrupted Psyche, sententiously, looking down at Cupid from her vantage-ground of some two inches more height. He quieted under her glance, and began kicking in the dust uneasily with one of his bare and dusty little feet.

"Do you like living in Leadville?" said I to Psyche.

"No," she replied, "I don't like Leadville very well. I like a bigger place. We used to live in Denver. That 's splendid. I used to like to look at these mountains, but I don't now. We had such a terrible time gettin' over 'em. We was a whole week comin'."

"How did you come?" I asked.

"Oh, we come in a wagon: marmer [mamma] and us — there 's three of us — an' Miss Sanborn an' Mr. Elkins. He drove. Parper he 'd been here all winter, an' he sent for us to come; an' Mr. Elkins he wanted to come, an' he said he 'd drive for his board; an' marmer an' Miss Sanborn they thought that would n't be much; but my! he jest et and et; it seemed as if he could n't ever eat enough. Ye see, we had our own pervisions. Miss Sanborn she laid in four dollars' worth, and marmer she laid in five dollars' worth, and she thought that would carry us through; but my! we had to buy all over again in Fair Play. So you see we was out all that," and the worldly-wise little Psyche stopped, and drew a long, sighing breath at the recollection. Then she continued: "Miss Sanborn she gave fifty cents for bread, at once; and marmer she gave fifty cents too, and it did n't last any time; an' then we had to buy oats an' hay for the horses every day; so we was out all that; an' marmer she said, anyhow, she would n't do it over again, not if she got her fare for nothin'."

Cupid listened to this narrative with a shrewd and serious expression, which gave a queer and incongruous sort of dignity to his small face. They knew a great deal about ways and means, these babies; quite too much for their years. It was pathetic to see. Psyche's brow knit itself into wrinkles, as she enumerated the "fifty cents for bread," and the "four dollars" and "five dollars' worth" of "pervisions;" and added, with a sort of taken-for-granted intelligent freemasonry between herself and me, "You see we was out all that."

I did not want to hear her talk any more about such sordid details, so I said, looking towards Cupid, "Is this your brother?"

"Oh, no," she replied; "we 're" —

She hesitated for a word. "Just friends?" I suggested, laughing inwardly to think how many times a year Psyche was caught in that same dilemma of need of defining her relation to Cupid.

"Yes," she nodded, "that 's it. Just friends. Come on!" And seizing Cupid by the hand, she set off on a quick run down the hill. As they ran, Cupid said something which I only half heard. I heard the word "friends," however; and Cupid laughed.

Could it have been that the little barefooted beggar was chuckling defiantly over my volunteered shield of phrase to describe his relation to Psyche? Just like Cupid!

H. H.

ENGLISH CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Now that President Hayes has taken the first great step in the civil service reform by crushing out the New York custom-house combination, it will be instructive to consider the course by which other countries have reached the end we are aiming at. Of all European countries England is most like us; she has passed through the storm we are combating, and has now a reformed civil service. In 1854 she was in our present position, while now her civil service is such that politics have absolutely no influence in obtaining ordinary situations, since they are thrown open to competition; *detur digniori* is the motto by which the ablest man is successful, whatever may be his political views. Before 1855 the positions in the civil service were distributed in patronage by government, with that boldness which comes from the consciousness of right doing. Not only was patronage deemed proper and right, but many thought it impossible to run the government without some such bribery as the control of the service permitted. Earl Granville, in 1854, said in the Lords, "Previous to the revolution it was deemed impossible to manage the House of Commons without a liberal exercise of the royal favor. In the time of Sir Robert Walpole not a secretary could be found who was not prepared to say that it was impossible for government to go on unless a certain number of bags of guineas were distributed among the representatives of the people. Since that period patronage has been employed as the agent of corruption; but some years have now elapsed since Lord Althorp declared, in the House of Commons, that the time for a system of government by patronage was gone by; and every eminent statesman has since shown that the true policy of a government was in appealing to the good sense and intelligence of the large classes of the community."

England's change from patronage was due, according to the statements of the initiators in the work, to the revolution of 1848. Many a liberal measure found its starting-point in that tidal wave of revolution which spread from France over most of Europe. It struck England lightly, but sufficiently hard to cause the government to look well to her foundations, — to strengthen and alter according to the demand of the times. Lord John Russell, ever ready for liberal measures and reform of abuses, was now premier, and his ministry began a thorough investigation into the civil service, the incompetency and corruption of which was now too apparent. For this purpose a royal commission was appointed, of which the principals were Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, the present chancellor of the exchequer; and these two men have done the most to bring about the present state of the service. The investigation by the commission lasted five years, some of the departments being examined twice; and such was the detail of the examination, so large were the premises, and so ample the induction that the final report, which stated the incompetency of the service and the need of competitive examinations, well claimed to be the necessary logical conclusion of what had preceded. The report on the organization of the civil service was written by Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, to which were added the opinions of the most eminent civil servants of the crown and of others acquainted with the service, and a plan of examinations, by Rev. B. Jowett, of Oxford. The report was presented to Parliament in 1854, at which time there were sixty-four thousand civil servants. It was shown that large numbers of appointees were utterly unfit for their official duties. The report says: "Admission into the civil service is indeed eagerly sought for, but it is for the unambitious, the indolent, or incapable that it is chiefly desired. The comparative lightness of the work, and the certainty

of provision in case of retirement owing to bodily incapacity, furnish strong inducements to the friends and parents of sickly youths to obtain them employment in the service of the government. The extent to which the public are burdened, first with salaries of officials absent from ill health, and second with the pensions to those same, would hardly be credited by those who have not had opportunities of observing the operation of the system. There are, however, numerous honorable exceptions to these observations." Mr. Chadwick wrote to the commissioners that he had been assured that, under a certain commission, out of eighty clerks who had been supplied by the patronage secretary not twelve were worth their salt for the performance of duties requiring only a sound common education. Many instances could be given of young men holding appointments, sons of respectable parents, who could not read or write. One person almost imbecile long held an appointment, although incapable of any work. It very often happened that a young man was sent to the head of the department without sufficient knowledge of his duties. The head knew that displeasure followed if he sent the young man to the higher authority, and therefore gave him a vacation in order to learn to write or spell. The majority of gentlemen giving opinions testified to the inefficiency of the service, but many gave opposite opinions. Sir G. C. Lewis thought the large majority of clerks were efficient. Sir T. F. Fremantle believed that "the clerks and officers of the civil departments generally are faithful, diligent, and competent." Mr. Waddington, of the home department, said that "the exceptions to competency are few indeed." But Mr. Adams, head clerk of the treasury, said that the head of a large department, being desirous of instituting improvements in keeping accounts, could not find one clerk sufficiently acquainted with the science of accounts to carry out his system.

On one point all were agreed: that numbers totally unfit for the service were placed there by patronage. Besides the evil of patronage, promotion was regulated entirely by time of service. The ordinary work of the clerk was mere routine, such as copying. Beginning at sixteen, he was often engaged on the same work at sixty. His pay was increased by regular increments; his promotion depended in no way on his merit; whether he worked hard or idled neither hastened nor hindered his advance. Ambition found no sphere for action when men saw the highest offices as a rule given to outsiders. The remedy proposed by the report for these evils was admission by open competition and promotion by merit. Open competition, besides checking political corruption and chicanery, would give the public the ablest servants. Promotion by merit would inspire energy and life by making each man's advance depend on his own labors. The plan of examinations proposed by Mr. Jowett was almost exactly that now in operation; it was obtained only after a struggle of sixteen years.

Ten or twelve highly educated men were to act as a board of examiners, who should investigate the candidate's intellectual, moral, and physical qualities, and without whose certificate no person could be appointed. After a probational trial of six months the candidate should receive the regular appointment. In 1854 there was no distinction in pay between common routine and work of the highest order, the mere copyist having the same pay as the framer of dispatches. The report proposed two classes of officers, with different work and pay: the duties of the first class to be the highest, with pay accordingly; while the duties and pay of the second class were to be correspondingly lower. When the report was presented, though many praised it most highly, as it deserved, it was greeted by the majority with astonishment and derision. Some of the ministry were loath to give up the power of patronage, and the whole body of ministerial parasites and influential place hunters, who saw that open competition would prevent the continuance of their hold on government situations, joined in the cry against the reform. It

was called suicidal to the power of the ministry, and an innovation most dangerous, as the civil servants would become too independent. The Saturday Review, the National Review, and the Economist called the idea impracticable, but the Westminster Review and the Spectator worked well for the system, as did all liberals, independents and reformers. Lord Brougham said in the Lords, in 1855, that he had not seen a man who had not, on hearing the plan, held up his hands with astonishment. Let the school-master stay at home, he said, and not meddle with politics. But the arguments and facts were so greatly on the side of the report that its opponents retreated from their ground, confessed that an examination would be wise, and advocated a test examination for those nominated by the heads of departments, hoping thus to retain patronage. The reasons given for open competition were two: first, that it prevented patronage, and in consequence diminished political corruption; second, that it obtained the best civil servants. The first needed no proof, but as regards the second there was much difference of opinion. The qualities needed in a civil servant are honesty, intellectual and practical ability, health, and energy. Open competition of all other methods gives to government the broadest choice. Honesty and health can be found out as well by examiners as by heads of departments, and even better, since they would have more time to make inquiries, that being their occupation. Intellectual ability and knowledge can be best known by examination. A candidate's recommendation given by friends, or his own statement, cannot be trusted, but no man can pass a hard, thorough examination without the ability to apply his knowledge. The examination can be and generally is made as near as possible to regular office work. The same qualities of judgment, quickness, and accuracy are brought into play in examination and in the office. Abstracts of reports, financial accounts, and correspondence are required to be worked in the examination in given times. The man with most energy, *cæteris paribus*, will work hardest, longest, and best in his preparation. Where others tire he will press on with vigor, and the same is true in the examination; energy gives him an advantage. A long examination is a hard strain, perhaps no harder work exists; and that man who is successful over numerous competitors must generally have energy, and that, too, in ample supply. It may be said you cannot be sure that the successful competitive candidate will be steady and reliable. How can the head of a department know any more certainly than the examiners? The question is not as to whether competitive examination is a perfect system, but whether it is the best possible system. If a person is steady and reliable in his own interest, he is more liable to be the same for government than would a person of opposite qualities. The summary is that the examiners can learn more about the qualifications of candidates than can the ruling power in the patronage system, while those qualities which the examiners cannot fully discover, except on long acquaintance, the ruling power cannot. In America every able young man, however poor he may be, can obtain an education; hence all who have not education (and these are they who are kept out of the civil service by the competitive system) are not able men. One objection raised against the system, and which all the opponents of the reform continually put forward, was that in examination cramming and not ability succeeds. The commission answered this by stating how little superficial cramming assisted the candidate. The papers were made very hard, and when the candidate showed only a smattering of knowledge in any branch, he received no credit for it. This was an absolute discouragement to cramming. But when by cramming was meant the power thoroughly to master a subject in a short time, this the commissioners maintained was an indication of ability, and ability useful in a civil servant. As regards test examinations the commissioners claimed that their standard would always tend to be lowered on ac-

count of the kindness of examiners, experience having always shown this to be be the case. Again, test examinations would not remove patronage. In Parliament the first victory for open competition was due to Lord Macaulay. In 1853 he spoke upon the question of free competition for the India offices. "It is said that the proficiency of a young man in those pursuits which constitute a liberal education positively raises a presumption that in after-life he will be overpassed by those he overcame in his early contests. It seems to me there never was a fact better proved by an immense amount of evidence, by an experience most unvaried, than this: that men who distinguish themselves in their youth above their contemporaries in academic competition almost always keep to the end of their lives the start they have gained in the early part of their career. Our history is full of instances which prove this fact. Look at the church, the Parliament, and the bar. Look to Parliament from the days of Montague and Saint John to those of Canning and Peel. You need not stop here, but come down to the time of Lord Derby and my right honorable friend the chancellor of the exchequer (Gladstone). Has it not always been that the men who were first in the competition of the schools were first in the competition of life? Look to India. The ablest man who ever governed India was Warren Hastings; and was he not first in rank at Westminster? The ablest civil servant I ever knew in India was Sir Charles Metcalf; and was he not of the first standing at Eton? Have not the most eminent of our judges distinguished themselves in their academic career?" After mentioning a long list of eminent men who had been eminent scholars he added, "Can we suppose it was by mere accident all these obtained their high positions?" This won the day for competition, especially as the orator, by his long stay in India, had extraordinary means of judging the probable usefulness of the system.

After the presentation of the report in 1854, Lord Aberdeen, then premier, prepared a bill which substantially included the recommendations of the report; but the trouble with Russia prevented any action on the bill, which was laid on the table. However, on May 21, 1855, under Lord Palmerston's ministry, the order was given in council which appointed the Civil Service Commission, with Sir Edward Ryan as the head, and gave to the commission power to examine candidates for the civil service. The commission had control only of such offices as were permitted by the different secretaries, while the latter or the heads of departments could say whether they wished test, limited competitive, or open competitive examinations. The commissioners were decidedly in favor of open competition; they wished the age of entrance to be from nineteen to twenty-five. While the examinations were to vary according to the duties of the offices, for the highest positions they desired the examination to include history, jurisprudence, political economy, modern languages, political and physical geography. But to the successful completion of this plan there were many obstacles, as the heads of departments did not always agree with them. In most offices the head of the department nominated three candidates to compete for each vacancy. In other departments a test examination, agreed upon by the commissioners and the head, was held for nominated candidates. The commissioners were upheld by public sentiment, which was intensely partisan for open competition; and this public sentiment acted on principal secretaries, forcing such as were disinclined to place their departments, as regards the disposition of offices, in the commissioners' hands. The commission from time to time reported its work, which steadily progressed. In 1855–56, 1089 candidates were examined. The number continually increased as the success of examinations brought new departments under the new régime, until in 1865 it reached 4200, the average for the ten years being 3200. The per cent. of rejections was thirty-three, of whom nine tenths were rejected for deficiencies in writing,

spelling, or arithmetic. One per cent. were rejected on the score of health, and one half of one per cent. for not satisfying in respect to age. The examiners were the best scholars from Oxford and Cambridge. The danger of cramming was stated to have been much overrated. No trouble was found in managing large examinations, while appointments were all made within six weeks from the commencement of the examinations. For a moderate recompense an ample supply of intelligent and efficient persons were willing to enter the service, coming generally from the professional and middle classes, while age and an interval since leaving school seemed to have no preventive effect. In the Indian offices especially a great change was seen. Formerly, the worthless sons of influential peers often obtained appointments; important posts were bestowed on men of less than ordinary ability, the high salaries in these offices and the great opportunity that was furnished for perquisites making them great desiderata for place hunters, while the happiness of the millions in India often fared badly in the hands of these officers. But under the system of open competition the ablest young men in the kingdom obtained appointments. Over nine tenths of the successful candidates were graduates of universities, Oxford sending the largest number. But up to 1870, though the commission constantly increased its number of appointments, it did not secure open competition as the ruling principle. The cause is found in the status of the ministry and the House of Commons. Two principles were at work: conservatism and the dread that the common people would control the offices; and the desire of the ministry to retain patronage. All desired an examination, but many, and probably a majority, of both houses desired a test examination for those nominated by the heads, or at the most limited competition, the head nominating two or three men to try for each office. By this means the nominations would be practically in the hands of the ministry, and the aristocracy might still control the offices. Some ultra-conservatives thought open competition a dangerous innovation, — the poorest possible means of obtaining efficient civil servants. These classes all wanted examinations, but patronage as well. When the report was first brought up in Parliament, Lord Monteagle attacked it with asperity. His argument was that open competition was a Chinese system; and as China was not an enlightened country, the system was therefore poor. But he forgot to say that in the opinion of travelers best acquainted with China much of her educational advancement is due to this very system.

After the formation of the commission in 1855, competition advanced quite slowly, but still surely. Every year more offices were placed under its working, but the ministry in power, Lord Palmerston's, was eminently conservative. The premier favored a test examination, and the ministry grudgingly gave new departments to competition. Ninety-nine out of one hundred of the clubs were against the reform, and the main reliance for the system was found in the middle classes. They had tasted open competition in a few offices; they had not been obliged to beseech ministers for nominations for their sons, but each felt that his son had as fair a chance for success as the son of the highest lord, and if a place were obtained, it was done justly, by honest endeavor, not by cringing or party work. Every *paterfamilias* in the middle classes felt the privilege a dear one, — was anxious for its enlargement, and jealous of every restriction upon it. Relying on these backers the leaders of the movement resolved to force the ministry into promises in its favor. Limited competition had increased patronage. Formerly, when appointments were in the hands of the ministers, only one means of patronage existed for each office; but under limited competition the ministers gave three nominations for each office, and these nominations they scattered broadcast throughout Parliament, the members distributing them to their constituents. Any ministry would be loath to give up such a privilege. The leaders of this force measure were Viscount

Goderich, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Gladstone. One conspicuous argument in the debate, put forward by the opponents of the measure, was that if competition were the law the service would become too strong for the government. But this argument was characterized by Gladstone as womanish, weak, and unworthy of England. "The stronger the civil service," he urged, "the better it will perform its duties. The greatest security is in the fullest examination of fitness." The strength of the measure, however, was less in its able supporters in the house than in the middle classes outside. As soon as it became known that a motion in favor of open competition was coming up, shoals of letters in its favor came to the members from their constituents, from clergymen, from merchants, from retired military officers; and as the vote had been made open, the members dared not vote against the measure. The leaders were astonished at their majority; and the chancellor of the exchequer, Sir G. C. Lewis, was forced to promise that competition should be gradually extended, as experience had shown it to be the best system. Such was the popular feeling that hardly a meeting was held at a mechanics' institute at which the hope was not expressed that the principle of open competition would be universally applied for admission to the civil service. But Lord Palmerston's ministry acted with its usual exceeding moderation, and the system was extended very slowly. Formerly, the cry was that the service was inefficient; now the advocates of the old system spoke of the excessively high standard of admission. This able young man had been kept out of the service; the clerks were treated harshly and were a brow-beaten race. Mr. Baillie Cochrance made frequent attacks on the commission, and tried to ridicule its examinations by reading the hardest questions to be found in the papers for the higher technical appointments; but he was overwhelmed by Gladstone, who laid bare his deceptions and overthrew his arguments.

In 1861 a committee composed of Lord Stanley, Mr. Lowe, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Bright, after making a thorough investigation into the service, reported in favor of open competitions. The report said that the accusation that men who were great students, but with poor health and physique, were often appointed was broken down by inquiry, great care being taken in investigating the health of the candidates; that while competition was the only cure for patronage, and the best of all means for entrance into the service, it was advisable to act with moderation, that a reaction in public feeling might not arise. From this time the system had a sure footing, and with Gladstone as chancellor of the exchequer it was sure to advance. It was much helped by the numerous statements of heads of departments as to the improvements in the service since the introduction of examinations. It had been predicted that successful competitors would turn out mere bookworms, unfit for the practical duties of office, especially in the India offices, where activity was an important desideratum and the entrance examinations were of the highest order; but the Times correspondent in Calcutta, in 1869, analyzes the position of the first competitive *wallahs*, and finds that the first eleven chosen (the twelfth having died) had worked themselves in less than twelve years into the most important and well-paid offices, with salaries from sixteen hundred to thirty-three hundred pounds per annum. All were above the average, and several were men of the very highest promise, while younger competitive wallahs had risen even more rapidly. The result showed the admirable physique no less than the intellectual ability of those who, it was confidently predicted, would turn out sickly bookworms. In 1870, under Gladstone's ministry, came the great triumph by which competition was made the rule. By an order in council, all the principal offices were thrown open to the fittest. The struggle was over and the victory won. The reform had been purely English, slow and obtained only after a bitter fight with conservatism. In 1875 a committee thoroughly inves-

tigated the civil service, with Rt. Hon. Lyon Playfair as chairman. The opinion of heads of departments, of clerks, of any supposed to understand the service, being taken, the majority favored open competition, though a large number in the service were appointed under the old system or under test examinations. Some few clerks, however, maintained that gentlemen alone ought to be in the service, and as open competition allowed non-gentlemen to enter, open competition was an injury. The committee gave a summary of the advantages and disadvantages of open competition, the principal disadvantage being that the clerks, feeling they had won their offices, were too independent, and combined for the purpose of pressing their claims on the government. It speaks well for a body of civil officers when they are called independent; the fault in the old régime was that they were dependent. A second disadvantage was that "the wants of different offices vary, and one examination, — several cannot be held, — will not give a good test for all offices." Yet Sir Charles Trevelyan said in that same year for the Civil Service Commission that all obstacles to the success of the system were removed. The commission had before stated that no trouble was found in the large examinations.

Nearly every civil office in England is to-day open to him who can show he is best fitted for it. Staff appointments are made by selection from the best in the several departments, promotion also existing within the service without examination. The examinations vary from the most difficult to the most simple, those for the letter carriers consisting of reading, writing, simple addition, and a physical examination. It is somewhat strange to an American to find position in the civil service a mark of honor among Englishmen. The reason is that in England a man earns his position; in America he begs it or is a political parasite. In England the pay for civil clerks in the higher positions is as high as that received for the same work in banks and insurance offices, while for the lower clerkships the pay is higher than is received in private situations, especially when are considered the surety of pay, the shortness of hours of work, and the certainty of a pension on good behavior. The hours for clerks are from ten to four or from eleven to five. After ten years' service the clerk has the right to a pension. The sum allowed is one sixtieth of his last salary for each year of service up to forty years. Thus to a person entering at twenty, serving until fifty, and then retiring on account of ill health, if at that time his salary is six hundred pounds annually, his pension will be three hundred. The senior clerks are allowed six weeks' vacation, the other established clerks having one month, and draughtsmen two weeks. The pay is relatively higher than in the United States, which may account for the high order of examinations, those in the higher departments being harder and more searching than are required in any American college upon the same subjects. It is not expected that the United States can at once arrive at England's perfection in competition, but this is possible in time; and it cannot be said, with the facts which are before us, that the system is impracticable.

George Willard Brown.

A FANCY.

Whene'er my lady turns her eyes on me,
A blue forget-me-not in each I see;
And where the sweet flowers bloom in garden plots,
Her blue eyes smile from the forget-me-nots.

IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

VI.

THE boat was oared into what might be described as a watery alcove, imperfectly fenced from the strength of the sea by a shapeless and half-ruinous jetty, and shadowed by blind walls of sombre and massive edifices.

It struck our untraveled American girl with immense astonishment to discover that the wharf on which she set foot was composed partly of columns of Egyptian granite, while others were lying at hand in the clear sea-water, their polished gray looking blue and very precious. She had never seen above a dozen granite columns in her own land, and probably not a single one that was polished. The pillars of her father's tabernacle were pine beams fluted with clapboard casings.

"Why don't they pull those out and use them?" she asked hastily. "What a waste!"

Before this great question could be settled she was in the principal thoroughfare of the Beirut of that time, — a narrow and crooked alley, broken into all sorts of angles by irregularly placed buildings, and so obscured by their lofty stone-walls that she thought of a dark closet. It was very dirty, too, and haunted by odors of decaying vegetables and refuse, and none the sweeter for the generally shabby Orientals who lounged through it. There was a gutter of running water down the middle, which seemed merely to waste its time and labor there, effecting no purification. Passing a glum, ugly edifice, which Payson said was a public bath, they had to pick their way among runlets and puddles. Here and there was a café, with a slender array of nargilehs and copper coffee-pots; or a manufactory with one room, where turbaned men were weaving a carpet; or a cuddy where some squatting creature was boring a pipe-stem; or a shop gay with red shoes and yellow slippers. Then, while Irene supposed that she had just entered the city, she saw a little in advance a tall arch of light, and perceived that she was near the outer gate-way.

Here an Arab awaited them with horses, which had not been brought into the town on account of the pavements, too uneven and too slippery with refuse for safe riding.

Outside the gate was a broad glare of sand; beyond rose on all sides a large, gently-sloping amphitheatre of greenery, flecked abundantly with yellow, flat-roofed, stone houses, some of them exhibiting graceful Saracenic arches. It was a most beautiful spectacle, and very surprising in its contrasts. The sand seemed as barren as sand could be, and yet out of it sprang a mass of the richest and brightest verdure, bedecked with luxuriance of blossoms. To look at the dry, drifting, yellow sand, you would have said that naught could grow in it. To look at the gigantic cactus hedges, the dark green groves of lemons and oranges, the multitudinous mulberry-trees, and the profusion of flowering plants, you would have judged that they must have been charmed out of one of the richest soils of earth. Yet, by some magic of nature, the sand was the sole mother of this plenty.

"You see what the ocean moisture and a very little irrigation can do," said Payson. "A cactus leaf stuck into this sand makes a huge plant, and a row of leaves makes a rampart. What could you raise on a sea-shore drift in New England?"

They mounted their horses and rode on at a walk through a winding lane. On either side were hedges of prickly-pear, the contorted, leaf-built stems measuring four or five yards in length, and the leaves themselves ten or twelve inches. Within these thorny barriers orchards whispered to the breeze and gardens poured their oblations of per-

fume. Yet at every step the horses sank in deep sand, unstained by a single blade of herbage, and apparently as unfruitful as snow. Where naught was planted nothing grew, and where aught was planted everything grew.

Early as it was in the day, the natives were up and out. Springy mountaineers, who had left their eagle-nests of villages two hours before, saluted the travelers with a deep-toned *naharkum saiced*, or a cheerful *subhac bel khiar*. The grave, dark men in striped overcoats, who held their heads so high and looked so unconquerable, were Druses. The gayer, fairer, gentler-voiced fellows in blue or scarlet jackets and blue muslin trousers were Maronites, or Greek Syrians, the descendants of the ancient Phœnician population. A jaunty horseman, armed with dagger, scimitar, and pistols heavy enough for bludgeons, belonging probably to the *howaleyeh* or mounted constabulary, passed them in silence, with an insolent Moslem stare. A muleteer, whose comical bare legs stuck straight out across the huge load of his beast, drew forth his purse from his girdle with an air of munificence, and tossed an invisible coin into the lap of a hideous beggar.

"That was the muleteer's mite," smiled Payson. "He gave a *pará*, or the tenth of a cent. But he accompanied it with a benediction, and the beggar returned him another. If these Syrians meant half the religion they talk, they would be the salt of the earth."

Five or six hundred yards from the city gate the party turned into a narrower road, or lane, also hedged in with cactus and bordered by gardens. At the end of this lane rose a plain, massive, and rather imposing mansion, built, like all the Beirut houses, of large hewn blocks of yellow limestone, and lifting its flat roof to the height of three tall stories. An open gallery in the second story, faced with a graceful Saracenic arch, gave its severe front sufficient ornament.

"That is the principal mission house," explained Mr. Payson. "There is the chapel, the printing-press, and the family of Brother Kirkwood, our moderator, as we call him."

"What a noble building!" exclaimed both the women, obviously delighted with this promise of comfortable homes.

"Dear me! so it is," said Payson, looking up with an air of surprise; "I am almost afraid that we shall yet be visited with judgments for our luxury. The good people at home talk about us as martyrs; but that is far finer than an American parsonage. St. Paul did n't do his missionarying in such wise."

"But St. Paul did n't have a printing-press," argued Irene. "He did n't have to teach civilization as well as Christianity. He preached among nations more civilized than his own."

"To be sure," chimed in Mrs. Payson. "And I do think that when we go among half-civilized people we deserve a cosy home."

The missionary smiled at the feminine epithet "cosy," but did not scoff at it.

"There is something in that," he conceded. "Nevertheless, too much of the church's money is spent on the machinery, and too little reaches the spiritual field of tillage. I am sometimes reminded of a scheme of mine, when I was a farmer's boy, for collecting maple sap. To save the trouble of going from tree to tree and bringing the pails, I built an immense system of troughs, running all through the grove like a monstrous spider web, and terminating in a main trough which emptied into my boiling kettle. Then I waited for my sap to come, and I never saw the first drop. Not until night-fall did I fully discover and concede that it took all my sap merely to wet the troughs."

"Oh, Mr. Payson!" begged Irene. "Do be careful where you tell that story."

By this time they were near the rude gate-way of the little inclosure which fronted the Mission House. Down a narrow stairway of stone, which led from the second story to the ground, ran a dozen or more of eager people, some in European and some in Oriental attire, all exhibiting the glee of welcome. They were "Brother" Kirkwood, his pale and

pensive wife, his two pretty daughters, three or four pupils of the female school, a bearded native assistant or two, and three Beirutee servants.

There was a simple, warm-hearted greeting, very pleasant to look upon. It was such a greeting as one might expect between two men of sweet character and purpose in life, who had held for years a companionship of elevated sympathy and benevolent labor, and had never yet seen occasion to withstand each other to the face.

Kirkwood, by the way, was a very different apostle in appearance and manner from the pale and gently grave Payson. He was large in body, and had a broad, high-colored, farmer-like face, a voice fit to call the cattle on a thousand hills, a merry eye, and a ready smile. He shook hands with the two ladies in a style which made our bookish Irene think of the oak which closed upon the fists of Milo. His miscellaneous household he introduced, with compendious humor, as "My wife and daughters and happy family."

"You will find that some of them are foreigners and speak nothing but tongues," he said to Irene. "But we get on as sweetly together as if there had never been a misunderstanding at Babel, — and in fact a little more so. There is something in learning another man's language which seems to make a bosom friend of him. I positively fear that I should be quarrelsome in a population which all spoke English."

Irene exchanged kisses with gentle Mrs. Kirkwood, as well as with the two willowy brunettes, her daughters. It seemed to her that they were hardly countrywomen, so marked were they by a certain Levantine softness of bearing. Then she was startled and almost shocked by the fact that the servants and the two youngest pupils only took her hand to kiss it.

"You will get used to that," smiled Mrs. Kirkwood. "We cannot introduce new manners, and we have given up trying."

Irene scarcely replied. She was staring with astonishment at the regular features and magnificent eyes of one of the elder pupils.

"Is n't she pretty!" she exclaimed, quite forgetting that the young person had saluted her in English. "Is she a Greek?"

The girl's clear, pale cheeks filled with roses, and the tortoise-shell colors in her dark eyes sparkled.

"Not a scrap of a Greek!" shouted Mr. Kirkwood. "A native of Mount Lebanon. I suppose you expected to find us all as black as Ethiopians. We 'll show you prettier girls than Saada," he added, perhaps anxious to counteract the unspiritualizing effects of Irene's compliment. "Is n't that so, Saada?"

"Yes, sir," meekly replied Saada, but meanwhile glancing at her admirer with an expression of wondering thanks, as at a queen who had given her pearls and diamonds.

"You will find many interesting people here," said Mrs. Kirkwood. "The Syrians are very engaging, as well as very pitiable; they have the graces and vices of a fallen aristocracy. Beirut is the choicest of all the mission stations. I have learned to feel that there is hardly any other place in the world so contenting. I fear that if I should go back to America, I might be homesick."

Meanwhile Mr. Kirkwood was leading the upward way into what he called his rookery.

"I suppose, Miss Grant," he said, "that you think I live here like a nabob in a bungalow. Well, it is rather nabobish. But there are a good many people under my big roof, and a good deal of hard work goes on here. Hallo! here I am waiting on the young lady, like an old-bachelor beau. Where 's Mrs. Payson? My dear good friend, let me pull you up this stone ladder, and thank you meanwhile for turning our Paul into a Peter. I must say that, to my mind, that is one of the prettiest things in Peter's history, that he would lead about a wife and a wife's sister."

Irene noticed with pleasure that the Kirkwood girls, the school pupils, and even the servants followed close on Mr. Payson, and seemed to catch at opportu-

nities of touching him, as though the hem of his garment wrought miracles. Evidently all young people, and the humbler sort of folk also, loved this thoughtful sympathizer with human nature as she herself loved him. Saada alone diverged from the majority, and inclined toward her newly-found admirer. Irene passed an arm about her as they mounted the stairway together, and was almost startled to find the young Syrian heart beating with excitement.

"How old are you?" she asked, as if querying how mature that heart might be.

"Fourteen," replied Saada, responding to this small token of interest with a look of gratitude brilliant enough to reward an offer of marriage.

"Fourteen! I thought you must be eighteen," said Irene, staring at the fully developed little figure.

"No, Miss Grant, only fourteen."

"Why do you call me Miss Grant? We are going to be close friends. I want you to call me Irene."

"I think I had better call you Ya Sitty," returned Saada, shyly.

"But I am not a city, — not even a village," laughed Irene.

"Not city," said Saada, puzzled by the pun. "Ya Sit-ty," she repeated, sounding both the t's. "It means Oh My Lady."

With a laugh at the magnificence of the title, the Lady Irene entered the cool spaciousness of the Mission House.

VII.

The massiveness and roominess and breeziness of the Mission House pleased a young lady accustomed to wooden dwellings of a Nuremberg toy architecture, such as we build and admire in America.

She even liked the careless simplicity with which it was finished, and the truly Oriental plainness and inexpensiveness of its few movables. There was a great saloon, thirty feet by twenty, and some fifteen feet in height, which seemed to her little less than princely, although it had scarcely any furniture besides a cushioned settee running around three sides of it, while its ceiling was made of rudely carved slats resting on huge rafters of Lebanon pine, also slightly carved and touched in black along their edges.

Then there was a wide hall, almost as lordly as the saloon, closing at one end into an alcove for the reception of visitors, into which flamed the light of an ample, triple-arched window. The floor of the alcove was raised six inches above the rest of the hall, and along two sides of it ran very low settees, or sofas, covered and cushioned in colored muslin. The alcove was the *leewan* (Turkish, *deewan*, or *divan*); the window was the *comandaloon;* the sofa, the *mukaad.* A dining-room, a single large guest chamber, containing little beside an iron bedstead, and a wing which included the kitchen and the servitors' rooms made up the rest of this story.

In the solidly vaulted basement were the printing-rooms, a chapel of respectable dimensions, and a stable. In the upper story were the bedrooms of the family and of the girlish Syrian pupils. Above all was a terrace of solid cement, two feet or more in thickness, and sloped enough to shed rain. The floors everywhere were of large squares of limestone, very sparingly provided with heavy and coarse mattings. It was all simple, strong, dignified, breezy, and agreeable. Irene, a little disposed toward patrician tastes, perhaps, looked about her with pleasure. Mrs. Payson admitted that it was comfortable, but secretly added that it was not cosy.

The atmosphere was a luxury. There was a sybaritic softness about it which made one feel that merely to breathe was pleasure enough. A languid breeze flowed through the pointed arches of the comandaloon, and brought with it a very faint perfume of fresh vegetation and of flowers. Presently there was a much-needed breakfast of coffee, eggs, chicken, dried fruits, and bread. Then came a chance for that cleansing which the passenger just off a steamer longs for as one of the chiefest of luxuries.

During the forenoon visitors dropped

in to welcome the new arrivals. First appeared the wife and daughter of a Syrian neighbor: the mother, a dark and somewhat worn woman of forty; the girl, a willowy yet nicely-rounded figure of eighteen. Irene took special note of this damsel's delicate waist, and of the fine way in which its slenderness was set forth by a large shawl, twisted loosely into a girdle and barely hanging on the hips. Her complexion was very dark, her profile strongly Oriental, and her black eyes languishing. She had a sauntering, simpering, fine-lady air, as though her tarbooshed noddle harbored not a little vanity. The salutations of this pair were so many, and their compliments (when translated) sounded so much like gross flattery, that Irene hardly knew how to keep her countenance, and was relieved when they turned their supple backs and dawdled away.

The next caller was a great surprise to a young American who had expected to be a rarity of whiteness in Syria.

"Come into the parlor and see a real Beirut lady," said Amy Kirkwood. "She belongs to the people who have to be received in the great room. She has her Syrian finery on, and I think she is lovely."

What was Irene's wonder to find a thorough blonde, and a charming one! This Syrian belle had those clear and sweet gray eyes which one is most apt to look for in a certain species of Irish beauty, only, instead of being vivacious and frolicsome, they were full of gentle and pensive dignity. The profile was not aquiline, but straight and Grecian. The whole expression was refined, gracious, and thoroughly lady-like. It was not merely a handsome face; it was also a very attractive one.

The lady had on the usual raiment and finery of wealthy Beirutees. Her golden-brown hair, braided in many little strands, was almost hidden by a network of gold coins, weighing a pound or more, which glistened down to her shoulders. On her head, worn jauntily to one side, was the universal crimson tarboosh, swinging its long silken tassel. Her short robe and loose trousers were of heavy silk stuffs, striped in gay colors. Her curiously little bare feet were in pointed slippers of yellow morocco. Yet in spite of the barbaric pomp of her attire, she was a lovely and interesting young woman. It was hard to understand how she could have acquired, amid the ignorance and restrictions of Syrian female life, that bewitching expression of intelligence and sensibility.

Against her knees leaned a child, a shy and willful-looking girl of five or six, also costumed in silk and bedizened with gold.

"This is a lady of the Beit Keneasy, or House of Keneasy, or Church family," said Mrs. Kirkwood. "It is a rich mercantile family, and very respectable in every way."

Then she said a few words in Arabic by way of introducing her dark-eyed countrywoman to the Syrian blonde. A few civilities, such as pass between people of diverse tongues, were translated to and fro. The Arab lady's voice was a sweet soprano, at least as pleasant as Irene's mellow contralto. It was a very pretty dialogue to hear, even though one understood but half of it.

"I want to look at her head-dress," said Irene. And Mrs. Kirkwood turned the request into Arabic.

The lady of the House of Keneasy smiled, and gracefully bowed her gilded and tasseled head.

"What a lovely white neck!" whispered Irene, as she studied the net-work of golden circlets. "This is the blood of the crusaders."

"Older than the crusaders," said Mr. Payson, who had just entered the room. "The Semitic race was, I verily believe, a white race of old. The Egyptian monuments paint the Rotennu — as they call the Aramean peoples — with blue eyes and yellow hair. I hold that the tribes of Shem, before they descended into the plain of Shinar, and for centuries afterward too, were fair-skinned mountaineers. You will find more golden heads and blue eyes when you get on Lebanon, Irene. Nearly all the men of this Beit Keneasy are light, and two or three of them have sandy

beards, like Scotchmen. But it is not crusader blood."

Irene turned to the child and kissed its apricot cheek. The coy little Oriental shrank back and hid her face against the maternal shoulder. The Syrian mother bent slightly over her shy cherub, and then looked up with a smile of angelic sweetness.

"Tell her," said Irene, "that I should love to see her often."

"She asks you to call on her," replied Mrs. Kirkwood. "She says your coming will fill her house with blessings."

Irene returned the most florid thanks which the imagination and conscience of an American clergyman's daughter permitted. Then the Lady Mariam, of the House of Keneasy, arose, and with many final compliments took her tinkling departure.

"I hope you have no more beauties to show me," said Irene. "My mind is getting worldly."

"Just one more," laughed Amy Kirkwood. "Mirta is in the leewan waiting to see Miss Grant."

"Mirta is one of our own girls," explained Mrs. Kirkwood, as they turned into the hall. "She is of a poor Beirut family, but reared and educated in our house. She is married to one of the best and ablest of our Protestants, a man of high character and scholarship. Her appearance is very striking. You will think of Cleopatra or Queen Esther."

In the broad light of the comandaloon Irene found still another Syrian who was indisputably handsomer than herself. Although Mirta Saboonie was scarcely of middle height, her aspect was nothing less than that of a sultana. Like the generality of Syrian women, she was slender and supple of person and very graceful in carriage; and her costume set forth the pliable beauty of her figure, as well as the regal beauty of her face, in a manner which was almost startling.

Around her tarbooshed head and crossing over her breast was a cloud of white, gauzy drapery, contrasting vividly with the rich brunette of her complexion. A dark, figured shawl, twisted loosely into a girdle, just hung upon her hips, and called attention to the delicacy of her waist. The skirt of her close-fitting dress hung low, in a fashion devised by the mission ladies for their scholars, concealing the Eastern *shintyan*, or trousers, and barely exposing the pointed yellow slippers. The sleeves of the dress fitted to the arm and were fastened about the wrist with a row of silken loops and buttons, while a pointed scallop, edged with braid, reached nearly to the knuckles. The coquettish jacket of blue broadcloth had scallopings of blue braid down the front, and a low standing collar stiff with gold embroidery. The body of it was short enough to show Mirta's slender waist, and its sleeves stopped at the elbow so as not to hide the braiding of the undersleeves. The whole costume was a very pretty missionary compromise between the fashions of Orient and Occident.

Mirta's face was of the purest Syrian type, slightly aquiline, like that of a model Jewess, and yet distinctly not Hebraic. Its color was very much that of a handsome brunette from Louisiana or Cuba, and it was enriched to real magnificence by a glow which reminded one of crimson roses. Her hair was nearly black, and hung in ripples along a low forehead, while long black lashes shaded her brilliant, tranquil hazel eyes.

But the chief beauty of this Syrian houri lay in her noble, her really queenly, her almost tragic, expression. Whoever has seen the great Rachel in the part of an empress has seen a face and air worthy to be compared with Mirta's. You would have supposed that only the most patrician thoughts and the grandest emotions were known to her. You would have guessed that she had suffered and triumphed over some majestic anguish worthy of a Rizpah or a Vashti. She seemed an incarnation of the sorrowing and yet imperially beautiful Orient.

"I am very happy to welcome the lady to Beirut," said this sultana, extending her hand in European style and speaking in English. Her utterance had not a trace of foreign accent, barring a

somewhat marked deliberation, and even that seemed but an expression of Eastern repose, or of natural dreaminess of temperament.

"And I am truly happy to see your beautiful country," returned the young missionary. "I mean to remain in it many years, and perhaps all my life."

"Oh, you like Syria!" smiled Mirta, flushing with pleasure. "It is very kind of you to tell us so. We are a poor people now, but we are proud of our country. We know that we were once a great people. You will find that the Syrians are very vain."

"I like the country and the people," declared Irene. "They surprise me exceedingly. I did n't expect to find such sweet manners."

"Oh, you thought us savages," laughed Mirta, in a mellow, purring tone, for her voice was a contralto. "Mr. Kirkwood says that the Americans suppose we are all Bedaween, living in tents and caves and ruins. I used to believe that he meant it as a joke, or to make us humble. But perhaps it is so."

"I don't know precisely what we think. We think a good deal of ourselves, and not much of others."

"It is the custom of every country, I presume," moralized Mirta. "But I must not forget to tell you that my husband sends you his salaams, and will call upon you this evening."

Irene expressed her thanks, and Mrs. Kirkwood added, "Why did n't you bring your little Lulu?"

"She is so little, and she is cross with teething," said Mirta, just as an American mother might have said it.

There was more feminine talk, all curiously domestic and commonplace, that is when compared with Mirta's queenliness; and when the visitor went her way, Irene had a disappointing sense that some romance, or tragedy even, had been concealed from her.

"What *is* she?" she demanded. "What has happened to her? What does that face mean?"

"Nothing has happened to her," replied Mrs. Kirkwood. "She has been quietly brought up with us, and has married a good, wise man, and makes him a good wife. I don't know how she came by that expression. My husband calls her a type of the race. He says she represents what this people would be, if it should ever recover its ancient soul."

"I wish I could paint her as an emblem of Syria," said Irene. "Why don't I know how to paint? How few accomplishments we have in America!"

At this moment a man of twenty six or eight entered brusquely, and was introduced as Doctor Macklin, the physician of the station. Irene received him with that slight reserve and interior embarrassment which a young lady often accords to a young man who is known to her by repute as a bachelor. The doctor had a shy and constrained air, also, for there was much modesty under his brusqueness.

"Welcome to Syria," he said loudly. "I hope that your life among us will be a pleasant one. We will do our best."

Then, as if he had done his best, or rather as if he found it easiest to talk to an old acquaintance, he turned to Mrs. Kirkwood.

"I had a hot ride from Abeih," he went on, pointing to his face, which was of a flame color. "I was goose enough to wear a tarboosh, and I shall be in misery for a week. My epidermis was n't made for a missionary."

"You are always doing something wrong and getting punished for it," said Mrs. Kirkwood in a motherly tone of reproof. "How is your ague?"

"Bad. I took ten grains of quinine before starting this morning. I saw the steamer out at sea, and I wanted to welcome the Payson family. The shakes are nothing. I learned all about them in Aleppo."

"You should n't have come down," said the good lady. "You are so reckless!"

He looked reckless, even to his costume. He had on Frank clothing, such as one buys ready-made in Beirut, with a crimson tarboosh over his long brown hair, and a large silken girdle around his waist. His face was kindly, but

his dark-blue eyes had a strongly masculine and almost combative expression, and his manner was abrupt, a little noisy, and, in short, utterly unconventional.

Irene contrasted him in thought with the gentle and polished DeVries, and could not help saying to herself that she should not like the doctor.

VIII.

Let us see how the gentle and polished DeVries was occupying himself during his separation from Miss Grant and the Paysons.

When he left them on the steamer his feeling was that he had been turned out of a sort of Eden into a barren and rather wicked world, and that the expulsion, while it was undoubtedly a liberation from strong influences, was nevertheless a depressing and saddening circumstance. On the way to the hotel, merely to alleviate his melancholy, he sought conversation with a stout, high-colored young American whom he had noted on the steamer, but to whom he had not hitherto spoken. The result of the interview was that they took adjoining rooms and ordered a breakfast together.

"Coffee first, Antonio," suggested Mr. Fred Wingate, the new acquaintance, in the cheerful tone of a good liver. "Then the best fruit you have, with your best white wine. Then a couple of courses of meat and vegetables. Lastly chibouks and nargilehs."

"Very good," said DeVries. "I don't mind a *déjeûner à la fourchette*, though I was only thinking of bread and fruit and coffee."

"You have been in ascetic company, lately," smiled Wingate. "I never afflict myself with anchorites, and seldom go to the joss-house. A fellow might like to flirt with that young lady, though. Was she susceptible?"

"No," replied DeVries, gravely, and Mr. Wingate perceived that he had given annoyance, and changed the subject.

"I believe that there are only two things to do in Syria. You go to Jerusalem, and then you go to Damascus, Baalbec, and Palmyra."

DeVries came near mentioning his project of excavating in ancient Philistia. But he checked himself; there was a possibility that this Wingate might be the sort of fellow to jump another man's claim, — might dig up all the Philistines himself, and so carry off the glory of proving that they were, or were not, Pelasgians.

"There are objects of interest everywhere," he said, with the comfortable feeling of a man who can give information. "You can't get far away from antiquities. The north of Syria is full of ruined cities."

"Anything in Beirut, or near it?"

"Not much, except a few fragments in the city and some Roman cisterns on the cape."

Then it was agreed that, after their déjeûner à la fourchette, they should take horse and ride to the Roman cisterns.

Just as breakfast appeared the American consul was announced, and of course was admitted. He proved to be a tall, hard-featured, butternut-bearded gentleman of near forty, newly appointed to the station, speaking no language but his own powerful English, and half starved in soul for American company. Mr. Wingate, a jovial youth of social temperament and hospitable habits, promptly had him seated at table.

"I assure you, gentlemen, this is a very delightful occasion to *me*," said the consul, with an air of really pathetic gratitude. "I have breakfasted, but I am glad to remain. You can't imagine, gentlemen, how much I love to see my countrymen, and how confoundedly tired I am of this out-of-the-way district."

DeVries, to whom any land full of ruins was fascinating, thought what a shame it was that such a dunce should be there. However, he was just as polite to Mr. Porter Brassey, of West Wolverine, as though he sympathized with his tastes and held his intellect in high

respect. Mr. Fred Wingate, who was equally a man of the world, bent his dimpled smile upon this fervent American, and made haste to turn him inside out, evidently with the purpose of telling about him afterward.

The breakfast was an exceedingly hilarious one. Before they had done with all the sauterne which Wingate ordered, they were at a height of spirits which would have cast a gloom over a teetotaler. Even the castaway official, as he drew back from the table and accepted a chibouk, seemed to feel that the venerable East might be made almost as pleasant as the abode of the setting sun.

"You see a man need n't die of a broken heart, even if he is afar from West Wolverine," said Wingate, with that jolly smile of his which would pacify a cavalryman.

"That 's so," returned the comforted consul, quite willing to be laughed at for his homesickness, so long as his dear countrymen would let him stay with them. "I assure you, gentlemen, that I have had a most delightful morning. I never shall forget it. And I 've learned a new trick, — a trick worth remembering. This is the first time in my life, gentlemen, that I ever saw wine for breakfast. I tell you it won't be the last, if this consulate understands itself, — and it thinks it does."

"Wingate," said DeVries (they were quite intimate by this time), "we shall find this position vacant when we get back here."

The functionary laughed as loud as the others, and indeed several times louder.

"No, no, DeVries," he haw-hawed. "You 're out of your reckoning there. I can stand a power of drink. If I could n't, I should n't be here. It takes a pile of whisky to get atop of politics up our way. Hullo, my shebang is out," he added, referring to his chibouk. "Here boy, give us a match," addressing the Italian waiter in English. "A match — lucifer — locofoco," he insisted, making a sign of drawing one on his pantaloons.

Either the gesture or the polysyllable "foco," so like to the word "*fuoco*," illuminated the Tuscan, and he brought a coal of fire for the official pipe.

"I can't get a grip on the lingo," proceeded our representative, referring to the Arabic language with its hundred thousand words, or possibly to all languages whatever outside of English. "Hands slip every time I catch hold. It leaves me rather mum here, except when a traveler from the land of freedom happens along, or I run up to jaw with the missionaries. But a man can have too much missionary, as the New Zealand chieftain said. They 're good fellows, — real good-hearted, honest, *white* men; by George, I respect 'em. But an ordinary man of the world don't want missionary in his'n all the time. Let me tell you what happened when I was breakfasting, quite in the family way, with one of 'em. He 's a good man and a learned man, — as smart in spiritual things and scholarship as a steel trap, — but rather stiff and devout in his manners. Well, this man, — his name is Pelton, the Reverend Pelton, — as I was sitting at his hospitable board and assailing his chicken fixings, he whips out a little book, a kind of pocket volume of Scripture Promises, and reads a text aloud. I did n't quite understand, — thought it was one of his own remarks; and so says I, '*What?*' Well, gentlemen, that man was n't flabbergasted a particle; he just read the promise right over again from top to bottom. I tell you, gentlemen, it did n't seem to have any comfort for *me*. I think I never was so upset and rolled in the mud, before or since."

DeVries, who was no longer the serious creature known to us heretofore, laughed as heartily as the convivial Wingate over Mr. Brassey's misadventure.

"It 's a way they have among themselves, I expect," continued the consul. "Or perhaps they hankered to do *me* a good turn. But it 's embarrassing to have a text touched off under your nose in that way, when you ain't looking. I respect the missionaries very much, and want to see 'em — once in a while."

"Fuoco, Antonio, se vi piace," said

DeVries, whose nargileh needed a fresh coal.

"Do you know his language?" asked our representative with respect.

"I speak a pretty fair foreign Italian. Lingua toscana in bocca americana."

Mr. Brassey sighed. He felt keenly, as he had never formerly imagined that he could feel, the inconvenience and humiliation of his linguistic ignorance.

"There ought to be a seminary for our foreign civil service," he declared. "It 's a ridiculous shame to see the representatives of a great country walking around as mum as so many deaf and dumb idiots. You can't much wonder, gentlemen, that I sometimes wish I was back in West Wolverine."

"Consul, do you keep a horse?" asked Wingate.

"Yes, two of 'em, — pretty fair Ayrabs, as common Ayrabs go. Got a mounted dragoman, too, — or dragoon. I can let you have the whole outfit."

"Suppose we take a ride to the antiquities."

"There ain't nothing of the sort in the neighborhood," declared the consul.

"I beg your pardon," said DeVries. "There are the Roman cisterns at the Ras el Beirut."

"What 's the Wrastle Beirut?"

"I mean the head of the cape."

"Oh, all right," returned Mr. Brassey. "I don't mind taking a skitter over there."

So the official outfit was sent for, and steeds were ordered for Wingate and DeVries, and the trio set off for Ras el Beirut, guided by the consular *kawàss*.

They had a spirited, and in fact a downright furious gallop over the sand and rocks of the desolate cape. DeVries jumped into the largest cistern, measured it carefully with his tape-yard, calculated the cubic capacity, and put all in his note-book.

"As a spectacle, I consider it a failure," said Mr. Brassey, staring thoughtfully into the coarse excavation. "It 's not up to what I expected of the Romans. Why, we could beat it all hollow in West Wolverine, if we only had the rock."

The cape thoroughly investigated, DeVries and the kawáss had a break-neck race along a rock-strewn sea-beach, while the consul whooped like the Last of the Mohicans and bet a good many piastres on the result with Wingate.

"I thought I should win," said DeVries, when he got in first on the home stretch. "I knew this horse had the right kind of hind legs to him. Sorry I beat you out of your money, Mr. Brassey."

"By George! it serves me right for laying against my own countryman," declared our patriotic functionary. "You can give me my little revenge, gentlemen, in our national game of poker."

So, on their return to the hotel, they played not a little poker, and Mr. Brassey pocketed a very handsome balance, as he called it.

"To make all square, gents, I stand the dinner," proclaimed this fair-minded gentleman. "Now, no objections, I beg and insist. I shall take it mighty hard if I ain't allowed to stand the dinner."

He was so nobly eager about it that the two young millionaires let him have his way, and the national game was followed by an excellent repast, with abundance of French and Oriental wine.

"Cyprus, Antonio," the consul recommended, with a generous wave of his huge hand. "Good, old, thick Cyprus wine. It 's the best counterfeit they 've got on solid, intrinsic whisky," he explained. "You shall have Borducks, too. But I don't myself fancy the inky taste."

"Whisky is all very well at home, Mr. Brassey," said DeVries. "But when a man is abroad, he should take to foreign drink. Otherwise, what does he learn?"

It will be perceived that our young gentleman, so delicate and almost spiritually gracious when he was with devout people, could entirely change his deportment, and apparently his sentiments, when he was among worldlings. Are we to suppose that he was a hypocrite, whether intentional or unintentional, who had played a demure game with the

Paysons? Not at all. He had been sedate in their company, because he sincerely respected their purity and piety, and was for the time colored in spirit by their companionship. The fact is that up to the present day we have had but an incomplete view of DeVries. It is much as if we had seen a landscape through green glasses, or examined a turbot only from his under side.

This rich and favored youngster had two faces, if not many more than two faces, to his character. He had a nature which reflected the serious education of his childhood, and another which consorted with the freedom of his life in college and in Europe. When he met a sainthood like that of Payson, or a maidenhood like that of Irene Grant, he behaved, and almost felt, as if he had never quitted his mother's fireside. But when he fell in with a wine-colored Wingate or a poker-playing Porter Brassey, he was easily and comfortably one of them. A very weak character, the men of regular habits and strict principles will say; and the young man himself sometimes remorsefully held the same opinion of it. Well, perhaps so, and perhaps not. Whether a nature is weak because it has various sides, because it is capable of vigorous movement in more directions than one, is surely a question open to argument. At all events, the trait is common enough, and more so in real life than in romance.

They had a fine dinner; at least, they all said so. There were a dozen courses, between European and Syrian. And there were more bottles of Bordeaux and Cyprus than I choose to mention. After dinner came further poker, for the two rich, good-natured youngsters were sorry for the bestranded politician, and did not care how much they spent in gilding his homesick existence. At last, when he had pocketed a thousand piastres ($45) and felt that it would be wrong to win any more, he himself closed the game.

"Young men, go West," he said, with a smile. "When you have graduated in West Wolverine, I shall feel it right to play with you. Excuse me for seeming to brag on poker. I am not proud, but ashamed."

Wingate, who could have gambled the consul out of his wardrobe, flung a sly smile at DeVries and pushed aside the cards.

"What can I do for you, gents?" demanded Mr. Brassey, rising to depart. "Don't you want my dragoon to bully somebody? Let me help you about your outfits. Borrow my horses, and make me happy."

Wingate replied, with thanks, that he had already engaged a traveling outfit; and DeVries explained that he was to make a brief sojourn with the missionary Payson.

"The dickens!" stared Mr. Brassey. "You 're a queer fish for the Pool of Siloam. However, I 'll come up and have a jaw with you, and we 'll read the promises together. Good-by, Wingate. You make me sick to be home again, where they raise such men. Good night and good luck to you both."

Then Mr. Wingate, who was a very polished wine-bibber, begged DeVries to excuse him for setting about his preparations for the morning's start. Thus left to himself, our hopeful young Janus remembered his missionary friends, and decided to make an evening call on Miss Grant.

IX.

Towards the close of Irene's first day in Syria, she began to wonder whether Mr. DeVries would come to see her, either that evening or ever. The query and the frequency with which it returned upon her caused her some humiliation and compunction. How absurd and wrong in a poor minister's daughter to long thus for the entertainments of earth, and to have so little power of self-absorption in the work of missions, even here on mission ground! How small-minded to think and think of one "darkling man," when a sunset of purple and rose and gold sat enthroned upon Lebanon!

What did it mean? Did she "care for" this lovely young man with great

possessions? She hoped not; it would be both wrong and silly; it would be perilous to piety and peace. It must be that she was homesick; that she thought of him so much because he was a part of her home, because he was to return to her country, and she not. In truth, homesick she was; how could she well help it? At last she was really in Syria, and the whole question of coming was settled, and the question of staying, also. Her gloom of spirit was manifold and profound, and not to be dispelled by a sunset on Mount Lebanon. A sunset on the rail fences and whortleberry bushes of a Connecticut hill-side would have been more effective.

She tried to "lean upon" Mr. Payson, as she phrased it in her interior language, the speech of Bible-classes. Indeed, she did find soothing, as well as support and guidance, in the presence of that cheerful and sympathetic sanctity. At tea, when he took out his well-worn little volume of Promises, and read two or three such texts as he thought would profitably direct the family conversation, she was not confounded, as the consul had been at the Pelton table, but sustained and comforted.

"I am a poor, tottering pilgrim," he said apologetically, as he pocketed the book. "My life has been an incessant struggle to remember the unseen world, — the only world of any note to a sane person. Every means and appliance has to be used, or I am lost. I sometimes doubt whether there ever was another man with such a bent toward worldliness. The idea of death, for instance, — the idea of being withdrawn from this small and perilous earth, — has always been peculiarly dreadful to me, and is so still. Ah dear, if I had been with Peter to the hall of Pilate, I should have denied the Master with him! It is an immense mercy to me that my soul was not called to run its earthly career in the ages of the martyrs."

"Mr. Payson, I don't believe you are fearful," replied Mrs. Kirkwood. "You saved several persons in that dreadful collision on the Mississippi. We read it in the New York Herald."

"Ah, yes, I was wonderfully helped on that occasion," said Payson. "It seemed to me that I had the strength of ten men when I saw those poor, shrieking people hanging on the verge of an eternity for which they were perhaps not prepared; but it was not *my* strength; it was mercifully lent to me."

Irene had never before heard of that scene of peril and rescue, although she had been traveling for months with the hero of it. She was greatly moved by this humility and bravery, and longed at once to do something useful to her kind. "How soon can I get to work?" she asked. "You will have to find me a teacher. I ought to learn Arabic in the next six months."

The Kirkwoods smiled to each other over a burst of zeal and hope which they had seen before in novices.

"Yes, Irene must have a teacher at once," assented Mr. Payson. "She must be allowed to see what she can do, and what she is fitted for. It is not every one, to be sure, who can master this most difficult language, and become acceptable in it. But she may be, and I think she is, one of those who have the gift of tongues. She shall begin Arabic to-morrow morning, even though she should go but a little way in it, and eventually occupy herself mainly with teaching in English."

"Is it so difficult, then?" said Irene. "I want to master it. However, if I can't, I 'll teach English."

Then they had to hurry their tea a little in order that the men of the party might go to the great saloon and receive three influential Druses from Mount Lebanon.

"Can I see them?" asked Irene, who was fervently interested in everything Syrian.

Mrs. Kirkwood led her to the long reception-room, and they sat down at one end of the mukaad, or cushioned sofa, where they could watch the mountaineers without seeming to court their acquaintance. They were dark, black-eyed, upright men, singularly dignified and grave in aspect, looking all the more severe and ascetic because of their huge,

white turbans and cloaks of black and white stripes, so unlike the usual florid raiment of the Orient. One of them seemed to be eighty years of age, and had a truly patriarchal expression of command, enhanced by a long, wavy beard of silver.

"That is a famous sheikh, or holy elder," whispered Mrs. Kirkwood. "He is one of the chiefs of the Okkaal, or Enlightened. There must be something important stirring, or he would not be here."

"What are they saying? Do tell me," begged Irene.

"They are saying that they and the English are brothers; that they have the same religion with us; that they want to learn it more perfectly, — want us to send them teachers. The man with the long knife in his girdle says they are all determined to become Protestants."

"Oh, is n't it wonderful!" murmured the novice. "To think that I should get here to see this!"

A serious smile came over the sallow and patient face of the elder lady. "My dear, there is n't a word of truth in it, I am afraid," she responded. "The Druses are always of the religion of the company they are in. If we were Catholics, they would speak the same things. They are commanded in their Scriptures to conceal their belief. The door is closed, they say, and nobody can become a Druse, and so it is useless to preach, as well as dangerous. I would n't attach any importance to the talk of these men, only that I don't understand why they should come down from their mountains to utter it, apparently for no other purpose. And the old sheikh, too! I can't help suspecting that there is something important at hand."

Just here the discourse of the Druse spokesman, the white-bearded Okkaal, descended to a guttural murmur, and Mrs. Kirkwood could overhear no more.

"Perhaps they are in earnest this time," hoped Irene. "They seem so very serious."

It was at this moment that Hubertsen DeVries dropped in upon the valued friends who had been so much out of his mind during the day. Our youthful missionary rose to greet him with a blush which indicated that he could at least make her forget all about the conversion of the Druses.

"I am so glad to see you!" she confessed impulsively. "Why, it seems to me as if I had been here a year, and you were a friend just arrived from home. And yet," she laughed, "I did n't know you at home."

It occurred to DeVries that if they had known each other at home, she might not have been here, at least as a missionary. For the moment he was all back again to the content which during three days he had found in her company. To him, as well as to her, it appeared that they were old friends, such as fate could not easily disunite. He was almost equally glad to see Mr. Payson, and the two met with the effusion of womankind.

"My dear young friend," exclaimed the clergyman, "I am rejoiced by your coming! I have had a foolish fear today that you might get into trouble during your explorations."

"I got into nothing worse than a cistern," replied DeVries, with a slightly guilty recollection of poker and Cyprus wine.

"Sit down and talk with our sisters," said Payson. "I have some important business with these mountaineers. I will join you in a few minutes."

Then DeVries listened a long time to Irene's enthusiastic account of the wonders of the day: the courteous and attractive manners of the Syrians; the blonde graces of the lady of the Beit Keneasy; and the tragic queenliness of Mirta.

"I wish I had been with you," he said, remembering with some disgust the rustic, gambling consul, and that polished roisterer, Wingate.

"Oh, but you shall see it all," she promised, of course not understanding him, and unable to imagine that he had been on a frolic. "We will have Mirta to dinner before you go. And I can take him to the Beit Keneasy, Mrs.

Kirkwood, can't I? There, I said Beit Keneasy properly, did n't I? It is almost my first Arabic. Mr. DeVries, I am going to learn the whole language, or at least going to try."

"I don't imagine that you will find much difficulty in getting a fair reading and talking knowledge of it," said DeVries, one of those happy linguistic souls who can pick up a smattering of a strange tongue in six months, or so.

"Ah, but I want to master it."

"I am afraid you won't. The French is a very simple, lucid language, but how few foreigners really master it! It is n't an easy matter to master one's mother tongue."

"Oh, dear! I know it. How you discourage me! It will end in teaching English and caring for woman's matters, perhaps. It seems so feeble to come four thousand miles to do what I did in America."

Mrs. Kirkwood laughed good-naturedly. The girl was sketching her own history, but she was not annoyed by the picture. She had learned long since to be contented with the humble and monotonous round of the domestic threshing-floor.

At this moment, the three Druses arose, murmured a deep-toned salutation, and stalked gravely out of the room, with an air of ill-concealed displeasure. Kirkwood and Payson attended them courteously to the door, and then turned, with serious faces, to join in entertaining DeVries.

"What is the matter?" Mrs. Kirkwood presently asked her husband, speaking, however, in Arabic. "What is the sheikh of the Okkaal here for?"

"There is going to be trouble in Lebanon," he answered in English. "It is no secret now, and we can talk of it."

"The slayer is to run to and fro in that goodly mountain, and all its high places are to be stained with blood," echoed Payson.

He was really pale and tremulous with anxiety and sorrow. His face was naturally a very manly one, and all the more noble because of a habitual expression of ascetic sweetness, the result of many an hour of spiritual conflict and many a victory over himself. It was quite pathetic to see this far-away gaze so clouded, and this martyr-like serenity so shaken.

"Those men were deputies from the great Druse house of Abd el Melek," continued Kirkwood. "They came to say that the Maronites are going to rise, and that the Druses will shortly be fighting for their lives. The Abunekeds and Jemblots are ready for war, but the Abd el Meleks desire peace. This is their story, — perhaps true, perhaps not. These envoys wanted us to beg the English consul (you know they consider us as English) to provide them with money and arms. We had to tell them that all that sort of thing was beyond our power. They did n't believe us, and went off in a grim humor. I trust, however, that they will come to reason, and won't trouble our outlying missions."

"The results of the painful work of many years will be brushed away like a few drops of dew," sighed Payson.

"Brother, you are always looking at the Egyptian chariots," smiled Kirkwood, cheeringly. "Israel will get safe across."

"At all events, nothing can happen but the will of the Master of earth," bowed Payson. "And how much better he knows what is best for his world and his church than a poor, short-sighted creature like me! But I shall go to Hasbeya. I must be among our people when their hour of trial comes."

"And take your ladies with you?" stared DeVries, anxious for Miss Grant, we may suppose, rather than for Mrs. Payson.

"No, no. They will stay here."

"And how will your wife like that?" asked Mrs. Kirkwood.

"Ah dear! I don't know. I trust that she will like what is right."

"Well, you need n't pack your saddle-bags to-night," observed Kirkwood. "Even according to the Druse story the Maronites are not to break out for eight days, which may mean eight weeks, or eight months."

"I shall stay on here a while," said

DeVries. "I should like to see some Oriental fighting."

The two clergymen looked pained, and Mrs. Kirkwood horrified. Even Irene turned upon him a glance of amazement, like one who has got new light upon a familiar character, and light of a startling nature.

"Ah, you don't know war," answered Payson, in a tone of apology rather than of reproof. "You are thinking of the combat, and not of the vanquished. A mountain massacre is a fearful thing."

"I must seem rather brutal to you," said this surely considerate and civil youngster. "Excuse me for being so thoughtless."

"I can understand you," returned Payson. "Our Anglo-Saxon race loves to fight. It has been fighting ever since it came out of its German forests, and probably for long before. The gates of its temple of Janus are never shut except when the wind of Providence blows them to."

DeVries was not troubled, but Irene supposed that he must be, and wanted to relieve him from this conversation.

"Let me take you up to the terrace," she said. "I want to show you the lights of the city and of the villages on the mountain."

As the two young people stepped out of the saloon they met Dr. Macklin, and the traveler was presented to him. There were a few words of embarrassed, insignificant conversation, and then Irene rustled away with DeVries to the secluded, sombre housetop.

"Who is that dandy?" demanded the doctor, in a very glum tone, when he entered the parlor.

Mr. Payson told what he knew of DeVries, and of his excellent parentage.

"I don't like him at all," said Macklin. "I wonder our young lady should go off alone with him."

"She asked you to go," observed Mrs. Kirkwood, gently. "Why did n't you?"

"I did n't like him," explained the doctor, savagely. "I did n't want to be with him."

THE SHIP FROM FRANCE.

QUEBEC, 167–.

I PASS the great stone church, where shines the altar-light;
The lonely convent walls, wrapped in the shade of night.
Above the fortress grim and high *château* I see,
Its white folds proudly spread, our regal *fleur-de-lis*.
I see the traders' roofs close clustered on the strand;
Their two towers dimly reach below me, as I stand
Upon this tower-rock above the stream's expanse,
And watch the moonlit tide to see the ship from France.

Thou piercing northern star that dost so clearly gleam,
Look down the spreading way of this life-bringing stream,
And tell me if thou see the blessed sail appear
That bends above my love, that brings my true love here!
In the dark wilderness, where raging rapids toss,
I ardently have fought to raise the flag and cross;
But now my heart is wild in Love's enraptured trance,
To know my maiden comes within the ship from France!

Thou bright and distant France! the rich lights of thy skies
Will shine on me again from out her sunny eyes;
And I shall feel again my young life's brilliant stir,
When I clasp her soft, warm hands and kiss the lips of her.
And will she bear the change, my lily pure and white,
That knows no harsher touch than balmy dew of night?
My blossom of the south, my girl of gentlest glance,
Will she regret she left her gay and gracious France?

Great river of the north, back from the ocean glide,
And swifter bear along the soldier's peerless bride;
Blow, forest wind, whose breath is of the fir and pine,
And hasten, hasten her to these strong arms of mine!
Is it the mist that moves upon the channel's trail?
No, there the lanterns gleam beneath a gliding sail!
They pass the shadowy isle, and to the cliff advance:
She comes, she comes, my love, my darling bride of France!

C. L. Cleaveland.

THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY.

In 1839, George Ticknor could write to Miss Edgeworth from Boston: "In this town of eighty thousand inhabitants, or, with the suburban towns, one hundred and twenty thousand, . . . there is *no visible poverty*, little gross ignorance, and little crime." Is there to-day a town of twenty thousand inhabitants in the United States of which this can be said? Poverty has grown rank and flowered into ignorance and crime in our hot-beds of civilization. The three great forces which the practical man recognizes, the state, the church, the rich, have been apparently almost powerless against this primal curse of poverty. And they are so.

The state is as old as civilization, but it has never destroyed want. By grinding and ill-judged taxation, by frantically foolish attempts at what is miscalled "protection," it has often made its people poor. The state that makes its people rich is one of the fruits of the far-off future. And yet the state can do something now. We have heard too much of the gospel of *laissez-faire* — that political gospel which makes the policeman the sole representative of government — which finds its prophet in young Herbert Spencer. Its disciples still con the books which Spencer's riper thought has contradicted and disowned. They would leave the miner unprotected from the death that hovers around him in the fire-damp, the farmer unaided in his hopeless struggle with the railroad, the child to sink under twelve hours of daily labor in the factory. They would close the post-office and shut the public school. When the merchants of France, in reply to Colbert's questioning how he could best serve their interests, said, "Let us alone," they voiced their needs correctly enough, but not those of the many. The clerk, the mechanic, the seamstress, the unskilled laborer, the child, ought not to be let alone.

The state should enforce universal education. This is the corollary of universal taxation for school purposes. The common conception of compulsory education as "an outrage upon the rights of the parent" is not sentiment, but sentimentality.

A rigid building law, so framed and

enforced as to prevent the curse of overcrowded tenement houses, has, I am informed reduced the volume of crime in certain quarters of London and Glasgow fully sixty per cent. within six years. It has not done this by reducing the population. Sir Sydney Waterlow's company for the construction of model tenements, a company formed and managed for pecuniary profit, has proved that one hundred and fifty people can be comfortably housed on the land covered by an ordinary building in which one hundred tenants have slowly rotted to death, dying morally some time before they died physically.

The land laws of the French Revolution transformed millions of serfs into millions of farmers, and multiplied tenfold the aggregate comfort of France. The strongest nation in Europe to-day owes its strength to the laws which Stein and Hardenberg modeled after those of France.

In such ways, the state can do much. But this "much" is comparatively little. Far more remains to be done.

The church is of even less use in the warfare against the primal curse of poverty. The church, in some form or other, is older than civilization. It dates from the day when the first two savages trembled before the thunder, or adored the sun. Yet it has never pulled up poverty by the roots. Through the Middle Ages, the church was a gigantic machine for the unproductive consumption of wealth. While famine palsied the hands of the workman, the dead hands of monastic orders clutched hill and valley by the mile. The church of to-day, in all its myriad forms, Roman, Hebrew, Liberal, Protestant, is wiser, better, kindlier. It comforts many a sorrowful soul. It sometimes builds a hospital, sometimes supports a school. If, in the latter, it teaches spelling and sectarianism, shall we not be grateful, at any rate, for the spelling? Yet, if we take the church now, look at the half-filled pews that cluster under the mortgaged roofs, reckon the mighty array of clergy, and then think of what the money, time, and effort spent here might do elsewhere, we may fancy that the era of unproductive consumption by ecclesiastics has not quite passed by. As far as the prevention of poverty is concerned, a hundred thousand dollars' worth of model tenements may be safely expected to do far more than two hundred thousand dollars' worth of church edifices.

The rich cannot destroy poverty; they can do a little towards it. I am about to try to show some of them how this little can be done. It is not to be done by alms-giving. Casual charity cannot destroy poverty; it multiplies it a thousand fold. Systematic charity, too, pauperizes the multitude, unless administered with a wise hard-heartedness that few of us are strong enough, unselfish enough, to maintain. All alms-giving that does not help the recipient to help himself is, save in the case of the incurably sick, a curse.

The three great recognized forces of modern society thus seem unable to cope with poverty. They cannot, at least they do not, give the poor that comfort without which life is not worth the living, and death is more than worth the dying. Salvation must be sought elsewhere. The poor can be saved from poverty only by the poor. Not by praying for sudden wealth; not by entreating government to give them work, or to surround the country with a Chinese wall of protected pig-iron and protected clothing and protected everything else that the poor man buys and the rich man sells, — it is not in these ways that the poor are to throw off their incubus.

The poor must save themselves. They must coöperate.

I asked Charles Bradlaugh, some years ago, whether he thought that coöperation had been a substantial success in England. He said, "I know it has. Distributive coöperation has brought comfort to thousands of families. Productive coöperation is still in its infancy, but we have great hopes of it." The facts which impressed Mr. Bradlaugh so strongly are open to anybody who can spend a few months in England and content himself with studying the present rather than the past. To the be-

liever in coöperation, the centre of England is near Manchester, and London is but an outlying suburb of Rochdale. It was my privilege to make a coöperative pilgrimage with a friend through parts of Germany and England, some five years ago. The shrines at which we worshiped were usually plain, not to say ugly, piles of brick or stone, and the sacred relics which we sought at every shrine were facts. Some of these latter, brought from England, afford the main material of the following pages.

In 1842, twenty-eight weavers formed the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society. Their poverty was such that each could pay but four cents a week into the capital fund. It took them two years to accumulate $140. One December evening in 1844, Toad Lane, a narrow, winding street of Rochdale, was crowded with a hooting rabble, drawn together to see the opening of the weavers' shop. When the dingy shutters of the dingy little room were taken down, the mob screamed with laughter at the sight of the almost empty shelves within. As the twenty-eight weavers, the only customers, came out with their scanty purchases, they were met with taunts and jeers. Nobody jeers at the weavers' shop now.

We spent an afternoon in going through the building. Its top floor is a plainly but comfortably furnished hall, where monthly meetings are held, lectures are delivered, and parties given. Below are the committee-rooms, the reading-room, and the library. This last contains ten thousand volumes. The battered, well-worn, dog-eared books in it are by no means all novels. Many of them, perhaps the majority, are works on the natural sciences, technical trades, travel, or history. The reading-room is large, well lighted, and comfortable. It contains all the leading periodicals, with a collection of scientific instruments which can be hired for a penny or two a night by members of the society who wish to entertain or instruct themselves or their friends. We were told that it is quite common for an artisan to give a small party at which the main attraction is a display of some simple scientific experiments. On the three lower floors of the building are stores where a man can buy clothing for his family and himself, boots and shoes, meat, vegetables, and groceries, watches and clocks, books, coal to warm his house, and the house itself, — for the society is now building homes for its members.

And all this is but the central store. There are many branch establishments in other parts of the town, among them thirteen groceries, eleven butcher shops, and eleven reading-rooms. The society also manufactures tobacco on its own account, has heavy interests in corn, cotton, and woolen mills, and manages a great savings-bank.

The Equitable Pioneers' Society sells about $1,500,000 worth of goods every year, and declares quarterly dividends, or rebates on purchases, of from twelve to fifteen per cent. This is the result of the weavers' shop in dingy, dirty, dark Toad Lane. From the beginning, the institution has been managed by men earning daily or weekly wages. They are no better, no wiser, no honester, than American workingmen. What is to hinder the latter from following their example, from gaining their success? [1]

It is now ten years since some clerks in the London post-office found themselves unable to live on their pay. They asked for more, and were refused. The answer came on a foggy November afternoon, a day that was gloomy enough without bad tidings. Three of the men, talking over the dismal present and the dreary future, resolved to try what coöperation could do. They canvassed their fellows, and found a dozen who were willing to buy among them fifty pounds of tea. The money was paid in on the spot. The next morning, one of the original three, on his way to the office, bought at a wholesale store half a chest of tea. After office hours, the purchase was duly divided. The amount saved was twenty-five cents a pound. The

[1] For full details of the methods of management at Rochdale, the reader is referred to The Primer of Political Economy, by Alfred B. Mason and John J. Lalor. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1875.

story of this success speedily spread abroad. Within three days, the triumvirate had orders for another half chest. Soon they began to buy in somewhat larger quantities. They put the tea in an empty closet in the post-office, and hired the porter to weigh it out to the different purchasers, paying him for his trouble with the pound or so which each chest contained over its nominal weight. Little by little they added a few other staple articles to their stock. The old cupboard, their first store, was now too small. They hired a little room in the topmost story of a neighboring building for a few dollars a month. This was considered to be a most daring step. But their business speedily outgrew these narrow quarters. They were crowded out of room after room. Five years ago they moved into a building of their own, for which they paid $200,000. It is several stories high, with a frontage of perhaps a hundred feet on each of two streets; it is crowded with goods, clerks, and customers. The Civil Service Supply Association, as it is called, sells $5,000,000 worth of goods a year; moreover, it has arrangements with a great number of the best firms in London, by which its members can buy from these firms for cash at from twenty to forty per cent. discount. The business done in this way is estimated at $5,000,000 more. Nine years ago, the association began by selling half a chest of tea. Its growth is a most joyous fact. It has been, however, a most alarming fact to the retailers of London. Two years ago, they petitioned Parliament to forbid the government employees engaging in such enterprises. The petition was in vain, but the petitioners took their revenge by driving Mr. Thomas Hughes from his place in the Commons. When a number of the underpaid clergy of the Church of England undertook to imitate the civil service clerks, their proposed league was broken up, it is said, by the threat of an organized bolt of small tradesmen into the dissenting sects.

England and Scotland have now over one thousand coöperative stores, and a number of manufactories owned in part by the operatives in them. These are leagued together by a system much like that of the United States under the old articles of confederation. There are five territorial divisions, or sections, which correspond to our States. Each of these is represented on the central board, a body of eleven men clothed with a scanty and a vague authority, and able to do little more than suggest needed reforms. Its suggestions seem, however, to carry great weight. Once a year, a congress composed of delegates from all the coöperative societies meets to listen to suggestions and discussions on every point of interest. There are similar assemblies in each of the five sections several times a year. When the twenty-eight flannel weavers of Rochdale gathered, by two years of patient saving, their scanty capital of $140, they planted a seed which has grown into a tree that now shelters thousands of healthy and happy homes.

The prevention of adulteration is one of the incidental blessings of distributive coöperation. Pure food can scarcely be found in small quantities, except in a coöperative store. The value of good food as an element in labor has been more fully appreciated since the publication of Thomas Brassey's Work and Wages.[1] It is doubly unfortunate that manual laborers, who need such food the most, should have the greatest difficulty in getting it. The poor buy from the last of a long line of middle-men, and so run the maximum risk of being poisoned. This risk disappears when they can go to a coöperative store. Its owners, who are also its main patrons, do not adulterate the wares which they not only sell, but buy. Neither do they use false weights. At such a store, the customer gets full measure and pure goods. At an ordinary retailer's he is apt to get scant measure, and he does not get goods at all. He gets bads.

A few figures, carefully verified, may serve to indicate the possible margin of saving by distributive coöperation on a small scale. A workingman friend of mine gave me a list of the groceries he buys every week, and the prices he pays

[1] See also Macdonell's Survey of Political Economy.

for them. This list was taken to a wholesale grocer in Chicago, who is now selling supplies to several coöperative stores among the miners of Central Illinois. He gave me his prices for the same goods. The man who made out the list spends $3.36 a week for barley, coffee, currants, flour, pepper, raisins, rice, soap, soda, starch, sugar, and tea. All these twelve articles, with the possible exception of the currants and raisins, are probably greatly adulterated before they reach him. The wholesale price for the same quantities of the same things, in a pure state, is a shade over $2.50. If an allowance of five per cent. is made for the working expenses of a coöperative store, — and English experience shows that this is a high estimate, — my friend, if he could buy at such a store, would pay less than $2.64 for what now costs him $3.36. Such a saving, if carried out in other purchases, would add nearly thirty per cent. to his income.

Little effort is required to start a co-operative store, or to manage it at the outset. Let a dozen men form an association, and agree to pay every week a fixed sum, ten cents to a dollar, towards the capital. As soon as seven dollars has been paid in, the manager can buy a barrel of flour, which he will take to his home and weigh out there to the subscribers at nearly cost price. The saving on that single barrel would be from two to three dollars. With the money got by the sale of the flour, and with constantly accumulating subscriptions, a chest of tea can be bought. The saving upon this should be nearly fifteen dollars, and both the tea and the flour will be much better articles than can usually be bought in small stores. As each man pays the last installment of some stipulated sum, five or ten dollars, his weekly subscriptions will cease. His stock will be paid up. Meanwhile, money will constantly be turned into goods, and goods back into money. A sufficient price will be charged to cover the original cost and the expenses of management. The latter will be very light at first, for a small room will answer for a store, and the members of the society can take turns in keeping it open during the evening, when their day's work is done. If finally a larger room has to be rented and a manager hired, it will be because the store is prosperous. In that store the workingman can buy pure food at the cost price, and have it weighed on honest scales. Everything will be bought and sold for cash, so that there will be no bad debts, no long accounts. A coöperative store never gives a cent's credit. This is one of the reasons of its success. Coöperation and cash together carry the day.

Distributive coöperation is a phase of economic progress which will probably disappear at some time, but which will not do so until it has greatly lessened the number of persons engaged in merely distributing wealth, has concentrated in each city each branch of retail trade in the hands of a comparatively few firms or joint-stock companies in which the employees have a share of the profits, and has made this trade a cash instead of credit operation. Productive coöperation will, I trust, result in the almost universal abolition of the wage system.

I have chosen three examples of productive coöperation: one a signal failure, one a signal success, and the other both failure and success.

First, the success. Most of the plate-locks used in England, and perhaps in the world, are manufactured at Wolverhampton, near Birmingham. Some years ago, one of the lock manufacturers there cut down his men's wages. The men struck. Then the other employers hastily formed a lock-out, and so threw the whole body of mechanics out of work. The men met, and decided to establish a manufactory of their own. They went to work at once. The masters had immense stocks on hand. They put their prices below cost, and found a quick and ready market. Yet they were soon undersold by the men. The latter knew they must lose, and did so. But they stood by their machines, and worked with will and skill. They sold or pawned everything that could be spared. Some of them lived on three cents a day. At one time, when failure seemed inevitable, only a timely loan from a generous sym-

pathizer enabled them to avoid bankruptcy. Some long years went by before the Workingmen's Wolverhampton Plate-Locks Company began to pay well. When once it began, it did not stop. It is now [1] a flourishing, profitable concern. The men are their own masters. They get the wages for their work and the profits on their work.

The failure is nearer home. In January, 1874, when the Chicago Tribune was publishing a series of articles on cooperation abroad, a man called at the editorial rooms of that paper, introduced himself as the secretary of a trades-union of carpenters, and asked the writer of the series to come to the next meeting of the union. He did so, and found these men bent upon forming a coöperative association for carrying on their trade. He sought in vain to persuade them to try their 'prentice hand on a coöperative store. They were bound to have a shop, or nothing. The doubtful experiment was made. As a stockholder in the corporation and a receiver in bankruptcy for it, the journalist tested the strength of the experiment well. Three things were fatal to it, — lack of business skill, lack of capital, lack of harmony. The first was the first to show itself. These simple men fell into the hands of a knavish lawyer, who first charged them an extortionate fee for getting the society incorporated under the general law of the State of Illinois, — a proceeding that requires about an hour's work and the expenditure of a couple of dollars, — and then demanded that he should be elected attorney of the organization at a stated and startling salary. When they declined to do this, he held back their papers of incorporation from record, and managed in this way seriously to embarrass them. Meanwhile, they had bought large and costly books, the chief use of which proved to be to contain the complicated bankruptcy accounts, had provided themselves with an imposing and expensive seal, and had elected an array of officers. The second difficulty now confronted them. Their scanty capital had already been sunk. The lawyer took most of it; the books and seal took the rest. They could not venture on large contracts, but were forced to bid only on small jobs. Their figures were ignorantly reckoned and thus their work was too often done, and faithfully done, at a loss. Finally, however, the tide seemed to turn. A little money was made. Then a besotted spirit of dissension seized the men. They could not bear to obey the fellow-workman whom they had selected as their business manager. Quarrel followed fast on quarrel. When the ruling wage of carpenters in Chicago was $1.50 a day, a dissatisfied majority of the Coöperative Carpenters' Association voted themselves $3.50 a day apiece, in fatuous disregard of the fact that there was no money to pay such wages. There was soon no money at all. The treasurer absconded with all the funds on hand, and the carpenters, paying thirty-four cents on the dollar of their joint debts, ceased to coöperate.

Their career may serve as an "awful warning." The causes of their ruin threaten every association of workingmen for producing wealth. Lack of skill, lack of capital, lack of harmony, — these are the rocks ahead. They can be shunned, but only by the exercise of uncommon care. Distributive coöperation should precede coöperative production. The store should accumulate the capital needed for the shop.

The famous "industrial partnership" between the Briggs brothers of Yorkshire and their men is the instance of combined success and failure which I have chosen as a final illustration.[2]

The Briggs brothers owned and worked two collieries. They were in constant trouble with their men, an idle, drinking, uproarious, careless set. The men had a rough saying that shows the depth of the ill-feeling: "All coal owners is devils, but Briggs is the prince of devils." Strikes were frequent. Holidays were

[1] My last definite information about this coöperative enterprise was in 1873. I believe, however, that it is comparatively no less prosperous now than then.

[2] The next few paragraphs are condensed transcripts from Mason and Lalor's Primer of Political Economy.

taken with more than Spanish abandon. The capital invested in the business paid only about six per cent., on an average.

In 1866 the Briggs brothers formed a partnership with their men, on a plan proposed by Professor Fawcett six years before. They issued 9770 shares of stock of $50 each, and sold a small fraction of them to the workmen, taking their pay in installments. It was announced that future profits would be divided as follows: a dividend of ten per cent. would first be paid on all the shares, and the surplus, if any, would be divided into two equal parts; one of these would be used as an extra dividend on capital, and the other would be shared among all the workmen, whether stockholders or not, in proportion to the wages each had earned during the year.

The result was remarkable. The men, assured of half the profits above ten per cent. on the stock, did all they could to increase the profits. They worked steadily. They were careful of the tools and materials used. When a man found a broken tool, he did not kick it aside, as formerly, but took it to the shops to be repaired, saying, "That 's so much towards the divvy." "Divvy" was their pet name for the dividend on labor. It became the interest of all that each should work. Each was an overseer for his fellows. A considerable part of the former expense of superintendence was saved. Public opinion, which before had favored dissipation, now opposed it. Idleness, drinking, and rioting became far less common. Good feeling between masters and men sprang up. Questions about wages, hours of work, etc., were settled by friendly talks or by arbitration. At the end of the first year, the Briggs brothers and the share-holding workmen got a ten per cent. dividend and $8500 besides, while another sum of $8500 was divided among all the workmen. The second year, the dividend to labor was $17,500. In 1875, when the plan had been in operation for some eight years, the Briggs brothers were said to have cleared, on an average, during that time, sixteen per cent. a year on their capital, or nearly thrice as much as they had made under the old system. Meanwhile, their workmen, whether share-holders or not, had had annual dividends on their labor, and part of the joint profits had been used in supporting a library and schools for the benefit of the miners and their families. There had been a very notable advance in the morality, intelligence, and thrift of the whole body of employees.

Two years ago, the men struck. They did so in obedience to the orders of their trades-union, and on account of a quarrel between other men and other masters, with which they had nothing to do. Their own act dissolved the industrial partnership, and thus one of the most encouraging and important facts of the nineteenth century ceased to exist. The same cause put an end to a similar experiment in New York city, in 1872.

A certain manufacturing village lies sheltered between New England hills. A stream winds through it. It enters the town clear, dancing, health-bringing. Fretted by mill-wheels, checked by dams, poisoned with sewage, it oozes on its sluggish, death-dealing way. It leaves traces of its passage in white faces in the tenement houses near by, where drunken men, pinched-visaged women, and puny children rot and die. It leaves other traces, higher on the hill-side, in other white faces, whiter yet, — whiter than the tombstones above them. This is the village cemetery. And higher yet, in a purer air, above the dens and the graves of the many, are the homes of the few. The upper ten have comfort for their heritage; the lower thousand, crime.

Yet among these there are the elements of a celestial civilization; trained skill, executive ability, learning, wealth. Must the skill in handiwork be forever divorced from the ability, the learning, the wealth?

The answer to this question has a far-reaching, political significance. The future of our institutions depends upon it.

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Boston is richer to-day than in 1839, but how infinitely fitter for democratic forms

of government was the town of 80,000 inhabitants, with "no visible poverty, little gross ignorance, and little crime," than the city of 350,000, with its swarming paupers, its untaught voters, and its Pipers and Pomeroys! And yet Boston is more prosperous and moral than almost any other city in the land.

The increase of socialistic sentiment among the masses is not a matter of light consideration. If the proletariat once becomes convinced that property is robbery, what can prevent the temporary extinction of both property and society? Socialism is a sign of discontent. It grows rank in times of depression. It withers away as comfort increases. The book that contains the most forcible argument against Proudhon's maxim is a bank-book.

Alfred B. Mason.

THE FAÏENCE VIOLIN.

Our writers are not in search of an original passion of the human breast to introduce to the public for the first time. All that was done so long since that the precise date is not a matter of consequence. If a newish style of treatment or an unhackneyed situation is attainable, an exemption from further responsibility is naturally looked for. Yet it was something like an original passion of the human breast, and nothing less, that M. Champfleury, not a very great writer of our own time, hit upon less than twenty years ago. His Faïence, or Crockery, Violin, instead of the love, jealousy, patriotism, filial affection, friendship, which constitute the usual motive powers of romances, is propelled by the passion for pottery, up to that time a novelty in literature. The subject had its library of catalogues, technical and statistical works, but it had hardly ever been treated in a literary manner. Lamb has a delightful essay upon the ostensible topic of Old Porcelain, but it is as full of irrelevant matters as Artemas Ward's famous lecture on the Babes in the Wood. At any rate, Champfleury first gave it a tale. His little story, which was originally published in the ordinary guise of the French novel, has lately appeared in an *edition de luxe* [1] worthy to stand by the side of the choicest volumes of reference upon the subject. Its heavy paper, extravagant margins, interleaved etchings, and designs in color from rare ceramic specimens give the text an air of preciousness as in an illuminated manuscript, and add to the interest of the story the attraction of a quaint and charming work of art.

So necessary, by long usage, has love-making become in the romance that this one, in which there is nothing more of it than a paragraphic announcement at the close that one of the principal characters has married his cousin, is laid down with a feeling of incompleteness. Could there have been a light and graceful affair of the kind interwoven with the rest of the attractive material, little would have been left to desire. The result, however, might have been less logically perfect. This sense of deficiency is a tribute to the severe completeness with which the author has confined himself to the exposition he had in view. Projecting a study of the state of mind of the irrepressible collector, he was unwilling to complicate it by the display of other distracting emotions.

In the particular of pottery, our own country afforded no material for the sustenance of this singular rage until the late Centennial Exhibition, of happy memory, which placed a Doulton ware pilgrim bottle upon every mantel, and

[1] Champfleury. Le Violon de Faïence. Paris. E. Dentu, Editeur. Libraire de la Société des Gens de Lettres. Paris. 1877.

largely diverted the female sex from their spatter-work and crochet to pasting silhouettes of kittens and nineteenth-century school-children upon vases of pure Etruscan outline. But the collector's passion has multifarious objects, books, old pictures, coins, musical instruments, arms, autographs and photographs, wigs, shoes, canes, snuff-boxes; postage-stamps, theatre tickets and programmes, and even buttons. Among them all, its phenomena must have become more or less familiar even here. The general disposition is to look upon the passion as harmless and amiable. M. Champfleury follows it out to its logical consequences, and shows at what extremes, if perverted, it may arrive. It is capable of becoming an enormous species of egotism and avarice, of betraying the warmest friendships, of reveling in falsehoods and perfidies, and of stopping short only of robbery and assassination.

"There are innocent passions," he says, "which begin by clinging to the rugged trunk, and end by choking the life out of it." "No passions! Gardilanne had them all; he was a collector. Lightning might have struck beside him in the street without withdrawing his attention from a shop window in which he was interested."

M. Champfleury is indicated by his record as a person of peculiar qualifications for the task proposed in his little story. His histories of ancient, mediæval, and modern caricature, of the potteries of the Revolution, and of the brothers Le Nain, — obscure painters of the time of Louis XIII. whom he endeavored to install in their rightful place in the popular esteem, — all show his natural bent towards the rare and curious. He has the additional title to speak with authority of being himself a devotee of the fantastic passion he so entertainingly describes. He does not hesitate to confess, according to La Rousse, that the three passions of his existence are music, faïence, and cats. His taste for what is out of the common fashions marks even the habits of his private life. He is said to have proposed to his wife, by whose appearance when a young lady in society he had been attracted at an evening party, by sending her a laconic message that if she agreed with him that the unmarried are like one half of a pair of scissors, of no use without the other, he was at her service to make a joint endeavor to cut out the fabric of life agreeably. She replied still more laconically by sending him a pair of scissors.

His strongest claim to confidence is his realism; his critics say that the title of realist is inseparable from his name. Where Mürger, whose friend and intimate he was, sang Bohemian life, in the description of which both made their early successes, he studied it. His fidelity to actual types has secured him the singular compliment of a beating from an irate mountaineer who considered himself personally aimed at in a rural work called The Christmas Geese. An overflowing genial humor — not too common among his fellows — is one of the leading features of attraction in the story. He enjoys all the phenomena of this ardent dilettanteism, from the *Chineurs*, sent down to the country by dealers in quest of curiosities, who enter the houses with the audacity of our own book agents and lightning-rod men, are put out-of-doors by the ruffled housewives, but return through the windows and succeed in prosecuting their search from garret to cellar, to the learned Parisian club which despises porcelain, even the finest *pâte tendre* of Sèvres, in comparison with its adored faïence. His humor takes for the most part the form of a dry irony. Nothing, he says, in the collector's cabinet is the result of chance; profound meditations determine whether a Chinese pipe is to be suspended above a dried Malabar frog or *vice versa*. But his leading situations are as dramatically amusing as some of those ingenious combinations of ludicrous misery often seen upon the boards of the French theatre.

The conceit of a faïence violin is not, as it might appear to the reader, in common with the honest citizens of Nevers, among whom it was sought, a mere conceit. To one aware of the ex-

cessive delicacy of the violin, its proportions and curvatures and *f* holes and sound-post, in the adjustment of any of which a difference of a thirty-second part of an inch would make a radical difference of character, the construction of the whole in pottery would seem a chimera. The amateur who was searching for it at Nevers felt greatly comforted and reassured when he encountered an old workman in the potteries who admitted that such a thing might be possible. "He had at last met with a person who did not put the very existence of his coveted treasure in doubt." It is recorded, however, as among the accomplishments of the skilled workmen of Delft, at the period of its greatest glory, that they even made violins in pottery. Such a *chef d'œuvre* is actually extant in the ceramic museum at Rouen, and the etchings of it with which the book is adorned show that the description of the imaginary one follows it exactly. Possibly the sight of it first suggested to M. Champfleury his idea.

The faïence violin "had contours to make a Stradivarius jealous. Its enamel was of an incomparable purity. Its delicious blue recalled the azure skies of Spain. Not a crack, or a blemish even, on the fine curves of the neck. Never had the potter's art reached so high an achievement. Angels playing upon viols in the clouds displayed a scroll with the motto, *Musica et gloria in aer*. Below, a group of figures in Louis Quatorze costumes surrounded a pretty woman seated at the harpsichord."

The marvelous instrument is represented as of the pottery of Nevers, where it is discovered by chance among the rubbish of an old wardrobe. The wares of Nevers, distinguished by prevailing blue and orange colors, are in a decided state of decadence from the attainments of the Gonzagas, who established the industry there with imported Italian workmen, but still among the best of French manufacture. A quaint poem, published in the Mercure de France, in 1735 defies history to the extent of claiming for Nevers the first introduction of faïence to the country, and describes allegorically the processes there in vogue: —

"Chantons, Fille de Ciel, l'honneur de la Fayence.
Quel Art! dans l'Italie il reçut la naissance,
Et vint, passant les monts, s'établir dans Nevers.
Ses ouvrages charmans vont au de là des mers."

It appears, according to this poet, that the origin of the art was in a quarrel between Plutus, the god of wealth, and Minerva. The former was inclined to despise taste and skill, placing his reliance solely upon the intrinsic value of the precious metals included in his province. "But I will show you, sir," said the ruffled goddess, "that I can get along very well without your rich materials. I will let you see that in my hands the commonest clay becomes precious." She takes up a lump of earth and throws it upon the potter's wheel, when lo! — can I believe my eyes? — forth start in an instant a hundred curious vases: —

— "en croirais-je mes yeux,
Sortent dans un instant cent vases curieux."

Pursuing further her disparagement of his valuable metals, she takes a little of the commonest tin, lead, salt, and sand and makes an enamel "dazzling as the rays of the sun." Then she paints upon her vases figures of shepherds, festoons, games with songs and dances, loves, grotesques, palaces, and temples. Plutus, not yet abandoning the contest, says, "Yes, but all this is very flimsy." "No," she replies, as the fact is, "it will outlast your metals and marbles a thousand years." "And now, what do I see?" continues the poet; "proud Paris and supercilious London — who would credit it? — paying tribute to our little city."

In the Faïence Violin we are first introduced to a citizen of this favored locality, M. Dalègre. He is a jovial bachelor of thirty-five, of ample fortune, who hardly knows that there is such a thing as pottery. Making a casual visit to Paris, he falls in with Gardilanne, an old friend and school-mate, who is a confirmed collector. He passes for having the keenest scent in Paris. "A diabolical astuteness" takes the place, with him, of capital. He is not rich, but has managed upon his income of a thousand francs as government clerk to get to-

gether a collection which is the envy of museums. He hardly eats or sleeps, and has scarcely dreamed of anything else for fifteen years. He encounters rain, wind, and hail in the pursuit; he goes to the length, if need be, of passing himself off as a rag-and-bottle man, to have an opportunity of examining stocks of old trumpery. In him the disease is fully seated, but in Dalègre we are shown its gradual rise and progress. He looks at the plates and ewers which his enthusiastic friend places in his hands with about the intelligence of a bat at fire-works. Living as he does in so promising a locality, it occurs to the Paris collector to turn him to account. He might pick up a few pieces, while he was around town, and send them up to him as well as not. Dalègre receives his directions as to what is desirable, and agrees to do so. It is faïence or fine stone-ware, in which there are many beautiful objects, and not pottery in general, which is Gardilanne's particular hobby. "I tell you," said he, "porcelain has lorded it long enough. A revolution is at hand in ceramics like that of '89. The *bourgeois* faïence is to have its rights, and aristocratic porcelain will fall. It will not be persecuted, it is true, but it will pass into contempt. That cold and heartless production will be sought only by *parvenus.*"

Dalègre complies with his promise. Praises and profuse instructions are showered upon him by his friend. "Make tours in the churches," urges Gardilanne. "Happily, the village priests know nothing of archæology; they will let you have things cheap. The hospitals, too, are a fruitful field. In their pharmacies there are beautiful old jars made to contain drugs. Manage to get a wound in hunting, or a sprained ankle; a mere scratch will do. The sisters of charity are very simple. If you find there is no faïence, your complaint will of course immediately disappear. If there is, it will become serious, and you must manage in the end to take, besides the medicine, the bottle that contains it." This ardor by degrees inspires a slight interest in the breast of Dalègre himself. It is increased by the indignation of some people who complain of his robbing his native town of its treasures, for the benefit of a cold and greedy Parisian. At last he finds himself bitten with the infection. He exhibits its symptoms in their utmost violence. He becomes a collector on his own account. An interior voice bids him sacrifice Gardilanne. There is a moral in the story of this whimsical passion, as in those selected for especial mention in the decalogue. Here, too, it is the first false step that involves a continually increasing train of evils, and at last overwhelms its author in ruin. Had he boldly avowed to Gardilanne that he had become a convert to the taste, and made no secret of his collection, all would have been well. But no; he entered upon a course of abandoned hypocrisy. He began to send his friend packages which he knew to be unmitigated rubbish, as an indication that Nevers was exhausted. The confiding Parisian wrote to him of the faïence violin which he had just heard of from M. du Sommerard, the founder of the Cluny Museum. It was believed to be extant at Nevers, and he was adjured to search for it. He entered vigorously upon the quest, but he muttered to himself, "Oh, yes, I'll play you a jig upon your faïence violin." He had become more perfidious than Iago.

Thus matters ran on. He has not heard from Gardilanne — doubtless disgusted with the paltry stuff he had sent him — for a long time. His hard heart smites him a little, but he does not relent. One day, at supper, his servant hands him a letter, which has been received in the morning, during his absence. He toys with it, and does not break the seal till he has nearly finished eating. He gives a cry of dismay. It is a notice that Gardilanne is on the way to visit him. He is due in twenty minutes. The distracted master runs hither and thither, not knowing where to begin. The house, full of pottery, must be dismantled; Gardilanne must not discover his treason.

It is hurriedly determined to remove the specimens from one other room and the guest chamber, to which he can pos-

sibly be confined until, at night, the rest can be removed and secreted in the cellar. The manœuvre is barely accomplished when the redoubtable Parisian collector arrives. He has secured a vacation, and will commence to-morrow to beat a grand *battue* in the Nivernais. Dalègre's heart sinks within him; for in this tour among the dealers his own occupation must inevitably come out. He determines to accompany his guest like his shadow wherever he moves, in order to find some means of turning aside indiscreet revelations. At bed-time the guest inquires what village the old servant Margaret is from, and announces his intention to talk to her. Most likely she will have recollections of seeing some pieces among her people which might be desirable. Dalègre feels that if such a talk is permitted the gossiping old woman will betray his secret. During the process of concealing the things in the cellar, therefore, he gives her the most alarming account of Gardilanne's purposes in his visit. He instructs her, under the heaviest penalties, to appear to be deaf and dumb, and assures Gardilanne that she is. Sainte-Beuve, who criticised the story briefly in his Causeries de Lundi, upon its first appearance, speaks of this scene of the furtive stowing away of the crockery in the cellar, the fears entertained by Daiegre lest the guest should be awakened by the delicious clicking of the wares, or lest he himself should be precipitated headlong down the stairs with his basket in punishment of his perfidy, as one of the most excellent in a book which calls itself a description of a unique case in moral pathology.

The Nevers collector is exposed at too many points to escape not only harrowing annoyance, but ultimate discovery. Lies upon lies flow from his tongue. Once, by a blunder of Margaret, a lovely mustard pot was put upon the table. Gardilanne half closed his eyes, and clacked his tongue over it. Dalègre hastened to explain, in trepidation, that it was an heir-loom, from his grandfather, by which he set great store. Later on, a faïence writing-desk, left in the *salon* by oversight, was discovered.

"This also has been handed down"—began Dalègre.

"From your grandmother," interrupted Gardilanne, dryly.

"Yes," assented Dalègre, humbly. "We provincials, you know, live in nothing so much as our family traditions."

And still again, the old Margaret, forgetful of the admonition she had received, and tired of keeping her tongue so long idle, while waiting on the guest alone at breakfast, began to talk to him. "Monsieur has not much appetite," said she.

He was abstracted, and carried on a conversation for some moments without thinking of its strangeness. But suddenly he exclaimed, "You are not deaf, then?"

Pressing her hands desperately over her ears, as if it were somehow possible to remedy the irreparable blunder, the old woman cried at the top of her voice, "Oh, yes, I *am!* I *am!* I am deaf! I am deaf!"

From this point to the crisis of the story, the discovery of the faïence violin, Dalègre and Gardilanne are as ill at ease in each other's company as two galley-slaves dragging the same chain and meditating different methods of escape. They come, upon the last day of their rounds, to an old shed full of second-hand goods, on the quay. To Dalègre's astonishment, Gardilanne, after a little inspection of the interior, appears to be impressed with a bulky wardrobe about which there is absolutely nothing of interest, and begins to drive a bargain for it.

"It is worth a good fifty francs, if it is worth a sou," said the proprietor.

"Come, now, you are chaffing. I will give you forty," said Gardilanne.

"Why, I can get you a car-load of them for half the money," expostulated Dalègre aside.

After further jockeying, Gardilanne promises to think about it. They leave the shop. But no sooner are they again at Dalègre's door than Gardilanne claps his hat desperately upon his head, turns about, and takes to his heels, leaving his

amazed and rotund host completely in the lurch. Returning to the dealer, he renews the bargaining for the wardrobe. Amid the rubbish in the interior, the artful collector has discerned the marvelous violin. It sang to him like a rare bird from an ignoble thicket. Dissembling his ecstatic feelings, he affects to make light of it as a petty children's toy.

"Nothing of the kind," said the dealer; "that violin is worth six francs, I can tell you."

Gardilanne thought he should be seized with vertigo. He was obliged to sit down. Six francs for a treasure worth six thousand at least! These are the shocks that shorten the collector's existence. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he managed to say, with a tremulous effort at self-control. "Throw in that crockery trifle, and I will give you forty francs for your wardrobe. I have a small nephew to whom I suppose I might make it a present."

The dealer consented, with an appearance of grumbling. Gardilanne departed, with his treasure under his arm. "But you have not told me where to send the wardrobe!" called out the man, as he was disappearing.

"To the bottom of the river!" he muttered, hurrying on.

Who can picture the condition of Dalègre when the marvelous violin, thus carried off from under his very nose, was shown to him? A mist swam before his eyes; he could hardly see it. And the triumphal entry of Gardilanne into Paris! He was prouder than a conquering general returning from his wars.

Time did not abate the chagrin of Dalègre, but rather increased it. He felt at last that he could not live without the inestimable treasure. At night he dreamed of a St. Cecilia drawing tones from it clearer and sweeter than those of crystal. He went to Paris to throw himself upon the mercy of Gardilanne. If he did not have it, he should die. Arrived there, he found his friend as full as ever of enthusiasm. He was assured that Paris lived but for faïence. His heart failed him, and he dared not prefer his preposterous request. He was taken to the club, and heard porcelain unsparingly denounced. He was introduced to this one, who collected only revolutionary pottery; another, pieces with *fleur-de-lis;* another, pieces with game-cocks, of which he had already more than seventeen thousand; another, whose hobby was shapes of fruits and vegetables. He saw a thimble of Henri Deux ware which had cost six hundred and twenty thousand francs, and Madame Dubarry's faïence phaeton. He passed through a museum of faïence lions, tigers, and dragons, but Orpheus-like he clutched the memory of the faïence violin to his breast, and passed their yawning jaws in safety.

He resolved to return to his home and write what he dared not speak. His pathetic letter enhanced the charms of the faïence violin amazingly, as the fame of a willful beauty is increased for whom despairing suitors have blown their heads off.

It was read by its proud recipient to the faïence club in full council.

Still Gardilanne relented to the extent of agreeing to leave it to him in his will. Thenceforward, reproach himself as he would, Dalègre lived only in the hope of the testator's death. He prepared the place the violin should occupy upon the wall, and looked forward with unceasing desire to the time when he should rapturously fix it there. Meanwhile, it was securing a European reputation. A Dutch *savant*, with the sublime effrontery of his râce, published a memoir claiming it as of the manufacture of Delft. Then did every member of the faïence club sink his private theory and unite in a common rebuke of the audacious Hollander. Before all, the honor of France must be protected.

Gardilanne died, and the violin passed into the possession of Dalègre. The emotions of this poor man seemed to have been tried to the limit of endurance. But they were to be racked still further. While making his elaborate preparations for suspending the violin in his cabinet, the fancy took him to play an air upon it. He tightened the screws to secure

the proper pitch. More. A faïence violin is not made to stand the pressure of ninety pounds, which the strings at their full tension exert. It flew into twenty pieces. For a moment the unhappy man was mute. Then he rushed in fury upon the rest of his museum. His servant endeavored to stop him; he hurled her against a cabinet of specimens, which crashed down and added to the ruin. The passers-by rushed in; the fire department followed; under their feet the remains of the collection were ground to powder. Dalègre was stark mad. A friend of his gave utterance in a *café* to a witticism, which must be rendered in its own tongue: "Dalègre has fallen into *defaïence*."

The author, however, is a merciful person, who by no means desires to lay himself open to the attention of the proposed society for the protection of readers. He does not leave us with the clamor of this complete catastrophe ringing in our ears. A supplementary paragraph explains that Dalègre had a benevolent aunt and pretty cousin in the place, who took care of him in his sickness. He had brain fever for a month, during which he dreamed that the world was inhabited entirely by faïence people, who were very polished and brilliant, it is true, but declined to have any intercourse with each other for fear of spoiling their enamel. He awoke entirely recovered from his delusion. After a proper interval, he espoused the pretty cousin, who took care never to allow him to relapse into it again.

Such is the vivid account — which the unique character and rarity of the volume may be an apology for having paraphrased at some length — furnished by a competent witness of the possible vagaries of the passion for pottery. Few of us would be prepared from any personal experience to guarantee it. Its substantial correctness must rest for the most part upon the reputation for accuracy of the author. The rage is not easily understood by reasonable people. The taste itself is less difficult of comprehension. It is, with those who possess it, a sort of instinct. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, indignant at Richardson, for some slighting reference to it, and casting about for an argument in refutation of him, in one of her sprightly letters, could find nothing better than that it was enjoyed by a prominent person in the social world at that time. "I cannot forgive him [Richardson]," she says, "his disrespect of old china, which is below nobody's taste, since it has been the Duke of Argyll's, whose understanding has never been doubted either by his friends or his enemies."

But if other reasons were needed than the smooth and flowing forms, which have properties in common with the liquids they are for the most part made to contain, the outlines of flower and leaf and curling waves and beautiful women, the cream and pearl-tinted enamels, the dainty patches of color, — pink of seashells, blue of the sea and of lapis-lazuli and turquoise, the ruby reds and opaline iridescence, — doubtless they could be found. One is the apparent capability for use of even the most elaborate specimens. It gives them an air of honest worth lacking in the gingerbread articles which are solely objects of ornament. Another is the odd marks, the anchors, arrows, crosses, and monograms, upon the pieces, which show the personal interest taken in them by their makers, like that of painters in their pictures. The great age of that art of which they are the product is again an attraction. There are specimens extant three thousand years old, as bright in color as the day they were made. The potter's wheel is one of the oldest of human mechanisms; after centuries of progress towards patent side-draught and stem-winding improvements, frescoes of four thousand years ago in the catacombs of Thebes show it to have undergone no change.

More potent than all the rest is perhaps some subtle influence emanating from the trial by fire. Whatever has bravely undergone tribulation diffuses an involuntary air of respect for itself about it. Yonder pretty vase, of the thickness of an egg-shell, has withstood a heat of 4717 degrees. It was not

shriveled like a leaf at the first breath of the hot blast, but endured its whole fury for days, and came forth glorious at last, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, from the fiery furnace. Henceforth the ruggedest stone and the hardest metal will corrode while it blooms unchanged in its coquettish beauty. As if all possible calamities were concentrated in that one furious trial, which having passed nothing else could harm it, it has entered upon an immortal existence.

W. H. Bishop.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

I.

The Printing-Press.

In boyhood's days we read with keen delight
How young Aladdin rubbed his lamp and raised
The towering Djin whose form his soul amazed,
Yet who was pledged to serve him day and night.
But Gutenberg evoked a giant sprite
Of vaster power, when Europe stood and gazed
To see him rub his types with ink. Then blazed
Across the lands a glorious shape of light
Who stripped the cowl from priests, the crown from kings,
And hand in hand with Faith and Science wrought
To free the struggling spirits' limèd wings,
And guard the ancestral throne of sovereign Thought.
The world was dumb. Then first it found its tongue,
And spake, — and heaven and earth in answer rung.

II.

The Ocean Steamer.

With streaming pennons, scorning sail and oar,
With steady tramp and swift revolving wheel,
And even pulse from throbbing heart of steel,
She plies her arrowy course from shore to shore.
In vain the siren calms her steps allure;
In vain the billows thunder on her keel.
Her giant form may toss and rock and reel
And shiver in the wintry tempests' roar;
The calms and storms alike her pride may spurn;
True as a clock she keeps her appointed time.
Long leagues of ocean vanish at her stern;
She drinks the air, and tastes another clime,
Where crowds incurious hear her signal gun,
Careless as idlers greet the rising sun.

III.

The Locomotive.

Whirling along its living freight it came,
  Hot, panting, fierce, yet docile to command, —
  The roaring monster, blazing through the land
Athwart the night, with crest of smoke and flame, —
Like those weird bulls Medea learned to tame
  By sorcery, yoked to plow the Colchian strand
  In forced obedience unto Jason's hand.
Yet modern skill outstripped this antique fame,
When o'er our plains and through the rocky bar
Of hills it pushed its ever-lengthening line
Of iron roads, — with gain far more divine
Than when the daring Argonauts from far
Came for the golden fleece, which like a star
Hung clouded in the dragon-guarded shrine.

IV.

The Telegraph and Telephone.

Fleeter than time, across the continent,
  Through unsunned ocean depths, from beach to beach,
  Around the rolling globe Thought's couriers reach.
The new-tuned earth, like some vast instrument,
Tingles from zone to zone; for Art has lent
  New nerves, new pulse, new motion — all to each
  And each to all in swift electric speech
Bound by a force unwearied and unspent.
Now lone Katahdin talks with Caucasus,
The Arctic ice-fields with the sultry south;
The sun-bathed palm thrills to the pine-tree's call.
We for all realms were made, and they for us.
For all there is a soul, an ear, a mouth;
And Time and Space are nought. The Mind is all.

V.

The Photograph.

Phœbus Apollo, from Olympus driven,
  Lived with Admetus, tending herds and flocks;
  And strolling o'er the pastures and the rocks,
He found his life much duller than in Heaven.
For he had left his bow, his songs, his lyre,
  His divinations and his healing skill,
  And as a serf obeyed his master's will
One day a new thought waked an old desire.

He took to painting, with his colors seven,
The sheep, the cows, the faces of the swains, —
All shapes and hues in forests and on plains.
These old sun-pictures all are lost, or given
Away among the gods. Man owns but half
The sun-god's secret — in the Photograph.

VI.

The Spectroscope.

All honor to that keen Promethean soul
  Who caught the prismic hues of Jove and Mars;
  And from the glances of the dædal stars,
And from the fiery sun, the secret stole
That all are parts of one primeval whole, —
  One substance beaming through creation's bars
  Consent and peace amid the chemic wars
Of gases and of atoms. Yonder roll
The planets; yonder, baffling human thought,
Suns, systems, all whose burning hearts are wooed
To one confession — so hath Science caught
Those eye-beams frank whose speech cannot delude —
How of one stuff our mortal earth is wrought
With stars in their divine infinitude.

VII.

The Microphone.

The small enlarged, the distant nearer brought
  To sight, made marvels in a denser age.
  But science turns with every year a page
In the enchanted volume of her thought.
The wizard's wand no longer now is sought.
  Yet with a cunning toy the Archimage
  May hear from Rome Vesuvius' thunders rage,[1]
And earthquake mutterings underground are caught,
Alike with trivial sounds. Would there might rise
Some spiritual seer, some prophet wise,
Whose vision would be light to avert the woes
Born of conflicting forces in the state;
Some listener to the deep volcanic throes
Below the surface, — ere we cry, "Too late!"

C. P. Cranch.

[1] A letter from Europe in the Boston Daily Advertiser says: "Cavalier de Rossi went to Naples this autumn, to compare with the records at Vesuvius the results he had obtained during the summer in his seismic observatory at Rocca di Papa, where, with his own especial microphone, he could hear the agitation produced by the interior forces of the earth during the eruption of Vesuvius. De Rossi also visited the Solfatara at Pozzuoli, and by his microphone the internal labor of the volcano was heard in such a surprising manner and with such noise that every one present during the examination was startled."

GEORGE'S LITTLE GIRL.

I.

George Ball was the handy man of Dicksonville. We always thought that if he had been at home we should not have burned up, or down, as we did, on a certain fatal July night, long remembered and still quoted.

For George had gone to Boston, an unexpected, unusual event to him and to us, who all knew his poverty, for although he had worked hard all his life he had not made any money. We had no gold mines in Dicksonville, and the granite rocks scarcely yielded that poor article which was called up there a living. The climate was of that early New England quality which one of the sufferers from it described as "nine months of winter, and the rest of the year pretty cold." He used a stronger word, perhaps, in the place of "pretty," but the principle remains the same. We had excellent diamonds in the way of wit, mines of gold and silver in the virtues of the people; we had all the somewhat cold and forbidding puritan integrity. "You can't catch anybody in this town a-bein' dishonest," remarked Deacon Gregory. But alas! was not that because nobody was smart enough to catch them? George, on receiving a present from Mr. Osgood ("Colonel" Osgood we called him, though why this title we never could find out) of ten dollars over and above his wages for digging a very superior well, determined on the first, greatest, last indulgence of a self-denying life. He would go to Boston, that Mecca of the New England Mohammedan; that holy of holies; that home of the mysteries; that Valhalla; that favored spot of earth where the learning of the East is garnered up; that Alexandrine library which has not been burned; that home of banks, capital, and insurance companies, where all the money goes, where the boy shall be sent to be educated, the girl to be finished, if enough can be pinched, squeezed, extracted, bled, out of the poorest farm in coldest Northern New England. George determined to see Boston.

The journey then from Dicksonville to Boston was not by uninterrupted railroad; there were episodes of connecting stage-coach in it which were not hailed with that enthusiasm by the travelers which now haloes the trips of the "tally-ho." No, the nearness to stage-coaching in a rustic neighborhood, an acquaintance with a dirty old unwashed vehicle; certain not too-thoroughbred horses; the bandboxes and bundles of local Mrs. Gamps; the buffalo-robes, imperfectly "cured," perhaps, at first, and long the recipients of stale tobacco smoke and ammoniacal stable odors, not to speak of the familiar contact with an active and an industrious peasantry, who had not Mohammedan ideas of baths, whatever they might have thought of Mecca, — all these surroundings, the cold, the jolting, the C springs (more conducive to sea-sickness than anything which "ocean, that mighty monster," could turn up), had given the stage-coach an unpleasant reputation to at least that class of personages in Dicksonville who had the undesirable notoriety of being fastidious in their requirements. But to George and his congeners this diversion of the stage-coach was eminently pleasing: that veteran of the road, Bill Webster, drove from Dicksonville to the cars, and that greater but less successful man, Ira Sprague, drove occasionally, and occasionally acted as ticket-taker and "conductor aboard of the cars" on one of the lesser interregnums between Cranberry Centre and Shakertown, where the rails again relapsed into ruts, and the coach laboriously dragged onward those unfortunates whom steam had dropped.

As for the cars, George distrusted them; they looked like "the caravan" to him; an idea of wild beasts was re-

motely conveyed to his mind by that straight and boxed-up effect. In such a sort of thing lions and tigers were now and then brought to Dicksonville. Still, it was a dash into the unknown, and George, the most thorough Yankee who ever used his nose as the medium of speech, was not disposed to turn his back upon steam and progress. It was therefore with some natural elevation of manner that he mentioned to Jemima, his wife, —

"Well! I guess I've been up and bought me some tickets, and I'll go aboard of them cars at Cranberry Centre day after to-morrow, and then, if them tickets holds good and I ain't been cheated, I'll git to Boston Thursday night, sure as you 're alive, Jemimy."

Jemima was very much alive: she sat up all night to finish off a pair of stockings which she was knitting for George; she scrubbed his best coat until it shone. She was a good creature, and dearly loved her lord. It seemed entirely natural and proper that he, the superior animal, should go off pleasuring and leave her behind; she only regretted that their joint savings had not got them around to a better pair of boots for him to wear through the glittering splendors of Boston streets, of which they both thought as the French peasant dreamed of Carcassonne.

The boots did trouble George; but with that heroism of poverty, that sublime sympathy, that best and loveliest courage in all the world, which is to be found only between two poor, humble souls who have tasted nothing but life's crusts, he hid his own shame, as he saw that it troubled his wife, and took on a jocular tone, which quite reassured her.

"Ho! you git out, Jemimy; you are a-gittin' proud. I expect Boston mud is considerable like mud ennywheres else, and if I 'm a-goin' to Boston, I 'm a-goin' to see things, — Bunker Hill Monniment, the State House, and the shippin'. I never see a ship yet, nor the Atlantic Ocean neither, and I 'm a-goin' to plow round, I tell you, Jemimy. Now do you s'pose I should wear a pair of new boots to do all that in? I should have to put 'em in a trunk to travel with, and then leave 'em to Ezra 's whilst I was there; don't you see, Jemimy? Besides, when I 've greased up a little" —

He was going on with his noble falsehood, when a little cry from the next room stopped him. This was the cry of his baby daughter, the thing which he and Jemima worshiped most, and a pang shot through his heart at the thought of leaving her for even a few days. He went into the next room and got her, and brought her into the kitchen, where Jemima sat sewing.

She was beautiful, this humble baby, — beautiful with sleep's disarrangement of brown curls, with sleep's dewy moisture in her great brown eyes, and that last touch of rose on lip and cheek which the fairy godmother gives to princess and peasant alike, when they travel under her enchantment through her own serene land of sleep. Her hands were buried in George's great red beard, as they met in their clasp round his neck; her cheek was pressed up against his; a pair of rosy legs and feet, as rounded and as fair as those of Raphael's immortal infant, hung over George's bare, hairy, muscular arm; and her little white nightgown revealed the chubby outlines of a sweet baby figure.

"I declare, I 'most hate to leave her," said the proud owner of the tickets.

"Oh, law," said Jemima, whose turn it now was to be heroic, "ain't you 'most a fool, George, about that child! As if I could n't take care of her alone for a week or two! For if Ezra's folks want ye to stay, you can stay jest as well as not. Mis' Rutland, she 's been very kind. She says I may do the house-cleanin' and carpets this year, and she 's gin me all the clothes of her baby that died; and I can go and take Mimie, and stay there all day, she says, whilst you 're gone, and leave the baby with Roxy whilst I 'm cleanin'; and you need n't trouble about us, because she 'll pay me well. Now you jest go and have a good time and enjoy yourself, — Lord knows you 've worked hard enough for it. And I *should* like a picter of Bunker Hill Monniment, I ain't a-goin' to deny it."

"Mis' Rutland is one of the folks that the Lord made," said George, with a sincere piety. He believed in her as a Catholic would have done in his patron saint. "Riches ain't spoiled her, no way; no, nor trouble don't harden her heart, though I expect she takes that 'ere death very hard, don't she?"

"Yes," said Jemima, wiping her eyes on her apron. "Mr. Rutland, he found her shet up in the room with the little corpse, and he says, 'Gertrude,' says he, 'this ain't Christian-like; this is rebellin' against the Lord.' And she says, 'Richard, jest let me hold his little feet in my hand onc't more, as I always did; you know a mother loves her child's little feet and her child's flesh. I'll give him up in a minnit.' And he could n't say a word, but jest stayed and cried, too. And I guess that was jest what he ought to have done; and my opinion is she 's jest as good and a great sight better than he is, if he is so stiff and religious-like."

"Oh, Jemimy," said George, "don't say such a word. I've been a-fishin' with Richard Rutland, and I've camped out with him many 's the time. We 've trained together in the Dicksonville Fusileers, and till he went off to get his eddication we 've played ball together and gone a-shootin'. I know him, man and boy, these twenty years. He 's a man every inch of him. He 's got melancholy and pious lately, and he ain't so pleasant since he got religion; it don't seem to me to be the right kind, no how, since it don't give him no comfort, and he 's always a-judgin' other folks now, which he did n't used to do; but he 's all right and you 'll believe it."

"He ain't nigh so good a Christian as his wife," said Jemima, with wifely pertinacity.

"Well, I swan to man, I should like to know who is! When she come here, just as handsome as a painted picter and straight as a popple-tree, and walked to church with him, folks said she was proud and gay, and warn't a-goin' to make him a good wife, but I should like to jest know what they think now!"

The next morning George had to finish up some odd jobs on Mr. Rutland's fine place, for he was one of those Yankees of faculty who turned his hand to leaky roofs, unaccountable chimneys that would smoke, wash-tubs that insisted on ungearing themselves, carriages that disintegrated in unexpected places. He could not settle down to any trade; he was too restless and too versatile. He loved the woods and streams, like a wild Indian, and had he been born in England would have been a poacher or a gamekeeper; but in New England he was the Jack-at-all-trades which one finds in nearly every rural neighborhood. His good heart and a certain natural dignity and honesty had barely kept him from being a failure.

"Well, George," said Mr. Rutland, "how about that kitchen chimney?"

"Well, sir, I 've pieced it up a few; I guess it 'll last a spell. I 'm a-goin' to Boston to-morrow; it 'll hold on till I come back."

"Oh, you are going to Boston, are you?"

"Yes. Ezra, he keeps a liquor store down in Hanover Street, and is pretty forehanded, I expect; so I am a-going down to visit him. You remember Ezra, don't you?"

"Oh, yes; he caught the largest trout I ever saw. Well, George, here 's a little money on account to help you to enjoy Boston. Better not taste any of Ezra's wares!"

"No, sir; thank ye, sir," looking at the clean ten-dollar bill which Mr. Rutland had put into his hand. George began to think the sky was raining money. "You don't owe me nothin'."

"But I shall some day; come and work it out, George," and Mr. Rutland walked away in a melancholy manner, followed by George's sincere pity.

The journey to Boston was a series of delightful and unexpected surprises and adventures. Ira Sprague proved to be all he had hoped for, and more. He was "forbidden fruit," was Ira Sprague, — a gambler, and a generous one; a fascinator of both sexes, and equally dangerous to both. Far and wide had his fame spread, through Dicksonville and Cran-

berry Centre, and George listened to him as he talked and handled the ribbons with a graceful dash. What a large, dissipated, gay, delightful place the world was, to be sure! And when George sat down to a greasy dinner at Cranberry Centre, and a young lady asked him in one breath if he would have "roast pork, corned beef, codfish, boiled mutton," and later on presented him with the varied choice of "mince pie, apple dumpling, custard pudding," in the same dulcet tone, accompanied with a shake of her black ringlets, Brillat-Savarin dining with the Rothschild of Paris was not more satisfied, gastronomically, than George was.

Ezra met him at the depot, and piloted him through the mazes of Boston highways and by-ways. The splendors and immorality of Ezra's large drinking saloon, whose walls were ornamented with a picture of a lady insufficiently clad as to skirts, George thought, and who stood on one foot while the other was extended in air; and another of a gentleman who was even less sufficiently supplied with shirts, and who was engaged in breaking another gentleman's nose, struck George's untrained senses unpleasantly. He did not find Ezra improved, either, although he had store clothes on, and was kind and hospitable. When Ezra took him into the back shop and introduced him to a very showy lady as his wife, George did not feel at his ease with her, either. She was not so neat as Jemima, nor so pretty, although she had on a silk dress, finer by far than anything Jemima had ever owned. Altogether, he was conscious of himself, poor fellow, for the first time in his life, and the antiquated cut of his Sunday coat, his bell-crowned beaver, and, above all, his dilapidated boots all came home to him in a miserable and degrading sense of unfitness. He was ashamed to be ashamed, too, which is the worst of all the forms of shame, — at least the most painful. For an hour or two he wished himself back in Dicksonville, and thought of the morrow with dread rather than pleasure. It seemed to him that every eye in crowded Boston would be upon him, and every mouth would express contempt for his outlandish appearance. But the good night's sleep, a very robust breakfast, and Ezra's real good nature brought back George's natural dignity, and he sauntered forth to see the "shippin'," gradually much comforted that nobody looked at him. All the men he met were hurrying along, looking on the ground or straight before them. He wondered what Boston folks were so anxious about, and where all the rich ones were, who had nothing to do but to amuse themselves. Down on the wharf he was spoken to by some saucy boys, who alluded to his hat, but he found it did n't hurt much, and one group of sailors looked at him admiringly, for he was tall and strongly built, and asked him if he did n't want to ship for a voyage. The immense picture of the ocean and commerce and a great, busy town finally did for him all that he had dreamed, and when, late in the afternoon, Ezra took him up to see the State House and the Common and the Hancock House, which was then standing, and ought to be standing now, the poor country fellow thought that he had indeed tasted of the joys of travel.

"Well, I swan!" said he. "I jest wish Jemima was here!"

It was another and more sincere way of saying,

> "But one thing lacks these banks of Rhine,
> Thy gentle hand to hold in mine."

He got home very hungry to a supper-dinner, which included amongst its multitudinous blessings a chowder, of which George's taste approved.

"Well," said he, "that 's as good a meal of vittles as ever I eat in my life," and he began to like his sister-in-law better.

The next week was a dream of delights. Ezra found means to introduce a better pair of boots and a more modern hat without hurting the feelings of his brother, and took him to the theatre and to the circus, and to see the original of the dancing lady on the wall. She did not please him at all; he liked a tragedy, exceedingly, but best of all he liked to go and hear music.

Ezra knew a great many musicians. They came to refresh themselves at his counter frequently, for Polyhymnia is a thirsty muse. These disciples of hers left tickets behind them, which George was at liberty to use. So the poor, uneducated countryman, having a taste for high enjoyment hidden in his rough organization of which he had no suspicion, realized a sort of blind, undiscriminating rapture when he heard, for the first time, a great oratorio, and, without knowing at all what he was about, applauded in the right places, and knew as well how to be pleased as if he had actually been born in Boston. No one could suspect George of affectation, or a desire to appear to love music when he did not. No, that last infirmity of feeble minds; that most ponderous, useless insincerity; that farce which amuses nobody, least of all the actor in it; that ruse which deceives nobody, a pretended enthusiasm for music, was not one of George's temptations.

It was after a week of varied and delightful excitements, that had widened the views of the useful inhabitant of Dicksonville, that Ira Sprague sought him out in the deep recesses of the gallery of the Tremont Temple, where he sat listening gravely and happily to the strains of the oratorio of Moses.

A splendid female voice was rendering one of the solos with intense expression and feeling.

Ira Sprague had become a great friend to George. Ezra's saloon was one of Ira's haunts, and there, after a day's fatigues, the cool gambler still found nerve and taste for a few games, which George watched when not too sleepy, but never joined in.

Perhaps it was not principle, perhaps it was only stupidity, or lack of money, which kept George from this tremendous temptation and excitement. He did not care for cards, except that he liked to have his fortune told, and had always believed that the old woman who predicted that he was to marry Jemima was a sorceress. He knew how to play fox and geese, with corn or beans on a board which he had made himself, but cards were beyond or above him, or beneath him, as the case might be; and to Ira's honor be it said, he would have starved before he would have plucked the clean ten-dollar bill from George's pocket, where it rested (thanks to Ezra's generosity) until part of it was spent for a "harnsome caliker" for Jemima, and a bonnet which looked like Hanover Street, perhaps, more than it did like Beacon Street.

Still, if every dress that Worth sends out folds half the affectionate good-will within its gorgeous draperies that lay done up in that red and yellow "caliker;" if any Parisian bonnet surrounds a face as honest and beaming as Jemima's was —

But here comes George's tragedy. Perhaps he had taken in his modicum of happiness; the intensity of the flavor had been so great that it made up for its brevity.

But it went to Ira's sympathetic gambler-heart to see him sitting there, mouth wide open, eyes starting from his head, and his hands, which were three times as large as Ira's, grasping his knees, his whole frame instinct with enjoyment as the singer threw out her bird-like notes and trills.

When the song was finished, George turned and saw Ira sitting beside him.

He was George's telegraph, his post-office, his medium. Driving every day from Cranberry Centre to the railroad, and coming thence to Boston, he brought the Dicksonville news through in a day.

Life was simpler; it did not take so many men to manage a railroad then as it has done since, — a fact which the directors remember now with a sense of unappreciated blessings. There was no sensitive wire then, as now, which flashed more bad news than it did good, and performed the doubtful service of letting us know several hours earlier than we wished the evil tidings which proverbially travel fast.

"Well, what's the news?" asked George.

"Well, I dunno; guess there ain't much," said Ira, who had a part to play.

"Ira, you ain't a-lookin' well," said George, struck with the pallor which spread over Ira's thin, well-cut face. "This 'ere a-playin' and a-drinkin' all night, and a-drivin' all day, ain't no life that 's a-goin' to last a man. Neow you're too good a feller to throw yourself away; why can't you come up to Dicksonville and farm it awhile, Ira, and kinder rest and git some flesh onto yer bones? You 've got good bones in you," said George, looking at Ira's thin, delicate chest, and striving to pay him some physical compliment which should not be too transparently false, "but you 're a-killin' of yourself, now, ain't you, Ira?"

"I dunno," said Ira. "I've been a pretty bad lot ever since I was a shaver. I guess there ain't much wuth savin' in me, no how."

"That ain't no way to talk," said George.

"My mother died, my father licked me, and my step-mother starved me. The girl I liked, she went off with another man, and I ain't got very good health," said Ira, who had become wonderfully communicative about himself. "So if I like to play cards and get drunk I dunno as it 's anybody's business."

"Well, neow, Ira, git married and settle down, and I tell you you 'll feel different. Git some good girl like Jemimy. Why, if it warn't for that Bunker Hill cellebration, I 'd ha' been home yisterday, I tell you. Ezra, he kinder wants me tu stay over, but I want to see Jemimy and the baby that bad" —

"George," said Ira, hurriedly, "if you 'll go home and go to bed, and git a good night's sleep, I will, too. I won't play to-night, and perhaps I shall feel better to-morrer."

"Well, I will," said George, delighted at the effect of his advice.

The next morning at daylight Ira called George, and sat down on the bed by his side.

"George," said he, "I guess you 'd better git up and go home along of me, to-day."

"Why?"

"Well, there 's bad news to Dicksonville, — half of it burned up night afore last, and Mr. Rutland, I expect he got some bruised. Mis' Rutland, she sent down a line to the agent to have you come up as soon as you could."

"Why did n't you tell me last night?"

"Because I thought you might as well have a night's sleep. Come along," and Ira went off to his tickets.

In vain did George ask for particulars of the fire from all he met. He remembered afterward how everybody shunned him, and how queer it all was.

Not until Ira got him on top of the stage on that wild part of the road where you first see the mountain top, — that mountain which is the pride, the beauty, of Dicksonville; so gray in winter, so blue in summer (with such a royal purple at sunset and when you were in love!); that mountain, the confidant of all your moods from childhood onward to old age; that sympathetic, secret-keeping mountain, — not till Ira saw the mountain did he feel inspired to speak and to tell his dreadful news.

"George, old man," said he, "I 've got suthin bad to tell you."

"I knew it," said George, beginning to shake, "I 've felt it all day," and he grasped the iron rail of the stage, as if to keep from falling. "Out with it, Ira," said he, in a minute. "I can't bear this, no how. Mr. Rutland — he 's dead — or the baby — No, no! the baby warn't burnt up" — And at this thought the poor fellow threw his arms wildly in the air.

"No," said Ira. "I guess I 'll slacken up these 'ere horses a piece as we 're a-goin' uphill, and you can git down and walk a spell through the timber here. I 'll stop for you to Sparhawks' tavern, if you ain't there, five minutes, when I drive up. George, wus 'n that. Jemimy — George — hold up!"

Ira put one of his thin but wiry arms around George's great surging frame, while he held his four horses with the other hand. Card playing, midnight orgies, days' works through summer's heat and winter's cold, had not destroyed the strength of his arm or the native goodness of his heart; some honest fibre remained in both.

There was no one to witness this scene, but the blue sky was above them and the great mountain was before them. Had they had witnesses, these two descendants of the Puritans might have suffered all the tortures of the rack before either would have betrayed such sentiments as sympathy or tenderness. As it was, even the great mountain, respecting their reticence, drew a veil of cloud over his stern face, and left them alone with Heaven.

"Jemimy got frightened in the fire, and jumped from a third-story winder. Mr. Rutland went up on a ladder and saved the baby. She is all right, but Jemimy 's dead, poor girl, and Mr. Rutland 's pretty badly burned. Now, George, be a man!"

The two or three passengers in the stage saw George get off to walk, as they reached the foot of a steep ascent, and noticed that when he got on, an hour later, he looked old and shrunken.

Ira threw his reins and ticket-box to Bill Webster, and quietly assuming charge of George, as if he had been a child, brought home the poor stricken fellow from his pleasure trip to Boston to his desolate existence.

We who saw that fire at Dicksonville never forgot Mr. Rutland's conduct during the night which held for all of us losses and sorrows, but for George so bitter a tragedy.

The town was built along a broad street, — all the business part and the poorer dwellings crowded together, with the culpable carelessness of American villages. Built of wood, a dry season and a match, a favorable wind and the sound sleep of quiet, hard-working people were all that was needed; a conflagration was certain. When we saw how the flame darted out of Mr. Brown's tavern roof, caught on Smith's saddler's shop, leaped to Mr. Pierson's ambitious bookstore, and enveloped the only tenement house of the village, in which poor Jemima was sleeping off the fatigue of honest toil, we paused, and wondered why we had not burned up every night of our lives. Loud on the drowsy ear of the sleepers rang a clarion voice, and clearer still the high soprano of a woman, and Mr. and Mrs. Rutland, who saw the flame first from their high position on the hill, came down to help us, armed with presence of mind, educated intelligence, the courage which springs from training as well as that which springs from instinct. Out of the houses rushed the sleepy, half-dressed, frightened people; some went mad with terror; some threw the proverbial looking-glass out of the window; others brought down the equally tiresome feather-bed; a few cool heads organized a line of women to pass water buckets; and a few men got out the one insufficient hose of the village. "Where 's George Ball? Why ain't he here? He can manage this 'ere thing," said a hundred incompetent voices, as they tried and failed to bring a stream of water to bear on the Niagara of flame, which began to fall as it had risen, and defied in either case the feeble interposition of man.

However, Mr. Rutland, who had set the bells ringing and had wakened the people, soon got command. He seemed to be a dozen men. He was a natural leader. Finding himself at the head of an army that night, for the first time in his life, the quiet country gentleman, the religious zealot, the melancholy abstractionist, became a hero. He trod burning rafters with impunity; he directed a body of men to go into an atmosphere of fire and smoke, and they obeyed him as if they were his slaves; whatever order he gave, it was instantly carried out; he brought fainting women and half-crazed men from houses which were tumbling about their heads. Himself blackened, covered with smoke and water, he still stood forth against the flames, a tall, fine, heroic figure, one which we who saw can never forget, because, perhaps, he had entirely forgotten himself.

His wife meantime was keeping order and sway over the half-distracted band of women, sometimes passing the buckets of water. She kept her eyes on the progress of the flames, and in her clear, beautiful voice, so silvery and so distinct that it rose above the bells and

the din of the crashing timbers, told of a new danger, or of some point which should be defended.

One cannot measure time during a fire; it annihilates that, as well as everything else. Therefore it is impossible to say how long a time had elapsed before she was heard to cry out, —

"Richard! Richard! George's family! Where — where is poor Jemima?"

At that moment, looking up toward the third story of the tenement house, which we all supposed was entirely emptied of its inhabitants, we saw a white figure at the window.

The whole of the lower story was on fire; the miserable one staircase which had sufficed for the four or five families was a long stream of flame; the smoke rose in terrific gusts and clouds. A loud shriek was heard, and before she could be warned or saved poor Jemima, probably half asleep, or crazed with terror, had thrown herself from the window, and lay on the ground, in her long white nightgown, quite dead.

This catastrophe had drawn the husband and wife together. They stood a moment, looking at the dead woman and at each other.

"The baby!" gasped Mrs. Rutland.

"Yes," said Richard Rutland. "Men, those ladders!"

"No, sir, — no, no! No, it is certain death!" replied a dozen voices.

"The ladders," said Rutland quietly, but with a force which was as irresistible as death itself.

A dozen men sprang to the front and brought the ladders; they were scarcely long enough, but two heroes came out of the ranks, two young men, who demanded the right to share the danger with Mr. Rutland.

One was the village dandy, the man who wore long hair and played the guitar; the other was the young minister, who was supposed by Deacon Gregory to be a milksop. Nature hides her heroes in strange places. Mr. Rutland accepted their offer by placing a hand on the shoulder of each.

Up they went, a man at a time, over the shaky ladders, — Edmund Ely, the dandy, as we called him in derision, last. When he had reached the second story we saw him make a cat-like jump, and, catching on a window-sill, swing himself in, and then disappear in the burning house. Mr. Rutland had reached the last rung of the ladder, and yet was far from the window out of which poor Jemima had thrown herself.

Then we saw Mr. Ford, the young clergyman, stretch two long arms out and clasp the narrow window-sills above him on either side. We did not understand this manœuvre until we saw Mr. Rutland gradually rising, and we found that he was being raised on the shoulders of the muscular Christian, who was prolonging the ladder with his own body.

This act of extraordinary strength and presence of mind raised a shout in the crowd, and as Mr. Rutland disappeared in the burning house, Jim Slocum, our favorite horror, wit, and infidel, remarked, —

"Well, that 'ere action is a-convertin' me to the Christian religion considerable more than many of his sermons does."

At this moment Edmund Ely appeared at the window into which he had jumped. "Another ladder here, men!" said he. "Mr. Rutland can't go down as he came."

It was there instantly, as Mr. Rutland came staggering through the now blinding smoke with something done up in a blanket.

He was two stories from the ground, and as he stood there we saw that he fumbled blindly with one hand; yet with Ely's assistance he got one foot out of the window and on the rung of the ladder. At that moment a great tongue of flame started up and seemed to twine around Ely like a snake, but he stood holding the ladder while Mr. Rutland descended; half-way down Mr. Rutland reeled; and would have fallen, but Mr. Ford, on the parallel ladder, again extended a long arm and saved him. Before he reached the ground a dozen arms were ready to catch him and the unconscious child, who had slept through the whole affair; nor did she know until she

was a woman what she had cost three brave men.

Mr. Rutland sank into the arms of his wife, exhausted and badly burned.

The dandy Edmund Ely was quite scorched; his beauty and dandyism were all burned away, but Sarah Crosby, whom he had been courting unsuccessfully for years, ran forward and embraced him, smoke and all, and married him as soon as he could stand up, after his wounds were healed.

Mr. Ford had undoubtedly scarred his white hands for life, and had lamed his shoulders, but he had preached a most eloquent discourse, which moved the hearts of the largest and most attentive audience he had ever had. One great act of humanity and personal courage gave him a hold on many beside Jim Slocum.

II.

"We have a great duty to perform, George," said Mrs. Rutland, as he stood at the door, twirling his hat, after the funeral of poor Jemima.

"Thank God for that!" said George. "You 'll let me wait on him?"

"Yes, George. I could not trust anybody else," said she, simply, but laying a soothing balm on the poor bleeding heart as she did so.

It was this woman's mission to do the gentle, the kind, the tender, the thoughtful thing through life. Some people said that it was native generosity, natural goodness; that it cost her nothing, and therefore was not praiseworthy. Others said that it was religion; that Christian counsel and change of heart had done it. Nobody knew what did it, but we all knew we had one amongst us "who saw life steadily, and saw it whole." We knew that while she found it well to be patient, cheerful, truthful, and merciful, it was worth the effort in a somewhat unsatisfactory world to be as she was, cheerful, patient, truthful, and merciful.

For God had put a heavy burden on her. Richard Rutland came out of that night's work a maniac. No doubt a disease of the brain had been developing itself for some time, and had changed the once cheerful man into the melancholy zealot. He was injured physically; his health was gone; and yet, with a certain remnant of strength, he was left to suffer and to float, a dismasted wreck, destined to give trouble and annoyance for two years before he died to every one around him. For his mental disease assumed that form which is the hardest to understand and to endure, and which no word can express except the New England phrase "hatefulness." To be "ugly and hateful" in New England means something which it means nowhere else: it is a sort of compressed human verjuice, a bitter extract of all the most aggravating forms of bad temper. "Real ugly," also, is one way of putting it. There is no dignified, pathetic badness about it. It is the nagging, insufferable, mean, and sometimes violent expression of ungoverned passions, united to the incessant activity of the Tasmanian devil, as described by naturalists.

No one can wonder, in watching such a case, that the uninstructed regarded maniacs as possessed by devils, and that the usual cure was whipping. Richard Rutland fell into good hands. There was no limit to his wife's patience, no sort of boundary to George's respectful service and watchful care. He was the best of keepers to the most trying of patients. When Mr. Rutland could not bear the sight of him, which was frequently the case, he would lie outside of his door, like a faithful dog. When Rutland was well enough to go out, he would take him fishing. He would lead him forth to those cool recesses of the forest which the meandering brook and the trout love, and with infinite tact lure him back to the days of boyhood and youth, before the cloud came. Often and often he with giant strength saved him from suicide, and held him in his strong arms until the paroxysm passed.

When the man of intellect and culture awoke, as he would do, in the diseased brain, and Rutland wished to return to the society of his wife and friends, it was touching to see George withdraw,

conscious that for a moment his watch was unnecessary; that he, the poor, uneducated man, was no longer on duty; that he was not sufficient for the needs of his beloved patient. He saw it, and acted upon it with all the delicacy of a gentleman. Then it came Mr. Ford's turn, and remembering that night of the fire, he studied the phases of moral and intellectual disease in the unhappy man, and forgave that which he could not understand.

One single agreeable thing remained to reunite the three, and that was music. Mrs. Rutland was a cultivated musician; she sang, she played the organ and the piano and the harp, — that most thrilling, natural, and touching instrument, which once soothed Saul, the first great maniac of whom we read.

George, with his little girl on his knee, would sit outside, in some convenient waiting-room, while this St. Cecilia sang or played to her husband. It was a rest, a comfort, a joy, for hours to all three, — certainly to George, who had been for years, unknown to himself, a musical enthusiast. The bugle of the Dicksonville Fusileers, indifferently tooted by Deacon Doolittle, and the drum and fife, played with military fervor, but with warlike disregard of time and tune, had always distressed George, he knew not why. He, however, dutifully marched to them, and obeyed their discordant call, supposing that as the music pleased everybody else in the regiment, he must have been in the wrong. He did like to hear old Washington Sambo — who sold ginger-pop on the field of Mars when the yearly muster was in progress — sing Jim Crow and Yankee Doodle, little knowing at the time that Washington Sambo had a baritone which would have made his fortune with Christy's Minstrels, and a musical ear which left Deacon Doolittle at a harmonious distance. His naturally correct musical sense received its full benediction in the singing of Mrs. Rutland. It had one greater joy in the future, but that was a long way off.

God vouchsafed Richard Rutland a few hours of sanity before he died. It was a great comfort to his religious friends, who had begun to be seriously troubled at what they considered an unjust providence, that one of the elect, such a saint and such a hero as he had been, should be thus unmercifully dealt with. His head was on his wife's bosom, his hand in hers, when George was called in to take his last words.

"George, old fellow," said he, with the beautiful old smile, which poor George remembered from the early days, "I see it all now; you will forget and forgive? I have been unjust and cruel to Gertrude and to you, often and often. It was wrong here," and he touched his head. "She understands," he said, pressing his wife's hands; "she always understood me. Don't cry, George; I cannot stand that. Go and bring me your little girl."

George crept out and got the baby. She was nearly three years old, now, — a sweet, brown-eyed creature, like one of Correggio's children; shy as a young fawn; a fresh, strong, large-limbed child; a daughter of the people.

"She was worth saving," said Richard Rutland, with the old smile; "bring her here. I give her — I give her a dying man's blessing," and he touched her brown curls with his pale hand.

"Now bring me my own children." And George saw him no more until he took up his sad vigil by the silent, marble-like face and figure, to which in its majesty and grace came back the early beauty and serenity of Richard Rutland, which George remembered so well.

III.

"So George and his little girl lives there, do they?" remarked Ira Sprague to Bill Webster, as they walked down the village street one Sunday afternoon, in all the glory of store clothes, shiny hats, and conspicuous breastpins in unnaturally starched shirt bosoms, which had a sort of mosaic effect, as if they were not parts of the general whole.

"Yes. My wife, says she to me, Mis' Rutland she let George have his little

girl for company, and kinder pensioned off Roxy, too, who is a-gittin' old; and George's sister, an awful thin creetur, from the farm, but I guess a nice, smart, capable woman, she come down and tuk care of the house; and that little girl she sets at the head of the table, and is as pert as a peacock. I expect from what I hear that she 's dreadful smart at the deestrict school, and she plays the pianner like all git out."

"Mis' Rutland pays that Eyetalyan feller for her lessons, don't she?" said Ira, who had a noble American disdain for all foreigners, especially musical ones.

"Oh, I expect so. Mis' Rutland, she never forgets nobody. She give George that cottage and piece of ground; he ought to be consideberble forehanded; and she 's a-eddicatin' the girl for a music teacher, I guess."

"Well, she 's a good woman, although she has aged consideberble since *he* died," remarked Ira, who had an eye for youth and beauty. "Her own darters are gittin' to be quite lumps of girls, — ain't they?"

"Oh, law, yes," said Bill Webster. "A-goin' to Europe, I expect. Let 's see; it 's eleven years, ain't it, since Rutland died?"

"Expect it is; it was a spell before the cars run into Dicksonville, when we was both a-drivin' stage."

"Yes," said Bill Webster, sighing heavily and stretching his arms in air, partly to relieve him of the *gêne* of his Sunday coat, partly to revive old associations of the reins and of that whip which had once reached, with tingling emphasis, the ear of the off leader, and descended with cutting force on the flank of a recalcitrant nigh wheeler. "'T ain't no use talking," said Bill, with morbid disdain of the present as contrasted with the immediate past, — "'t ain't no use talking, them days was livelier and better 'n these, if you du git to Boston in five hours. I 've been froze and thawed, and wet to the skin and dried, till I cracked like a mackeril, and so 've you, Ira, on top of them stages; but I liked it as well agin as I do to be aboard of them cars, a-gittin' dust into my eyes and throat, till I feel like a fust-class funeral, anyhow."

"Yes," said Ira, with a hollow cough. "'T ain't agreein' with me nuther."

Evidently not, for although he had lasted longer than George had predicted, Ira was now doomed, and he knew, or thought he knew, poor fellow, that he was not long for this world. Some remembered sympathy took him in to George's cottage.

A tall, slender, graceful girl opened the door. "Straight as an ellum-tree," said Ira to himself. "Hullo," said Ira, "be you George Ball's little girl?"

"I am his daughter Mimie," said the child, somewhat haughtily.

"Well, is he to home?"

"No, but he will be, in a short time. Won't you walk in?"

Ira was no longer the devastator of female peace of mind which he had been ten years agone. He was now a thin, elderly-looking man, slightly bald and bent over, but there was a handsome face and large black eyes left, and that something which in more cultivated circles would have been called *distingué* about the man.

Enough to alarm aunt Sophronia, "the awful thin creetur" of Bill Webster's reminiscences, who ran up into Roxy's room and informed the now disabled veteran that "Ira Sprague, the awful gambler, was down-stairs a-talkin' to Mimie, and he ought to be driv rite out o' the house, heddn't he, Roxy?"

Aunt Sophronia had never been attractive or dangerous to the ravening wolf man, but like many women to whom fascination has been denied, she had at least suffered, the compensating terror. She had never walked alone of a moonlit night that she had not expected capture, nor had she ever, even after fifty-eight summers of meritorious though untempted celibacy, heard a man's voice that she did not suspect an offer of some kind, honorable or otherwise, to be lurking behind it. The care that she took of charms which had never existed, and the suspicions she endured of wooers who never came and never wooed, would have sufficed for battalions of

Helens of Troy. It is probable that a proper regard for the honor of her family was the only motive which induced aunt Sophronia to change her cap and gown, put on her false curls, and cast one last, long, lingering look at the glass before she went down to drive the wolf from the fold.

No more bitter sensation of envy had ever visited the breast of elderly female than she experienced, on entering the room, to see Mimie in a very composed manner doing the honors, while George, who had crept in from the cabbage garden, was entertaining Ira, with a gratified smile.

"My aunt," said Mimie, rising gracefully, and introducing Sophronia, as she had seen Mrs. Rutland present her guests.

"How de do marm!" said Ira, scarcely looking at the irate cap and curls. "Ye see, George, I did n't think as your little girl was so nigh growed up."

"Yes, she 's nigh onto fourteen, ain't you, Mimie? And you 'd ought to hear her play the pianner! Mimie, give us a tune."

"Not Sunday afternoon, I hope!" said aunt Sophronia.

"Oh, now, Sophrony, don't you be so darned superstitious! Ain't music good anyhow? I expect what Mimie 'd do would n't hurt Ira nor me."

"I 'd rather not, father," said Mimie, with ready tact. "If Mr. Sprague will call to-morrow, I will play for him as well as I can."

"Well, that 'll do. Come along, Ira; we 'll go out and smoke in the shed."

So aunt Sophronia's suspicions simply had the effect of bringing Ira to the house again and again, and of subjecting Mimie to a great deal of annoyance from the speeches of the two elderly uneducated and vulgar women who happened to be her guardians.

It would be interesting to see a colony of young people, for once, educated without having the seed of suspicion sown in their minds. It is not a natural growth; it is a parasite insidiously introduced by the cankered and disappointed, in nine cases out of ten. No doubt it is well to warn a young girl against the advances of a man of bad character, but is not the danger a thousand times exaggerated by some over-suspicious friend? How much better to trust to that armor of honest thought, natural purity, and native good sense which is so often the dowry of our young girls! How touching it is to hear a young person defend a friend against the attacks of his or her elders! We should refrain from brushing the dew off the grape of early belief. When Mrs. Rutland allowed George to take his little daughter home out of her luxurious nursery, she obeyed that kind heart and faultless instinct of hers which never failed her. She knew that the poor laboring man had a right to his little daughter's love and sympathy and companionship, and that it could not be entirely his if the girl were reared in habits of luxury, apart from him. So she had pensioned off her old nurse, Roxy, to keep the house and take care of the little child. George and Roxy had a good old comfortable hatred of each other, which kept up between them a sort of healthful quarrel, but both loved and cared for the little girl. Sophronia had been an after-thought. Mrs. Rutland did regret her introduction into the family, with her petty narrowness and absurd old coquetry, but it was inevitable.

For Mimie, this brand snatched from the burning, was developing into one of those splendid and gifted creatures vouchsafed to us now and then, to show what nature can do if she chooses. She had always been beautiful, from her cradle. The red hair of her father and the black eyes of her mother had met in her, softened in the one case and deepened in the other, until both had reached a sort of perfection which we occasionally find in the old masters, who loved these reddish-brown beauties.

Her complexion was of the highest degree of excellence. Sun did not tan it, nor wind redden it. Its lovely red and white suggested May-flowers, apple-blossoms, strawberries and cream, everything that was pure, wholesome, and delightful. Her features were as patrician as if she had been the daughter of a

hundred earls; probably more so, although her race had never before shown either great beauty, or blood, or breeding. Her teeth, that seal of perfect beauty, were a row of Orient pearls, and as shining as they were delicate and even. Her hands were long, supple, and refined.

She early manifested a talent for music. She sang, she played at nine years of age, and having, fortunately, a great musician for a friend and patron, she was not allowed to misuse that nightingale hidden in her throat, as some gifted singers are.

Mrs. Rutland reserved the right to give Mimie her musical education, and Signor Ceccarini, "the Eyetalyan" whom Ira Sprague scorned, was a good teacher; when Mimie had reached her fifteenth year he came to Mrs. Rutland, and with many Italian gestures told her that Mimie had one of the rarest contralto voices in the world, and that he could not attempt to train it as it should be done, but that she ought to go to Europe; that here was a gem for the opera, an unknown Grisi, a budding Malibran. The child was an artist, too; she apprehended at once all the dramatic purpose and meaning of the music he taught her; in fact, Signor Ceccarini, a poor old broken-down opera singer himself, was half crazy with joy over the diamond which he had found in Dicksonville.

George, meantime, honest man, had not accumulated a cent. He now oiled the engines and worked on the railroad and did odd jobs for everybody, and was only able to support his family and to give Mimie very good dresses and bonnets, although none were so splendid as that poor old dusty bonnet which hung on a nail in his bedroom, — the one he had bought for dear Jemima in Boston so many years ago, and which remained, as old bonnets will do, to testify how poor a thing fashion is.

There was therefore many a consultation as to what was to be done about Mimie's education. In spite of aunt Sophronia's misgivings, Ira Sprague, dragging slowly along through the old-fashioned consumption, a disease which gratified Roxy and herself, because it was the good old inexorable kind, and not this modern fraud which can be cured by whisky and cream and cod-liver oil, — Ira, shorn of his beams as a destroyer, and simply appearing in the more mournful light of being destroyed, had finally drifted into George's cottage to die.

He had taken a great pleasure in hearing Mimie sing and play. He had made her a great many appropriate presents, one a very good piano, but he had shown no desire to make love to her, and what was worse, none whatever to make love to aunt Sophronia, who made him excellent broths and puddings. George's good heart and Mimie's good sense were equal to the occasion, and the pure and honorable sentiments which survived the gambler's mistaken life were entirely appreciated by them.

"I tell yer what it is, George," said Ira, with what was left of a voice, "I hain't hearn all this talk o' yourn and Mis' Rutland about Mimie for nothing. Now, George, I 'm considderble forehanded, and some of my money 's honestly made. When I come home from the Mississippi River, I paid off them mortgages on father's farm, and I come into possession. Two years after, they found a marble quarry on it, and I 'm doin' a first-class business up there a-making grave-stones. I shall want one myself pretty soon, and our head workman, says he, 'I 'm a-goin' to carve on to it, Here lies Ira Sprague, a-waitin' for the last trump.' He is pretty good at a joke, Hen is, I tell you! And sez I, 'Carve on to it what yer a mind ter. I expect I 'll git on better up there than ever I did here.' There was One, George, that took in even a thief with him; and I never was that! So now I 've left Mimie, in my will, a nice little sum, and there 's five thousand in the bank for her now. Now, jest you and Mis' Rutland cook that thing up between you, and if it' s a-going to do Mimie any good, or make her sing a bit sweeter 'n she does now, to go to Europe, you jest take that 'ere money and let her go long."

Hen Thompson, the wit of the grave-stones, was somewhat astonished when he learned that a young girl in Dickson-

ville was a stockholder in the quarry, and that Ira had left her all his money, which had been going down to the bank pretty regularly; also, he received a very different order for the modest monument which was erected over poor Ira in the new Dicksonville cemetery than that which he had designed. Mimie took the Bible which she had been reading to the poor dying man, and searching in it, through her tears, for an appropriate and not too ambitious text, it seemed to open of itself (as the blessed book often does) at these words, which still shine out above the violets and buttercups, the clover and green grass: "I will sing unto thy praise, O Lord, for thou hast redeemed thy people!"

IV.

And so one fine day, George, who had washed the railroad grease from his hands and put on his Sunday coat, went up to the cars, in other than a fiduciary capacity, to bid good-by to his little girl, who was going to Europe with Mrs. Rutland and her daughters to study music at Leipsic and Paris, and to return a great singer. Many of the people who came and waited at the Dicksonville Junction (for we are a first-class town now, and four railroads have nearly ruined us) wondered as they looked at the homely laboring man, on whose arm hung a proud and perfect beauty, nearly as tall as he was. They walked up and down, not daring to look at each other, George and Mimie, until Mrs. Rutland said it was time for them to part. Then two beautiful, shapely arms were thrown around George's neck, and a dear voice said, "Father, father, good-by, good-by!" and the too well-oiled engine bore her off, — bore off "George's little girl," and left him to walk home, the most miserable man in Dicksonville.

The chimneys and the door hinges, the broken-down carriages and the railroad jobs, were very imperfectly done for a while. George had lost his inspiration. In fact, the village choir and the village street missed Mimie dreadfully. Poor old Roxy died, and George was left to the tender mercies of Sophronia, who grew thinner, more suspicious, more coquettish, with every advancing decade.

However, George bore it all with a sublime patience, and life became for him only a measuring of time between post-days. The steamer had no more accurate time-keeper than this poor man up in Dicksonville, who watched for his daughter's letters and for the news of her work and her success as his only pleasure. He counted the moments with heart beats, and his prayers for her were as constant and as ceaseless as the pulses in his brawny wrist.

She told him everything, his beautiful, gifted, rare child! She told him everything save the compliments which were paid her. These she did not mention. Perhaps aunt Sophronia's early lessons had made her reticent on this subject. Perhaps a girl cannot tell these to her father. But they passed over the head of this daughter of art; she cared nothing for them. Two passions possessed her fine soul: the one was duty, and the other was her art. Her father and her duty were synonyms; she never was able to separate the two; and her art, how sacredly she served it! How pure a vestal at that altar she stood! Aye, and in that temple she serves still!

Mrs. Rutland wrote from time to time, and told George much of Mimie's success. This watchful friend was always near enough to insure to George the feeling that Mimie was well cared for, without which he could not have lived.

It was nearly four years now since she had left him, when he got a letter from Mrs. Rutland. It was an account of Mimie's triumphal success at the Conservatoire.

My good friend George, — I have just come home from hearing "our little girl" sing in that immense and trying place, the last and most decisive tribunal in Europe.

Well as I knew her excellence, greatly as I appreciated her genius, I assure you I was overwhelmed and surprised. She looked like the angel that she is,

and she sang like the angel that she will be. George, your daughter is one of the great singers of the world. The old members of the Conservatoire, those who have heard all the great voices, shouted and applauded as she finished, and they crowned her with a wreath of beautiful fresh flowers, as they once did Christine Nilsson, when she sang in this same place. In a month I shall bring her home to you, — you of whom she said, as she came to my arms, "Oh, if my father were here!"

I thought of a scene you and I alone remember, — of a death-bed and of a blessing. Do you remember who said, as he touched her brown curls, "I give her a dying man's blessing"? It was he who had saved her for her honorable and distinguished career; and I cannot but think that he knew and rejoiced over those clear and penetrating notes, which seemed to me to reach to heaven. Your friend, GERTRUDE RUTLAND.

The quarry had ceased to be a paying investment, and Ira's legacy barely carried Mimie through her education and the year that followed it; but she had a mine of gold in her voice.

George went to Boston for the second time as the father of a great prima donna, and sat in the same seat in the gallery to hear her sing in the oratorio of Moses where he had sat when Ira came to him with his message of grief, that message which he had, with the tact of a sincerely sympathetic nature, so tenderly and so carefully broken to him. And now a white-haired man, bent and broken with age, but with a great light in his face, accompanies the singer wherever she goes. He never calls her anything but "my little girl," although Miss Mimie Ball is a very sizable person.

People ask why she does not love, why she does not marry. Some people say she would sing better if she could have a great heart-break. Others say that she sings quite well enough as it is. Beautiful and famous as she is, followed and admired, the breath of scandal never touches her name. Is it that old father, who begins to look like a fine study for a patriarch or an evangelist, who protects her? She loves him dearly, and her way of saying "father" is thought, by some, to be her best musical effect.

No, the protection emanates from herself; it is the native purity of a sincere and honest soul. She is the daughter of the most passionate and the most comprehensive of all the arts; she has sprung from the people; she knows all the alphabet of poverty, of self-renunciation, of prudence, of humble service, and of gratitude. Mrs. Rutland has been her tutelary angel. She knows by intuition the gamut of love and pity and heroism and piety; she can sing all the changes with that magnificent voice; she has the clairvoyance of genius.

M. E. W. S.

THE NEW DISPENSATION OF MONUMENTAL ART.

THE DECORATION OF TRINITY CHURCH IN BOSTON, AND OF THE NEW ASSEMBLY CHAMBER AT ALBANY.

THE industrious Signor Brumidi at Washington has grown gray in the service of art while covering the walls of the National Capitol with Italian decorations, carried to a point of manual perfection which leaves nothing to be desired as regards technical qualities, but which has proved itself absolutely barren of results. The art of the country is no better for it, and possibly no worse. When we are told that the aged artist is now crowning his long labors

by painting upon the frieze or belt which encircles the rotunda, under the dome, the history of American civilization, in an imitation of bas-relief so admirable as to deceive even the elect, we can comprehend the mechanical spirit which underlies his work; we can understand why the excellent conventionalities which occupy the walls and vaults of the corridors and committee-rooms, — here in one style, there in another, and all correctly set forth, — have not served as fruitful examples of high inspiration. They were born of a cold artisan spirit, which has not in it any principle of life. Each example of strong, original artistic convictions in history has given direction more or less sensibly to the currents of contemporary art. But such work as this is not inspired by such convictions; it has therefore furnished to the art of mural decoration in this country no impulse and kindled no enthusiasms.

Our opportunities for heroic work in this department of art have been frequent enough, but few intelligent efforts have been made to improve them until within the last two years, when Mr. John La Farge, at Trinity Church in Boston, and Mr. William Hunt, in the Assembly Chamber of the State Capitol of New York, have for the first time given to the country examples which may prove to be the seed planted upon good ground. It is a duty of civilization to subject such examples as these to serious critical examination. The results of good examples of mural decoration are so beautiful and so profuse, and bad examples, if they are inspired with any strength of enthusiasm, are so fruitful in errors, that to suffer them to fructify in either direction without a word of thoughtful praise or blame would be the loss of a golden opportunity. Indifference is a quality of barbarism.

We propose, therefore, to study these examples of mural decoration candidly, to the end that we may awaken a spirit of inquiry, that we may know in what direction they are apt to lead us, and that we may be duly forewarned if they have in them any element of danger.

The architecture of Trinity Church is particularly hospitable to high decorations in color, because it affords large interior surfaces, and because its features of construction, unlike the conventional Gothic of the churches, do not make too large a demand upon the decorative scheme. When the architect was permitted to call Mr. La Farge to his assistance in completing this work, the latter found at his disposal, in the first place, ample dimensions and broad, suggestive spaces; and, in the second, he had the intelligent sympathy of those for whom and with whom he worked. He undertook, however, a heroic task, with limitations of time and means, — such perhaps as no painter of monumental art had ever subjected himself to in previous works. He brought to this labor a genuine artist's spirit, strong in its convictions and brave in its hopes, but unused either to the study or to the production of architectural effects.

Let us now consider the architectural conditions of his work; for without a thorough comprehension of the theme as affected by the spirit of the place, we can arrive at no just conclusion regarding the result. The church is cruciform, nave, transepts, and chancel being each about fifty feet wide within the walls, and the interior dimensions being about one hundred and forty feet in extreme length and one hundred and fifteen feet in extreme width. The interior height is somewhat more than sixty feet. The tower which arises over the crossing of the nave and transepts is nearly fifty feet square within, and its ceiling, which is open to view from the interior, is one hundred feet from the floor. The ceilings of the auditorium are of light furrings and plaster in the form of a continuous barrel vault of trefoil section, abutting against the great arches of the crossing, which are furred down to a similar shape, with wooden tie-beams encasing iron rods carried across on a level with the cusp of the arches. The four great granite piers which sustain the weight of the tower are encased with furring and plastering, finished in the shape of grouped shafts with grouped capitals and bases. The whole apparent

interior is thus, contrary to the convictions of the modern architectural moralist, a mask of the construction. We do not propose here to enter upon the question as to whether or to what extent the architect was justified in thus frankly denying his responsibility to the ethics of design as practiced and expounded by the greatest masters, ancient and modern; it suffices for our immediate purpose to note that the material of actual construction being nowhere visible in the interior, to afford a key of color to the decorator, or to affect his designs in any way, he had before him a field peculiarly unembarrassed by conditions.

The exterior architecture of the church is a very vigorous and masculine form of round-arched Romanesque, affected by traditions from Auvergne and Salamanca, and with a good deal of later mediæval detail, the whole well amalgamated and a proper work for an architect of the nineteenth century. Thus, even in respect to style, the painter had no reason to yield anything of his freedom to archæological conventions; he was left at liberty to follow the same spirit of intelligent eclecticism which had guided the architect.

The tone of the interior, as regards color, being thus left open to some arbitrary solution, the desire of the architect for a red effect was accepted as a starting-point, and this color was adopted for the walls throughout, its quality being solemn and neutral. Either in fact, or by effect of light, or by variation of surface, this color submits to variations in tone, so that it really has different values in different parts of the church; and thus, in the very beginning, we seem to be spared the homely virtue of mechanical correctness and equality of workmanship. The vaulted surfaces of the ceiling are divided into narrow cross-sections by small moldings of black walnut or black walnut color, and these sections very properly receive the complementary color of red, namely, a greenish blue, with the value of bottle green. These sections or strips are cut up by transverse lines into quarries or squares, each of which is occupied with a form or device of conventional character, appealing rather to the imagination than to the intellect, rather to the material than to the moral sense. There are perhaps a dozen of these devices, some of them apparently cabalistic or vaguely mysterious in character, distributed among the quarries with a certain Oriental irregularity, and carefully avoiding geometrical recurrences. These forms are in various shades of olive, brown, and buff, here and there accentuated capriciously with gold. Out of this complication results a very rich, quiet, and original effect, — an effect cunningly conceived and artfully executed, but legitimate and worthy of study by all decorators who know not how to be sober without being wearisome. It is really surprising to see with how many elements of color and form this serious result is achieved. It indicates a very intelligent study of Oriental methods. The same colors are used in the decoration of the four arches of the tower, so that their important representative function of support is not defined and recognized with that force and dignity which the circumstances require; but the four great grouped piers at the angles of the intersection of nave, transepts, and chancel have received a treatment in dark bronze-green, — very broad and simple, with gilded capitals and bases, — an arrangement remarkable alike for its reserve and its strength, and for its harmony with the prevailing tones around. The cornice which forms the important line of demarcation between the dull red of the walls and the dark green of the ceiling is weak and insufficient, and it encounters the moldings of the capitals of the great piers in a manner which would be called artless and innocent if this were the work of an architect of the twelfth century, but which under the present circumstances must be considered careless or defiant. As regards color, which might have been so bestowed as to condone these faults of weakness and insufficiency in the cornice, it rather enhances them by emphasizing and separating its unfortunate details.

The decoration of the walls of the

nave, so far as it has been developed, is conceived in an independent and original spirit, with the result of a very rich surface effect. It is mostly confined to the clere-story wall over the aisle arches, and is composed of a belt under the cornice and on a line with the impost of the windows, with painted pilasters of various device between the windows, inclosing spaces which in two cases are occupied by pictorial subjects, and in others by an enrichment of diapers. The architectural *motifs* of this decoration are Italian in character, very freely treated, and the belts and pilasters are embellished with Raphaelesque scrolls and foliage, conventionalized in the Italian manner, with variations of green and rose colors. Portions of the backgrounds behind the pilasters are treated with patterns and colors borrowed from Oriental carpets. The amount of design lavished upon the detail of this part of the work, the absence of repetitions and stencil-work, the disregard of the non-essentials of symmetry, the multiplicity of parts, with the general effect, however, of sober richness and repose, — all these characteristics combine to render this work a remarkable departure from the perfunctory and more or less mechanical styles of surface enrichment to which we have been accustomed. The very imperfections of execution and design, — such, especially, as are shown in a want of decision in the treatment of the architectural motifs employed, — and the numerous offenses against the conventionalities of decoration, give to these walls a certain charm of individuality, for the prime result of a harmonious and jeweled enrichment of color is obtained, and the quality of this harmony of color is just such as could have been obtained by no mechanical methods. As compared with the best sort of modern conventional surface decoration, with its accuracy of craftsmanship and its precision of method, this is remarkable for the evidence it contains not only of the personality of the artist, as exhibited in his manner of thought and study, but of his characteristics of manipulation, such as never could have been delegated to artisans or handicraftsmen, however skilled and sympathetic, unless under his immediate supervision.

The two pictorial subjects — one our Saviour and the Woman of Samaria at the Well, and the other our Saviour with Mary Magdalene, — are treated in an academical manner, with great solemnity of feeling in line and color, and with all the restraint and reserve which comes of respect for consecrated types. In this regard they exhibit a curious contrast to the *naïveté* and independence of precedent exhibited in their more conventional surroundings. These compositions have light, shade, shadows, and perspective, and as such are an offense to the higher æsthetics which do not recognize as correct any wall decorations which are not flat. But the purist could hardly find it in his heart to blame a fault which is condoned by the fact that there is no distance to the pictures, the figures being defined against a screen surface or wall in each case, — by the fact that they make no marked spot on the wall, and that they form an integral and not an exceptional part of the general scheme of color.

The details of the decorations in the tower, which, as we have said, is open from the area of the auditorium to the height of one hundred feet, where it has a flat, green ceiling divided into caissons or panels by crossing beams, are on a much larger scale, as is befitting their greater distance from the eye. There are three round-arched windows in each wall of this tower resting upon a molded string-course, perhaps ten feet above the crowns of the four supporting arches. It is thus, as it were, a box filled with light. It is pervaded by the dull red tone of the walls, and upon this background has been placed a profuse enrichment, which in line and color borrows much from the works of the pupils of Raphael, belts and panels being disposed according to the architectural opportunities very much as they would have disposed them. But in parts, notably above the crown of the great arches, there is a certain boldness of contradiction between the lines of the square pan-

els and those of the archivolt which recalls the decorative methods of the Japanese. But if there are parts which remind one of the work of Giotto at Assisi, of the altar screens of Fra Angelico, of the Stanze of the Vatican, or the panels of the Villa Madama, there is still more which could have been thought and done only by a scholarly painter of the nineteenth century. Much of the detail is invisible from below, especially the studied Raphaelesques in the tympana of the tower windows; but one can see that the panels in the corner piers of the window-stage are filled with the emblematical creatures of the evangelists, — the lion of St. Mark, the eagle of St. John, and so on, ramping or perching upon curious conventional frets, scrolls, or diapers; and one can read written upon the belt of gold under the windows the solemn inscription: "Blessing, and Honour, and Glory, and Power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." The archivolt of the great arches is also marked by a broad golden belt, and the spandrels between are occupied in the upper parts by adoring angels leaning out of square windows, as it were, and by gigantic figures of apostles and prophets. The arrangement, as a whole, is not according to any old master exactly, as we have said; still less does it imitate any pagan or Oriental manner. But it has absorbed enough of all pertinent precedent to create an effect which belongs to the times in which we live. The red *fond* is never quite obliterated, and against it is projected a system of decoration which, though complex in motive and abounding in various color, is harmonious in general result.

The six great figures of prophets and apostles, although conceived with learning and with a marked degree of religious feeling, although suggesting a certain grandeur of sentiment, such as one who knows the prophets and sibyls on the pendentives of the Sixtine Chapel must needs have in mind when undertaking any similar scheme, are wanting in vigor and correctness of drawing. Their outlines are hesitating and indecisive, the hands are badly drawn, there is no human structure under the robes, they have no clearness or freshness of color, and in execution they seem crude and hasty; but they are by no means conventional or commonplace, as works much more correct than these might well be, and as decorative accessories they are large, bold, and effective. They are in harmony with the general scheme of color, and they add to the total effect a human interest of the very highest kind. But technically they furnish another and a very significant instance of the timidity and irresolution which the learned and conscientious artist of modern days is apt to exhibit in the presence of the august ideals which, by careful study, he has compacted out of the achievements of all the old masters. The execution lags far behind the intent. But better the serious aspiration and noble thought, though imperfectly set forth, than the dull perfection of the disciplined hand, otherwise uninformed and uninspired. "What we are all attempting to do with great labor," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Velasquez does *at once*." This remark is pregnant with suggestions of the inadequacy of modern art, under its common conditions, when called upon to do really great work. It explains not only the indirectness and indecision of the productions of the most thoughtful modern artists, but also the state of incompleteness in which they are compelled to leave much of their most ambitious work. Their process of composition, especially in work conceived upon a heroic scale, seems to be challenged at every step by a spirit out of the past. They are deprived of the virtue of simplicity, and the joy of their initiative is tempered with doubts.

As to the significance and interest of this remarkable example of interior decoration as a whole, there cannot be a moment's question. When the vacant red fields in the transept walls have been completed like the nave, when the empty hemicycle of the apse has been filled with its processional glories, and the whole interior thus brought to a condition of unity, it will be found that the

experiment of bringing to bear upon our public monuments a higher form of art, such as that which made illustrious the Italian walls in the sixteenth century, is fully justified. But even in its present state of incompleteness, even as a record of curious tentative processes, more or less successful, in the art of decorating wall spaces, this effort, like every other bit of true art, is a point of departure for a new series of developments. It has in it a principle of life capable of indefinite expansion. It breaks away from traditions of mere craftsmanship, and opens a new field for the artist of learning, experience, and poetic feeling. It shows to what noble uses he may put the resources of his memory and invention. It encourages the study of great examples. It suggests, moreover, how the decoration of the simpler wall surfaces in domestic work may be rescued from the hands of the mechanical painter, and how, by a judicious bestowal of thought upon details, a more subtle adjustment of colors, a more intelligent recognition of its capacities, it may be developed into a work of art.

The work of Mr. William Hunt at Albany is conceived upon a very different scale, and is adjusted to architectural conditions far less fortunate. We have observed that Mr. La Farge's work at Boston was especially free from embarrassments or conventional limitations. The whole scheme of color in the interior was at his command; the place and the opportunity were in every way favorable to the greatest liberty of design in color and form; and this liberty, as we have seen, notwithstanding the artistic and perhaps constitutional timidity or reserve of which we have spoken, and notwithstanding his abridged conditions of time and means, he has used with great discretion and religious respect, — qualities which were not violated when he was bold enough to mingle so much of Orientalism, so much that was at least not ecclesiastical, in the very substance and fibre of his work.

The Assembly Chamber at Albany is a monumental hall of vast proportions, walled and vaulted with yellowish stone, very bold in its general design, and charged with a great abundance of incised decoration colored with red, blue, black, and gold. This decoration, though uninteresting in detail, is rich, and indeed almost Moorish, in general effect. The constructive features are Gothic, the carving is conventional and coarse, but the whole design is carried out with great boldness and intelligence, and the whole result is bright, large, noble, and, though wanting in sentiment of detail, is eminently fitting for a great civic hall. Two opposite walls of this chamber are occupied by round-arched windows in two stages, the lower stage having three openings, and the upper being a continuous arcade of six openings. Between the arches of this arcade and the broad, pointed ceiling vault which abuts against the wall above is a triangular space or tympanum forty feet wide and perhaps half as high, and, we should suppose, about forty feet from the floor of the chamber. In this high space, on either side of the hall, Mr. Hunt has painted two decorative and pictorial compositions, — the most important of the kind yet executed in this country. We propose to consider these pictures from a purely decorative point of view, not as independent easel pictures, but as monumental accessories to a great architectural composition.

When the artist undertook this important work, the conditions of *entourage* had already been fixed. The style of the work was uncompromising Gothic; the lower boundary of each tympanum was an arcade of bright windows; the upper boundary was the outline of the great inclosing vaulting arch. This vaulting surface was decorated with a series of ornamental belts with sunk patterns of coarse design enforced with the crude colors of which we have spoken. These belts abutted against the field of the proposed picture at right angles, and there was no vaulting rib or molding to mark the line between the wall and ceiling. To meet these conditions of light and color, Mr. Hunt was compelled to paint his pictures on a very high key, and to give to his outlines an accent of

exceptional vigor. We cannot but think, however, that he was deceived as to the amount of light which these surfaces would receive from the opposite windows, and that the mass of the staging upon which he painted made a twilight to which he adapted his work; for the broad light of the morning betrays a coarseness of outline and color which is veiled in the waning light of the afternoon, when apparently the pictures are in their most favorable aspect. But even then there is a fatal rawness in the decorative effect, which is readily accounted for by the absence of a distinct line of demarcation, or frame, to separate the aerial spaces of his compositions from the hard colored lines of the belts in the vaulting, which attack the very edges of his clouds. The pictorial character of the designs is another reason for their isolation by some such device from this unsympathetic neighborhood. The greatest masters of decoration fully understood this principle, and always used an inclosing frame wherever their work ceased to be continuous. The loggie of the Farnesina and the Vatican, the ceiling of the gallery of Apollo at Paris, of the council chamber at Venice, of the Sixtine Chapel at Rome, and innumerable other examples, clearly prove that the masters were not content with a mere angle as a boundary for the separate compositions of which their decorations were composed. The only example of high art which we can recall in which this principle has not been observed is that of the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, which occupies the whole end of the chapel; and the failure of this great work *as a decoration* is to be attributed almost entirely to the rawness of its boundary lines. But in Roman work, as at Pompeii, in Romanesque work, as at Byzantium and St. Mark's, and in the art of the early Christian painters, the same effect of isolation is obtained by placing the composition upon a background of gold, or of flat conventional color, sufficiently contrasting with the surrounding colors to establish a separate area.

"Artistic races," says Eugène Véron, "have regarded monumental painting as illuminated and but slightly modeled drawing; when it gives us good design wedded to harmonious colors, it has done all that we should expect." "In the decorative painting both of ancient times and of the Middle Ages," he elsewhere observes, "the greatest care was taken to avoid everything which seemed to be an attempt at impossible illusion." This principle was observed up to the time of the magnificent apostasy of Michael Angelo, who admitted into his wall decorations effects of perspective and realism of treatment. These great examples have seduced nearly all subsequent art from a fair recognition of the flat surfaces which it occupies, and have tempted it to feats of illusion which are not in harmony with the principles of decorative as opposed to pictorial design. The mediæval setting of Mr. Hunt's compositions, instinctively suggesting the flat treatment which the mediæval decorators invariably used, and the shape and position of the tympana which they occupy, seem to render their free pictorial treatment even more incongruous. The conditions not only suggest a return to antique and mediæval principles, which require illuminated and but slightly modeled drawing, such indeed as Mr. Hunt has very properly confined himself to in this work, but compositions of figures grouped with a certain regard to formal symmetry, even to the extent of a central figure or mass with supporters. The emergency is one of architecture, which is better suited by a treatment of conventionalities than by one of romantic illusion in color, modeling, and movement. We do not mean to say that such pictorial illusion as Mr. Hunt has attempted is absolutely inadmissible; that there are not unoccupied surfaces still left in this chamber which are less architectural, that is, less beset by structural conditions, and less inaccessible to the eye, and which therefore would be much more hospitable to compositions of this kind.

We have hitherto discussed these compositions purely in their function as architectural decorations, for such in their

highest artistic uses they should be. We cannot but consider that the opportunity has been misunderstood in a fundamental point, and that work of a far lower grade than that of Mr. Hunt would have better served the purpose. With all his strength of will, with all his skill in the adaptation of his tones, and all his fiery determination of drawing, he has been unable to conquer a right to fill such spaces with such work. It is a waste of great resources.

The consideration of these works of art simply as pictures calls into play a different set of critical faculties from those required in the consideration of them as decorations. The artist has symbolized the simultaneous occurrence of the revival of letters and the discovery of America by the allegories of the Flight of Night and the Discoverer. The former has in its elements long been familiar to those who frequented Mr. Hunt's studio. It is in fact a flying cloud, the substance and movement of which is figured by the suggestion of an aerial chariot drawn by three plunging steeds, to the mane of one of which clings a torch-bearing groom, rather guiding than restraining the downward flight. High upon the cloudy seat sits a female figure, directing the vision with a gesture of her hand; and below, enveloped in a shadowy fold of fleecy drapery, dimly portrayed, is a sleeping woman with a child, and over her hovers a little protecting spirit. The visionary character of the composition is unencumbered by any material appliance; there are no reins, no harness, no chariot, no wheels. It is a precipitous movement of vapor poetically set forth with a superb flight of horses, and enough of human interest in the figure to suggest a meaning which each can interpret in his own way. It is a very fine point in the sentiment of the picture that the allegory is not forced upon the spectator by the insistence of vulgar accessories. The horses are drawn with magnificent spirit and with the confidence and *élan* of a master. The human figures are little more than suggestive; they are fleeting visions, — a part of a cloudy pageant. When illuminated by bright sunlight, or by the artificial lighting of the chamber at night, the vigorous mechanism of outline and color which are contrived to produce an effect are somewhat unpleasantly betrayed. In the half-light of the afternoon, as we have said, the very qualities which are crudities at other times contribute to make up a pictorial harmony of the most effective and poetic kind. The same may be said with even greater force of the Discoverer. A Hamlet-like man, in armor and cloak, stands conspicuous in a boat, riding half disclosed upon a billowy swell of the ocean. Behind him, at the helm and holding a bellying sail of drapery, stands a winged female figure in an attitude of dignity somewhat like that suggested by the Venus of Milo; and upon the prow, with her outlines defined against a bright rift in the western sky, leans a spirit of the water, with a frank, onward look and a gesture significant of confident hope. This figure seems to us the best in the group; it is beautifully drawn, and plays a happy part in the composition. Two other female figures float upon the waves. We have thus Fortune at the helm and Hope at the prow. The guide-books shall interpret the rest of the allegory, which, to us, as compared with that portrayed on the opposite wall, is wanting in significance, and made up of too many elements and of too much of materialism to leave upon the mind a concrete poetic image. The composition is wanting in simplicity, and the effect of the whole depends upon a momentary incident; the next instant of time beyond that depicted, the next wash of the uncertain billows, will evidently throw the whole group into confusion. This impending catastrophe seems in some way to detract from the dignity of the allegory. The masters of the Renaissance, when they chose a sea-pomp for their subjects, such as the Triumph of Galatea, the Rape of Europa, and the Venus Anadyomene, managed to spare us from doubts of this kind by a more multitudinous grouping of figures capable of falling into new combinations without loss of harmony. But Mr. Hunt's alle-

gory is disjointed, and appears to need some harmonizing element to give us that feeling of security which accompanies the floating and flying groups of Guido, Rubens, and Annibale Caracci. The idea of the Flight of Night is in this respect admirable; in a moment the cloudy vision will have departed, leaving a serene sky, and space for all the succeeding pageants of civilization.

These remarks are made with a constant reservation of confidence that the vigor and truth of this master's artistic convictions and his practiced hand and eye will bear him on with safety into regions of "high emprise;" that in qualities of technique, even in this last essay, there are few modern painters who can surpass him. He has proved his capacity for great achievement in far wider fields than those bounded by the gold frame of an easel picture. The confident boldness and enthusiasm with which he has entered into those fields, and the masculine breadth of comprehension which he has exhibited there, are an admirable forecast of still greater triumphs. We sincerely trust that his genius may have better scope in his next trial, and may not again be condemned to a "pent-up Utica" under a high vault, with a blaze of windows beneath and a semi-barbarous pomp of crude color above, — a place which should only be treated with an artifice of conventionalities too strict in their limitations for the endurance and self-denial of a spirit so bold and a hand so free.

Henry Van Brunt.

OUR FLORIDA PLANTATION.

It was a hazy, dreamy, sultry February day, such as comes down from the skies of Florida in the opening of spring. A faint scent of orange-blossoms was in the air, though as yet there seemed to be only white buds on the trees. The deciduous forests along the banks of the broad St. John's were just showing that misty dimness which announces the opening of young buds. The river lay calm as a mirror, streaked here and there with broad bands of intenser blue which melted dreamily into purplish mists in the distance.

Late in the afternoon a tiny sail-boat might have been seen, lying in almost immovable stillness in the middle of the river. She was a picturesque object enough, with her white sail reflected far down in the blue mirror, but it was no sport to the party on board to find themselves becalmed there, with the sun sinking westward, and the shore where they were to spend the night full three miles away.

That sail-boat contained us and our furniture and belongings, just going to take up our abode upon "our plantation." The history of our plantation so far had been briefly this: the year of the closing of our war, two captains of the Union army, who had been serving in Florida, had conceived the bright idea of hiring a plantation and making their fortunes in raising cotton. The process of reasoning was very simple: *cotton* is the one thing *sure* always to be wanted in the world; Florida is the country which can grow the best long-staple cotton; and here is a plantation which may be hired for a very reasonable sum, and negroes versed in the processes of culture on all hands asking for work. So the valiant ex-captains rented the famous plantation, which in this story we shall call Laurel Grove, and went to work the moment peace was declared.

The next year they reinforced their numbers and capital by drawing to their firm another ex-Union captain and a practical New England farmer. The party on the sail-boat consisted of said

practical New England farmer with his wife, who had just come down to meet him, and the mother of one of the ex-captains, who had also come to assist in the inauguration of a family state for this hitherto bachelor firm. There was likewise in the party the hope of our agricultural friend, a white-robed New England baby in long clothes, whose principal care seemed to be to see to it that his mother should attend to him first, whatever else in creation there might be to attend to.

There was, moreover, a clergyman in feeble health, who had come to see what the air of Florida would do for him, and who, reclining in the shadow of the sail, relieved the tedium of the way by playing airs on his violin, — a choice old Amati with notes as smooth as the St. John's at his smoothest.

But, oh, the treacherous river! How many can testify as to that provoking middle passage, when, having come precisely to the point where the shore is two miles away on either side, down flaps the sail, the faithless zephyrs go off laughing, and leave you to rock idly to and fro and enjoy your meditations!

"I guess the wind will spring up when the sun goes down," said the skipper, as he stretched himself out for a comfortable nap.

"But that will delay us till after dark!" we cried, "and here are our bedsteads and carpets and things; why, there 'll be no time to get anything fixed to sleep on." For the plantation house, be it known, was yet unfurnished, except as a soldier's bivouac, and we were expecting to spend an afternoon at least in making our sleeping-rooms habitable.

The skipper surveyed us with a glance of placid and serene amusement. Like a true Floridian, he had learned to take the moods of the St. John's without disturbing himself much about them, — we should get there sometime; and at any rate hurrying or worrying would do no good, so what was the use? As he predicted, about sundown a little civil, quiet troop of breezes came down and wafted us very slowly, with a dream-like motion, toward the shore, or rather towards a long pier that projected more than a hundred feet into the water, where we were landed.

The pier was shaky and apparently untrustworthy, and in the gathering twilight we steered past it gingerly, and landed on a smooth white sand beach overhung with splendid live-oaks; then we took our way up a long path, about half a mile, through cotton fields, where the fine white sand was over our shoes at each step. At last we came to the plantation house, a rambling, one-story cottage, with a veranda twelve feet wide in front. It was situated in a yard inclosed by a picket fence, under a tuft of magnificent Spanish oaks. By the time we had arrived the short twilight was over, and all our gentlemen friends hurried in a body down to the pier to assist in the landing of our furniture, saying to Marcia and myself, with the cheerful *insouciance* of the male sex under such circumstances, "You can just sit here in the veranda, you know, till we bring up the things." Well, we did "just sit" alone in the dark and darkening veranda, the inexpressible dismal stillness settling down every moment deeper and deeper. Black, dusky forms tramped silently to and fro in front of the veranda as time went slowly on. The landing of all our furniture and bedding over the long, shaky pier was a work of time, and it seemed to us that hours went by. The baby was hungry, and indignant at the delay of supper and the general unpleasantness of the situation; he lifted up his voice and expressed himself with the energy and vehemence characteristic of his kind. His cries drew to us a tall, gaunt, black shadow, who said in a chuckling voice, —

"He 's hungry. I'd get him some milk, but dey 's done gone with the key; can't get nothin' till dey 's come back;" and she cackled a laugh at the absurdity of the situation, in which we felt small inclination to join. In the increasing dimness we could scarcely see her, but she seemed like some uncanny gnome laughing at our perplexities.

At length, after an interval which seemed to us interminable, we heard the

cheerful voices of our men-folk returning, and the rattling of the cart-wheels. They came back in the highest spirits; they were delighted to see us, and running over with the most innocent and supreme delight in the country, the climate, the accommodations, and everything which pertained to the enterprise we had come to join. The key was soon forthcoming, and in due time so was supper, and the dusky gnome appeared much more canny when revealed by the lamp-light. She was introduced as our chief cook and general attendant, Winnah, the most active, versatile, ingenious, and energetic of negro mammies. She gave us warm welcome, and appeared equally amused and delighted with our arrival, and surveyed us and our clothes with artless and openly expressed admiration.

When supper was over, it was found to be past ten o'clock, and there was no time for unpacking. The captain nearest akin to us put his tent pallet at our service, and stretched himself on a blanket, to keep guard for us, at our side; for, sooth to say, the forlorn, ruinous room, whose broken windows were curtained only by cobwebs, was not reassuring. The whole establishment was like a lair of banditti rather than a home for settled Christian people. A roll of carpet, hastily spread on the dining-room floor, formed a bed for our clergyman; and so, one way or another, we were all disposed of for the night, and slept soundly. The next morning dawned as benign and heavenly as only Floridian days can. Nobody could be out of humor or dismal, with all the world around in such an exquisite frame, and even the extraordinary nature of the accommodations in which we had to set up our housekeeping tent failed to discourage us. For we had come straight down from the land of whirling storms and deep snow-drifts, and to find ourselves here in mid-February dressing with open windows, amid the soft, dewy freshness of a June morning, was a novelty and a marvel that exalted our spirits. All things seemed possible in such a lovely climate. At breakfast we reminded one another of these pleasing differences in congratulatory tones, calling to mind, with many a little shudder of recollection, how the wind was blowing and the snows were drifting in the land whence we came, while outside we could see the wild plum-trees white with fragrant blossoms, and hear red-bird and mocking-bird making merry in the trees.

It is to be confessed that it required the help of this fine flow of spirits to sustain us when after breakfast we began to take a housekeeper's survey of our new quarters.

The plantation, we were told, had been in former days the leading one in Florida. It included nine thousand acres, — there was a touch of the magnificent in this fact. It had employed five hundred slaves. It had raised quantities of the long-staple cotton, held to be the very finest variety of that necessary article; it had raised, beside, harvests of sugar-cane, and in the days before the great frost of 1835 was said to have had a fine productive orange grove, of which, by the bye, not a trace remained.

The negro quarter was a regular village of well-built and comfortable little houses, speaking favorably for the humanity of the former masters. There was the overseer's house, a respectable cottage near by; there was a large barn, and a gin-house for the cotton, — the extent of the accommodations indicating a business done on a large scale.

The planter's house in the midst of all this was the unpretentious cottage we have already spoken of. It was a story and a half high, having chambers above, under the roof. On the ground-floor was a wide hall running quite through the house, with rooms opening on either side. To this central portion an addition had been built, containing two lower and two upper rooms. At one end of the broad veranda, connected with it by another veranda, was a one-story octagon pavilion, built, as we were informed, for a music room, and having a large window in each of its eight sides. Near by this house was another cottage with four rooms in it, which we were told was in former times devoted to the school-

room and the lodging of the teachers employed for the planter's children.

Now it must be borne in mind that for five years this whole estate had been lying waste, while war had been waging along the banks of the St. John's, and now this and now that party held possession. The fields had been tramped over by bands of stragglers, and the house from time to time made a convenience of by those nondescript parties who always hung round the skirts of an army. The windows were many of them broken, — a fact thought lightly of by our gentlemen friends in a climate so balmy as this, — and every part of the house was more or less dilapidated. We were informed by our young officers that they had been for weeks engaged in strenuous efforts at house-cleaning, by which the house had been brought into its present habitable condition, and it was evident that they looked upon it with no little complacency as proof of their skill in housekeeping. We were therefore forced to suppress our exclamations of dismay, and to endeavor to join with them in cheerful assurances that it would do nicely with the few extra touches we should be able to give it.

It was true, one of the hall doors had a broken hinge, which made it impossible to shut it; but that was no matter, since nobody wanted it shut in the daytime, and at night one might set a chair against it. Burglars were unknown; our suggestion that somebody might want to get in nights was only laughed at. In fact, on warm nights, they said, we could sleep with both doors open, for the benefit of the air, in Arcadian security.

We had brought down a barrel of crockery ware, and before unpacking we peeped into a pantry on one side of the hall. It was ankle-deep with rubbish, — old shoes, old hats, old bits of harness, in short all the miscellaneous accretions of a camp life. One gentleman ingenuously admitted, "Oh, well, they had n't thought of clearing that out, but if we wanted it should be done." And forthwith a stout negro was busy hoeing out the *débris* and carrying it off by baskets full, to be burned in the yard; then Winnah, with scrubbing-brush and pail, completed the process, and when our plates and dishes were wiped and arranged on the clean shelves, she chuckled and cackled and crowed with delight and wonder. Our crockery ware, to be sure, was a collection of all the odds and ends — the fragments of sets, the superfluous or invalid dishes — that had gathered in our Northern china closets. There was scarce a plate or a cup that had not a crack or a nick, but in Winnah's eyes they seemed splendid, for Winnah had all her days been only a field hand, and small had been her stock of household lore. Her admiration of all our improvements, however, was like a cheerful chorus as we went on.

After a few days we had succeeded in giving what we fancied was a tolerable air of comfort to our house. The eight windows of the pavilion were draped with muslin curtains, the floor was carpeted, and we had improvised by domestic upholstery certain lounges and ottomans which gave a creditable air to the room; and having made it gay with vases of yellow jessamine and the wild phlox, with which the fields were overrun, we began to feel it quite presentable. We had a call from one of our nearest neighbors, who lived only five miles away. Mrs. R—— was an old inhabitant who had been on visiting terms with our predecessors, living in abundance and comfort in a beautiful and highly cultivated place on the banks of the St. John's.

She told us tales of the splendor of the former occupants of the house: how they kept a French cook and an elegant table, and gave superb dinners; how the pavilion we had chosen as our parlor used to be their music room, with a grand piano and a harp and all manner of musical instruments resounding there; how they had five hundred field hands at work, and raised more cotton than any plantation in the State. We felt very decadent and insignificant in hearing all these fine stories, for we were working only thirty hands, and had neither French cook, butler, nor coachman, nor piano nor harp. But we had golden

hopes for the future: there were the cotton fields, — and cotton was king, — and in due time we should arise and shine; our ship of gold would come sailing joyfully in.

But hearing these tales of former grandeur, we could not but wonder at the primitive coarseness and roughness of the construction of the house we lived in. The fastenings of the doors were coarse, common iron latches; the rooms were not plastered overhead, but ceiled with boards, which had shrunk so that the unsightly cracks were visible between. All the wood-work bore marks of unskilled carpentry, and carried us back to the days when a plantation was a little state in itself, depending for all the arts of life on the half-educated slave laborer; when people raised on the farm not only their own corn and sugar, but their own carpenter and plasterer.

There was no evidence of æsthetic tastes in any of the grounds surrounding the cottage. The yard, shaded by the splendid oaks before mentioned, was spotted with little rough buildings thrown up for various purposes of mere convenience, without regard to ornament: there was a large brick oven, with a roof over it; a milk-room propped on posts, and built with a double wall like an ice-house; a well, also roofed over; and a smoke-house for meats. The house itself was lifted upon live-oak posts about three feet from the ground, affording full sweep for circulation of air; but to our unaccustomed eyes this want of a solid foundation gave to the building an awkward appearance. Cellars, we were informed, were unknown in Florida, and the celebrated wine-room of the former planter was in the attic of the house. The kitchen of the mansion was at such a distance that we wondered how a hot dinner was ever possible. It was a cabin by itself, with a yawning chimney some ten feet wide and looking straight up into the sky; and the dining-room was across a yard and up a flight of steps. The idea of a French *chef* marshaling the *entrées* of a dinner party under such circumstances gives a new conception of the national ingenuity.

Our neighbors, it may be well understood, were not many. Our nine thousand acres kept us pretty well out of society, but we did have a visit from one very characteristic and rather picturesque personage whom we shall call Long John. One day, when our gentlemen were all out, we found this individual tranquilly sitting in the veranda smoking a pipe. He was a tall, thin, loose-jointed person, dressed in homespun clothes, and in all his appointments indicating total indifference to points of personal nicety. He was no stranger to our gentlemen, who had, in hunting expeditions, sometimes availed themselves of his skill in wood-craft, for he was reckoned the best shot in all the region, and, as we were told, could snuff a candle with his rifle at thirty paces, and in all that pertained to forest life had the instincts of a Leather Stocking.

All this, however, was unknown to us, when we found him established as aforesaid, and we supposed that he was somebody come to see one of our captains on some definite errand. No such thing, however; for after he had sat smoking about an hour, and we began to regard him with inquisitive looks, he seemed to feel that conversation was in order, and, taking his pipe from his mouth, remarked "that the branch was pretty high below there, and he allowed he 'd stay with us awhile, till it run out," — a proposition wholly unintelligible to us, who had not yet learned that all small streams are called in cracker dialect "branches," nor that "to allow" was used as synonymous with to "think." When our gentlemen returned we found that our guest was in truth an old acquaintance, and the exquisite quiet and ease with which he received their greetings, making himself perfectly at home and staying to dinner and to supper, was something quite amusing.

"Is he going to stay all night?" inquired Marcia, anxiously, as evening drew on.

"Oh, certainly, — all night and tomorrow, too, for all anybody knows," was the answer.

"But we have no room, or bed!"

"Oh, that makes no difference. Give him a pillow, or a blanket, and he 'll be all right."

In fact, our guest, noticing the slight appearance of consultation, affably remarked to us that we "need n't mind him; he could camp down most anywhere." And so, when we broke up for the night, Marcia arranged our new lounge for him, of which he took possession with meek and quiet contentment, and we left him placidly gazing at the last brands of our evening fire.

Long John, however, had his entertaining points, and while sitting round our light-wood fire one of our captains, who knew him of old, amused us by drawing him on to relate some of his war-time experiences.

"There 's been a deal of hard fighting here in Florida, Mr. Johns, has n't there?"

Mr. Johns's manner was always mildly ruminative. He thought over the question quietly for a minute or so, then squirted a straight shaft of tobacco juice at the fire, and answered deliberately, —

"Wal, now, there 's ben some *pretty tall runnin'* here; can't say so much for the fightin'!"

"Why, they got *you* into the army once, did n't they, Johns?"

Another pause, another shaft of tobacco juice, and then, in quiet, moderate drawl, —

"Wal — yes — they did. Ye see they hed a draft, they called it; sent and tuck me 'n' a lot o' fellers up to the camp o' instruction, they called it. I did n't see no use in 't; I did n't see what I wanted o' a camp of instruction! I could draw a bead and hit my mark better 'n any man on 'em, and wha 'd I want to be lyin' round loose in a camp o' instruction?"

Here Johns made a pause, and seemed to descend into himself in contemplation.

"Did you run away?"

"Wal — yis; I jest tuck off and come home to tend to my own affairs. I did n't know nothin' 'bout thir old war, and I did n't keer nothin'; 't wan't none o' my business, nohow, and I wanted to be tendin' to my crops and my critturs; so I says nothin' to nobody, and comes home."

"Well, did they let you stay there?"

An ineffably droll expression passed slowly over his face; he spit once or twice vigorously, and answered, —

"Wal — no — they did n't."

"Did they send after you? How was it? Tell us, Mr. Johns."

"Wal, ye see, they sent Ben Bradley and a squad o' fellers for to take me. I was out in the woods with my gun, and I see 'em coming, and I got behind a tree and p'inted my gun at 'em and called out to 'em to stop. Says I, 'I shall drop the fust man that comes further!' Wal, they stopped. They knowed I would — they knowed I gen'lly *hit*, and so they stopped; and Ben, he called out to me, 'Look here, Johns,' says he, 'we 're come to take you.' 'Wal,' says I, 'ye jest can't get me, cause the fust man that starts to do it I shall shoot.' 'But they've sent us to take you.' 'Can't help that,' says I; 'I won't be took.' Wal, then they stopped and sort o' talked it over a minute, and then Ben, he calls out kind o' friendly, 'Come now, look here, Johns; jes' let us come up and hev a talk with you; we jes' want to talk it over friendly.' 'No, thankee,' ses I, 'ye can talk where ye be; I can hear ye where I be. I don't want ye no nearer.' 'Look here, now, Johns,' says Ben, 'they 've sent us to take you, and ef we don't do it it 'll be the worse for us.' 'And if ye do,' says I, 'it 'll be the worse for me; so that 's square.' 'Wal,' says he, 'we shan't know what to say to 'em when they ask why we did n't bring you.' 'Wal,' says I, 'there ain't nobody knows you 've seen me but jest yourselves and me and the critturs. *I* shan't tell on ye, and the critturs *can't*, and ef ye 're fools enough to go back and tell on yourselves I can't help it.' Wal, they jest went off and let me alone that time."

"And did n't they try again to catch you?"

"Oh, wal — yis. One time I was out in my 'dug-out,' on the river, — rifle down in the bottom of the boat. I hears

a whoop, and looked up, and sure enough there was two o' them fellers on the bank p'intin' their guns right at me. 'Got ye now, Johns!' says they. 'Wal,' says I, 'I give in. I'll come to sho'.' Then I give a sort o' spring, as if I see suthin. 'Good Lor'! wha 's that crittur behind ye?' says I. Them fellers both turned to look, and I catched up my rifle and drew a bead on 'em. 'Look out for yourselves now,' says I, 'I am goin' to fire!' Tell ye, them fellers tuck to their heels lively, and I jest made for the other side o' the river fast as I could paddle. Wal, they let me alone arter that, but they come once when I was out huntin', and burnt up my house, and cut down my corn, and driv off all my critturs."

"Why, Johns, they cleaned you out, did n't they?"

"Wal, they did, but I 've got things fixed up agin, — got my house up and my crops in, and my critturs, and I hope you 'll all come and see me; stay 's long as ye want ter."

The invitation, given in such sacred simplicity, was doubtless more sincere than many another in polished circles, as two of our number proved, when, a week after, they got belated coming home from hunting, and stopped at Johns's cabin. There was true Arab hospitality, — the best of all there was at their disposal, and no apologies for what there was not. A large tin pan of boiled hominy, flanked with a pitcher of cane syrup, formed the meal, and was served out to them in earthen pint bowls; and at night Johns and his wife gave up their beds to the company, and spread mattresses on the floor for themselves.

As to Johns's cattle, of which he had now a fair flock, the mode of acquisition was easy to guess. It was only necessary to take here and there and anywhere a fine young calf that he found running loose in the woods, and, applying his branding-irons to it, make it *his* thereafter; and who could contest the mark? We could fancy the leisurely way with which he settled the right of the matter with himself: "I had calves, and these might 'a be'n some o' mine, — most likely was, — nobody could say they was n't; any rate, they 're mine now!"

Nothing is more unlike a Northerner's ideas of property management than the way the Floridians manage their cattle. We had with our plantation, as a part of the assets, fifty head of fine cows; but we never saw them all together; most of them were roaming the forests. About sixteen young calves were shut up in an inclosure, as a means of drawing home their mothers to be milked. When the mothers were let in to the calves, the milker came, too, and the calf on one side and the milker on the other conducted the operation. Winnah was the superintendent of this department, and milked in a pint cup, which when filled she emptied into the larger pail. Our sixteen cows in that way yielded about two gallons at a milking.

It is a matter of pride and boast with the farmers and proprietors to have large flocks of cattle, and once or twice a year they look them all over and mark the calves that have come into existence during the interval. In our drives we often met the cattle drovers on horseback careering the woods after their cows; and the forest towards evening resounded with a certain musical yodel, or cow call, and with the crack of the long cattle whip, which rings like the report of a rifle.

There is no shelter provided for cattle, and in many cases no food except what they can help themselves to as they range the woods. When the long grass of the forest, justly named wire-grass, becomes dead and sere, it has been customary from time immemorial to set fire to it and burn out the woods. These fires meet one at certain seasons of the year on all sides, and the only wonder is that the resinous pine forests do not catch and burn up; but they do not. The palmettoes and underbrush all go to destruction, and the land is blackened for miles. After this comes up the soft young wire-grass, and the season of good pasture begins.

The large, rich planters in Florida had taken some pains with their stock, importing from Italy and from India

such as they thought would be adapted to the Floridian climate. Our cows showed the marks of superior blood and breeding, another of the remaining traces of the former grandeur of the plantation.

Now as to our plantation arrangements: on the old estate there had been a thousand cleared acres devoted to cotton and sugar-cane. Of these our more humble means enabled us to cultivate only two hundred. Our laborers were good, steady hands, engaged under written contract at a stipulated price of from eight to twelve dollars per month, according to ability. The old plantation *régime* was adopted, because they were accustomed to working in that way, and in no other. At gray peep of dawn "Mose," our head man, blew the shell, and forthwith from the line of little cottages turned out all hands, men and women equally. They were divided into gangs, with a leader to each gang, and went directly into the field, putting in three hours of good work, when all came back to get their breakfast; and then again to the fields till dinner time, and then till night.

They impressed one as a sober, steady set of people, and, having worked all day, their relaxation was to go into a prayer-meeting and sing hymns and listen to exhortations till ten or eleven o'clock at night.

There were two or three preachers among them, and sometimes we sat outside upon the door-step, listening to the strangest mixture of words that could ever be put together. It was really touching to see the solemn, earnest, breathless attention of rows of those dark faces to words which to our white ears were utterly meaningless. Yet when we remember that the devotions of some of the most cultivated races of Europe are offered in an unknown tongue, we must think that the power of certain sounds to stir up religious feeling is a matter of association, and not at all of the intellectual faculties.

We brought down with us a cargo of spelling-books, and on the first Sunday after our arrival we assembled our hands at the house for divine service. Our clergyman led the music with his violin, and then for sermon read and explained the ten commandments to an attentive and serious audience. We were graciously informed by Winnah afterwards that the sermon met with great acceptance, everybody thinking that it was just the preaching his neighbor ought to hear, as is usually the case in good Christian congregations. But they were all dreadfully astonished and scandalized at the violin, which they appeared to consider an instrument especially devoted to the service of Satan.

Dancing is the one thing which every negro man or woman can do *well* by nature. The merest lout among them becomes graceful as a dancer, and it appears that dancing is selected as the *one thing* to be given up when the postulant thinks of joining the church. We thought to ourselves that we could select other tests more important, — talking against one's neighbors, for example; but in their view this was *the* one sign of self-surrender, and the violin, as the excitement to dancing, was therefore held as a profane thing in divine worship.

After service there was a distribution of spelling-books made, and never were gifts more eagerly and gratefully received. The poor souls seemed to think that reading was a thing that would come in a short time, if only they had the books, and thankfully accepted the offer of the ladies to help them in their lessons; but oh, who can measure what a task the acquisition of the English language is to those who come to it in middle life! We have before us now a picture of our "Tom," a great Hercules of a fellow, lying on the ground in his nooning, with the spelling-book before him, and the sweat starting out on his forehead, as he puzzled his patient way through the *ab*, *ib*, *ob*, — cabalistic signs on the lowest door-step of knowledge.

Many never got through the wilderness of the spelling-book into the promised land of the first reader; but some few persevered. Those who gave up consoled themselves with saying "their chillen should learn," and read to them;

and the little ones did learn with a rapidity astonishing to their elders.

We would like to linger here over many curious scenes and histories of those old plantation days, but we must not make our story too long. Our feminine ranks were recruited by one of our captains, who went North, married, and brought down his young wife to add to our cheer. We rode, we walked, we sketched. Rambling along the beautiful bluffs, we each selected spots where we would build our houses when our ship of gold came in. Sometimes we started out for the day, with provision and sketching materials, and with guns and ammunition for our gentlemen to shoot alligators. A beautiful island, where there were groves of wild orange and lemon trees, was a part of our plantation. There we landed, and while the hunters were off shooting we kindled our fire, made coffee, and prepared sylvan meals. Once they came home tugging a great alligator thirteen feet long, as a model for our sketching. Then came the cutting up and skinning: the skin to be made into boots; the fat to supply the finest, most limpid machine oil for the cotton-gin. In the stomach of the monster we found pine knots, morsels of brickbats, and part of an old tin can. Nothing, apparently, came amiss to him. He must have been a genuine specimen of the scriptural leviathan, who "esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood." The memory of such days under the wild orange-trees by the white beach of the St. John's is pleasant yet, but we must hasten to the *finale* of our story.

Well, our cotton grew and increased and flourished, and spread out as fair and flowery a field as hope ever sported in. Cotton, in itself a beautiful plant, was more beautiful in our eyes, as every yellow and pink blossom spoke of a golden future.

It was thought by the best judges that there was upon our fields a crop which would bring a profit of ten thousand dollars over all expenses. We dreamed of it as sure, and already, in imagination, divided the spoil and reinvested for larger harvests.

Alas for human hopes! Our brave captains who had come safe through many battles were defeated and routed on this field by an army which came by night, without banner or band of music. This was the way of it. One day, in looking over the cotton fields setting full with their buds and bolls, we descried a little black worm about two inches long, with a red stripe on either side of his back. This was the first Army Worm, the commander of the advance scout. We picked him off and killed him. Next day twenty came to his funeral, and the day after that the Army was there on leaf and stalk and bud! All through the hundred acres there was the sound of a chewing and craunching direful to hear. In two days our beautiful cotton field stood gaunt and bare, without a leaf, as if a fire had passed over it. Ten thousand dollars did those reckless marauders eat, and then vanished as they came, and left us desolate.

We made in all, perhaps, two bales of cotton! Our scheme was over, our firm dissolved. One went to editing a paper, another set up a land agency. As for us, we and ours bought an orange grove on the other side of the St. John's, and forever forswore the raising of cotton.

But as at the bottom of Pandora's box there was a grain of comfort, so there was in ours. Though *we* made nothing, and lost all we invested, our hands were all duly paid, scot and lot, — in many cases with the first money they ever earned, and it gave them a start in life. That has been the one consoling reflection when we recall the tragedy of *Our Plantation.*

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

EMILE ZOLA AS A CRITIC.

St. Petersburg is somewhat far afield to look for the latest sensation in the literary world, but so it is that the breeze which has set all Paris rustling and quivering blows from that distant north. During the last three years, Emile Zola has contributed a series of letters "upon literature and life" to the Messenger of Europe, the leading periodical of Russia. Some of his subjects have had but a relative or momentary interest, though treated with all his strong and vivid individuality, while others, like the study of "the French youth of to-day," are precious *mémoires pour servir* for the future historian. But the real importance and significance of the correspondence are to be found in the masterly reviews and frank criticisms of contemporary French literature. More even than this, it includes an estimate of the work of his predecessors as well as of his rivals. It is nothing less than a formal opening of the great plea of realism versus romanticism. Zola has formulated the first deliberate pronunciamento of his party against the romantic school.

He has not only defined the position, the literary creed, of the realists, but he has for the first time clearly expressed their theory of the principles of their opponents, and their estimate of the value and permanence of the work of the romantic school. Hence, the letters, as they have gradually made their way back to Paris, are creating a stir nothing less than that of the days of the old struggle between classic and romantic, and it is not surprising that at this moment the dwellers on the French Parnassus are ranging themselves in two hostile camps. If, on the one side, there is the prestige of tradition, the dignities of the Academy and the Revue, and above all a leader, the *doyen* of the literary world, of whom not even the most extreme opponent will speak in aught but affectionate reverence, on the other side there is the eager strength of the new generation, and the incontestable and enormous success of such men as Daudet and Zola himself. The attitude of the English world at this moment towards Emile Zola may not inadequately be described as suspense of judgment. No one takes up his books without acknowledging their irresistible power, either to attract or to repel. The questions, then, whether one likes or dislikes his work, whether one believes that the principles upon which it is founded are enduring, are quite apart from the interest one must feel in the judgment of such a man upon his contemporaries. No one is yet ready to accept Zola definitively as a critic; yet equally no one can help listening to his verdict. Words which from another might seem querulous or jealous, the carping of disappointment, are from him but the frank expression of conscientious judgment. The triumph of his own success places him beyond the fear of rivals.

Besides separate sketches of such authors as Balzac, Hugo, Châteaubriand, George Sand, the brothers Goncourt, the letters have born the titles, Our Contemporary Poets, The Novelists of To-Day, Contemporary Drama, Daudet's Nabob, Taine's Last Volume.

The brief space of an article can do them no justice, for a criticism depends for its truth and power as much upon *total* effect as a picture or novel. One needs just as much to feel the atmosphere which no mere extracts can suggest. We shall not even attempt a *résumé* of his philosophic exposition of the theories of his own school. Of course to him his own "brothers-in-arms" are the "kings of romance;" but we turn from their brilliant portraits to names more familiar to most ears, and we choose for our brief extracts rather the bits which will best stand alone, the criticisms which have been most startling, and a few of the direct comments upon

the romantic writers. Besides their own interest, they throw a new light upon Zola himself. They show him not as a cold, unsympathetic outsider, the rude exponent of a protesting reaction. He speaks rather as one who looks back upon the dreams outgrown of childhood. He has breathed that air, he has felt that charm.[1]

"I remember my own youth. We were a few young boys in the heart of Provence, in love with nature and poetry. The dramas of Victor Hugo seemed to us like wonderful visions. After the close of school, I remember, ice-cold from the classic tirades we were obliged to learn by heart, we just warmed ourselves by committing whole scenes from Ernani and Ruy Blas. How often, on the shore of a little stream, after a long bath, we performed among ourselves whole acts! Then we fancied, Ah, if we could only see all that in the theatre! and it seemed to us that the roof rang with the ecstatic applause of the spectators. . . . We remember with what wonderful light shone the verses of Victor Hugo at their first appearance. It was like a new blossoming of our national literature. Lyric poetry was unknown to us. We had only the choruses of Racine and the odes of Rousseau, which now seem to us so cold and stilted. Hence the impression produced on cultivated youth was very deep, and this impression has not yet disappeared. It seems impossible that any new tree should grow in our literary soil within the shadow of the huge oak planted by Victor Hugo. This oak of lyric poetry spreads its branches to all the ends of the earth, covers all the land, fills the sky, and there is not a single poet who would not come to muse beneath and carry away in his ears the song of its birds. They are fated to repeat the music of this all-pervading voice. There is no room for other songs in the air. For the last forty years there is but one poetic language, — the language of Victor Hugo. When any epoch receives so deep and strong an impression, the next generation must suffer, and must make repeated efforts before it can free itself and attain the possibility of developing freely its own creative power." Yet "only as lyric poet is Victor Hugo absolute king. In drama and romance his influence was never strong, and now is nothing." But here something stays the hand of Zola. It is not only the reverent loyalty which every Frenchman bears in his heart, but it is a closer personal feeling, born of those boyhood dreams, that prompts him. "Obstacles of every kind prevent one's speaking frankly one's thought when frankness would be almost rudeness. Victor Hugo is still living, and surrounded by such an aureole of glory, after so long and brilliant a life as literary king, that the truth spoken in the face of that ancient autocrat would seem almost an insult. True, we are far enough from romanticism now. For the drama, at least, we are posterity, and may pronounce our judgment; but I think respect will close our lips while Victor Hugo is alive and can hear us. . . . They have reproached me personally, that I am an ungrateful son of romanticism. No, I am not at all ungrateful. I know that our elder brothers won a glorious victory, and we are bound by enthusiastic gratitude to Victor Hugo. But it angers me, and I begin to rebel, when partisans wish to bind French literature to romanticism. If you have won freedom, then permit us to use it. Romanticism was nothing else than a rebellion: it remains for us now to use the victory. The movement begun by you is continued by us. Is that wonderful? It is the law of humanity. We borrow your soul, but we do not wish your rhetoric."

Next to Victor Hugo come Musset and Lamartine.

"Alfred de Musset still has worshipers. I speak not of readers, but of followers. . . . Of late, the women and young people have, as it were, discov-

[1] It will be remembered that the text has undergone translation from French into Russian, and thence into English. The faithfulness of the English may be depended upon, but it would be surprising if the force of the figures and the style of the original suffered nothing in the double translation. Exact corresponding terms cannot always be found. "Novelist" is not satisfactory for "romancier," etc. It is to be hoped that a French edition will appear before long.

ered him anew. The Premières Poèsies and the Poèsies Nouvelles have been sold in great numbers. In the provinces, especially in the very small towns, not a single young woman, not a single youth, is without them. . . . Yet his early followers were few. Victor Hugo, then rising like a giant from his colossal pedestal of the island of Jersey, reigned supreme. Later, the followers of Musset raised their standard against the standard of the followers of Hugo. At the present time the arena is open."

"What surprises me is the oblivion now surrounding all Lamartine. He stood first: when the Meditations appeared, it seemed to every one a voice had sounded from heaven. Romantic poetry was popular at that epoch. He was its prophet, its true founder. What ecstasy he awoke! I have only to turn to my own youthful recollections to find the place which Lamartine held in the heart. He was the universal favorite. It was so sweet to dream with him. We were in raptures over Victor Hugo, but we loved Lamartine. For him were all the women, and they admitted him even to the *pension* and the convent. He lay under the pillow, and opened to the purest souls the path of ideal love. His very name, so soft, was like a caress. And what! they have ceased to read this man! . . . I know not if he still keeps the love of young girls in the pension and the home, but I suspect he is exiled and gone. He is never mentioned in literary conversations. I do not meet his name once a month in the journals; finally, his works sell very badly. This oblivion is not inexplicable. The poetry of Lamartine was simply and purely music, a melodious phrase. It soothed and charmed. As to its contents, they consisted of lament and of pathetic despair, uttered on the morrow after the great change produced by the Revolution and the wars of the first empire. You feel how much this music must have touched its contemporaries. Times have changed; we have entered the epoch of reality, and it is not surprising that now the indefinite reveries of Lamartine please no one. I am sure, besides, that few understand him. He is too far from us, too much in a cloud; in a word, he no longer answers to the need of the soul of our time. Hence the silence surrounding his name and his works. . . . He has no successors. There is more talk and more imitation of Racine than of him."

"Alfred de Vigny is surely as forgotten as Lamartine."

"A still more characteristic silence reigns around the name of Beranger. If ever there were a popular poet, it was he. In the time of my youth, in the last days of the reign of Louis Philippe, I remember, his songs were sung everywhere." With the second empire they grew old-fashioned, and are now completely gone. It must be so, since they were written for special time and place. "But what is more surprising is that he has left no followers. In our day, the songs are from the authors of the *vaudevilles*, a wretched set, not even knowing what good spelling is. This explains the indecencies which are sung in the streets. All the stupidity of Paris has found a place in these silly verses."

Théophile Gautier and Charles Baudelaire were "the own sons of the men of 1830."

"Gautier's Emaux et Camées are a series of short poems, polished like precious stones, and showing the crystal transparency of agates and amethysts. . . . He died ten years ago, and indifference is already shown toward his books. . . . He had not, I repeat, enough original and strong notes."

"Baudelaire is a very dangerous model. He has even to this time a crowd of imitators. . . . In him one must see romanticism diabolic. Leconte de Lisle turned to stone in the classic pose. To Baudelaire remained the *rôle* of one possessed with a devil. And he began to seek beauty in evil, and, according to the expression of Hugo, 'revealed a new shiver.' . . . I shall not speak of the affected eccentricities of his life; he became at the final end the victim of his own demoniac possession; he died young, of a nervous disease which deprived him of the memory of words. . . . All this

is the same romanticism, only seasoned with satanic pepper."

The group of young poets of to-day have known the romantic leaders through Gautier and Baudelaire. "They are the grandsons of Hugo and Lamartine. We have reached the third generation. . . . It is self-evident that these young men stand by themselves. Living at an epoch strongly opposed to poetry, which regards them with indifference and ridicule, they were obliged to separate themselves from every one, and to make of poetry an actual religion. . . . They were a band of *illuminati*, recognizing each other by masonic signs." Like the Indian fakirs, the "Parnassiens" (as they were called) shut their eyes, in order not to be confused by the life around them. "So they turned for subjects to mythical times, to the most remote regions. Each of them chose for himself a specialty. Some betook themselves to the Northern regions, some traveled to the East, a few went to Greece; at last, some even preëmpted the stars. Not one at the beginning, apparently, suspected that Paris exists; that in the streets are passing fiacres and omnibuses; that the contemporary world, broad and mighty, is hurrying along the sidewalks with them."

"In poetry no creative talent has appeared since Lamartine, Musset, and Hugo. All our poets, without exception, are inspired by these three predecessors. Apart from them nothing is done. . . . Wherefore it seems to me that the great poet of the future must sweep away all the æsthetics of the present moment. I think that he will be thoroughly of the time; that he will develop the realistic idea in all its purity. He will express our age in a new language, which he himself will create. And without being a prophet, I trust we have not long to wait for him, for the efforts which our young poets are making to leave the worn-out forms prove the profound revolution which is preparing. We see in them the harbingers. It may be the master is in the midst of them, but he is still unknown. Be that as it may, we are ready to receive him with honor."

Zola is more upon his own ground with the novelists than with the poets. Of course, the realists take all the honors; but it is remarkable that from all these pages one cannot infer his own personal career, his own individual work. With all his boldness, there is nothing of aggressive egotism.

"Champfleury is still living, but alas, he is a leader without an army; and saying that he still lives, I ought to add that for literature he is dead, for it is long since he has written a single romance." The realistic movement undertaken by Champfleury in 1848 was the first protest against triumphant romanticism. "Unluckily, Champfleury, in spite of his undoubted talent, was not strong enough to carry the campaign to the end. The movement was destined to fail. It made a stir, but then the public went over to Flaubert and the brothers Goncourt, the true heirs of Balzac. Worse than all, Champfleury himself lost heart, seeing that his readers abandoned him. He ceased to write, and now lingers in veritable literary death, that terrible death — the worst of tortures for an author — of the aged and the forgotten."

Of the group of writers who may be called followers of George Sand and Lamartine, Jules Sandeau is "the veteran. He is one of the two novelists whom the Academy counts. Long since he gave up writing. He has altogether separated himself from active literary life. You meet him sometimes near the Academy, walking slowly, *flânant*, like a good *bourgeois*, with the air of a man not of this world. He is the sort of writer who pleases more than all women and young girls."

"The second novelist-Academician, Octave Feuillet, produced an actual *furore*. Twelve, fifteen years ago, in the full bloom of the empire, his romances reached the thirtieth thousand. He was then the fashionable novelist in the aristocratic world. He was honored at the Tuileries; the empress regarded him with great favor, and consulted him as to the choice of books for reading. . . . All his originality consisted in making

himself the advocate of duty and morality, where De Musset and George Sand defended passion. He was called, maliciously enough and truly enough, 'Le Musset des familles.' Now, it is true, he ventures to show that he does not shrink from hazardous pictures, and he writes books which mothers would not place in the hands of their daughters. But I have my own view about the so-called morality of fashionable novels. I believe that this morality is all woven from immorality, and that nothing can be more hurtful to heart and mind than the hypocritical distortion of truth and the jesuitical treatment of passions restrained by the sense of propriety. . . . Latterly, his success is materially less. France has experienced a shock, the times have changed, and the favorite author of the Empress Eugénie has been thrown off the track. . . . None the less Octave Feuillet remains the stay of the Revue des Deux Mondes, and the sole representative of French romance in it. . . . The Revue finds itself in a strange position, not choosing, or not being able, to draw to itself the novelists of the natural school; and in view of the undoubted success of these latter preferring to remain outside the literary movement, and to put forward second and third rate novelists. I venture the comparison. Only the pale setting sun of Octave Feuillet illumines it." . . .

"The Academy counts but two novelists, while there are four dramatists. This is an unfair proportion, for the theatre in our time is absolutely nothing. On the other hand, the romance holds the first place in literature. All the mind of our time is concentrated upon the romance, and this form will remain the characteristic of the literature of the nineteenth century, as tragedy and high comedy characterize the seventeenth. . . . Ought not Flaubert, ought not Edmond de Goncourt, to have been long, long ago Academicians? . . . The Academy will be forever blamed that it did not admit Balzac, and it is preparing to repeat its mistake. Like the Revue, it is gradually withdrawing itself from the literary movement. . . . But I fear much lest on the day when the Academy chooses a novelist, it will choose Cherbuliez, the immediate pupil of George Sand. Cherbuliez is the second stay of the Revue, and it is notorious that this journal makes a specialty of manufacturing Academicians. Buloz paid his contributors poorly, but he flattered them with the perspective of an academic fauteuil where they might sit in their old age. Cherbuliez has not produced such a furore as Feuillet, still he is much beloved of ladies. . . . All his heroines are angels going through hell or through purgatory, — ill-fated dames or incomprehensible damsels, whose virtues finally triumph over all. Of course, the intrigue is of the most romantic sort; nature serves only as a background with poetic shadows."

"André Theuriet is the last idealist, and his work is modeled after George Sand; but I gladly forgive him, for the sake of the delicate, graceful fancy of his sketches. Neither he nor Perret have an extensive sale for their books, notwithstanding their connection with the Revue. What becomes, then, of the pretensions of the Revue that it assures the success of the romances which it prints? The truth is the Revue never brings a writer into favor with the public. It is necessary to make conquest of the public itself by one's own talent."

"So the idealists at present have one gentle recruit and two lame generals like Feuillet and Cherbuliez. I do not mention Victor Hugo. One must always make a special place for him. Besides, he does not write romances; he writes poems in prose. His influence counts for nothing in the present movement in literature. So the idealistic romance is crumbling and falling to dust. One can foresee the day when it will die an actual death for want of *romanciers*. I do not see among the rising generation a single writer who is worthy to wear the mantle of George Sand. I see, on the contrary, a whole train of young writers ready to follow in the path marked out by Balzac. For them there is a future, for them life. Not ten years will pass before their position will be clearly defined, and nothing left but to acknowl-

edge the complete success of the naturalistic school."

Of two or three men "somewhat apart from the strife" between the two schools, Zola says, —

"I often think with wonder of Edmond About. As he writes he continually offers the public surprises. We remember his *début* in the bloom of the empire, his first brilliant appearance as a novelist. Without taking breath, one book followed another: Madelon, to me his best work; two fantasies, provoking bitter criticism, L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée and Le Cas de M. Guérin; then his endless work in three thick volumes, La Vieille Roche, where all his talent somehow evaporated, and only the dregs were left. And at that the matter ended; the romancier in him suddenly died. Since that work, ten years ago, About, it seems, has given nothing to his publisher. He married, grew stout; for some years nothing was heard of him. It might have been thought he was dead. At present he is the chief editor of the Dix-Neuvième Siècle, and makes a good deal of money out of it. Sometimes it seems that he wields the gallant pen of the old happy time. . . . Be that as it may, I know no stranger story in our contemporary literature: a man beginning as a writer so brilliantly, whose chief qualities were activity and productiveness, suddenly ceases to write, as if he had said himself out, and had nothing more to say. I have sought an explanation of this fact, and it seems to me the great misfortune of About is that he does not believe in anything, not even in literature. Besides, the political horizon was dark. It was impossible to guess the future. About, with his liberal tendencies, remained the friend of Prince Napoleon on all occasions. In the storm of 1870 he disappeared from the scene. Now he has reappeared as a republican. But if the polemist has risen again, although a little softened and aged, the romancier has gone down in the confusion irretrievably. Upon him may be made up the final judgment. He was above all a story-teller. It was too plain that he himself did not believe in his heroes; he set them dancing at the end of his pen to amuse others and to amuse himself. You always felt that the author was hidden behind the page, and laughing. This absence of conviction gave great lightness to the work, but it took away from it all depth. The analysis seemed superficial; the work was read lightly and forgotten. About has not left one single type, not one strong and positive page. He was full of ardor. He was a story-teller who, waking once in the morning, set himself to talk and to beguile everybody; afterwards, laying himself down to sleep at evening, he blew out his light forever."

"Madame Thérèse and Le Conscrit are pleasant trifles, but nothing more. It was unlucky that Erckmann-Chatrian did not follow the example of About. Unfortunately, success only increased their productiveness." The later work "is all bad, absolutely nothing." "The greater the enthusiasm, the greater the reaction; nobody talks of them now." "The last stir made by them was at the production of L'Ami Fritz, at the Théâtre Français. I value the piece highly for the realistic note which it has struck in the theatre." In line with them is Jules Verne. "You see his books in the hands of all children, in all family libraries, which explains their large sale. Beyond that they have no significance in contemporary literature. Primers and almanacs are sold in just such immense quantities."

"Gustav Droz was the painter of an artificial society playing at graceful vices, in the same fashion as the eighteenth century played at pastorals. The chief merit of the artist is that he has thrown off silhouettes which certainly will remain as the best data for the study of the society of the second empire. They reproach him for dipping his brush in rice-powder. Doubtless so, but still his right to fame is just this: that he alone has presented the picture of an elegant household in 1867."

The successors of Dumas *père* and Eugène Sue are the feuilletonists, a class of writers no longer of the first rank, since the naturalistic school will not sub-

mit to the inexorable "To be continued." We have scarcely room for the bare mention of the article on Taine's last volume of Les Origines. The purely literary criticism is striking, but it is startling to read the outspoken charge that Taine was so terrified by the Commune that he cannot be just to either the motives or the acts of the men of the Revolution.

We close with one paragraph from the review of the Nabob, for the sake of the description of the modern romance: "Evidently the romance with us has entered upon a period of triumph such as it never knew even in the time of Balzac. It may be said that the two great currents of our age, the scientific research for which Balzac made the beginning, and the artistic rhetoric created by Hugo, have become one. The romantic element has lived its life; history begins. I speak of the universal history of man, of the significant pile of human documents [*sic*] heaped up at the present time in the realistic romance. What a mass of facts, of observations, of documents of every kind, are scattered, for instance, in the Nabob; with what strong pulse life beats in them! At the present time the romance has become the instrument of the age, the great investigation of man and of nature."

Clara Barnes Martin.

AMERICANISMS.

VIII.

In continuing the consideration of this subject on the present occasion, and at some time hereafter, I shall be more reserved than I have been heretofore. Venturing to believe that I have established with candid readers sufficient confidence in my knowledge of that as to which I make an assertion to assure me of their considerate reception of what I may say, if not of their acquiescent belief in it, I shall not support my opinions with such an array of examples as I have sometimes before given, except in those cases in which such exemplification seems either to be specially needed, or to be interesting and instructive in itself. I shall also pass over unnoticed, or with mere mention, as in my last article, the numerous array of words and phrases in the Dictionary of Americanisms which are either out of place there obviously, or which belong to categories that have been already sufficiently commented on. Readers who are particularly interested in this subject may find deficiencies in these respects supplied should these articles be presented in a separate and more substantial form.

It may be worth while to remark here that there are words and phrases common to England and to the United States which have in both countries two senses, one of which is more frequently used in one than in the other, or which have two senses in one, and but one in the other. Of the latter, the word *clever* is a well-known example. This word, which is of comparatively recent origin, or rather of recent appearance in literature, and of disputed derivation, has been for some generations generally accepted English, but its meaning has not been so long well settled. In the United States it is used in two senses: one implying a compound of good nature and obligingness; the other, to use Richardson's definition, an active, alert, adroit, ready use of means in the power of the user. As the latter is the sense into which its use has settled in England, this *clever* is sometimes called "English clever," the former being, for like reason, designated as "American clever." But in England itself the word was in the last century used with very

various signification, — even to mean handsome, and copious, and satisfactory, and well made, and strong. I believe that I have memorandums of its use even in other senses. As late as 1786 so careful and "classic" a writer as Cooper applies *clever* to lodging-rooms.

"We just now learn that these *clever* apartments cannot be had. The son is to succeed the apprentice in the same chamber." (Letters, April 3, 1786; works, vol. iii. p. 300, ed. Bohn.)

The so-called "American clever," which has been for some time passing out of vogue among educated people here, is therefore not so reproachable as it might seem to be: first, because of the until lately unsettled meaning of the word in England and its uncertain etymology, but chiefly because of the very meaning of "American clever." This is not kind-hearted, but adaptable. An "American clever" man is one who adapts himself easily to the ways and wishes of those around him; he is a man of social tact. The connection of this sense with that of skill and dexterity in the use of means is obvious. But, as I have remarked, this use of the word has been rapidly disappearing during the last twenty-five or thirty years; and now among good speakers and writers it is entirely superseded by that of "English clever."

Of words which have two clearly distinct senses in both countries, the commonly used, but yet slangish and not very pleasant, *snob* is an example. This word, like *swell*, in the sense of distinguished, elegant, imposing, has not yet, I believe, been admitted into any dictionary of the English language; and yet both are in constant use among all sorts of people in both countries, *swell* being even much more frequently heard in England than here in the very best society. One of the most fastidiously correct English gentlemen that I met in England said to me, "Oh, it 's no use any man's trying to be a swell in London; for however big a swell he may be, the Duke of Westminster is a bigger swell than he." Another of the same sort said of a distinguished barrister who had already achieved a title, "He s sure to be a swell." It is thus used by ladies of the highest rank and breeding, and pervades the "polite literature" of the day.

To return to our unpleasant *snob*. It first appears, I believe, in Grose's Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, 1785 (of which, O book-hunting reader, I possess an original copy of the first, unexpurgated, edition), in which it is defined as "a nickname for a shoemaker." In the Modern Flash Dictionary, a tiny volume published in 1825, and intended for the waistcoat pocket of the "bucks" of George IV.'s day, it does not appear; nor in my own copy, which was interleaved by some curious gentleman of that time for the addition in manuscript of some two hundred slang and cant phrases then prevalent, is the omission supplied. In this little glossary *swell*, which is not found in Grose, appears, and is defined as "a genteel dressed man."[1] *Snob* crept gradually into vogue in England among the gentry as a recognized, but permitted, slang word for a low-born, vulgar, "base mechanical" person. This sense it retained, exclusively I believe, until the appearance in Punch of Thackeray's Snob Papers, before which time it was not used and was almost unknown in this country. In those humorous and savagely satirical papers Thackeray applied the word to all vulgarly pretentious persons, however high their rank or large their wealth; and this sort of snob, he said, was scattered freely through all classes of society in all countries. "There are snobs in China," he remarked. Had he seen Dickens's book-plate with its crest, knowing Dickens's origin and early habits of life, he would have called that snobbish. In this sense the word came rapidly into vogue in the United States. Here it has, in New York at least, been sub-

[1] Strangely enough, in this little flash dictionary there appears an early example of the phraseology *is being* which made a timid and almost solitary appearance, as Dr. Hall has shown, in the last years of the last century, and which, although becoming common, is not yet established. We are told that to be "'in Tow Street' is said of a person who *is being* decoyed or wrongly persuaded by another."

jected to yet another modification in certain circles, where it is used to mean a person who somewhat pretentiously affects the society of persons of condition and wealth. But in England, particularly among the aristocracy, it still retains something of its ante-Thackerayan meaning. I heard an American gentleman say jocosely of himself to a peeress, "I 'm a snob." She looked at him in amazement, and replied, "You 've a very happy faculty of concealing it, then." I understood him at once as meaning jestingly that, although a republican, he was exclusive in his social tastes; she regarded it as an incomprehensible admission that he was of low origin and habits of life. This word, by the change in its meaning, and by its elevation into vogue among the best speakers, is an example of the power which a writer of genius may exert in language; and it is also a witness of the variation in significance given to one word by the structure of the society in which it is used.

Let us now turn to the pages of the so-called Dictionary of Americanisms, after the H division, through which we glanced together two months ago.

I remark upon the first item under I, *I dad*, only to say that it is one of those whimsical euphemisms for "By G——" which are common to both countries among speakers in corresponding conditions of life, and which have been so for generations; and I will say at once that of the fifty-three words and phrases presented under this letter in the third edition of the Dictionary, I find that thirty-three have no proper place there, for reasons already assigned, which apply to all words of their respective classes, and that none of the thirty-three are of importance enough to require special comment. This is a large proportion, indeed, of such material, but it is not in excess of its kind throughout the interesting and amusing collection.

Ill, we are told, is common in Texas in the sense of vicious, a "strange application." It is not so common out of Texas as it once was, but it is not strange there, or anywhere. It has been used in England to mean vicious in connection with man, beast, and intentions for centuries. Thus, in the old ballad of The Widow of Watling Street, we have it applied to the first and to the last: —

> "For by his dayly *practices*,
> Which were both lewd and *ill*,
> His fathers heart from him was drawne,
> His love and his good will.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "And when her husband fell full sick
> And went to make his will, —
> O husband, remember your sonne, she said,
> Although *he* hath beene *ill*."
>
> (St. i., iii.)

Illy is not an English word; and I remark upon it merely with the purpose of saying so, having, to my surprise, received inquiries upon the subject. Its use is entirely unjustifiable; but I have a score of examples at hand from the books of British writers, past and present.

Immediately, in the sense of as soon as, is not only not an Americanism, but is one of the distinguishing marks of second and third rate British writers and speakers. Rife in England for the last half century, at least, it is almost unknown in the United States.

Improve. This word and its derivative, *improvement*, are in certain senses set forth as Americanisms with such elaborateness and with such pomp of authority, and the imputation has such strong support in the absence of these senses from the definitions given in any English dictionary, that they merit unusual consideration. The first of these senses is "to render more valuable by additions, as houses, barns, or fences, on a farm." This, Pickering is cited as declaring (in 1816) to be in common use in all parts of New England. He might have said the same of all parts of Old England; witness, first, Goldsmith: —

"*Miss Neville.* It 's a good creature at bottom, and I 'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's *walk around the improvements*." (She Stoops to Conquer, Act I., Sc. 1.)

But more than a hundred years before the most charming social comedy in the language was written, one signing himself J. M. S. — letters now generally be-

lieved to stand for John Milton, student — wrote thus in the noblest tribute ever paid to Shakespeare's genius: —

"This and much more that cannot be exprest
But by himself, his tongue and his own brest,
Was Shakespeare's *freehold*, which his cunning braine
Improv'd, by favour of the nine-fold traine."
(On Worthy Master Shakespeare and his Poems, ed. fol. 1632.)

As to the use in the present day of the derivative *improvements* in this sense of valuable additions to property, it is too common to need setting forth by example. But I remember a whimsical use of it by Richardson in his Pamela. His heroine, not very long after her marriage, is manifestly promising to make a valuable addition to her husband's family, and her sister-in-law slyly calls this her "improvements." I make the citation from memory, the book not being within my reach.[1]

The next use of the word, which we are told is peculiarly American, is that in the sense to occupy, to make use of, to employ. But this is no less a long and well established English use of it, as every one of us should know untold, remembering our old humdrum friend the little busy bee, who "*improves* each shining hour by gathering honey all the day from every opening flower." And see moreover the following passages: —

"We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he *improve* them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all."
(Shakespeare, Julius Cæsar, Act II., Sc. i.)

In the passage next quoted the writer refers to the Puritan emigration to New England: —

"There is a holy people that intend
To sell intire estates, and to remove
Their faithfull households thither, to *improve*
Their bettered fortunes."
(Quarles, Shepheard's Oracles, page 85, ed. 1646.)

"I humbly conceive you will give me leave to insist upon this [allegation], and how I may *improve* it for my defense." (Colonel Axtell in Trial of the Regicides, London, 1660, page 204.)

"Phyllis, for shame, let us *improve*,
A thousand different ways,
Those few short moments snatched by love
From many tedious days."
(Earl of Dorset. Park's Brit. Poets, vol. ii. p. 111.)

"Methinks I begin to wish myself an ass, too, that we might *improve* good fellowship, and dine together." (Durfey, Don Quixote, Act I., Sc. 1, page 10, ed. 1729.)

"So drest, 't is said the fair Semiramis
Embrac'd her lover and *improv'd* the bliss."
(Mrs. Aphra Behn, Miscellany Poems, Lond. 1688, page 285.)

. . . "and cheerful health
His dutious handmaid through the air, *improv'd*
With lavish hand, diffuses scent ambrosial."
(Prior, Hymn Callimachus.)

"But Mr. Wilkes thought his performance, although not perfect, at least worthy of some reward, and therefore offered him a benefit. This favour he *improved* with so much diligence that the house afforded him," etc. (Dr. Johnson, Life of Savage, page 17, ed. 1744.)

The next use of the word which is solemnly set forth as an Americanism, that of "improving the occasion," by preachers and by moralists and the like, is one which has perhaps been regarded as more absolutely "American" than any other, and, indeed, as being a product of New England Puritanism; how erroneously the following passages will show: —

"And now I descend to the *improvement* of what I have said; and the things I have to add will be comprehended under these two generals." (Glanvil, The Way of Happiness, ed. 1677, page 100.)

"But I leave the reader to *improve* these thoughts," etc. (Defoe, Moll Flanders, page 277, ed. Bohn.)

— "because all such things are dispatch'd, that the *Improvement* of it, as well to the diversion as to the Instruction of the Reader will be the same." (Defoe, Preface to Robinson Crusoe.)

"By this [cutting out the moral] they leave the work naked of its brightest ornaments; . . . they take from it the *Improvement* which alone recommends that

[1] This indeed — the absence of the book — is true with regard to almost all my illustrative quotations in these articles. The passages are mostly written on the margins of my "Bartlett," or on slips of paper laid between its leaves. But although I have not seen the books themselves for many years, and of course cannot hunt them up, — and I should not if I could, — I am quite sure that my readers may rely upon the accuracy of my references.

invention to wise and good men." (The same.)

"This Sentence [that is, proverb] is very full, and capable of variety of *Improvement* according to the sense we take it in." (Palmer, Moral Essays on Proverbs, page 51, ed. 1710.)

"These subtle questions had most assuredly been prepared by the fathers and schoolmen; but the final *improvement* and popular use may be attributed to the first reformers, who enforced them as the absolute and essential terms of salvation." (Gibbon, Decline and Fall, etc., chap. liv. vol. x. p. 190, ed. Edin. 1832.)

It may be just worth while to add the following examples from British publications of the day, in the first of which the word is applied to a physical improvement of an occasion: —

"A neighboring pump, pool, or gutter was generally the instrument of the punishment. But in Hyde Park the occasion was *improved* by the Serpentine," etc. (Larwood, Story of the London Parks, vol. i. p. 183, Lond.)

"We read in the memoir of the Rev. W. Bull, a noted non-conformist who 'had a great aptitude for *improving* passing events,' that he *improved* in this spirit the burning down of Haymarket Theatre, in which fifteen or sixteen persons lost their lives." (Saturday Review, December 28, 1878, page 813.)

There are two other uses of *improve* which are rare, and I know no dictionary, even Stormonth's, in which both are set forth.[1] The first is, to augment for the worse; thus: —

"The croaking toad and bat, in om'nous squalls,
Improve the horror of these desert walls."
(Ozell, The Lutrin, canto iii., ed. 1714.)

"This ill principle, which being thus habitually *improved*, and from personal corruptions spreading into personal and national, is the cause," etc. (South, Sermons, v. 17.)

The other sense referred to above is one in which the word is rarely used of late years: it is that of disproving, censuring, rejecting. Thus: —

"And now, since I can prove this sense false by Scripture and St. Austin (for Scripture saith that the sphere is fastened, Heb. viii., and St. Austin expounding that text *improveth* the astronomers which affirm that it moveth) since, I say, this cause is proved false by Scripture," etc. (John Frith, The Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, 1533, page 404, ed. Lond. 1829.)

— "which though I have done somewhat briefly, yet could I not choose but rehearse it, for the judgement of them who when they had *improved* and disallowed my sayings, yet incontinent, hearing the cardinal allow them, did themselves also *approve* the same." (Utopia, Tr. Rafe Robinson, 1551, vol. i. p. 98, ed. Dibdin, 1808.)

— "the whiche truely are not of anye prudent person to be rejected, *improved*, or dispraysed." (Raynald's Birthe of Mankynde, ed. 1565, fol. B. iiii.)

— "that would (without all good reason) blame and *improve* the same, unneth [that is, hardly, or before] yet seen." (The same, fol. B. v.)

The omission by all the English dictionary makers of any recognition of this word in the first three of the senses illustrated above, the stigmatizing it as an Americanism by others than Mr. Bartlett, and the fact that there is no English dictionary which gives it in both the two senses illustrated by the subsequent examples, unite to show in a very marked manner how vain it is to put trust in dictionaries, or to go to them, even the best of them, as "authorities."

In. We are told, on the authority of Mr. Coleman and Mr. Pickering, that "we" misuse *in* and *into* by confounding them. Doubtless some of us do so,

[1] I take this opportunity of saying that I shall serve some of my correspondents by adding to my recommendation of Stormonth's dictionary a like opinion of his Handy English Word-Book. It contains so much and so conveniently arranged information in regard to spelling, derived and inflected words, poetical accent, punctuation, foreign phrases, prefixes and postfixes, that with it and the dictionary at hand the intelligent reader of modern English literature is fully equipped, and needs no other book on the English language, unless he intends entering upon a more or less critical study of it.

as doubtless some of us, like some of our blood and tongue in Great Britain, make other mistakes in the use of words. The confusion of *in* and *into* is neither new nor peculiar to "Americans;" nor is it hard to find in the pages of English writers of high repute.

"A gentle squire would gladly entertain
Into [in] his house some tender chappelaine."
(Bishop Hall, Satires, 1598, Book II., 6th ed. 1824.)

"When the same Richard had fortunately taken in a skirmish Philip, the martial Bishop of Beaunoys, a deadly enemy of his, he cast him *in* [into] prison, with bolts upon his heels." (Camden's Remains, ed. 1623, page 231.)

"Coffedro then with Teedrum, and the band
Who carried scalding liquors in their hand,
Throw watery ammunition *in* [into] their eyes,
On which Syrena's party frightened flies."
(William King, The Furmetary, 1699, canto iii.)

— "he [Mrs. Grantley speaks] could not be allowed again *into* [in] my drawing-room." (Trollope, Small House at Allington, vol. iii. p. 14.)

"By the side of every church and school where the exotic tongue was fostered a Dissenting chapel would rise up. The matter, in short, would be taken *in* [into] their own hands." (Latham, The Nationalities of Europe, ii. 465.)

Thus by examples extending through three centuries, and which are furnished by writers of highest repute each in his own time, one of them being a distinguished philologer of the present day, we see that this slip implies neither Americanism nor lack of acquaintance with the language. Indeed, although such mistakes are none the less mistakes, and to be avoided, there is nothing pettier in literature than the pecking at such little flaws in a man's writing, nothing narrower in criticism than the making correctness on such points a criterion of style. Men may be great masters of English and yet fall into errors of this kind; and those who are without sin in this respect are generally those whose English no one cares to read. Shakespeare, Bunyan, Swift, Sterne, Walter Scott, and Byron are examples conspicuous among the many that might be cited in support of the former assertion: Burke, Goldsmith, and Macaulay are equally conspicuous among the few that might be arrayed against the latter. It is remarkable that of the three greatest masters of modern English one was of Scotch descent, and two were born, bred, and educated in Ireland.

We next have no less than twenty-four phrases or compound words of which *Indian* forms one part. Even *Indian* itself is included, with the information that it is the name improperly given by early navigators to the aborigines of America. Yes; but it was not given by "Americans," — whatever they may be, — but by Europeans, Englishmen among others, and it was in use among them long before there were any so-called "Americans" to make "Americanisms." It will hardly be believed by those who have not examined the Dictionary that *Indian Pudding* appears among the twenty-four. Now Indian pudding is an American *thing;* but its name is not an Americanism of the English language. But even as to things supposed to be peculiarly American there is no little error, as I have heretofore pointed out,[1] and the appearance of *Indian pudding* in Mr. Bartlett's dictionary reminds me that one of the things generally supposed to be of American and of peculiarly New England origin is not so: this is nothing less than pumpkin pie. The housewives of New England brought the knowledge of pumpkin pie with them from the old home. Here is a receipt for making it, from a "cook-book" published in London more than two hundred years ago: —

To make a Pumpion Pye.

"Take about halfe a pound of Pumpion and slice it, a handfull of Time, a little Rosemary, Parsley and sweet Marjoram slipped off the stalks, and chop them smal; then take Cinnamon, Nutmeg, Pepper, and six Cloves and beat them; take ten Eggs and beat them; then mix them and beat them Altogether, and put in as much Sugar as you think fit; then fry them like a froiz; after it is fryed let it stand till it be cold; then fill your pye; take sliced Apples thin round wayes and lay a row of

[1] Galaxy, September, 1877.

the Froize and layer of Apples with currants betwixt the layer while your Pye is fitted, and put in a good deal of sweet butter before you close it; when the pye is baked take six yelks of Eggs, some white wine or Vergis, and make a Caudle of this, but not too thick; cut up the lid and put it in; stir them well together whilst the Eggs and pumpions be not perceived, and so serve it up." (The Compleat Cook, Lond. 1655, page 14.)

I shall remark first upon the use of *whilst* in the last clause of this receipt. It means until, and it is a very good example of this once common but now obsolete use of the word. The receipt is very much more complicated than that according to which pumpkin pies have been made in New England, and among New England folk, since the publication of The Compleat Cook. But this was inevitable, for two reasons: first, it was impossible for our good foremothers in New England, for the first generation or two, to make their pumpkin pie in the luxurious style which is set forth in The Compleat Cook, and in which many, at least of the first generation, of them had eaten it in England. Rosemary, marjoram, cinnamon, nutmeg, pepper, cloves, currants, sugar, white wine, and verjuice were not to be had even by the richest of them. They therefore made the best imitation they could of the old English pumpkin pie with pumpkin and milk and eggs and ginger and molasses. But the difference is all in detail, and the substance of the pie in both cases is the same. It is a custard of pumpkin and eggs, stirred well together "whilst the eggs and pumpions be not perceived," — a rule, by the way, which some slovenly modern cooks do not righteously follow, with consequence of lumps of unmitigated pumpkin which *be* perceived, to the great disgust and discomfiture of the true and thoroughbred Yankee lover of this homely dainty. The other reason for the difference in the making of the pies in the Old England and the New is the great change which has come over the whole system of cookery during the last two centuries, — a change which corresponds to one that has taken place in the preparation of medicine. This change is from complex and heterogeneous to comparatively simple compounds. The difference between the English pumpkin pie of The Compleat Cook and that now eaten in New England is not greater than that which exists between almost any dish or sauce described in the former and its modern representative in England to-day. Those who have not had opportunities of learning it do not know, and could hardly imagine, what complicated messes the food and the medicine of our forefathers were. It seems to have been thought that the more the ingredients of which they were composed the better they would be for the palate or the bowels, for pleasure or purgation. The medicines which were forced down the throats of delicate women at times when they needed the tenderest treatment were loathsome compounds of unutterable abominations. This was partly the consequence of the religious teaching of the time, which inculcated that all improvement must come through suffering; and therefore nastiness was regarded as of virtue in medicine, in which nicety was looked upon with suspicion. The proposition to cure by pleasant means would have cast suspicion upon a physician's godliness and have been regarded as a snare of the devil.

As to food, good meat was spoiled by heterogeneous dressings and sauces, and farcings of spices and what not; confections were of such intricate structure that they were, some of them, well called subtleties. Drink was in a like manner muddled by a multitudinous compounding. Mixed drinks are no American invention, but the contrary. I could fill a column of The Atlantic with the names of the mixed drinks that were in vogue in England before the remarkable emigration which settled the fate and the language of this country between 1620 and 1645. They spoiled good ale and good wine by making messes with it, spicing it, or at least stirring it up with some aromatic herb. One of Falstaff's few virtues was somewhat peculiar to him, — he liked his sack "simple, of

itself." And this reminds me that his friend, Justice Shallow, whom he used so selfishly and described with such pitiless humor that the world has laughed at him ever since, and will laugh *sæcula sæculorum*, gives us the origin of caraway seeds in New England apple pies. He invites Falstaff to an arbor in his orchard where he says, "We will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing with a dish of caraways, and so forth." They could not eat even such a good creature as a pippin apple simple, of itself, but must have a dish of caraway seeds to eat with it, as a kind of native spicing. Hence, we may be sure, the caraway seeds in New England apple pies; and likely enough in those of Old England, too; but as to that I cannot say, for I did not eat fruit pie in England, nor do I remember being asked to eat of one.

Institution, we are told, is not only an Americanism, but "a flash word of recent introduction, as applied to any prevalent practice or thing." I am sure that "recent" here does not mean a hundred years ago, at about which period the following passage was written: —

"After evening service, during the summer months, his lordship [Bishop Porteous] a catechetical lecture addressed to the children. . . . This *institution* of his lordship's I greatly admire." (Dr. Beatty to Sir William Forbes, 1784, Elegant Epistles.)

The word is used in this sense freely in the best society of England, although it has appeared very rarely in literature until of late, when we constantly meet it in the best quarters. Thus: —

— "and the Cæsar is established as an *institution* at Rome." (Heraud's Shakespeare's Inner Life, page 374.)

"The croquet implements have been removed permanently down to the Small House, and croquet there has become quite an *institution*." (Trollope, Small House at Allington, vol. i. chap. ii.)

"His linen had vanished. Now this was paralysis; for the night-gown is a recent *institution*." (Charles Reade, The Cloister and the Hearth, chap. xxxiv.)

"The Post Office Directory has long become one of the most valuable of London *institutions*." (London Spectator, December 18, 1864, page 511.)

Interview appears in the fourth edition of the Dictionary as an Americanism, in the sense "to obtain information by questioning." As to the practice of interviewing in this sense, I am sorry to confess that I believe it is an "institution" which originated in the United States, and which has hitherto been confined there. But the word as a verb, in my opinion, is a perfectly legitimate one, as I have had occasion to say before; and I cannot believe that it is of American origin, although in none of the great dictionaries of the language, British or American, does it appear. But here is an example of the verb *to interview*, although not with the modern meaning, from an Elizabethan dramatist: —

"This honest knave is called Innocence. Ist not a good name for a chamberlaine. He dwelt at Dunstable not long since, and hath brought me and the two Butcher's daughters there *to interview* twenty times." [1] (Dekker, Northward Hoe, Act I., Sc. 1.)

I find that I have passed by *inaugurate* in the sense of begin, which appears in the fourth edition of the Dictionary. I am glad to have the support of Mr. Bartlett in my opinion of the incorrectness and bad taste of this use of the word; but I cannot agree with him in his remark that "good writers never use it as *we* now do." I could produce

[1] It will be seen that the passage quoted above contains an example of *since* in the sense of *ago*, — "long since;" and among my Defoe memorandums I find the following: —

"Well, however, being unconcerned whether she kept her word or no, I began by telling her that I had *long since* obtained the second sight." (History of the Devil, Part II., chap. vii. p. 504, ed. Bohn.)

And yet editors will allow men to take me publicly to task for the use of this phrase, on the ground not only of its incorrectness, but because it came up among Scotch writers some fifty years ago!

I find also in Dekker the following instance of the use of that Americanism *ho* as a noun: —

"*Si.* Methinkes you should have women here as well as men.

"*Tow.* O I, a plague on 'em, ther 's no *ho* with 'em, they 're madder than March hares." (The Honest Whore, Sc. xiii.)

a score of instances of its use in this offensive way by English writers of respectable position; but I must save room and time.

The list under the letter J in the Dictionary is comparatively a short one; and it gives occasion for no remark other than that every word in it might properly be omitted from a collection such as this professes to be. One word which does not appear might well have had a place, because of a slight but interesting peculiarity in its spelling, and because of its ambiguous position in the English vocabulary. I mean *jewelry*. The word is not in Johnson's dictionary, or in Latham's Johnson. The earliest example of its use yet presented by any dictionary maker or writer upon the English language is from Burke, in his speech at the trial of Warren Hastings, in 1788. Yet the word was used by Beaumont and Fletcher in The Faithful Friends, Act IV., Sc. 4, as well as by an earlier writer, as I shall show. It is spelled in two ways, *jewellery* and *jewelry*, the former of which is called the English way, and, according to my observation, is the one invariably found in English books printed since the time of Burke; the latter is called the American way. But the difference is not mere fashion; it has a meaning. Indeed *jewellery* and *jewelry* may be regarded as two words. The former is formed upon *jeweller*, and means the wares of the jeweller, like *potter-y* from *potter*, *haberdasher-y* from *haberdasher*, *cutler-y* from *cutler*, and *mercer-y* from *mercer*. The latter is formed upon *jewel* like *armor-(r)y* from *armor*, *orange-ry* from *orange*, *spice-ry* from *spice*, and *butter-(r)y* from *butter*, and means first the place where jewels are kept, and hence (by figure of speech, the containing being put for the contained), the contents of a jewelry, that is, a collection of jewels; and then, jewels in general. This I am able to prove by the following example of the use of the word at a date two centuries earlier than that known to the dictionary makers, and to those who undertook to canvass my comments on this word in Words and Their Uses:—

> "Out of my Treasury chuse the [thy] choyse of gold
> Till thou finde some matching thy hayre in brightness;
> But that will never be; so chuse thou ever.
> Out of my *Jewelrye* chuse thy choyse of Diamondes
> Till thou find some as brightsome as thy eyes;
> But that will never be, so chuse thou ever."
> (Chapman, Blynde Beggar of Alexandria, produced 1595, published 1598.)

That the word is formed upon *jewel*, and means *a* jewelry, is shown less by its spelling than by the antithesis "out of my treasury," "out of my jewelry:" treasury, a place where treasure is kept; jewelry, a place where jewels are kept. This derivation and this meaning are supported by the contemporary definitions; first, by Florir, 1598, of *givelleria* as "a jewel-house;" next, by Minshen, 1599 (Dialogues in Spanish and English), of *joyeria* as "a place where they sell jewels." *Jewelry*, the so-called American spelling, seems therefore to be the correct form of the word, both historically and with regard to its proper signification.

It is somewhat from my present purpose, but the mention of this early and unnoticed use of *jewelry*, probably its first appearance in English literature, reminds me of a like observation I have made as to the word *club*, in the sense of an association or habitual gathering of gentlemen. This word, the origin of which is undiscovered, came into vogue in the days and among the wits of Queen Anne. The earliest instance of its use hitherto known is Dryden's, in the Epistle to the Whigs, prefixed to his satire The Medal; and it has been supposed that the word came up about the time of the political schemes against which that satire was directed. I am able, however, to show that it was well known at least a quarter of a century before that day. Dryden's Medal was written and published in 1682. Now in 1660 one Clement Ellis published a book called The Gentile Sinner, the title having nothing to do with Gentiles as distinguished from Jews, but meaning merely the *genteel* sinner, *i* having then in most English words the sound that we now give to *e*. The book is simply a prose satire upon

the ruffling gallant of the time, although it was written before the Restoration. In this book is the following passage: —

"For mine own part it hath very rarely been my Fortune to meet with a *Club of Gentlemen;* but as often as I have, I have been frighted out of it again or have good cause to repent me afterwards, that I was not so, by that wild kind of behaviour, and looseness of talk I heard or saw amongst them." (Lec. IV., § 2.)

Clement Ellis when he wrote this was Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and he, a man of mature years, and in this position, uses the word *club* as a matter of course, and mentions it as something remarkable that he has met with (that is, been at the meeting of) one but rarely. Plainly, therefore, *club* was used as Dryden used, and much as we use it, a considerable time before the Restoration. This use of it is probably of cavalier origin, and dates back to the days of the great civil war.

Under the letter K the first word (if word it may be called) that draws my attention is *kerchug*, which we are told means the noise made by popping into the water, and a little further on we have *kelumpus*, *keslosh*, *kesouse*, and *keswollop*, all with similar meanings; and we even have *to kesouse*, that the verb form may not be wanting! This is amazing. It only provokes a smile to see these childish imitative sounds gravely set forth as Americanisms of the English language. True, there is the βρεκεκεκέξ-κοαξ-κοαξ of Aristophanes, but *brekekekex-koax-koax* is not a Greek *word*, and no one would dream of so calling it. Still less would it be regarded as a solecism or a barbarism in the Greek language.

Keep. Under this word, simply or compounded, there is strange misrepresentation which seems to be the result of misapprehension. *Keep* as a noun, in the sense of maintenance, I feel sure that I have met with in the works of good English writers; but I shall not make the assertion positively, because I have not at hand and cannot remember any example of its use in that sense. But in any case (the verb *keep*, meaning to maintain, to support), the use of keep as a noun in the sense of maintenance, support, is perfectly normal English. In the phrases, "Where do you keep?" "I keep in —— street," *keep* is not an abbreviation of "keep shop." *Keep* is and has for centuries been used in England to mean live, dwell. And so *keeping room*, meaning the common sitting room of a family, is no Americanism either in origin or by peculiar usage. It is common in various parts of England, notably so in Cambridge, where it is constantly heard among the undergraduates and the Fellows. The appearance of the phrase *to keep company* among Americans is one of the many surprises in this volume. No expression is more thoroughly English, or oftener heard from the lips of English people of humble condition. It even finds a place in Latham's dictionary, from which I borrow the following instance of its use in literary criticism: —

"A virtuous woman is obliged not only to avoid immodesty, but the appearance of it; and she could not approve of a young woman['s] *keeping company* with men without the permission of father or mother." (Broome, Notes on the Odyssey.)

Kink. It is only to keep before my readers the unaccountable system upon which the Dictionary of Americanisms seems to have been formed that I take notice of this word, which appears in every English dictionary in the sense in which it is here set forth as an Americanism; which meaning is that given to it by Falconer in his Nautical Dictionary: "*Kink*, a twist or turn in any cable or other rope occasioned by its being very stiff or close laid," etc. Its figurative use to mean a powerful notion, a crotchet, is of course open to any English-speaking person, and is often heard in England. And as a rope may be kinky, so also may a wire be, or a hair.

Knock down is — of all phrases! — set forth as an Americanism in meaning to end the bidding and assign a lot at auction by a blow on the counter. It is as common in England as auctions themselves. We shall next have *town-crier* set down as an Americanism. One slang,

or rather cant, sense of the phrase *knock down*, that of extorting money in some way or other, — as, He knocked down all those men five dollars apiece, — I have heard spoken of as an Americanism, but I doubt very much that it is so. *Strike*, which, with a like legitimate meaning, is very often used instead of it (I heard one man say of another, "He went about *striking* all the Broadway stores, and made a pile"), is, I know, very old English cant. For example: —

"To borrow money is called *striking*, but the blow can hardly or never be recovered." (Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners, by Geffray Mynshull of Grayes Inn, Gent., 1618. Of a Prison, 28.)

Knock-kneed. This compound word is solemnly defined, and a passage from Irving's Knickerbocker is quoted in illustration of its Americanism. The remark is added that "this is doubtless an English expression, although it is not in the dictionaries." But neither are *brown-haired*, *gimlet-eyed*, *flop-eared*, *blubber-lipped*, *scrag-necked*, *long-eared*, or *mutton-headed* in the dictionaries. Such compound words are made at will, they need no definition, and they ought not to be in dictionaries. As to the English use of *knock-kneed*, it so happened that the knees of the genuine Sir Roger Tichborne were affectionately inclined toward each other; and hence see the evidence given in the trial by witnesses of all classes: —

"He was inclined to be *knock-kneed* with his left leg." (Tichborne Trial, Evidence of Serg. Dunn.)

"He was a slight young man, so awkward in his walk that I could recognize him across the barrack yard. He was *knock-kneed*, more in one leg than in the other." (The same, Evidence of Serg. Quinn.)

"He was slightly in-kneed. He walked as if *knock-kneed*, the right leg being loose." (Charge of Chief-Justice in Tichborne Trial, Evidence of Mr. Page.)

— "he always struck her as being *knock-kneed*." (The same, Evidence of Mrs. Towneley, Sir Roger's cousin.)

"Roger was not in-kneed, but he had rather the appearance of being *knock-kneed*, because he turned out his toes." (The same, Evidence of Lord Bellew.)

We shall next have *long-shanked* set down as an Americanism, notwithstanding the name given to the first Norman Edward by his English subjects more than six hundred years ago; for do we not find *kit*, meaning a man's baggage, here? — and an officer's *kit* is a British army phrase generations old. Indeed, as to the items under K, it is only to be remarked that not one of them is a true Americanism, or has any claim whatever to a place in such a dictionary.

And now I must for a time turn away from Americanisms; not for the lack of material, or of evidence of interest on the part of my readers, but simply because other matters claim my attention. When I return to this I shall show as to the remaining part of the vocabulary of so-called Americanisms that it is even more thoroughly English than that which I have passed under view.

Dropping thus temporarily a subject upon which I am favored with many letters, I add a few words, which, being purely personal to myself, may of course be passed over entirely by most of my readers. Many of my correspondents are in the habit of putting before or after my name certain letters or abbreviated words, with more or less complimentary intention. To these I would say, with thanks, that the additions in question are superfluous. I am not a doctor of laws, a reverend, a professor (of anything, even of religion); not having been elected to serve my party (because I have none) in any capacity, I have no claim to the title of honorable; nay, verily, I am not even a colonel. I have been addressed by all these titles, by some of them frequently, and I have had opportunities offered me of bearing them each and all. But, not unwillingly, I have hitherto escaped all manner of titling, and, except my university degree and my place at the bar, I remain what I became on the day when I was first carried out of the nursery, — plain

Richard Grant White.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SINCE the readers of magazines and newspapers appear to take an especially kindly interest just now in the fortunes of literary men, and as my own have not been entirely uneventful, it has struck me that if, following the example of a recent writer in The Atlantic Monthly, I put some of my experiences into a narrative form, the editor may think it worth his while to print them.

I may as well say at starting that I belong to the old country, and that at this present writing I am living and following my calling on the continent of Europe. I was not educated for a literary career, nor did I adopt that career until somewhat late in life. Nevertheless, from my youth upwards I have had what are called literary aspirations, and before I was twenty I wrote many articles for an English country newspaper, and got thereby a considerable insight into the nature of newspaper work. This was all for love, however. Yet I had my reward: the sight of myself in print and the proud consciousness that my "leaders" formed a regular topic of discussion in the bar-parlor of the Brown Cow were more to me than many guineas. Alas for the innocent vanity of those vanished days! This vernal pleasure was not of long duration. Circumstances that I was unable to resist forced me into ways of life for which I was ill fitted, and with which the pursuit of literature was altogether incompatible. For years the only writing I did was the writing of commercial letters, and the only articles which I had to offer were articles of trade. At length good fortune, rather than my own efforts, released me from this thralldom, and I was free to attempt the climbing of Parnassus. I resolved first of all to make myself a journalist. But how? When I looked over the advertisements in the Athenæum and saw how many clever fellows, — men who could write anything at a moment's notice, from a "five-line paragraph" to a three-volume novel, — verbatim reporters, brilliant leader writers, accomplished critics, university graduates with a knowledge of all the modern languages, and other phenomenal creatures, were offering their services for next to nothing, my heart sank within me, and I had serious thoughts of turning my attention to something else. But I did not, and after giving the matter due consideration I decided to go abroad, study foreign languages, and otherwise prepare myself for the calling which I had chosen. This I did, and besides studying assiduously, especially the German language and literature, I read the newspapers and kept my eyes open.

One day an event occurred that gave me an opportunity for which I had been long watching. An Englishman, quite innocent of offense, fell into the hands of the police of the city in which I was living, and was brutally maltreated. I wrote an account of the affair and sent it to an English paper. My letter had a great success; it was quoted far and wide. I followed it up with others, and so became an acknowledged and paid correspondent of the paper in question. The pay was a guinea a column, but as the columns were short and narrow and the type large, this rate of remuneration was better than it looked. My chief difficulty consisted in finding subjects to write about, for the editor insisted on news, and news in a second-rate Continental city is rather a scarce commodity; it is not every day that a stupid, if well-meaning Briton gets himself handcuffed and locked up by the cock-hatted myrmidons of a foreign despot. However, I went on writing; when I could not make a "newsy" letter I wrote a sketchy one. I wrote very carefully, generally going over the ground twice, and never minding whether my articles were accepted or not. Perhaps this was one of the reasons why, after our connection had lasted a few months, the

editor offered me a permanent place at head-quarters. I accepted it; less on account of the salary, which was ridiculously small, than that it afforded me the long-desired chance of becoming a professional journalist. My duties in my new situation were rather multifarious than arduous: I did translations; wrote reviews, leading articles, and even musical critiques, for which last my qualifications were an indifferent ear and a profound ignorance of music. I presume I gave satisfaction, since after a short probation my pay was increased to thirty dollars a week, and I began to flatter myself that I was on the tide that leads to fortune. But it soon ebbed, this tide; the paper changed hands, the new proprietors brought their own staff, and I with several others was turned adrift. I did not feel much discouraged, however; I had acquired some useful experience, made myself friends, and, best of all, I left behind me a certain reputation. I returned to the Continental city which I had quitted for the post of assistant editor, and resumed the writing of a book which I had begun before my departure.

Thus occupying myself I quietly waited, and in the course of two or three months I received the offer of an editorship in another Continental city. But I was not content with the performance of my rather easy duties; I desired to connect myself with one of the leviathans of the London press. This object promised to be somewhat difficult of attainment. In all the great European capitals English journals are of course very efficiently represented, and for an individual without influence to obtain the post of Paris, Berlin, or Vienna correspondent of one of the big London dailies were about as easy as for a poet or philosopher without political opinions to become president of the United States, while in places of secondary importance they generally do not care to be represented at all. If only something would happen! Something did happen. This time it was not an Englishman who fell into the hands of the police, but some English people who fell into the water and got drowned. I forthwith telegraphed the news to London at a cost of some three dollars, and a few days later I received a courteous note from the manager inclosing a check for £2 2s., which left a fair profit on the transaction. I went on telegraphing from time to time such items of news as I thought would be acceptable, and they were, in point of fact, always accepted, but the rate of remuneration was gradually reduced, until at length it became almost imperceptible. I found that I had got hold of one of the least flourishing or most close-fisted of English dailies, and I resolved to make a change. Meanwhile a contribution which I had offered to a London weekly paper had been accepted, with a gracious intimation from the editor that he would be glad to number me amongst his regular contributors; the pay was three guineas for two columns. About this time a strange thing happened. I got paid twice over for the same article, and became the "own correspondent" of one of the most important daily newspapers published in the English language. An idea occurred to me, — one which I thought I could work into a letter that this paper might possibly accept. I wrote it, accordingly, and sent it in, but as, after a lapse of ten days, my poor contribution had not appeared, I naturally concluded it had been rejected, and thought myself quite at liberty to rewrite and send it to the weekly journal, to which I now contributed something nearly every week. Imagine my horror when on one and the same day my article appeared in both papers! I thought I was ruined with both, but no harm came of it; I suppose the editors of neither noticed the coincidence, and readers who perceived it thought, probably, that the one had borrowed from the other without acknowledgment. The acceptance of my article by the big daily led to a connection which has endured ever since, greatly to my satisfaction, and, as I trust, to the satisfaction of the managers of the paper.

In one of my walks abroad I happened to make the acquaintance of a vagabond sort of fellow who spoke several lan-

guages indifferently well, and seemed to have seen a good deal of the shady side of Continental life. He had been a superior spy in the French police of the last empire, and in that capacity had met with rather queer experiences. I persuaded him to reduce certain of his recollections to writing, and giving some study to the subject thus suggested, and obtaining further information from other quarters, I worked the whole up into a series of articles for the London weekly, and was paid therefor at the rate of five guineas each; as I wrote fourteen, this made me sixty guineas, after paying my ex-spy fifty dollars for his trouble. The most I have ever made by my pen in one month is two hundred dollars, but my average earnings fall short of this sum by at least fifty dollars. Perhaps if I were totally dependent on literature for my living I should work harder and earn more, although as it is I think I work pretty hard. At the same time I dare say I write more slowly and with greater difficulty than men who have devoted the greater part of their lives to the calling of letters.

I am now writing a series of articles for another London weekly, — not the one with which I began, — of large circulation, at two guineas each; and as the editor does not like articles to run more than a column and a half, and the column averages about seven hundred words, the pay is not bad. The ordinary rate of the Saturday Review is three guineas for two columns, and the large London dailies generally pay correspondents at the rate of two guineas the column. Leader writers are specially retained and well paid: the leader writers on the Times get from £1200 to £1500 a year; the editor has £2000, and the manager £5000, a year. Nobody seems to know, or to be able to guess, the annual gains of the Times, but the popular imagination puts them down at somewhere about a quarter of a million. The "great city leaf," as German papers are in the habit of calling their mighty contemporary, is noted in the press world for its liberality with its employees. A man once on the Times may consider himself provided for for life, if he does his duty. The difficulty of getting on may be estimated from the fact that the number of fully qualified candidates for situations, all waiting anxiously for their turn, is scarcely ever less than fifteen hundred. Not that the proprietors confine themselves in their selection for vacancies to the names on their list; they take a good man, especially when they want a leader writer or foreign correspondent, wherever they find him.

It goes without saying that the Times must be organized almost to perfection in all its departments; nevertheless there is an old-fashioned something in its ways of doing business, an absence of shabbiness, a loftiness of manner, and a clinging to ancient forms, exceedingly refreshing in these days of fussiness, push, and frantic competition. For instance, when the Times has to make you a remittance, it does not, as other papers do, send you a check, — though a Times check would probably be good for any amount up to a million sterling that might be inscribed thereon; it sends you a Bank of England post-bill. If you call at the office for your account, you are paid in crisp bank-notes or gold coin of the realm, and as the kindly paymaster and publisher hands you the cash he exchanges a few friendly words with you, and, as likely as not, offers you a pinch of snuff. You are not hustled in at one door and hurried out at another, like a bale of goods; no hook-nosed cashier tries to cut down your little bill, and if there be in it, perchance, a doubtful item, the Times gives you the benefit of the doubt. It is a very lord among journals, and it will be quite in accordance with the fitness of things if, as runs the rumor, the principal proprietor of the Times is made a peer. Very different is the treatment accorded by the half-penny prints to their contributors. I once wrote a number of articles for one of them, — some half dozen, perhaps. When I made inquiry of the manager touching the rate of remuneration to be expected, I was oracularly informed that he would decide the point on a review of the articles, and

when I applied for payment he sent me a check for exactly £5 13s. 6d., "in discharge of all demands," as the form of receipt which I had to sign stated that the amount in question was paid for literary work performed for the —— between certain dates.

I have written at so great length about my journalistic experiences that I have left myself scant space for my experiences about books; for I have published two, and have at this moment two more on the stocks. The first I wrote met with a most flattering reception from the critics; no slight thing of the sort could have been more warmly welcomed, but the press is sometimes warm when the public is cold, and though my work has brought me some glory it has gained me no guineas. Of the second, as it is only just out, it is too soon to speak, but I take much hope from the fact that the approval of the reviewers has not been nearly so cordial or unanimous as in the first instance; if the public should deign to smile on this my second effort the applause and blame of critics will be equally indifferent to me.

— Not long ago, a certain gentleman moved into Boston, that his family might enter the best society, whatever that might be. With rare foresight, he did not at once buy a house, as he wished thoroughly to understand the social defenses of the city before establishing himself before any one of them; neither did he seek a small boarding-house, lest he should become involved with those whom later it would be best to ignore; nor did he care to keep house in an apartment hotel, as therein he might always remain unknown. So he engaged rooms at a large family hotel, where "transients" were infrequent; there he and his household had fine opportunities for observation, as is testified by the following extracts, lately sent by his daughter to a friend of mine: —

"It is easy to obtain culture in this city," she writes, "for there are lectures and schools of all kinds; and as the word culture passes from its Emersonian breadth of meaning to a knack at half-sayings, half-suggestions, offered in a thoughtful, drawling manner, I suppose I can pass as cultured. I am also cultivating an 'intuitive' manner. I mean that I have learnt to stand or sit, holding my hands calmly crossed, just below the colored bow which fastens my long white fichu, and, on being introduced to a stranger, to start slightly, glance up, gaze penetratingly, and say, 'I thought it was you; I have read your writings.' One must not say, 'I have read your books,' because that might not be safe, but everybody who is anybody has written some kind of an article. Oh, that such a remark might be made to me!

"Last night I met, at a reception, an Englishman connected with some paper (perhaps the Times, as that has so many 'connections'), who wore shaggy clothes and broad cravat to hide that which may have possessed at two of its extremities wristbands, but which were not visible. His mustache and beard were bushy and reddish, and his voice portentous, his manner hurried and note-bookish, and he looked with twinkling eyes upon all around, above, beneath. His first remarks were: 'Do you come here often? Are coffee and cake universal substitutes for elaborate suppers?' I answered, in a transcendental manner, that culture craved but Mocha berry and sponge-drops. 'Very good,' he said, 'if one knows it beforehand, but if one does not' — and sighed and expanded himself. He then asked me if I wrote prose, poetry, or newspaper leaders, and on receiving three mournful negatives added, despairingly, 'What do you do? Are there any literary people here?' 'I will introduce you to some,' said I, humbly, but internally angry, 'if you will first be presented to my friend, Mrs. ——.' He asked her the same questions that he had me, and finding that she also had never written exclaimed, 'What are you here for?' 'Because I am next-door neighbor,' she replied, whereat he left us both.

"Now it will not do for me to be 'next-door neighbor.' I want modestly to make my way into good society, but caste obtrudes itself here, as everywhere

else. The best way to advance one's self is to join some society. I wish to be very careful in my selection of one; then I may succeed in becoming cultured or important. To join the wrong society would be fatal, though simple membership alone would not cause irretrievable disgrace.

"It is not wise to rely on church connections, for they chiefly help in Sunday-school and sewing-school directions; all kinds of people teach in them, and the most fashionable churches prefer gentlemen superintendents. The question of age also embarrasses me, as very young girls and those who have given up society are the instructors in such schools, and since statistics are creeping into religious affairs my age might be asked. A fashionable charity would be as helpful as a fashionable educational project; but the first is practical, the latter cultured, and leads to the hearing of and reading papers. More than half the people I want to know read papers, and invite one to parlor lectures, which are very pleasant, if one need not buy a ticket. Physiological and hygienic plans are more or less allied with co-education, and that, at present, is not safe; charity work is agreeable, when the poor come to one in an office, and though they tell distressing stories, one's self-reproach is not so poignant as if one went to see them. Yet I find that many of the very best people visit the poor in their homes, and say that is the only way in which pauperism can be lessened. As a matter of taste, I prefer to employ missionaries and Bible-readers, or to give out garments and soup over a counter. Industrial work, such as coöperative societies, building associations, and training-schools, is perfectly safe, but one must know facts and compute the average cost per head of one or another plan, and such exact knowledge is painful to me. Decorative art and drawing-schools are now fashionable, and I hope that by the means of burlap and bulrushes (they cannot be hard to design) I may yet win distinction. Clubs are too radical and progressive in science and thought, and on joining them one is liable to be asked about her convictions in regard to religion and duty; and if one has only inherited ideas, one is considered as lacking in an appreciative or inquiring mind. I think, on the whole, that I shall join some purely educational society, as that will not compromise me. I can listen to discussions on literature, the higher education, and the state of our schools and universities, but need not speak myself if I subscribe handsomely to some one or two plans, dress well, and look wise. Thus I hope to enter society.

"The best society in the city is not fashionable, but is sensible, intelligent, well-bred, and Christian, and does not ask personal questions, which is a great relief. I have heard it whispered that there is a still higher or very best society, composed of a few statesmen and authors (but their grandfathers must have been farmers, like other people's grandfathers). Seriously speaking, the moral atmosphere of this city has greatly impressed me. The people here are thoroughly in earnest. Often one person will belong to ten or twelve different societies, for the simple purpose of doing good. There is little pretense in action or talk, and all that one really needs for social success is freedom from affectation, fine manners, and integrity; or else intellect and conversational power. But what society shall I join?"

— There is a new style of verse growing up whose disciples profess to write the "poetry of the future." Its form and manner of thought is after the modern French school, and is, of course, highly artistic. Its great claim is that it makes use of scientific discoveries and progress for the benefit of poetry. That is, when science tells of new worlds hanging in the remote distances of space, the poetry of the future immediately peoples them with very perfect, and perfectly unnatural inhabitants, in stanzas having three-syllabled rhymes, and uses them for a delectable garden in which to ramble and discover flowers that never knew rain or dust.

This may be a healthy poetic action, or it may not be so; that the future will

settle when it selects from the mass of verse now appearing such as is worthy of life, and relegates the remainder to the upper shelves of libraries and the cobweb-festooned seclusion of the garret. But the poetry of the future is not the thing with which I make quarrel, it is the expression by which it seeks to astonish us, the clashing — I was about calling it the torture — of words through whose long drawn-out resonance it bears down on one, and at the same time storms the citadel of his mind in front, flank, and rear. This is not natural; neither are many of the subjects that this poetry of the future chooses natural. They are illusions, — shining ones, I allow, but illusions still. Clothe them in all the many-syllabled rhymes you can, it is yet impossible to make them sing their way into the soul, to stay there among the memories of chosen songs and cherished things.

I have lately been experimenting in this poetry of the future, and have taken Jules Verne for my scientific authority. I think the poem contains a graphic description of a land that science alone could invent, and also full directions for a journey thereto. Here it is: —

GHOUL-LAND.

In the vast caves that lie deep far under us,
  Countless leagues 'neath the surface of earth,
Great murmurs, volcanic and thunderous,
  Through ages and ages have birth.
There ghouls chant fierce songs that sound dismally
  In glooms that grow dense and expand,
Where huge cliffs frown dark and abysmally
  On the shores of a dolorous land.

On those desolate shores, that rise ponderous
  Over billowing sweeps of wild sea,
Tall pines, showing sombre and fronderous,
  Writhe in gales that blow furious and free.
There the earth has a somnolent weariness,
  And no grass and no flowers are seen;
And gray rocks rise in cold, rigid dreariness,
  With chill valleys running between.

There wide rivers flow through plains wonderful;
  There forests of gigantic trees
Wake tones that sing choruses thunderful
  To storm-anthems born on weird seas.
No ferns and no moss there grow slenderly,
  No sweet echoes come from the hills;
No bird song, that floats away tenderly,
  Through the cloud-haunted distances thrills.

Like ghosts of dead dreams floating over us,
  Grim shadows bend down from far skies;
Their phantom-like garments soon cover us,
  And hide us from love's searching eyes.
And held in embraces so cumberous,
  We drowse through the passing of years,
The spell of the land, deep and slumberous,
  Freezing thought, hope, ambition, and tears.

Through space running off in gray density,
  Shine redly the fires of the lost;
Worlds, grand in their sins' dread immensity,
  By cyclonic storms wildly tost;
Stars, dying out slowly and mistfully,
  Sweep on through satanical clouds,
Glowing there like sad eyes that look wistfully
  From the silence of long, flowing shrouds.

Through those caves we go on to lands, luminous
  With lava floods surging along,
Passing titanic giants that gloom on us
  From where shades of the old ages throng.
There souls that wrecked loves still keep cherishing
  Dwell with goblins that wander forlorn,
Watching vague hopes continually perishing
  The same hour in which they are born.

Would you visit these caverns, then darefully,
  Seek the pantry shut out from the flies,
And take from the shelves very carefully
  The most indigestible pies;
Add with hands never known to choose charily
  Some almonds and raisins to these,
And to start on the journey more airily,
  Why, top off the whole with some cheese.

— The well-fortified article in the Club for last September fails to convince me that prose cannot include poetry. What shall we say when a poem is translated into musical prose? If the writer of the above article is correct, no part of it can any longer be styled poetry. Alarming sacrifice! Here, for example, are two similar Oriental poems of a pessimistic and epicurean cast. An Englishman of some centuries ago translates one of them into the regularly paragraphed prose of our Bible; an Englishman of to-day translates the other into clever iambic quatrains which never miss a foot nor a rhyme. The latter, then, still retains its sacred character as poetry; while the former, although still decidedly superior, must be relegated to a lower place, and shorn of all its glory.

Let us join with the shade of Omar Khayyam in pæans of thanksgiving for the happy Briton who has been his salvation; but oh, fail not to temper in another world the scornful wrath of the author of Ecclesiastes. His work *was* poetry; now it is only prose like this: —

> "Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
> Or the golden bowl be broken,
> Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
> Or the wheel broken at the cistern:
> Then shall the dust return
> To the earth as it was;
> And the spirit shall return
> Unto God who gave it."

Yet somehow I do not see *why* it is not very glorious poetry still, even when the paragraphs are not broken up into capitalized lines. Nor do I find anything "unpleasant" in its resemblance to verse. I suspect that the likeness referred to is never disagreeable except in the hands of the clumsy, or when given over to those cast-iron rules of versification which Coleridge himself so triumphantly scouted in his best work.

Hazlitt's definition needs no other change than the substitution of "corresponding" for "certain." Coleridge's explanation is more fanciful than accurate. If the peculiar excellence of poetry were the retarding of emotion, the slowest modulations would always be the most effective. Coleridge in his earlier work, indeed, adhered closely as a rule to the staid feet of two syllables; but in his unequaled Cristabel and the Rime of the Ancient Mariner we find him continually breaking out into anapests and dactyls. He himself says that his lines will be found to vary in length from eight syllables to thirteen. There is only a little more irregularity and quite as true poetry in his avowedly prose fragment on the wanderings of Cain. I certainly fail to see how the airy lilt of the dactyl, ever dancing on tiptoe, can be said to retard anything.

No, the "modulation" that distinguishes poetry is not a thing that can be labeled and stowed away on shelves as iambic, trochaic, or what not. It frequently adopts these rigid forms, but as frequently suits itself to the varying thought and feeling that gave it birth. It is no restraint, but an outgrowth. It is not the governor nor the escapement, but the wheels that turn as the steam or the mainspring drives, — no check upon power, but the means whereby power normally makes itself felt. As the subtler forces of the outer world manifest themselves through the rhythm of the waves, the subtler forces of the inner world manifest themselves through the rhythm of spoken or written words.

"Daniel Webster's cadenced periods and the impassioned prose of De Quincey" are not good examples. Doubtless passages embodying poetry could be quoted from either; but both of them share the very unpoetical faults of bombast, overloaded commonplace, and a palpable straining for effect. Their writings, generally speaking, are too artificial, too obviously rhetorical, to be poetry. The art beyond artifice is quite beyond them, too. Compare Webster's redundant utterances on the nature of eloquence, or the blood-and-thunder lake passages in the Flight of a Tartar Tribe, with the best writing of Hawthorne or Thackeray, and the difference becomes obvious at once.

I suppose the reason why most professed poets write but little in prose is because their temperament makes them choose that form of expression from which commonplace has been most nearly banished.

But Milton and Goethe, Victor Hugo and Thackeray, Holmes and Poe, have surely shown that success in any branch of verse does not imply an incapacity to succeed in prose also. They and many more have written poetry in both forms of expression. And I still maintain that all which they have written — prose or verse — is poetry, except when they lapse into unmusical language, or commonplace thought and feeling. Commonplace is probably, after all, our best opposite for poetry; and in that first comprehensive term I would include all manner of fustian and boredom.

— The phrase of Mercutio's, in Romeo and Juliet, "young Abraham Cupid," has always been a stumbling-block and foolishness to Shakespeare commentators, who, in their despair, have suggested that Abraham Cupid meant Adam Cupid, as is printed in some later editions, or else that Abraham meant auburn. For proof of this last interpretation we can consult our own inner consciousness. It should be said, however,

— and the whole question shows how little the English language has been scientifically studied, — that in Grose's Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue Abram is defined as naked, a meaning which applies here thoroughly, for Cupid's clothes are unsung by writers from the earliest times to La Fontaine. There is, moreover, no need of suggesting here the origin of the phrase, although that may be of value in its place. Grose gave the meaning, not the derivation. Colonel Grose, it will be remembered, is Burns's friend who is known to posterity as the "chiel amang ye takin notes."

— The charms of babyhood are so incontestable a truth to all except a few unimportant bachelors and certain pitiable misanthropes that to present, at this late hour, anything resembling a defense of them would be enough to rouse the just ridicule of every right-minded mother whose eyes should encounter the present lines. But there are, beyond doubt, exceptional cases where domestic baby worship passes the limits of good taste, and as an example of this parental peculiarity the following letter, recently obtained from its actual recipient and printed with the writer's gracious permission, will perhaps rather exhaustively serve: —

ROBIN'S NEST, *August* —, 18 —.

DEAREST MAMMA, — You are probably anxious to learn how I am getting along in the home of my old schoolfriend, Kitty, and I take this early opportunity of giving you some account of myself from the beginning of my visit up to present date. "Robin's Nest," as Kitty and her husband call their cottage, is a really charming place, cosy and rose-wreathen enough for the most ideal of newly-wedded couples. Kitty's lord and master is disappointingly nice; the rosy rhetoric of her descriptions had prepared me for somebody rather commonplace than otherwise. He is the soul of devotion, and is six feet if an inch, besides having a mustache that quite transcends my descriptive limits. Kitty is an excellent housekeeper, and everything is delightfully managed. One might call Robin's Nest a model little home but for a single circumstance. This Eden has its — well, its drawback. It is a very small drawback, and yet it is an extremely noticeable one. You will be surprised when I tell you that it is the baby.

Now you know my weakness for babies, mamma. This is by no means a disagreeable baby, and on first seeing it I was prepared to extend toward it my most unreserved allegiance. But I soon discovered that it had altogether too much of this sort of thing. About five minutes after my arrival at the cottage, and while I was seated with Kitty's hand fondly held in my own, the baby was brought into the room by its nurse. From that moment Kitty's attention and the attention of her husband were immovably concentrated on their infant offspring. The sole notice which they took of my presence was a rapid side-glance that seemed to invite me to join in the devout and unremitting ovation. The baby is only a few months old, and does nothing of an intelligent or human character except occasionally smile. Now and then it crows, like all other babies, but you would certainly be amused at first, mamma (even were you not ultimately bored very much), by the extraordinary translations, on its parents' part, of its slightest inarticulate utterances. "Gug-gug," gurgles the baby. "Yes," cries Kitty, "so you *have* been out for a long walk, my precious!" "Coo-oo-oo," crows the baby. "Little darling!" exclaims papa. "Saw the cows; yes; certainly." It requires very slight observation to convince one's self that this vaunted prodigy does not know the difference yet between taking a walk and going to sleep, and that it would be wholly powerless to tell a cow from a chicken.

Later experiences have shown me, mamma, that I have not been invited here to see Kitty at all. I have been invited simply to swell the list of the baby's worshipers. Kitty talks of nothing else. It is emphatically not a pretty child, but I am sure that if I as much as hinted to her that its nose was not the purest Grecian type she would instantly

order me from Robin's Nest. As a great favor, I am sometimes permitted to hold it, and have the pleasant sensation, all the time I am doing so, of being watched like a suspected pickpocket by three or four pairs of anxious eyes. At the beginning of each meal we are blessedly exempt from it, but in the middle of breakfast, dinner, and tea it is borne into the room, and greeted by papa and mamma with a perfect roar of welcome. The nurse pretends to adore it, though I privately suspect her of being an arrant time-server, and by no means above the administering of slaps or pinches when Kitty's back is turned.

I am afraid that you will call this a very stupid letter, but I really have only a single subject to write about. I have not once been taken to walk or drive since my arrival here; those luxuries are reserved for the baby. Kitty is as sweet as ever, when you can get her to notice you, which is rarer than seldom. I cannot say that she sends you her love, for when I told her that I was coming up-stairs to write to you she made me no answer, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether she heard me or not; the baby was on the bed making rather fierce grasps at her hair, and she was bending over it in evident delight that its hands were actually getting strong enough to quite hurt her. I suppose the summit of maternal joy would be for the child to tear out a handful or so of her tresses.

I am such a cipher here that I shall probably take a piqued fit, before long, and suddenly return home. Meanwhile, I remain your loving daughter,

GRACE.

— It is known to most of the inhabitants of the Ball that makes its diurnal revolutions around the Hub that we who enjoy the felicity of dwelling in the centre of all things celebrate the rise of the Sunday sun by a repast of pulse and brawn, sometimes spoken of as "pork and beans," or "bacon and beans." Like most of the facts in the experience of the Bostonese, this habit has been pretty well advertised, and sometimes there have not wanted those of the vulgar herd who have been moved to animadvert with asperity upon the well-established custom. We look upon all such flings with the lofty disdain that arises from a mind conscious of its own rectitude, and with pity for the ignorance from which they spring.

Generations ago, when many other parts of our noble land were howling wildernesses, our ancestors overhauled their classics, and made a note of the fact, that the poet Ovid, of blessed memory, in his remarks appropriate to the calends of June, gives an account of the rite to which I have referred, which was promptly incorporated into the calendar of our beloved city.

We are classical, or nothing. We know that it is the good goddess Carna who protects the lungs and liver of man (or at least that she was wont to do so in classical times), and that in her honor the good people of classical days eat repasts of pulse and brawn. "You ask," says Ovid, "why fat bacon is tasted on these calends, and beans are mixed with the boiled spelt. She is a goddess of ancient days, and she still diets on the food that in olden time she used, and she does not, in a spirit of luxury, ask for the dainties of foreign lands. In that day the fishes swam uncaught by a people ignorant of the virtues of the succulent cod and of the luxury of fish-balls; and the oysters were still safe in their shells, no man having yet been found with sufficient courage to swallow even one of them. Latium had not become acquainted with the woodcock which rich Ionia supplies, nor with the cranes that delight in the blood of the Pygmies. The toothsome peacock pleased but by its expanded tail, nor had foreign lands been drawn upon for their beasts of the chase. But swine were valuable, and by killing a sow the fathers honored their festivals. The rock-bound land produced only beans and the hard-grained spelt, and whoever eats these two things mingled, they say that his stomach can receive no harm." [1]

The spirit that gives us our cooking-

[1] If any scholar more classical than I find fault with my translation of the words of Ovid, he is at liberty to make a version that will suit him.

schools now was then in its energetic infancy, and it was equal to the emergency. The primeval Bostonian wanted to insure his lungs against the east wind, and his liver against the attacks made upon it in the days when the idea of a Parker or of a Delmonico had not been evolved, and there was nothing to insure easy breathing and digestion if Carna were not propitiated.

My object in writing this note is to raise my voice against the tendency to allow the rite of pulse and brawn to fall into desuetude. Will my fellow-citizens not stop and reflect upon the sad consequences of such delinquency? Shall we deliberately thrust ourselves and our helpless offspring from the blessed protection of the ancient goddess? Shall we allow our youth to find pleasure in the oysters and *patés de fois gras* of a degenerate age? Shall we leave them unprotected from the attacks of liver complaint and lung troubles, when the protecting divinity may so readily be propitiated?

— I have been long waiting for some man to come to the rescue of the good stories of the olden time from the destructive grasp of the Rev. Mr. Cox, whose "nature myth" explanations and application of the "etymological" test were threatening to make permanent havoc with all that we have for ages trusted in with implicitness regarding the story of Troy, for instance, and the history of good King Arthur.

Mr. Gladstone has opposed his assertion against the learned lingo that gives the early myth makers so much more subtlety than their improved descendants boast, but without the completest effect. The "parallelisms" and the "cycles," the "etymologies" and the "repetitions" seemed to be so securely entrenched that they could not be dislodged.

Long have I waited, but I am rewarded at last, for Dr. James Freeman Clarke has come to the rescue, and the structure that seemed so real and so sure of its perpetuity has fallen before a blast of his well-aimed satire. If, he says in effect, the heroes of the far-gone past are reducible to myths, what is there to forbid our treating those of the nearer past in the same way? In brief, what is sauce for Homer must be sauce for Mother Goose.

Having established these premises, Dr. Clarke goes forward and resolves into solar and lunar myths the respected legends which relate the facts that the mouse ran up the clock, that Little Boy Blue slept under the haystack, and that the cow jumped over the moon.

Dr. Clarke fairly beats the Rev. Mr. Cox at his own game, but in doing it he ruins the case for both; for a long-suffering people who were willing to submit peacefully to the loss of the history of Troy will never permit the tales of its babyhood to be thus ruthlessly snatched away, and will rather give up the whole myth theory, since it is a theory.

— A friend said, not long since, as she handed me some verses to read, "I think they are very well done, but not better, perhaps, than a score of others could do." This led to a discussion of the present intellectual activity, and the prediction that we should soon arrive at a state of affairs when everybody would be talented and genius would illumine the world no more. For busy people, whose brains are teeming with fancies they long to put into palpable shape, but whose hands are forever finding one thing more to do; who plan, as Miss Phelps says, to write a poem or study a language "when the baby can walk," or "when house-cleaning is over," — for these it is rather a grim ending to their beautiful dream to find that other hands have somehow found the time. What can be more exasperating, for instance, than to cut the leaves of a fresh magazine and there encounter your own poem? Yes, yours; the thought, the sentiment, nay, even some of the lines, had half formed themselves in your brain, while your hands were busy with some commonplace but not-to be-deferred duty. Your only consolation, if it be a consolation, is the reflection that you could have done it quite as well, if —

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE readers of The Atlantic already know the quality of Mrs. Kemble's agreeable book[1] — and its quantity, too, for the greater part — from the Old Woman's Gossip, printed in these pages: perhaps a fourth of the volume is new. The additional portion is not new in manner or method; there is the same vigorous nonchalance and desultory frankness, the same redundancy and want of arrangement, and the effect is as if the author cared nothing for her material, and little more for her reader. On the whole, we think this is a pity and a mistake, for here is the making of one of the best autobiographies in any language, and one who writes so brilliantly as Mrs. Kemble owes a debt to literature which she cannot repudiate. But this memoir, broken at hap-hazard by long and not wholly relevant letters, and these letters interrupted again by parenthetical after-recollections, form a huddled and confused procession, from which one struggles to extricate times and places, and which only the carefullest reading can reduce to order. The pages swarm with famous and fascinating names, but they are like faces that appear and reappear in the routs and crushes at which the author often met their owners, and the reader experiences all the exciting touch-and-go discomfort of that kind of encounter. The great London world of half a century ago lies here in fragments; it can be put together, but you must put it together for yourself.

The fault is characteristic, but it is not without frequent and delightful reliefs; it is more characteristic of the last than of the first half of the book, and throughout there are scattered bits of portraiture which, if not perfected as they might have been, are vivid and satisfactory sketches. Lady Caroline Lamb, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mrs. Norton, and a hundred others are thus sketched, and the Kembles are all admirably done. We should hardly know where to turn for better reading than the first chapters of the memoir, which are devoted mainly to their family traits and affairs, with their theatrical beginnings and experiences, and the curious blending of the domestic and the histrionic in their lives. They were, as Mrs. Kemble justly says, respectable people, and confirmed in their morality by their British desire to be respectable; yet the fact that they were originally something very like strolling players is not blinked. Coming of this race, as Mrs. Kemble does, it is all the more impressive to find her so explicit as she is in condemnation of the actor's profession: she thinks the portrayal of factitious emotion beneath a man, and the personal exhibition odious for a woman. This is almost the moral of the book. She tells us that she went upon the stage without inspiration or aspiration, and that from time to time throughout her triumphant career her dream was to escape from it into some simplest sort of retirement.

But Mrs. Kemble's interest as a person not her interest as an actress, is supreme in the book; and the reader will not weary of the revelation of her character. The outlines of her history have long been known; it is not necessary to retrace them, and here we have to do merely with her girlhood, for she was but twenty-five when she married in 1834. It is a character with which one grows into respectful friendship. Its strength, often lapsing, indeed, into mere vehemence, is founded upon a feeling of right expressed with never-failing clearness. The good sense of her ideas of life and duty is what is so satisfactory. The girlish letters, running over with the flippancy of girlhood, and exuberantly confidential upon a thousand points, never betray any evidence of wrong thinking, and in their seriousness they are beautifully and transparently right-minded. We need not say that the maturer comment with which they are interspersed is the seal of experience upon their right-mindedness; and this edifying book, by one who would never have thought of preaching, is imbued with a religiousness as wholesome and as vigorous as its likes and dislikes.

The last fifty or sixty pages of the volume relate to her sojourn in America, from 1832 till the time of her marriage. They are chiefly in letters, of which the tone toward our provincial insufficiency of that time is amiable enough. The best things in them are two anecdotes of Washington Irving. She showed him with girlish joy

[1] *Records of a Girlhood.* By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

a pretty new watch she had just got, and after turning it over in his hand, as if it were a child's toy watch, he put it to his ear, and exclaimed, "Why, it goes, does n't it!" Later, hearing that she was to marry and live in America, he told her she might be very happy if she would understand once for all that America was not England, and would not be like the painter Leslie's wife, whose ceaseless complaints and comparisons made her such a nuisance that Irving always called her a *creaking door*.

There is something about our political affairs of fifty years, and a few lines here and there about our social life, but on the whole there is very little concerning all that so keen an observer must have seen. One turns back with a certain disappointment from this part of the book to the richer pages of the earlier chapters; but these our readers already know very well.

The incoherence of the work is in part remedied by a good index, a glance at which reveals the vast variety and abundance of its materials. There have been few famous men or women of her time whom Mrs. Kemble has not met, and of whom she has not preserved some significant recollection; and most of the great movements in the political and literary world find some sort of record here. Whatever she has to say of books she has read, or questions on which she has thought, is worth reading, and the whole spirit of her autobiography is admirable. If any one will feel how admirable it is, let him contrast its traits with the unsparing judgments, the narrow views, the warped pride, the imbittered philanthropy, and the aggressive unbelief which disfigure the autobiography of Harriet Martineau.

— One of the most singular and probably one of the most baffling things about Bismarck is his habit of taking the whole world into his confidence. Diplomacy having reached such a condition that it was only necessary for a statesman to say anything for the contrary to be believed, this astute man tells the truth, and gets, with an unstained conscience, all the advantages of the blackest falsehoods. He is like the shop-keeper who, no longer finding safety in barred shutters, heavy bolts, and complicated locks, pulls up his curtains, lights his gas, turns the key in the door, and walks off with a calm heart. This is not all that Bismarck does; he gives the world a good deal of autobiography, not only through authorized interviewers whom, we are sorry to see, he afterwards disowns, but also by such a book as this,[1] which could never have been published without his permission; more than that, one may say, without his suggestion. Even now he is having published bits of his table-talk about all sorts of recent and contemporaneous subjects.

What is his object in this it is not easy to see. He certainly cannot be anxious to keep himself more prominently before the public than he is already, from his position. It would seem as if he felt a contemptuous indifference to the rest of the world, and had merely a cold curiosity, a vague desire, to be amused by what might be said about him.

The light thrown upon Bismarck's character is certainly of a pleasant kind. He is the most un-German of Germans, being, what few of his fellow-countrymen are, a man of the world. But if we were to begin to define him, we should outrun all limits; the reader cannot do better than take up this remarkably entertaining volume. Copious extracts might be made, but the best thing to do is to look up the book. It is seldom one has a chance to read such amusing letters, and then, too, they are very new.

— Mr. Hamerton is in no way a brilliant writer; he has no flashes of genius, but his pages are always lit by a steady, almost unflickering glow which gives satisfaction, at any rate, to the reader. In this volume[2] we see both his good qualities and his faults fairly exposed. He has written the lives of five distinguished Frenchmen, making very good abstracts of the generally copious material that he had at hand, and bringing in bits of information that he has discovered by his own industry. He has certainly chosen his subjects well. Victor Jacquemont, the traveler and scientific man; Rude, the sculptor; Regnault, the artist; Perreque, the priest; and Jean Jacques Ampère, the man of letters, certainly covered a good deal of ground, and may stand as excellent representatives of what is best in modern French thought and action.

Mr. Hamerton in his various essays is accurate rather than original; he tells us what the various men did rather than what they were, and in many of his comments it is easy

[1] *Prince Bismarck's Letters to his Wife, his Sister, and Others, from* 1844 *to* 1870. Translated from the German by FITZH MAXSE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

[2] *Modern Frenchmen.* Five Biographies. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, Author of Round my House, The Sylvan Year, etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

to see that he is bound by rather hard and fast lines, as when he says that Perreque, if he had been born in England, "would probably have found full contentment in Anglicanism; for such natures as his usually become warmly attached to the religious system they find ready to hand." This last statement is probably accurate. Perreque certainly showed no desire to step outside of the religion he was born in, but yet how idle the remark is except as a sop to Hamerton's Protestant readers! Perreque was so distinctly a Catholic, and a modern French Catholic, that one can imagine him a Buddhist priest quite as soon as a member of the Church of England, and it is hard to see how he could have been kept from joining a church which seems made to attract just such spirits as his. Again, in other narratives we come across little sandy places which might well have been cut out, as when, in the chapter on Victor Jacquemont, we are twice reminded of the difference between the time in which he lived and the present, "with fast mail steamers and the Suez canal." Alexis de Jussieu could run faster than five galloping mules. "Who would not rather possess that young man's physical powers than the handsomest equipage in Paris?"

— The English writers who have given any special attention to French literature are but few in number, and Mr. Morley has had almost a clear field in his design of writing about the three greatest predecessors of the French Revolution.

Any one who writes about Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot[1] has a very serious task on his hands, and it is well that this work has been left to a man of Mr. Morley's ability. He has ample knowledge, good judgment, and considerable tact. What he lacks is warmth. There is a certain chilly precision in these studies, as a result of which the reader would be slow to gather from this writer's pages any precise notion of Voltaire's *diablerie*, and of Rousseau's glowing fire. In striving to be judicial Mr. Morley seems at times indifferent, and almost dull of perception. There are so many pages of Voltaire that imprint upon the reader ineffaceable impressions of his unceasing intellectual intensity that Mr. Morley's cool examination seems in some ways, and in some important ways, almost unsatisfactory. Instead of building up a figure before us, he dissects the man and takes him to pieces, and while in this way we detect much that would have escaped observation with a different treatment, we do not form a complete notion of that bundle of qualities which after all formed a unit, a man, and a very remarkable man. The same thing is true of the Rousseau. We learn what went to the making of that great writer, rather than just what sort of a man he was.

This, however, cannot be said of this volume on Diderot. He was a man who was much more remarkable for the great variety of his interests and his performances than for any one or two master qualities, and Mr. Morley's discursive treatment is the best that he could receive. It is not enough to say that this is an entertaining book; it is a wise one. The writer gives, besides sufficient biographical details, a running comment on Diderot's work, and satisfactorily thorough accounts of the writings of some of his contemporaries. What we see is the turmoil of intellectual life before the Revolution. Mr. Morley is fair to Diderot's share in this general excitement. We get a clear notion of his mental activity, and of that intellectual enthusiasm which did not find its best expression in literary work. For much as Diderot wrote, he was not, at least to the same extent as many others, a literary man. Where he found the readiest expression was, like Dr. Johnson, in talking, and it is in those passages that are most like talking that he is seen at his best.

— Mr. Calvert's little volume[2] is neither a complete biography of Wordsworth nor a thorough study of his poems, but it contains a certain number of facts, and sufficiently full quotations to give the reader some knowledge of the great poet whose cause Mr. Calvert pleads against the general indifference of a public that can swallow Morris by the cart-load, but objects to Wordsworth's lack of brevity. The aim of this book is excellent; it contains a sincere tribute of admiration, although this is at times dimmed by the author's style, and it is always interesting to see how fervent and genuine is the feeling of Wordsworth's admirers for their master. The book is much more an expression of this enthusiasm than a thorough study, and it is only in that light that it is to be viewed. No one can read it without renewed admira-

[1] *Diderot and the Encyclopædists.* By JOHN MORLEY. New York: Scribner and Welford. 1878.

[2] *Wordsworth.* A Biographic and Æsthetic Study. By GEORGE H. CALVERT. Boston: Lee and Shepard New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1878.

tion for the poet, and a feeling of gratitude to Mr. Calvert for his words of praise. The introductory sonnet is excellent.

— There is a great charm in this volume of the recollections of Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke.[1] First and last they saw a great number of the most interesting literary people of England, and the record they have made is most agreeable as well as complete. It will be remembered that it was Mr. Clarke who first lent Spenser's Faerie Queene to Keats and first brought Chapman's Homer to his notice, and if he had done nothing else he would thus have won the gratitude of all lovers of poetry; but to have from his pen in these late days all that he can recall of Keats is indeed a pleasure. Keats's short life has already been fully told by his biographer, but there are slight threads here and bits of personal observation which every one will be glad to read, as, for instance, when Keats said, concerning his indifference to the study of medicine, "The other day, . . . during the lecture, there came a sunbeam into the room, and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairy-land." Or when Keats said of the passage, —

> "The boisterous midnight festive clarion,
> The kettle-drum and far-heard clarionet,
> Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:
> *The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone,*"

"That line came into my head when I remembered how I used to listen in bed to your music at school." Of value, too, are the accounts of Keats's witnessing a bear-baiting and a prize-fight.

Charles and Mary Lamb both have new light thrown on them by these genial writers. There are a few letters of Lamb's to them, a Serenata composed by him in honor of their marriage, and there are, besides, many new jokes of his recounted which bring him up clearly before the reader, and Mary Lamb is even more definitely described. It is Leigh Hunt, however, who gets the fullest account in this interesting volume. A number of letters and notes of his are given, of all kinds, serious and merry, while at all times graceful — that is the epithet the reader is surest to apply — and entertaining. Possibly those who do not set Leigh Hunt very high in the list of poets may read his letters with less interest than would others, but it is easy to see how his friends and those who felt his charm may have been delighted with his agreeable light touch.

The chapter on Dickens describes at considerable length the tour of the amateur actors, among whom was Mrs. Clarke, and of the way Dickens kept every one entertained. It sometimes seems, in reading the account of Dickens's facetiousness, as if his friends shared with those of Mr. Peter Magnus the quality of being easily amused, if we may judge from the stories told of the celebrated novelist in private life by those who have been entertained by what in others would be called horse-play. But then, on the other hand, it is to be remembered that there is nothing harder to describe than any one's way of being amusing. Honesty, good temper, punctuality, generosity, etc., can all be understood and admired by the sympathetic reader, but that quality, or combination of qualities, which makes a man amusing it is not easy for the narrator to present in a life-like and attractive way. About Douglas Jerrold, however, there is no such obscurity. Many of his jests have always seemed, for their brutality at least, on a par with removing the chair from beneath a man who is intending to sit down, but here some explanation is given of his humor, and its ferocity is considerably mitigated. We see that often his apparently savage remarks were but permissible thrusts of the foils of the fencing-room with the buttons on the end, not attempts at manslaughter. His manner, we are told, satisfactorily explained his apparent severity, and took off the deadliness from its sting.

The Clarkes were not merely the acquaintances of the people they write about, and the same thing that gave them the position of friends of so many distinguished men has enabled them to write a book of the excellence of this one. It is frank without being puerile, and full without being tedious.

— The lack of a history, in our own language, of the German literature is something that Mr. Hosmer[2] has doubtless long

[1] *Recollections of Writers.* By CHARLES and MARY COWDEN CLARKE, Authors of The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare, Riches of Chaucer, etc. With Letters of Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, and Charles Dickens, and a Preface by MARY COWDEN CLARKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

[2] *Short History of German Literature.* By JAMES K. HOSMER, Professor of English and German Literature, Washington University, St. Louis; Author of The Color Guard, The Thinking Bayonet, etc. St. Louis. 1879.

felt, and he deserves the gratitude of many fellow-workers for his attempt to fill the void. He brings to the proper treatment of his subject experience, study, and considerable enthusiasm.

The method he has adopted is not that which so many Germans have made familiar in writing about the literature of their country. He has chosen a few representative names and has devoted much space to them, and he has, moreover, devoted something like two fifths of the book to an account of German literature before Lessing, which we cannot help regarding as a mistake; for most readers who are not special students and willing to go to the fountain-head care incomparably more for only the later period which began with Lessing. Then, too, many who will be anxious to know what is to be known about Auerbach, Freytag, Reuter, Grillparzer, Rückert, Platen, Spielhagen, Voss, Eichendorff, Hoffmann, the Humboldts, Paul Heyse, etc., will be disappointed when they find sometimes hardly more than the name, and often not even that, in this history.

If we look, on the other hand, at what the book is rather than at what it is not, we shall find the separate chapters on the different prominent men interesting. There are tolerably complete biographic details, and there is plenty of discreet criticism of the various writers, and sufficiently full account of their leading works. That the book is a reprint of a course of lectures is perhaps too frequently evident. There are in almost every lecture declamatory effusions on the scenery of this place or that, of Unter den Linden in Berlin, of the Rhine, of Frankfort, of Wagner's Opera at Munich, and so on, which seem out of place in a book of this kind, as does the chapter describing a series of morning calls on different eminent Germans. The whole book has a rhetorical rather than a historical turn, which presents a marked contrast to the thorough-going, graceless German method which Mr. Hosmer denounces in his preface. There are occasional errors which half an hour's revision can repair. But it is a pity that the writer did not close his book before he put down on paper the last sentence. It runs as follows: "If the single name of Shakespeare be excepted, whose supremacy the Germans are as willing to accord as we are to claim it, there is no English name which cannot be matched from the great literature which has been the subject of our study." This is a very bold statement, and one cannot help wondering who, in Mr. Hosmer's estimation, are the German equivalents of Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Marlowe, Bacon, Milton (we will remember that Coleridge called Klopstock a very German Milton), Dryden, Bunyan, Addison, Steele, Pope, Fielding, Richardson, Johnson, Sterne, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot? This is saying nothing against the few really great German writers, but it is unfair to them to put them in the balance against the magnificent abundance of English literature.

—In the early days of The Atlantic the head of John Winthrop used to look at the reader from the cover, and symbolized in a fashion the loyalty of the magazine to those New England ideas which found their earliest and finest expression in the historic governor; but the picture gave place to the flag, and that symbol intimated the national character which the magazine aimed to exhibit. None the less do we recognize the significant fact that the names of the early founders of New England are to-day not simply the shadows of past heroism, but signs of the worthy succession of the Puritan principles. Mr. R. C. Winthrop, in his recent collection,[1] notes the fact that at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Endicott's arrival at Naumkeag, Conant and Cradock and Endicott and Higginson and Dudley and Saltonstall were all represented by lineal descendants, and since he said this at Salem we may add the name of Winthrop. The volume before us, like the two which preceded it, bears witness to this intellectual and moral descent which makes the physical descent worth nothing. Like his great ancestor, Mr. Winthrop has served the state all his life, and this service has been continued during the past ten years in ways which have not always made him conspicuous, but have always been in directions of distinct public service. He has presided over the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Peabody Education Fund, the Boston Provident Association, the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, the General Theological Library, and has been associated with other institutions and societies, and to all these various interests has given time and thought; he has

[1] *Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions from* 1869 *to* 1879. By Robert C. Winthrop. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1879.

been a conspicuous citizen upon occasions of historic interest, at the funeral of George Peabody, at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, at the centennial celebration of the Boston Tea-Party, at the Boston celebration of July 4, 1876, at the unveiling of the statue of Daniel Webster, — at all which times he has been the orator of the day or the first citizen.

Mr. Winthrop hesitates in his preface to connect this volume directly with preceding ones which contained the evidence of his public service, but we doubt if people will question the expediency of giving the name of public servant to one who has withdrawn indeed from the political arena, but nevertheless holds himself in readiness to give his best work to objects of public good. This volume has a more distinct literary flavor than the preceding, and will be of interest to the general reader for its sketches of men of note whom Mr. Winthrop has been called upon to characterize from the chair of the Historical Society. These brief portraitures are always generous, animated, and finished. The few words said are in excellent taste, and the president almost always was able to draw from his own personal recollection anecdotes which were worth telling. One of the best examples of Mr. Winthrop's careful and yet easy manner, the half-conversational disclosures of one gentleman to a company of gentlemen on a public occasion, is in his address at the opening of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology at Cambridge, in which he told with frankness and precision the story of its inception. The longer historical papers are all marked with evidences of a full mind and generous thought; they are not the less instructive for being strongly local and personal in their illustration, and the reader will constantly be pleased by the reference to historic coincidences, in which Mr. Winthrop is very happy. The suavity of manner which marks all these addresses is not so common nowadays as to make us regret its presence here. We listen to the orator, and gently bow as he names one eminent man after another, always with some courteous epithet; we "assist" at the funeral services of historians and men of letters, and before we close the volume catch something of the well-bred air which is never disturbed by any unkind judgment or innuendo. Indeed, one cannot make this volume his own without having the feeling that he has not merely been reading history, but has been introduced to characters in history. One could not ask for a more courtly, yet familiar, introducer.

— There is no branch in which a readable and trustworthy text-book has more been needed than in mediæval church history. Milman's Latin Christianity covers the ground, and so do, in a way, Sir James Stephen's eloquent essays on Ecclesiastical Biography. Mr. Milman was a learned man, but he never could describe an event or a person without getting dreadfully excited, and he was quite unable to transport himself to the times with which his history dealt. Sir James Stephen's book will long be read on account of its charm of treatment and beauty of style; but it was written thirty years ago, and was hardly as accurate as it might have been, even then. The present volume,[1] its author tells us was "composed as Lectures for girls of the upper and middle classes; and I have recognized here and there certain reticencies and restraints of statement which this assumption of the age and sex of my hearers imposed upon me." Hence the book is not one for students, but it is on this account none the worse for the purposes of general reading. We find good accounts of monasticism, of the crusades, of the school-men, and excellent descriptions of the relations of Popes and emperors, and of their struggles with each other. The results of careful reading are visible on every page; especially as regards the secular history, one sees that Mr. Freeman and Mr. Bryce have not toiled in vain to scatter the cloud of error which hung so long about mediæval history. The enormous influence possessed and used by the monastery of Cluny is duly dwelt upon; not passed over without mention as in Stephen's Essays, nor with a mere line as in Milman's History. And Dr. Trench is able to appreciate not merely Hildebrand and Innocent III., but also the Emperor Friedrich the Second, and his great predecessor Charles the Great. There are chapters on the German Mystics, Mediæval Sects, the Revival of Learning, Wiclif, Hus (we follow the author's spelling), Mediæval Christian art, etc., etc. Nothing is badly done, nearly all is well done, though the style in the above extract is rather better than it usually is. The archbishop's English may always be correct, but

[1] *Lectures on Mediæval Church History.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

it often is curious, his pages being sprinkled with such odd phrases as "to the outrance;" "submitted of a purpose;" "a weird was upon him;" "paying the things which he never took," etc. Nor does Dr. Trench invariably prefer the simplest language, for the reader occasionally meets a sentence which would have astonished even Johnson, as when, speaking of Hildebrand, he remarks that "he was one in whom the serpentine craft left little or no place for the columbine simplicity." The introductory chapter closes with the following excellent sentiment, rarely appreciated by church historians: "Accept, then, I would say in conclusion, with all reverence the fact that the church militant, if in all ages a success, is also in all ages a failure. The success may be more evident in our age and in our land, the failure may be more marked in another; but tokens of this and of that will never be wanting. . . . For us who believe the church to be a divine foundation in the world, it must be a success, even as it shows itself to be such by many infallible proofs. For us who know that God's grace is contained in earthen vessels it must be a failure no less, — an imperfect embodiment of a divine idea. Let us boldly face this side of the truth no less than the other."

— Mr. Sergeant has chosen an interesting subject,[1] and in pleading the cause of Greece he strikes a note that will call forth the sympathy of most readers. That little country has at many times of late won the attention of the outside world, and the aim of this volume is to show how well-deserved is our interest in it. Mr. Sergeant begins by a statistical account of the rapid material growth of Greece, with a full description of the present state of education, commerce, finance, etc., within its borders. This is followed by a history of the country during the present century.

That Mr. Sergeant gives the reader the impression of being wholly impartial cannot be affirmed. He makes free use of statistics, as we have said, but they are made merely to confirm his assertion that the Greeks are very nearly faultless. It cannot be denied that they are a remarkable people, and that they have made great advance of late in the face of serious disadvantages, but there is no good done by wholly ignoring their faults or weakness. What is more to the purpose is the author's plain exposition of the selfishness and injustice of the policy of England towards this comparatively insignificant country. The Greeks were simply deluded by Lord Beaconsfield, whose promises of future aid held them back, in the late war, from taking by force of arms additional and highly desirable territory. When the war was over, and Greece demanded the performance of the promise, the prime minister of England put it off with a refusal, and the insulting compliment that the country had a future and could afford to wait. The noble earl apparently preferred to interest himself in behalf of a country that had no future.

— When Mr. David Gill went to Ascension Island, in June, 1877, for a stay of six months on that most desolate and isolated of volcanic rocks, he had the good fortune to be engaged in one of the most important scientific works of this decade, and to be aided by the most indefatigable of assistants, — his wife. The expedition was a purely scientific one, set on foot by Mr. Gill himself, and furthered by a generous grant of £500 from the Government Grant Fund administered by the Royal Society of London. Its object was to determine the distance of Mars from the earth, and indirectly the distance of the sun, by astronomical observations made on the spot and under the circumstances most favorable to success. The scientific history of the expedition will soon be published, and the few score of persons who care for its details will find them duly set forth in the memoirs of some scientific society.

But there was an intensely interesting personal side, which dealt with the struggles and anxieties of the astronomer and his party, with the obstacles to success, one by one overcome, and with the spirit in which these hindrances were met and conquered. This is the side which in ordinary circumstances would remain unpresented. Fortunately, there is preserved to us, through the intelligent notes of Mrs. Gill,[2] an admirable account of this island itself, of the manners and habits of its inhabitants (some two hundred in number), and of its curious and unique government. Ascension Island is a British coaling station, and is governed like a man-of-war. In fact, it *is* a man-of-war, since its population is down in the Naval Gazette as the "crew of the Flora-tender." For safe anchorage, the H. M. S.

[1] *New Greece.* By LEWIS SERGEANT. With Maps specially prepared for this work. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter and Galpin. [1878.]

[2] *Six Months in Ascension.* An Unscientific Account of a Scientific Expedition. By MRS. GILL. With a Map. London: Murray. 1878.

Flora is at the Cape of Good Hope, but her tender, with its naval crew and its cargo of coal, swings to its anchor eight hundred miles from any land. The interesting nautical fiction goes even further, and a naval officer serving there has full sea-going pay, — a commentary on the arduous service.

This desolate island, which is almost entirely volcanic clinker, and on which there is scarcely an acre in all of vegetation, was the station best fitted for the astronomical observations of Mars which were desired. It was selected at once with the same spirit in the astronomer that we admire and honor in the soldier, and after great hardships the scientific success of the expedition was attained. To accomplish this the party had to live in tents, under a tropical sun, exposed in all ways, and with an allowance of one gallon of water per day per person. Every condition of civilized life was reversed. Green turtles were to be had for the asking, but the water to make the soup had to be carefully hoarded. Milk was unknown, and a cabbage (brought from St. Helena) was eagerly bought at auction for 1*s.* 6*d.* There being only six women on the island, the servants were marines and Kroomen, and the supply of the commonest necessaries of life was fitful and uncertain. Life under these strange and novel conditions necessarily has strange and novel sides to eyes that can see them. It is one of the chief merits of Mrs. Gill's book that all these sides are fully and unaffectedly brought out. She is a Scotch gentlewoman under novel surroundings, intelligently and modestly telling of them. No one can read her work without interest; rightly considered it has lessons of fine courage and immense fidelity to duty. It is with positive pleasure that one remembers, in laying down the book, that all this devotion did not go for nothing, but that the object of the expedition was finally attained, and in no small measure by her persistent and intelligent aid.

— We have Dr. Johnson's authority for saying that no woman can write a good book on cookery, but we have the experience of many refutations of this rash statement. Women, he said, could spin, but they could not write good cook-books; now that spinning is a lost art, perhaps they have acquired the power of directing how food should be prepared. Certainly, there are many who have tried their hands at it. In the last century there was Mrs. Glass's cook-book, which Dr. Johnson said was written by Dr. Hill, and it was poor enough to have been written by any hack writer; but in these more enlightened days it is curious to notice that it is almost entirely women who have acquired some reputation in the field of pure literature who have afterwards sought to set off domestic skill with literary charm. Our readers who have discarded pinafores will of course remember Miss Leslie's contribution to the art of cooking, and she had won a good place as a writer of fiction. Miss Beecher has written about other, and we may say higher, things than the duties of the kitchen-maid, and now we have before us two volumes of hard fact by women who have earned a name in fiction. Marion Harland[1] and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney have both written novels, and a good many novels, and it would have been hard to conjecture in either of these writers a fondness for the practical side of life, such as is displayed in these books. It would be a safe prophecy that the Shakespeare of cook-books will yet be written by George Eliot, though it seems more probable that this author will write the final book on chemistry. Meanwhile, we have no cause of dissatisfaction. Both of these books before us to-day are good. Marion Harland has taken the pains to give a bill of fare, with directions for preparing it, for every day of the year. More than this, she follows a large roasting-piece through its various appearances until the last scrap is eaten, and does not, like one, now deservedly forgotten, who preceded her in this business, order cold roast beef for breakfast when the hot roast has not been mentioned for two or three weeks. Her book is excellent, and although only a year's trial can make the affirmation sacred, it seems, from study alone, good and trustworthy.

— Mrs. Whitney,[2] too, has prepared a useful volume. To be sure, she boils her coffee, and devotes something like one fifth of her precious pages to cake, cookies, and such trash, and, what is worse (page 175), recommends that "if beef has been roasted rare, and there is a considerable quantity left upon the bone, do not cut it off, but put it in the oven and heat through, basting with

[1] *The Dinner Year-Book.* By MARION HARLAND. Author of Common Sense in the Household, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea, etc. With Six Original Full-Page Colored Plates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

[2] *Just How: A Key to the Cook-Books.* By MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

some of the gravy to keep it from drying," — a recipe which must have been devised by vegetarians in council assembled; and there is no mention of curries or meat pies: yet, in spite of these sins of commission and omission, the book is on the whole deserving of praise. The recipes seem to be the fruit of wisdom and experience, but the great American cook-book seems as remote as the great American novel, and it will probably come from the same pen.

— General Howard has stopped chasing Indians to write a book for boys; or, if we may judge from the style of the book, he has not stopped at all, but has written Donald's School-Days [1] in the saddle or by the camp fire. Musicians point out the place where Haydn, —was it? — was interrupted in his work, and it would be easy to guess that General Howard was called off from his writing at the end of every page or two. The story is of a boy in Maine, who is brought up on a farm, and, having aptitude for books, is sent successively to several schools, and finally to college. His school-days is a term which fairly covers his college career, where he appears as an overgrown boy, and the book carries marks of being an unvarnished tale of just such life as could be discovered in Maine country towns thirty years ago. It has thus an odd kind of value to the reader, who will probably open his eyes at some of the revelations of country civilization, though it is perhaps not to be expected that boys will care a great deal about its antiquarian value. They will be more likely to be interested in the ingenuous tale of the hero's love affairs, who abandons himself to catching girls in the most extraordinary fashion, or rather we should say to being caught by them. We doubt if the innocent amours of a Maine youth were ever related with so much *naïveté*. The pictures of college life and of fireside sports, among which "Hul, gul, handful," comes in for a sober description, are unreserved to a singular degree, and the people who move through these sketches of Donald's early life are artlessly made known to the reader. The tough palate of a boy will not be offended by the somewhat strong flavor of some of the scenes, and certainly when vice or bad manners are presented a spade is called a spade. The book is a curiosity to older readers; so far as boys go, it has at least the merit of singular honesty, and of a slap-dash movement which keeps everybody in the book doing something or saying something from first to last. Even when one of the many heroines dies, the boys and girls get together and pass resolutions, a performance in a story which robs death of some of its terrors.

— Among the more retiring books for young people which were not brandished in advertisements at the holiday season is a simple account of the life of some children in the country. Two stories make up the book,[2] but both have their scenes laid on the banks of the Connecticut. Brother Ben gives the name to a story of a Southern family of four children joining their cousins in the North. The Bird Summer tells the slight adventures of a city family spending the summer in the country, and occupying themselves chiefly in studying the habits of the birds in the neighborhood. Some very simple and pleasing knowledge of birds is thus given in an unpretending, sensible way, and we commend it cheerfully to those who would interest their children in ornithological observation. Both stories are quiet in tone, healthful, refreshingly free from cant and slang, — the two black beasts of juvenile literature, — and with an honest love of country pleasures in them. No special knack at story-telling is shown, but one will be pretty sure to be interested in the children and their doings.

— This attractive book [3] contains two excellent heliotypes, one of Plato and one of Socrates, after engravings of the well-known busts in the Naples Museum. The translation comes to us with the high recommendation of Professor Goodwin, whose description of it as both readable and accurate is fully justified. Great progress has been made within the last thirty years toward a natural tone in translating from the ancient authors. This translator has certainly recognized that Plato "was not born of wood or of stone, but of man," as Socrates says of himself in the Apology. It is perhaps especially easy to feel this in the case of Plato after the wonderfully natural translation of Professor Jowett; but it is just as hard as it ever was to embody this feeling in a good English version. To do full justice to the excellent choice of words in the

[1] *Donald's School-Days.* By Gen. O. O. Howard, U. S. A. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

[2] *Brother Ben and The Bird Summer.* By Mary Esther Miller. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1879.

[3] *Socrates.* A Translation of the Apology, Crito, and parts of the Phædo of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

translation before us would require many quotations; here only two can be made. In the Apology (35 A) αἰσχύνην τῇ πόλει περιάπτειν is rendered "to fasten disgrace upon the city," which exactly reproduces the sense of περιάπτειν, a word used in the middle voice of wearing an ornament, such as a necklace. This is paraphrased by Jowett, who translates "were a dishonor to the state." Again, in 39 D, παρασκευάζειν ὅπως ἔσται ὡς βέλτιστος, is translated "to endeavor to grow in all righteousness." A good test of the translation will be to take some of the humorous passages and compare them with a translation of the old school, such as that of Charles Stanford. In the Apology (30 D) our anonymous translator makes Socrates say, "For if you kill me, you will not readily find another man who will be (if I may make so ridiculous a comparison) fastened upon the state as I am, by God. For the state is exactly like a powerful, high-bred steed, which is sluggish by reason of his very size, and so needs a gadfly to wake him up." Stanford's version runs, "For if you condemn me, you shall not find another such, evidently (however ludicrous it may be to say so) affixed to this state by the deity as to a large and noble steed rather lazy on account of its size, and requiring to be excited by a gadfly." In the Crito our unknown translator is more uneven, and in one humorous passage has perhaps sacrificed too much to a literal rendering. This will be noticed in the words in italics. Crito 53 D. The laws of Athens are expostulating with Socrates: "But suppose you . . . go to the friends of Crito in Thessaly, for there reigns the greatest disorder and license; they will very likely be glad to hear *how ridiculously* you ran away from prison in some disguise, *perhaps* clad in leathern jerkin or some *garment such as runaways are apt to wear, so that your whole semblance was changed.* This is far better than Stanford, who says, "They would gladly hear of your ridiculous escape from jail, clad in some novel robe, or in a hide, or such other disguise as fugitives are accustomed to assume, having completely changed your own deportment." But for the real humor of the passage we have to read Jowett: "They will be charmed to have the tale of your escape from prison set off with ludicrous particulars of the manner in which you were wrapped in a goatskin or some other disguise, as the fashion of runaways is — that is very likely."

To the full translation of the Apology and Crito are appended such extracts from the Phædo — rather less than half — as the translator thought of importance in the story of the last days of Socrates. Of course, in spite of the summaries given in each of the eleven cases of omission, this interrupts the connected interest which is so great in all that Plato wrote. Three of these omissions are particularly to be regretted: first, the truly Socratic account of the danger in a habit of shirking discussion (Phædo 89 D–90 E); second, the delightful account (96 A–99 B) of Socrates' disappointment in the theories of Anaxagoras; and third, the poetical account of the universe (108 D–114 D). These last, though not of great importance for understanding Socrates' character, are necessary to light up the course of the argument. The great closing scene describing Socrates' death is given in full. It ought to be added that in passages like this last one, where the expression of intense feeling is called for, this translation is least happy. But such defects will not seriously mar the interest of the reader, who will drink off the story "right easily and blithely," to quote the words which the translator was betrayed into using to describe Socrates drinking the cup of hemlock.

French and German.

The fact that Octave Feuillet is a member of the French Academy, while Scherer and Taine are not yet admitted, is one among many reasons why English-speaking people smile when they read Matthew Arnold's plea in favor of establishing some such body as the Academy in London. It is very much as if Mr. Edmund Yates were made a member of this new collection of immortals, while Mr. Arnold knocked at its doors in vain. To be sure, Feuillet writes French very neatly, and he gives the talk of his dukes and countesses in a very natural way; but while his method of expressing himself is smooth, and even at times elegant, what he has to say is generally, one can fairly say always, of the least importance. He adds one to the long list of examples of how a man's cleverness in adopting the tone of a period gives him the appearance of a genius in the eyes of his contemporaries. His plays are good enough to give him prominence in his own country for a brief time, until another man appears who has some

new device for securing the public attention; but his novels, by which he is best known outside of France, are made up of triviality set off by smooth writing. Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre, for instance, with its stock of well-worn incidents, that air of lofty morality which is to be found in French only in a novel that sets out to be virtuous, and in English in the writings of Mr. T. S. Arthur, — this story doubtless owes its long life (for such it is, considering the constitution of the book) to the fact that it can be read in girls' schools. The Histoire de Sibylle, again, with its marvelous record of the conversions wrought by the infantile heroine, pays for the privilege of being unexceptionable with the loss of any other prominent quality. The fact is that Feuillet is as much out of place in describing the religious and the virtuous poor as he would be in digging a trench. The only characters he knows well are women of the world. His men of the world outdo the decorations of handkerchief-boxes in elegance and a languid air of dissipation; other qualities they have not, with the single exception of M. de Camors, who adds to these a more than Byronic gloom. The women, however, are cleverly drawn by a sharp-eyed observer of society, who, it is true, serves up the well-known dish of scandal, but with a new dressing, and consequently there is considerable curiosity about every one of his novels as it appears. His especial trick is describing the woman of fashion, who is alleged to be *honnête*, whose conduct, however, gives the lie to her reputation. On this interesting theme Feuillet has composed many variations.

During the empire it all seemed natural enough. Feuillet was an excellent chronicler of what was represented by many-tongued rumor to be the society, or a part of the society, of that period, and he held a prominent place, naturally, in fashionable literature.

The tricks he learned in old days he cannot unlearn now, and it is curious to observe the new story in which he writes about some incidents that have taken place in the last six years. Of course, the world was not made over again immediately after the battle of Sedan, but no one can help noticing the changes that have taken place in France since then, — they began with alterations in the names of streets, but they have gone further, — and that have made this novel old before its birth. To be sure, the society that Feuillet writes about is not one that changes suddenly, for the better at least. He has struggled against this, however, by the not wholly new device of dating the last entry in the Journal d'un Femme,[1] March 20, 1878; even this leaves the reader cold. Perhaps novelists will set the dates into the future, like the illustrated papers, so that in the evening we can read what has happened in the novels that very afternoon. Feuillet also lends an additional charm to the book by pretending that he is here not the author but merely the editor of its revelations. Of course all mystification is allowable, and this is doubtless an attempt in that direction; at any rate, as a brief sketch of the story will show, this is the fairest explanation of what would otherwise be a very bold attempt to communicate with the absent in other ways than through the post.

The journal is kept by a woman who in May, 1872, is, she tells us, young and pretty. Her name is Charlotte. Her great school-friend is Cécile de Stèle. Charlotte manages to give us the impression that she is intelligent and amiable, and that her friend is a tolerably giddy young person, and this impression is more or less confirmed by the events of the story. These young friends go, under suitable escort, to make a visit in the country, where Cécile is adored by two attractive young men, but they withdraw before two other men, and especially before M. d'Eblis, who is everything that is fascinating. He, after paying considerable attention to Charlotte and winning her young affection, turns sharp round and asks Cécile to marry him, which she is willing enough to do. In the castle, however, there is a young man, the son of the house, its future owner, the only child of the hostess, who in the Franco-Prussian war had been wounded in one leg, had lost his left arm, and received a scar on his face; and he feels so low in his mind on account of the alteration these honorable wounds have made in his personal appearance that he has had a separate suite of apartments made for him, into which he can withdraw when there is company at the castle. If he had been branded on the forehead as a deserter he could not have been more ashamed of himself, and yet his face was "*beau et pur*," and the slight scar on the forehead did not disfigure him. "He had, to tell the truth" (Charlotte's journal is our authority), "*un air sauvage et un peu égaré, mais qui doit*

[1] *Le Journal d'une Femme.* Par Octave Feuillet, de l'Academie Française. Paris: Lévy. 1878.

tenir surtout à l'état inculte de sa chevelure et de ses longues, trop longues, moustaches." It is hardly necessary to say that he falls madly in love with Charlotte, who, in the reaction against M. d'Eblis's desertion of her, accepts him, and devotes herself very loyally to making herself a good wife to him.

Early in the year 1878 the journal is resumed once more, and it seems that in the mean while the scarred veteran has died, and that Cécile has made her husband's life unhappy by her extreme devotion to society. A certain prince has fallen in love with Charlotte, but she refuses him, especially because she still is, as she was half a dozen years ago, in love with M. d'Eblis, who had been kept from marrying her only by the fact that the wounded hero was in love with her, and he could not injure a friend. Of course, M. d'Eblis is still in love with her. Complications soon arise. The prince transfers his attentions to Cécile, who falls a ready victim to his fascinations during the absence of her husband. She is overcome with remorse, and makes away with herself after writing two letters: the first can be read so that it would seem as if her husband were to blame for her suicide; the other tells exactly how matters stood. Charlotte, when M. d'Eblis wants to marry her, shows him only the first, and burns the second, so that he leaves her to try to make up by a life of celibacy for his cruelty to his wife. Charlotte has the consolation of knowing that she has kept her friend's name pure at the cost of her own love. Consquently, if Feuillet's pretense that the story is true is anything more than a pretense, he has put his heroine in the unpleasant light of a woman who will give information to the reporters which she will not give directly to the man who is in love with her. Of course, this is only a trick to get the reader's sympathy, but it miscarries, and his modest claim of being merely the editor of the journal can be considered only part of the fiction.

Trivial as the story is, it has the merit of being entertaining, and no one who takes it up by chance will be very likely to lay it down before finishing it. All of the women are cleverly drawn, their talk is as natural as possible, while the men are mere vague creations, with no life in them. More shadowy beings were never seen, from the gilded youths who slink away by the back door when the action is really beginning, to the soldier who is ashamed of his crutch, and to his friend, beloved of all, M. d'Eblis. The prince, by his actions and his conversation, which the heroine thought it necessary to report in her journal, lends the amount of impropriety which usually seasons the French novel of the period, the tang of what a plain-spoken person would, and with justice, call nastiness. Feuillet has rather the gift of saying offensive things in the ordinary tone of conversation, as calmly as if he were speaking of the weather; he has often done it before, and will probably continue to do so as long as he writes. The life-like talk of the women is, as has been said, admirably given, — so well, indeed, that the book will probably be liked much more than it deserves by those experienced persons who read Feuillet as regularly as their husbands read the daily newspaper. In fact, the book has the great merit of being amusing, and this hides the total emptiness of it, and such trivialities as Cécile's arraying herself in her ball-dress in order to feel more badly when she commits suicide. This little touch is as incongruous as is the raiment of most expensive dolls with the circumstances in which they are destined to spend the active part of their life.

To be sure, there are many other French stories quite as valueless and much less well written, but their authors are not held up as geniuses, nor rewarded as Feuillet has been. He holds a high place among contemporary French novelists, which he has won by studying fashionable society, and by flattering the largest class of his readers by putting them, with their little ways, into his stories; thus he makes them interested, and he wins those also who have great curiosity about the alleged ways of the great world. He does his work cleverly, but it is a poor piece of business that he has undertaken, and one that can have only brief success. His admission into the Academy is very much like the choice of a photographer for a vacant seat in the Royal Academy.

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*** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., *Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on page* 8.

Locusts and Wild Honey. — Those who have been so fortunate as to read the out-door books of Mr. John Burroughs, "Wake Robin," "Winter Sunshine," and "Birds and Poets," will be gratified to learn that another book of the same delightful kind is just ready. It is entitled "Locusts and Wild Honey," and contains essays on The Pastoral Bees, Sharp Eyes, Strawberries, Is it going to Rain? Speckled Trout, Birds and Birds, A Bed of Boughs, Birds'-Nesting, The Halcyon in Canada. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Burroughs's habits of keen observation of nature, the joy he takes in watching the changes of the seasons and of the sky and in studying the life of animals, and who appreciate the literary skill with which he describes and interprets these, will welcome with unusual zest a book so full of good promise as "Locusts and Wild Honey."

Library Notes. — About four years ago was published a book entitled "Library Notes," which grouped under various headings — insufficiency, extremes, disguises, standards, rewards, limits, incongruity, mutations, paradoxes, contrasts, types, conduct, religion — a multitude of pithy and thoughtful extracts from a host of writers. These were strung on the thread of essays, which easily permitted transitions from one author to another; and the book was equipped with a full index which gave readers an immediate view of the rich and varied contents of the volume. A new edition, revised and enlarged by the author, Mr. A. P. Russell, is nearly ready.

Mr. Cook's Lectures on "Marriage" have just been published. The general and special interest which all are presumed to take in the subject, either for themselves or for their friends, cannot fail to secure a wide reading for this book. Add to this the pungent and incisive treatment, the vast literary and historical resources laid under contribution, and the high moral and religious aim of the whole, and it will at once be seen that this is no ordinary book, to be lightly read and tossed aside.

Mr. Cook's recently-published lectures on "Heredity" have attracted much attention. The *Sunday Afternoon* magazine is inclined to rank this volume "among the best of the series." The *Universalist Quarterly Review* says that "in these lectures Mr. Cook has done a most excellent and needed work," and advises its readers "to procure this volume and give it a careful reading." The *Portland Transcript* remarks: —

"One who has not leisure for so wide study as he could wish, will here find at hand the theories of Lötze, Darwin, Müller, Spencer, and many others, so that it is not like reading one book, but many, and we have to thank Mr. Cook for the result, which he so luminously places before us, of long and profound investigation."

The New York *Observer* says: —

They are marked by those characteristics that have made Mr. Cook one of the most powerful and popular teachers of the day. His weapons brighten with use.

New Editions of Dickens and Waverley. — The multitude of readers who delight in the novels of Scott and Dickens cannot fail to welcome the new editions of these now in course of publication by Houghton, Osgood & Co. They are admirable editions for the library, the volumes in both being uniform in size, printed from type easily legible, on paper of excellent quality, and both substantially and tastefully bound, — the Waverley Novels in brown cloth; Dickens's Works in dark green.

This edition of the Waverley Novels will contain nearly fifty steel engravings, including a portrait of Scott. It will also contain the introduction which appeared in the famous Abbotsford Edition, and the illustrative notes accompanying subsequent editions, which give all needed explanation, and the interesting history of the writing of the novels. A glossary and a very full index of characters make this edition admirably complete, and the style in which it is issued renders it altogether desirable for library use, public or private.

The edition of Dickens's Complete Works includes admirable historical and critical introductions to the several novels, written by Mr. Edwin P. Whipple. It contains over 550 illustrations by Cruikshank, Phiz, Seymour, John Leech, Maclise, Marcus Stone, Darley, John Gilbert, and other artists.

Of the many qualities which make both Scott

and Dickens universal favorites there is happily no need to speak. Everybody reads them, and is the better for reading them.

Ten volumes of each author have already appeared in this tasteful and inexpensive edition. The remaining fifteen volumes of Waverley and nineteen of Dickens will be published at the rate of five volumes of each monthly, until the edition is complete. The price of Dickens is only $1.50 a volume; of Waverley, $1.00.

"The Lady of the Aroostook," according to *The Nation*, "has deservedly received universal praise. It is rightly called the best work he has yet done, — quiet in interest, finished, well conceived in its proportions, well executed."

The Hartford *Courant* calls attention to the "slight and delicate touches with which Mr. Howells reveals character, especially the heart of the New England character," and says that "it needs a great artist to do this." Referring to the fact that the public "is reading it all over the country," it adds: —

It could not be better employed, and that not only because the book is artistically clever, and pure, and witty, and entertaining, but because it gives us, just now, in our spasm of bewildering self-criticism, a picture of a real American girl to be devoutly thankful for.

The public certainly is very much interested in the "Lady of the Aroostook," and demands many an edition a thousand strong to meet its multitudinous admiration.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is apparently a new instance of the shield that was gold on one side and silver (or something much less excellent) on the other. A writer in a Southern periodical, having recently read it, squarely calls Uncle Tom "that preposterous old darkey," and Mrs. Stowe "the American Mrs. Jellyby;" and pronounces the story "a deliberate attempt to cut, morally and politically, the throat of an entire country." This is truly lurid. The other side of the shield is certainly more attractive. The New York *Tribune*, in a talk about novel-reading, in its department devoted to "Home Interests," says: —

Prior to the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" there was in this country a very wide prejudice among excellent and relatively intelligent people against works of fiction as such; but this story went everywhere, winning its way by its own clear merits. It was a novel, it was a work of fiction, and yet its tremendous power lay in its absolute truthfulness. It was a novel, but its purity was of the purest, its piety was out of the very heart of Christianity, and it left upon every mind the impress of a genius not less good than great. And thousands who had never read a novel before no sooner finished this than they began to ask for other novels like it.

But there never has been another novel like it, and so people keep on reading this and re-reading it, as they can do with special satisfaction in the new popular illustrated edition.

The "Satchel Guide," which, as the Boston *Advertiser* says, "has been found very convenient and satisfactory, especially for those who are making a quick trip," has just appeared in a new revised edition. The Boston *Journal* happily describes the "Guide," as follows: —

The special features of this handbook are that it is designed for the vacation tourist who has only three or four months to devote to travel; that it describes a continuous route, so arranged as to include the maximum of sight-seeing with a minimum of time, cost, and friction; that it pays special attention to the wants of pedestrian tourists; and that it keeps in mind the requirements of travelers who cannot afford to be lavish in their expenditures. These points, combined with its convenient pocket size, are abundant recommendations.

Artists of the Nineteenth Century. — The New York *Evening Post* says: —

Nothing could be better in its way than the new biographical dictionary of artists by Clara Erskine Clement and Laurence Hutton. The scheme of the work has been to give, as nearly as possible, a complete list of the artists of this century in alphabetical order, with a biographical sketch of each, an account of his principal works, and some critical estimate of his performance. . . . . In the introduction an account is given of the more important schools and academies of Great Britain, Continental Europe, and the United States, in which the fine arts are taught, with the facts concerning their several courses of study, exhibitions, rewards, and other matters of interest concerning them.

Altogether the book is an invaluable manual for reference, while its worth is not less as a review of the whole field of modern art for general reading.

The Boston *Advertiser* commends it as "an exceedingly useful book," and emphasizes the fact that: —

The book is fully and admirably indexed, and the whole index is in each volume, which is a great convenience to the reader, — a luxury, in fact, seldom or never before accorded to him.

Hints for Pupils in Drawing is the unassuming title of a very helpful little book which Miss Helen M. Knowlton, the artist, has written, and which is just ready for publication. Miss Knowlton's success in her profession, and her literary experience, sufficiently guarantee the value and validity of her "Hints," and her skill in stating them so that pupils cannot fail to understand them. It may be added that Miss Knowlton was one of the pupils of Mr. William M. Hunt, and that it is to her we owe the excellent report of his well-known "Talks on Art."

Poems of Places. — Mr. Longfellow's marvelous library of "Poems of Places" is approaching completion. Having exhausted the Old World in twenty-four "Little Classic" volumes, he has found material for two in New England, one in the Middle States, one in the Southern States, and one in the Western States, just issued. There remain only British America, Mexico, Central and South America, and Oceanica, not very prolific in incidents or themes inspiring poetry. The American volumes nat-

urally possess special attractions for American readers, the scenes and events and traditions having for them a nearness and a familiarity which, far from breeding contempt, kindle personal and patriotic interest. The unique little library includes a vast amount of good poetry.

Montaigne's Essays, Riverside Edition. — A new impression of this excellent edition of Montaigne has just been printed. It is not merely a handsome edition, but is unquestionably the best yet issued in this country. The translation is Hazlitt's, which is generally accepted as the best; and Hazlitt's Life of Montaigne is prefixed. The "Life" by Bayle St. John is given, somewhat abridged, but so full as to cover 180 pages. A bibliography of eighty different editions of Montaigne's Essays is added, with an appendix containing references to the most noteworthy opinions expressed concerning Montaigne and his writings. To perfect the work, a very full index is given of authors quoted by Montaigne, and of the numerous topics and persons discussed in the Essays, the Journey into Italy, and the Letters. Altogether it is a very complete and desirable edition of "the wise old Gascon Essayist."

Speaking of Montaigne's Essays, in his lectures on "Representative Men," Mr. Emerson said: —

I remember the delight and wonder which I lived with it. It seemed to me as if I had myself written the book, in some former life, so sincerely it spoke to my thought and experience. . . . . There have been men with deeper insight; but, one would say, never a man with such abundance of thoughts; he is never dull, never insincere, and has the genius to make the reader care for all that he cares for.

The edition is in four volumes, crown octavo. ($7.50.)

An Important Historical Work. — A new edition of "The History of the Republic of the United States, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and of his Contemporaries," by Mr. John C. Hamilton, is nearly ready for publication. Those who are familiar with the work know how large and valuable is the historic material it contains, and how important aid it renders to a full and adequate understanding of the events preceding, during, and following the Revolution. This edition is made more desirable than any former one, by including portraits of a large number of the men eminent in military and in civil life, in the Revolutionary war and in the early administration of the government of the Republic. The work is in seven volumes octavo. ($25.00.)

Bacon's Life and Works are the subject of an able article by President M. B. Anderson, in the *Examiner and Chronicle* of New York. He says: —

These two works [The "Life and Times of Francis Bacon," recently published, and the Popular Edition of Bacon's Works] contain all that the general scholar will need for a comprehensive idea of the life of Bacon, and of his labors in the spheres of literature and philosophy. Those whose object is a minute and critical estimate of Bacon's place in the history of scientific progress will require the larger edition of his works upon which this is founded. All those writings upon which Bacon's fame rests will be found in this edition in their complete form. The life of the philosopher by Mr. Spedding is the most satisfactory and critical which has ever been published. It holds an even balance between those extremes of eulogy and denunciation which have been alternately adopted by Bacon's biographers. Comparing this life with the brilliant essay of Macaulay, the blind admiration of Montagu, or with the inexact and loose eulogies of the Baconian method which so abound in the Scotch and English writers of the last years of the eighteenth century, we are struck with its immense superiority over them all. ($5.00 each.)

Dr. Putnam's Sermons are discourses of the first rank, noble in thought, exceptionally and wisely practical, and of a style so transparent that the majesty of the ideas and the rich variety of the learning with which these are illustrated are portrayed with a sublime and most impressive simplicity. A fine steel portrait of Dr. Putnam adds to the value of an unusually excellent book of sermons.

Carlyle's Essays, Riverside Edition. — A new edition of this excellent collection of Carlyle's Essays has just been published. It is beyond question the fullest, best edited, and best printed edition of Carlyle ever produced in America. At the end of each volume is a summary of each essay in the book, and the last volume contains a full index of all the subjects treated in all the four volumes. Of the Essays themselves, it would be difficult to speak adequately without seeming to exaggerate. But it is quite within limits to say that no series of essays on literary, historical, and biographical topics ever attracted or merited a greater degree of attention from the best readers and most thoughtful minds.

Mr. James Russell Lowell remarks: —

The great merit of those essays lay in a criticism based on wide and various study, which, careless of tradition, applied its standard to the real and not the contemporary worth of the literary or other performance to be judged, and in an unerring eye for that fleeting expression of the moral features of character, a perception of which alone makes the drawing of a coherent likeness possible. . . . . His value as an inspirer and awakener cannot be overestimated. It is a power which belongs only to the highest order of minds, for it is none but a divine power that can so kindle and irradiate. (4 vols. crown 8vo, $7.50.)

An Important Work on Language. — Mr. Harris R. Greene, formerly principal of the Worcester High School, and now principal of the Oread Institute for Young Ladies, at Worcester, Mass., has prepared an important work on "English Language: Its Grammatical and Logical Principles." This is not an ordinary grammar, but a careful and exhaustive discussion of the various organic forms of expression common to all languages, also of the various elements of thought. Thus, while giving the English student the best introduction to the important principles of the syntax and of the grammatical and logical analysis of his own language, it gives him also the principles

of structure in all languages, and so facilitates the study of foreign languages, ancient or modern. One of its distinctive excellences is that it works outward from the elements of thought to the forms of expression, and not inward from the expression to the thought.

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Dr. Holmes, writing to a London physician recently, said: —

You are kind enough to speak well of my writings. It is a pleasure to be told we have pleased, and I have had far more of this gratification than I ever looked forward to. I clasp many invisible hands which are stretched over long wastes of land and sea, and these greetings and kindly tokens are the best reward of authorship.

If the delightful "Autocrat" had as many hands as Briareus, he could not begin to clasp all the "invisible hands" his hearty admirers stretch out to him.

Sweetser's "Artist Biographies" find hearty admirers everywhere. The Chicago *Standard* speaks of these books as a "little library which is proving itself invaluable to art students." The *Sunday School Times* commends the series "heartily, to individual readers, and to school and public libraries." The New York *Christian Intelligencer*, speaking of the volumes, says: —

Their calls have brought us many pleasant hours, delightful refreshment and enjoyment, that we remember without a shade of regret.

The *New England Journal of Education* commends the series to teachers, as follows: —

The low price of these books places them within the reach of the educators of the country, and no educator's library is complete without them. Any one who will carefully read these books will acquire an amount of useful education on art-subjects far in advance of that possessed by the great mass of educated persons in this country.

Life of General Bartlett. — A new edition of this profoundly interesting biography has just been published. As the *Springfield Republican* felicitously observed: —

General Bartlett was indeed one of the best men of his time, — fit to be the companion of the best everywhere. . . . . Wherever these men appear, by whatever names they are called, — Cyrus in Persia, Marcellus in Rome, Bayard in France, Sidney in England, Bartlett in New England, — they are the admiration and the darlings of their fellow-men, and the story of their adventures never lacks readers. ($1.50.)

The American Architect and Building News, published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, says the Philadelphia *Press*, is one of the very best periodicals of its class in our language, whether regards letter-press or illustrations, and always treats other publications with courtesy and the commendation they deserve.

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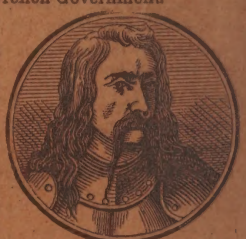

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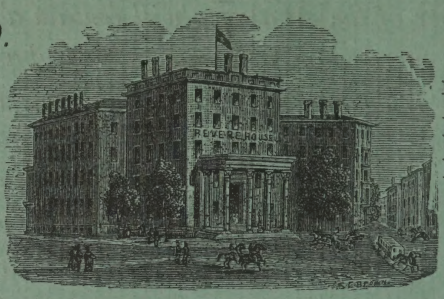

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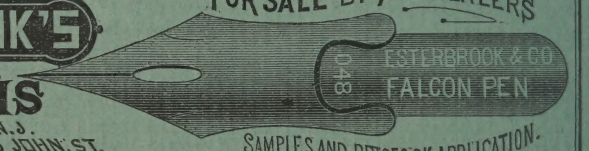

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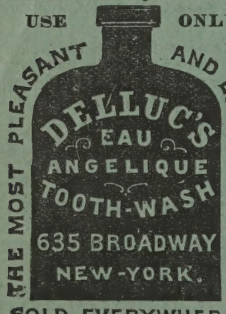

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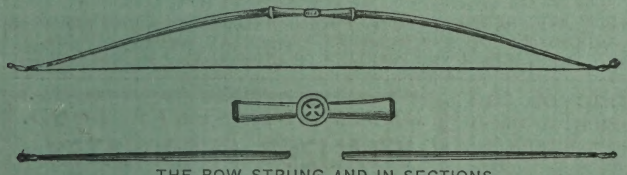

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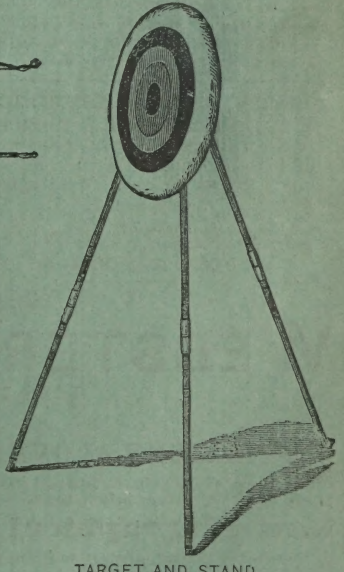

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STUDY OF A NEW ENGLAND FACTORY TOWN.

THE place has about fifty thousand inhabitants. It has one great industrial occupation, the making of cotton cloth of various kinds. There are more than forty mills used for this manufacture, — great buildings, some of them hundreds of feet in length, and six stories high; most of them are of granite, but a few are of brick. They do not occupy any particular region in the city, but are found in nearly every part of it, — in the central squares and principal business streets, and even in those in which the most substantial and elegant dwellings are situated, as well as in the poorer quarters and in the suburbs.

I visited the place recently, and saw something of the life of the operatives and of other portions of the population. Various friends had offered me letters of introduction to prominent citizens and owners of the mills; but I have long been aware that when one wishes to see things directly, and for himself, introductions are not always helpful. They are apt to commit an observer to certain lines and methods of investigation, and they necessitate the adoption, at the outset, of some plan of operations; and this, whether it is adhered to or discarded, is commonly a disadvantage. A man who is capable of making valuable observations of the life around him can usually obtain access to all those persons who possess knowledge or information which is essential to his objects; and he can do this most successfully by making his plans as he goes on, — that is, by leaving himself free to adapt his methods, at every step, to circumstances and conditions which could not possibly be foreseen.

I employed one day in leisurely sauntering about the city, in the course of which I saw nearly all its streets and byways, its nooks and out-of-the-way corners. During the day the noise of the machinery of the mills fills the air of the whole city with a muffled humming sound, which is not unmusical, but rather soft and dreamy; inside of the mills the shrill buzz and clatter are at first rather painful to unaccustomed ears. In the evening I saw the mill people on their way to their homes. When I walked in the direction opposite to theirs, so as to meet them and see their faces, I noted that they all regarded me with alert, searching glances, and they were plainly at once aware that I was a stranger. A group of children came first, laughing and chattering. They were about twelve or fourteen years old. One of the girls gave me a critical look, and remarked to her companions, "He 's a detective." I heard that exclamation many times during the first few days of my sojourn, but the operatives soon rec-

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ognized me everywhere. I often walked in the same direction with them, going a little more slowly than they, so as to hear their talk. It did not differ greatly from that of young people of about the same age of any class with which I am acquainted: "what Jane said about you;" "what Ned told Delia Smith;" and animated remarks about the "new things" which some of the girls had bought lately, with grave talk of the sickness of some of their companions; all this accompanied and interrupted by frequent careless, noisy laughter. It was rather pleasant and encouraging. The young people of the mills appeared to be very much like other young people when in a crowd together in the street.

When I inquired at the hotels whether one could see the mills, the answer was, "Yes, most of them; but at a few of the largest the rules forbid the admission of visitors. The officers are very strict, and if you are a stranger you cannot go in." In the shops and business houses which various errands led me to visit, and in which I always met gentlemen who were ready to talk about the trade and manufactures of their city, this information about the mills from which visitors were excluded was often repeated, and the same mills were always named. I therefore decided to begin by looking through the places which were thus reported to be difficult of access. I encountered no obstacle anywhere that was not easily surmounted. I passed through more than half a dozen of the largest mills, inspecting all the processes and details of the manufacture, from the boiler room in the cellar, where the smooth, resistless swing of the gigantic Corliss engines made one feel as if he were watching the motion of a planet in its path, to the enormous tubs of sizing, high up in the attic.

In all the mills which I visited, far more than half the operatives were girls and women. I saw very few children who appeared to be under twelve years of age, though I heard much criticism, among some of my new acquaintances in the city, of the cruelty of the laws and usages relating to the employment of young children in the mills. As to nationality or descent, the English, Scotch, and Irish operatives, with their children born here, constitute the most numerous classes, but there are also many French Canadians. I had often heard and read the assertion that very few Americans, or, more strictly, descendants of American families, now work in the mills. But I found among the operatives a considerable proportion of young women who are the children of families that have lived in this country for one hundred and fifty or two hundred years, and I have since learned that the same thing is true of several other factory towns.

All the mill people looked as if they had enough to eat, but some of them showed in their faces indications of the effects of poor cookery. Some had the peculiar look which comes from living in impure air, and this result is produced chiefly, as I was convinced by what I saw in the mills and in the homes of the people, by the foulness of the air in the rooms in which the operatives eat and sleep. In many, probably in most, of their homes the cooking is done in the "sitting-room;" that is, the apartment in which the members of the family pass the evening together until bed-time. The cost of fuel is one of the principal expenditures and burdens of the household, and economy in its use is one of the most important means of saving; so the room is kept closely shut to prevent the escape of heat and the entrance of cold air from the outside. The impurity of the air in these rooms during cold weather is very great, and this is one of the most unwholesome features of the life of the operatives.

The cotton is brought to the mills in the bale, "just as it comes from the fields in Indiana, or wherever it grows," as an obliging overseer in one of the largest mills explained to me, and all the processes of picking, cleaning, carding, spinning, weaving, dressing, and finishing are performed in the same building. Nearly all this work is done by machinery, and the labor of the oper-

atives consists almost entirely in attendance upon the machinery. There are a few things, such as the drawing of the threads of the warp through the "harness," which are done with the fingers, but the wonderful capabilities of the machines leave very few things to be done by human hands. Many of the looms are so constructed that they stop at once if a thread breaks, and do not go on till it is mended. Each girl tends four, five, or six looms. A few of the most skillful can manage eight looms each, as many as the best hands among the men.

There is not much work that requires great muscular strength or exertion, not much lifting or handling heavy materials or articles of any kind. Most of it requires alertness and exactness of attention, the concentration of the faculties and their constant application to the processes going on under one's hand, rather than severe muscular effort. Such work usually exhausts the nervous vitality quite as rapidly as many occupations which appear to be more difficult and toilsome. Most of the operatives are necessarily on their feet nearly all the time, and this feature of their work has an unfavorable effect upon the health of the women and girls. They all appear to be tired at the end of their day's toil, though I saw no signs of extreme weariness or exhaustion. It is very hard for any one who is not well, or who is "nervous" and sensitive. The noise of the machinery then becomes insufferably irritating and torturing.

No part of the work in the mills appeared to me so severe, or so unwholesome, for girls and women as is the toil of those who run sewing-machines in city shops; yet it is work which requires good health and high average vitality. The high temperature which is necessary for some of the processes of cotton manufacture renders the operatives specially liable, during the winter, to injury by taking cold when they pass into the open air, unless they use some precautions against it by putting on extra clothing when they leave the mills. But I observed that most of them were careless in this respect, though not more so, probably, than is usual among the pupils of the high-schools in every part of our country. I noted considerable coughing, and certain complained of sore throats. In several departments of a mill the air is always filled by fine flying fibres and particles of cotton. Some of these are drawn into the lungs, and this produces injurious effects. When the lungs are at all sensitive or inclined to disease, this dust increases the irritation. Even for persons who are strong and well it is of course unwholesome, and it probably causes greater injury to health than any other feature or condition of mill work.

A group or company of the young people of the mills, when approached by a stranger, always exhibits the peculiar instinctive shrinking and drawing together for self-defense which is shown by wild animals in similar circumstances. In the mill people it is a feeling of distrust, suspicion, and hostility regarding all who do not belong to their class. The first question asked of a stranger is always, "Do you wish to get work in the mill?" Of course I was simply a stranger, who wished to see the mills and the work which was done in them. During the hour at noon, when the machinery is at rest, is a favorable time for forming some acquaintance with the operatives. Many of them have brought their dinner with them, and they eat it sitting on the floor, or standing in groups together. One scarcely knows when or how the eating is done in some of these little companies, for the talk and chatter and laughter are incessant. The presence of a stranger is at first a restraint, and excites their caution when he approaches or addresses them. Unless a man knows how to penetrate and disarm this reserve, he will learn little from them of their thought or life. They soon became merry and communicative with me. Some of the younger girls were then inclined to be forward and impudent, but they were checked and controlled by the older ones.

The girls and young women in the mills "learn to take care of themselves," to use a phrase which one often hears

among them; that is, they are not at all ignorant of evil or vice. They know what are the dangers that beset and threaten young girls in their circumstances, among men many of whom are coarse and sensual. In such conditions the delicacy and modesty of thought, deportment, and speech which are so precious and lovely in the character of young women are almost impossible, and we have no right to require or expect them. But these girls are not so liable to be led into actual vice or immorality as are some of the pupils in our Sunday-schools, whose very ignorance of evil, and of the need of avoiding or resisting it, sometimes exposes them to temptation unwarned and unprepared. The mill girls are familiar with coarse and vile language, and can hear it unabashed and without blushing; they can answer in like terms. But these facts are not, in their case, marks of extreme depravity or immorality. They afford no evidence of unchastity. I do not believe that this vice prevails to any considerable extent among the young women of the mills. Some of the older women, especially among the English and Irish, have not always been successful in self-protection, or in repelling temptation, as one can plainly see. But there is, as I am thoroughly convinced, far less of sexual vice among the factory operatives than is usually attributed to them. I am certain that working-people in general, of both sexes, are more pure and free from this vice than most moralists and clergymen think them. Their toil represses passion. Their time is filled by their regular occupations, and they have little leisure for vicious thoughts, for nourishing mischievous and profligate desires. It is among idle men and women that this evil finds most of its recruits. No system of morals or of religious culture has yet been devised which provides any effective safeguard against licentiousness for those who are exempt from toil.

In studying the life of any class of people, an observer soon distinguishes the persons who can be of use to him, who represent or possess something which he wishes to learn or understand. When I had found several men and women who could thus be of service to me, the next step was to visit their homes, which I did upon their invitation. I saw their food and their methods of preparing it, examined the books and papers which they read, and listened to their accounts of their own life and work and experience.

There are but few "tenement houses" in this place owned by the mill proprietors. Most of the operatives find homes or apartments wherever they prefer, and many of them live in small buildings where there are only two or three families under the same roof. I think this much better than the system of large tenement houses, unless these could be superior in design and arrangement to the buildings of this class which are ordinarily found in American cities. There are, however, a few large buildings here belonging to the mill owners, and each is occupied by a large number of families. I examined two or three of them, and am compelled to say that their construction is not what it should be. In some cases the cellars are not properly secured against the ingress of surface water, and the water-closets are inadequate and unsuitable. The city government should give this matter immediate attention. The tenants should be required by the proprietors to keep the yards surrounding these houses in a more wholesome and cleanly condition than that in which I found them.

The cookery in the homes of the operatives, if judged by what I saw and learned in several families, is not usually very good. They fry too much of their food, and many do not know how to extract the nutritive elements from beef-bones by long boiling. They throw out to their dogs what would give them the basis for a valuable and delicious soup. (The operatives keep a great many dogs, as is the custom among poor people generally, in this country.) If the women had sufficient knowledge in regard to the best methods of preparing it, they could have better food and more of it without additional expense. Much

good might be done by an arrangement for instructing these women and girls in economical methods of preparing wholesome and appetizing food. Perhaps the good women of the city who possess the advantages of wealth and culture can do something to aid their less fortunate sisters among the operatives in this matter.

The young people of the mills generally read the story papers, published (most of them) in New York city, and devoted to interminably "continued" narratives, of which there are always three or four in process of publication in each paper. I have read some of these stories. They have usually no very distinct educational quality or tendency, good or bad. They are simply stories, — vapid, silly, turgid, and incoherent. As the robber-heroes are mostly grand-looking fellows, and all the ladies have white hands and splendid attire, it may be that some of the readers find hard work more distasteful because of their acquaintance with the gorgeous idlers and thieves, who, in these fictions, are always so much more fortunate than the people who are honest and industrious. But usually, as I am convinced by much observation, the only effect of this kind of reading is that it serves "to pass away the time," by supplying a kind of entertainment, a stimulus or opiate for the mind, and that these people resort to it and feel a necessity for it in much the same way that others feel they must have whisky or opium. The reading is a narcotic, but it is less pernicious than those just named.

Many hundreds of the older operatives, especially foreigners, of two or three nationalities, were reading a paper which is devoted to the liberation of the working-people of America. Its principal literary attraction at this time was a very long serial story of the overthrow of the republic in 1880. This is written as if the events which form the subject of the narrative had already occurred. It introduces General Grant as dictator, and describes elaborately the character and effects of the terrible despotism which he establishes, in that year, upon the ruins of popular government. He "suppresses Congress," seizes New York city at the head of an armed force and by the assistance of the capitalists or "money power" of the country, and is about to make himself emperor, when the working-people rise in arms, under the direction of a nameless leader, "a man with the executive intellect of Cæsar, Napoleon, and Bismarck, and the lofty impulses of Leonidas, Cincinnatus, and Washington." (To continue the description of this personage, "he was a man of huge bulk and brawn. His head was the size and shape of Daniel Webster's, whom he greatly resembled, except in being of the blonde type. His awful gray eyes had a power in them far beyond that of the orbs of the indolent Webster.")

The workingmen, soldiers of the new revolution, are instructed by this hero to supply their own needs from the abundant stores of their neighbors, giving them receipts in the name of the revolution for the property thus forcibly appropriated. They accordingly seize the national banks, and help themselves to as much money as they desire. This story was read with deep interest by many of the older operatives, especially those who were interested in labor reform. The paper containing it prints each week a declaration of principles, which affirms that the government should hold all the land of the nation; that it should be without price (the free use of as much of it as he can cultivate being secured to every man); that ground rents of towns and cities should be controlled by government; that gold and silver should be demonetized, and that in their stead absolute paper money should be issued by the government: that interest on money should be forbidden; that all mines, railroads, and highways should be owned and controlled by the government; that the government ought not to interfere for the collection of debts between individuals, but that the payment of debts should be left entirely to the honor of the debtor. There should be an income tax on all incomes above one thousand dollars, growing heavier for

larger sums. Eight hours' labor should be a legal day's work, and the senate of the United States should be abolished. Recently the paper has devoted much space to the advocacy of "the right of the people to free travel:" the government should own the railroads, and tax capitalists to obtain means for operating them, and people who do not wish to pay fares should be permitted to ride free. This paper has a large circulation among operatives, miners, and city mechanics in nearly all parts of the country. It is a large sheet, and is conducted with much ability. It always contains two or three serial stories by popular writers, which are designed to "float" the heavier articles devoted to the propagation of the doctrines of the agitators, who seek to establish a universal, international sovereignty of workingmen upon principles and methods which contradict and oppose every essential of civilization. The tone and spirit of the paper are indescribably bitter, and expressive of intense hostility against the possessors of property and culture. It represents capitalists as a class of cruel and inhuman oppressors, and instructs the working-people that the time is at hand for them to seize the rights of which they have been so long deprived. All its teaching is opposed to the spirit and principle of nationality, and tends, so far as it has any effect, to produce social and political disintegration.

There is a labor-reform newspaper published in this city of mills, and I had much conversation with the editor. He thinks the mill owners and capitalists of the city are thoroughly selfish and heartless; that they have no regard for the interests or welfare of the operatives, and care only to obtain the greatest possible amount of labor from them for the least possible pay. He was engaged, when I saw him, in the promotion of a movement having for its object the reduction of the hours of labor in the mills. The legal day's work is now ten hours, but my friend the editor informed me that the mill agents often disregard the law and work the hands ten and a half, and even eleven hours per day. He said that the largest mill in the city was run nearly seventy hours one week, and that the agent of this mill was "determined to be king of devils."

I asked the editor what change he regarded as, at present, most important and necessary for the emancipation of labor and the improvement of the condition of the working-people; and he replied, "The next great step is the reduction of the hours of labor."

"What should be the length of a day's work?"

"We are working now to obtain more stringent legislation against running the mills more than ten hours, but six hours a day would be enough for people to work."

I asked him if he could give me any information regarding the amount of deposits by operatives in the savings-banks of the city. This is his reply, in a note which he kindly sent me not long ago, and which is now before me: "I have no exact means of stating the precise amount, but it is practically nothing. There is no city where the operatives own fewer bank-books than here. The operatives of this city are very poor indeed, perhaps no place poorer, and the per cent. who own their homes is a great deal smaller. Factory life has almost reached serfdom."

I thought my friend a well-meaning, sincere man, but extreme in his bitterness against capitalists. He could give me little information regarding the most important features of the life of the operatives of his city, but I am grateful to him for the opportunity for acquaintance with his opinions and the aims of his fellow-reformers.

I am obliged to say that I found few signs of interest among the work people in reforms of any kind. Most of them appeared to be entirely indifferent to such matters, and to political subjects in general. But there is a considerable number of men, especially among the spinners, who are discontented under what they deem tyranny and oppression on the part of the mill owners and agents. These operatives have an organization, or society, for the promotion of their

aims, and they employ a secretary with a salary sufficient to enable him to devote his time to their interests. I met this secretary, and had a long conversation with him. He is a foreigner, and seemed a very good-natured fellow. He thought that in cases of dissatisfaction on the part of the operatives, the employers were usually ready to hear and consider any statement which the working-people might wish to present through a committee of their own choosing. He appeared to regard the owners and agents as reasonable men, who were disposed to deal justly with the laborers; and I thought that he, more than any other of the reformers whom I met, understood that both capitalists and laborers in this country are suffering from the operation of causes which no legislation or reform could at once remove.

The operatives are paid by the piece, and not by the day or hour; that is, it is the quantity of goods manufactured, and not the amount of time employed, which determines the amount of wages paid. The reformers complained that when a new mill is opened the agent stimulates the operatives to the highest possible performance and production for the first few days, and then adjusts the wages-rate upon the basis of what the best hands have thus been able to do for a short time. As only a few operatives are capable of such a pace, and even they cannot maintain it permanently, the arrangement has the effect of establishing a low rate of wages. (That is, if we represent by one hundred the amount of work performed in a day by the best hands when spurred to unusual activity, the average daily performance will not rise above eighty-five or ninety; but the amount of pay is regulated upon the assumption that the average daily work will reach one hundred.)

The reformers thought the average pay of the operatives of the city, at the time of my visit, was considerably less than one dollar per day for "full hands," that is, for those who can do a full day's work; but the mill owners and agents assured me that the average pay was above one dollar per day. I visited the agents and managers of several of the largest mills, and asked them for their view of the condition of the operatives and of the situation and prospects of the cotton manufacture in the city. They answered my inquiries with ready, quiet courtesy. Here is the substance of the notes which I made as we talked: —

"The women weavers are paid a little more than one dollar per day. Any boy of thirteen or fourteen years old can make two dollars and a half per week. Operatives pay for rent, for four rooms, from three and a half dollars to six dollars per month. The owners and managers are satisfied with the ten-hour law, and do not think any additional legislation necessary (in this State) for the proper regulation of the relations between capital and labor, or the working-people and their employers. We prefer ten hours per day, but as the machinery is run by steam-power we have to start it a little before the hour, and some of the hands always go to work at once, in order to add a little to the day's production, and so to their wages. At present rates of pay, the average operatives can save something from their wages. If we compare the cost of living and wages of the times before the war, say in 1860, with the cost of living and wages now, we shall find that operatives are better paid now than they were then. All of us, operatives and employers, have lived more extravagantly since the war than ever before. All wars make waste, and we are all of us suffering from the consequences of the waste caused by our civil war, and especially by the unwise expenditure of money since 1865. When wages were very high, a few years ago, the operatives wasted nearly all that they received. Few of them saved anything. We must all learn and practice economy. Many people who are regarded as being rich are living more carefully and economically than most of the working-people, because they have more foresight and a clearer understanding of the absolute necessity of keeping their expenditures within their income.

"The corporations do not own one

fourth of the tenements or dwellings occupied by the operatives. It is for the interest of the capitalists that the operatives should own the houses they live in, and that as many as possible should have homes of their own. The capitalists and mill owners of the city all wish the operatives to buy land and build houses, and are always ready to sell them land at low rates, and to allow as much time for the payment as the purchasers desire. Many of the operatives in the largest mill, and some in all of them, have thus come into possession of comfortable homes. A man and his wife came into one of the mills, a few years ago, from a manufacturing town in England. They were then about fifty years old, and had never been able to have meat on their table except when now and then the man caught a hare. They were industrious and economical, saved money, and bought a piece of ground. A year or two ago they built a four-tenement house (a house with suites of rooms for four families). They occupy one and let the three others to tenants, and are living in comfort and happiness.

"For several years the mills have been run in the interest of the operatives. Probably not more than one fourth of the mills in the city can pay any dividends during the current year. The capital invested in the mills amounts to nearly thirty millions of dollars; and for several years the profits upon these investments have not equaled one half of the lowest rates of interest paid by the savings-banks of the country. If the ideas or principles of the trades-unions could be carried out, half the mills would be bankrupt in ten years. The intelligence of the laboring people is increasing; we hope so, at any rate. A few wrong-headed and impracticable men wish to make mischief. In all cases of dissatisfaction on the part of operatives, if they appoint a committee to meet the managers, everything can be amicably arranged; but a few agitators do whatever they can to produce discontent among the working-people, and to disturb the relations between them and their employers. One of the labor reformers bought a share or two of the stock of one of the largest mills, in order to gain admission to the meetings of the stockholders. Then he constantly reported the proceedings of these meetings to the trades-union of which he was a member, and used the knowledge he had obtained relative to the affairs of the mill corporation as a basis for perpetual complaint and agitation among the operatives."

The capitalists and mill owners of the city with whom I conversed attributed the prevailing depression of business and industry in large measure to the waste of capital necessarily produced by our civil war, and in still greater degree to the extravagance of expenditure which was so general among our people a few years ago. They thought that the principal means of recovery must be economy and wisdom in expenditure; that capitalists and employers have come to understand this necessity more fully than the operatives do, as a class; and that those who belong to the capitalist class are at present really more saving and economical in their methods of living than the operatives.

I was greatly interested in learning about the amusements or diversions of the mill people. My first step was to ask a great many of the young women what they did in the evening, after working hours were over. The French Canadian girls, who are Catholics, nearly all replied, "We stay at home. We have to sew, and mend our clothes, and wash them. We do not know anybody, and so we have no place to go in the evening." At times the answer was, "My mother" or "my sister will not let me go out." Most of the other young women said, "Oh, we go out with our fellers, and with some of the other girls." "And where do you go?" "Oh, along the streets, down town; to the post-office, or the candy-store, if the boys will shout." "If they will shout, — what is that?" "Oh, don't you know? Why, that means if they will treat, — if they will buy some candy for us." "And do you drink something, too?" To this the younger women always answered, "No, we don't drink anything, unless it 's

soda-water, sometimes, in warm weather." But they usually pointed to some older companion, and said, "She drinks, — she drinks beer." Then the woman thus spoken of would laugh, and toss her head, and say, "Ain't you goin' to shout?" And when I met the same group in the street in the evening, the question would be repeated, with a smile of recognition.

I do not think these girls and younger women have usually any habitual amusement, except this walking out with their friends which I have just mentioned. Once or twice during the winter many of them go to a ball. To go more frequently would be regarded by their own class as an extravagance, as an indication of unsteadiness and a tendency to dissipation. I found many young people in the mills who "belonged," as they said, to the Methodist church, and some who were Baptists. Probably there were, among the operatives, members of other religious societies, but I did not happen to meet them.

The young people whom I have thus far been describing appeared to be rather steady and well-behaved. They looked and acted as if they kept good hours, and had no marks of anything wild or irregular about them. But I saw others, both young men and women, whom I knew at once to be of a different type. Every class, every type of character, has a rhythm of its own, which runs through all bodily movements, through the tones of the voice; which is accented in glances and changes of expression, and is revealed in all spontaneous mental action. I knew that some of these young people would have other amusements than those I have described. I did not think it wise to ask any of them how they passed their evenings; I thought there might be better ways of acquiring this knowledge.

I had observed in various parts of the city such signs as "Harmony Hall," "The Avon Arms," "St. George's Hall," etc. I sauntered into one of these places, one evening, about nine o'clock. It was on the second floor, and was reached by an open stair-way running up from the street. I found a hall about fifty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. At one end was a bar for the sale of liquors, and at the other a curtained recess and a small stage or platform elevated two or three steps from the floor. There were about fifty persons present, grouped around eight or ten tables. About one fourth of them were young women. Some of the young men were smoking. There were glasses on the tables, and some of the young people were drinking beer. As I went up the stairs, I heard the clang of a piano much out of tune and the clapping of hands, and a young man was just descending from the stage, while he smiled and bowed in acknowledgment of the applause. He sat down with one of the groups nearest the stage, and some one at the table called for "four beers." The four glasses were taken away by a pleasant-looking English girl, and brought back filled. There were similar requests from various parts of the room, and after she had responded to them the young waitress approached the place where I sat alone, and civilly inquired, "Is there anything you wish for?" I gave her an order that would bring her back to my table now and then.

When most of the glasses had been emptied once or twice, some one said, quietly, "Mr. Lee will oblige," and there was a general clapping of hands. A young Englishman ascended the stage, and sang, in tolerable accord with the weary, protesting piano, a melancholy song about a sailor lover who sailed away from his mistress and never returned. Both hearts were true: one lies "in his long, last sleep, a thousand fathoms deep, where the wild monsoons do sweep" forever above his rest; the other "watched her life away, looking seaward o'er the bay," from a New England hill-top, and hoping to the end for one who came no more. At the close there was more applause and more beer, and for some time busy, chattering talk. There was nothing loud or boisterous. One of the girls, who was a little tipsy, came across the room, in a rather demonstrative way, and asked me if I was not "going to shout;" but a young man at the table she had left reproved her sharply, and

one of the young women from the same company came over and led her back to her place.

By this time I had noted most of those present as persons whom I had met before, in the mills and on the streets. They were nearly all operatives, or had at some time belonged to that class. But I observed at one of the tables, with half a dozen young men and women around him, a young colored man whom I had never seen until now. He was more silent than any other member of the company, but was evidently the object of general attention and respect. He was the only person of his color in the hall, but was plainly as welcome there as any one. He seemed obviously superior to his neighbors, and I was interested at once, and felt that I must know something about him. Presently there was another invitation to the stage, and when the young colored man rose to comply with it there was unusually hearty applause. He sang one song after another till he seemed tired, but the audience was still impatient for more. The songs were of many kinds, comic, sentimental, pathetic, and silly. One had these stanzas:—

"Sampson was a strong man,
He was not counted lazy;
He took the jaw-bone of a shark
And slewed the gates of Gazy.

"It rained forty days and forty nights
Exactly by the countin',
And landed Noah and his ark
On the Alleghany mountain."

When he sang "I got a mammy in the promised land," with a strange, wailing refrain, the English waiter-girl, who was sitting at my table, wiped her eyes with her apron, and everybody was very quiet. He sang and acted with a kind of suppressed intensity of manner and expression, and I thought that to him the dusty hall and its somewhat squalid appointments had given place to a grand theatre, thronged by an admiring, applauding multitude. He seemed rapt and inspired. His face was black, and the features African in type, but not at all repulsive or unpleasant. When he left the stage, I sent the waiter-girl to tell him I wished to see him. He came down the hall with a dignified courtesy of manner; we were introduced, and had a little conversation. I found him very intelligent. He talked well, but quietly and deliberately. His speech was that of cultivated New England people, and had none of the peculiarities which usually mark the language and utterance of colored persons.

It would not do to show too much curiosity or interest there, as this was my first visit to the hall; but I arranged to meet my colored friend next day, and took my leave, assured of a welcome there whenever I might return. I visited half a dozen similar places before midnight. They were all much alike. I spent several hours, at various times, in these music halls, calling sometimes in the afternoon, because the attendants had more time then than in the evening. Some of them had stories to tell which I wished to hear, but I had to wait till I had established such relations between us as would inspire them with the willingness to talk to me.

All the attendants at these places had worked in the mills. The young man who plays the piano is usually paid four or five dollars per week, besides his board. The young men who sing receive one dollar per night, but most of them board themselves. The real business at all these places is the sale of liquor. They all keep cigars, and most of them have pies and a few other articles of food, but the profits come from the drinking. The piano, the singing, and recitations attract and entertain visitors. These resorts are sustained almost entirely by the operatives, besides a great many other places where there is no music or entertainment of any kind, except the drink. At the city clerk's office I learned from the official records that there are in the city two hundred and fifty-seven houses licensed to sell liquors, and many of the leading citizens expressed the opinion that the unlicensed drinking places (where liquor is sold unlawfully) were at least equal in number. Last year there were 5400 voters in the city; so there was a licensed drinking saloon for every twenty-one voters. The city's revenue from these licenses last

year was $38,782. This large sum, and a great deal besides, the liquor dealers received from the working-people, — a very large proportion of it from the mill hands. At one of these music halls the woman in charge informed me that "the expenses of the establishment" averaged two hundred dollars per month, and I visited several places which did a much larger business than this one.

The editor of the labor-reform newspaper told me that the most usual course for a man who for any reason falls out of the ranks of mill workers (if he loses his place by sickness, or is discharged) is the opening of a liquor saloon or drinking place. He takes up this business for a living, and rarely quits it for any other occupation. At first, he buys a very small stock, — a keg of beer, or a few gallons of low-grade whisky. He hires a little corner or closet in some shop or basement, or he begins in his own cellar, and is soon able to lay in a larger and more varied supply. After much observation and study of the subject in most of the States of our country, I believe there is no other kind of business or employment which can be entered upon or engaged in with so little capital, or which will yield so large a return in proportion to the amount invested. There is greater profit and less risk of loss than in any other occupation which is open to so many people. Its principal support comes from the classes engaged in manual labor. Many men will buy intoxicating liquors when they and their families are suffering for food. Whatever degree of poverty may prevail among the working-people, those who sell liquor to them still find the business profitable. The great causes of the drinking habit among the working-people are poor cookery, living in impure air, and the lack of any dramatic entertainment or amusement for their evenings or times of leisure.

I met the young colored man several times, and found him a person to give one a sad kind of interest in him. He was just then doing more to amuse and entertain the mill people than any one else in the city, so I gave a little time to conversation with him. I like average and ordinary men and women best, and have not commonly found what is unusual or extraordinary in human life or character best worth study or acquaintance. But this man was not precisely what I was looking for. On one occasion I asked him who was the author of a song he had just sung. Looking at me keenly, he asked, "Do you like it?" "Yes," I said; "it is simple and tender and natural." "Well," he replied, "it is mine, such as it is." "Do you mean that you wrote the words?" "Yes, the words and the music." "Have you written others?" "Oh, yes; I have quite an income from my songs." "Where are they published?" He gave me the name of a well-known music-publishing house in Boston, and when I came home I ordered specimens of my friend's compositions. They were sent to me, and I found everything as he had told me.

I asked him if he had been singing at these places in the city very long. "Nearly a year," he replied; and then he told me that his business was negro minstrelsy and theatricals. He had traveled with the principal companies in this country, and had a permanent engagement at a good salary. But about a year ago his mother died. He was greatly attached to her, was with her in her last illness, and was "too heart-broken to be making money. I did not feel like acting, and thought it would show more respect to my mother, if she knows about it, if I did not appear in public for a year. I sing a little in this private way to accommodate my friends here, and because it is not good to be doing nothing." He acknowledged that he drank too much, and that his life was not what it should be. I asked him if anybody had ever encouraged him to cultivate his mind and make a man of himself. "No," said he; "the only encouragement anybody ever gave me was, 'Bill, go another dollar on this!'" But many people would probably find this man's story more interesting if it were not true.

At the principal hotel I met many salesmen and book-keepers from the shops and stores of the city, and when

there was opportunity I sometimes made inquiries regarding the mill people, — their character and ways of living. These gentlemen always appeared to be surprised that I should be interested about the operatives, or suppose there was anything in their life that was worthy of attention. At one time there was considerable excitement among my friends at the hotel, on account of the announcement that a certain "celebrated star troupe" of actors would appear "for one night only" at the Academy of Music. It was to be a "variety entertainment," to comprise a play in two acts, songs, dances, a trapeze performance, etc., — all of the very highest character. My companions at the table courteously advised me to go. It would be a good opportunity to see the people of the city, as the attendance would be very large. "Will the mill people be there?" I inquired. "Oh, no [with impatience]; they are not capable of appreciating anything of this kind. They have their own low amusements, but this is first-class." I went. The house was filled with well-dressed people of both sexes. The feature of the entertainment which was most to the mind of the audience was a song. A rather pretty girl came out in spangled tights, and sang half a dozen stanzas with this refrain: —

"So, boys, keep away from the girls, I say,
And give them plenty of room;
For when you are wed they will bang you till
you 're dead,
With the bald-headed end of a broom."

This was "received with great enthusiasm," as the play-bills said it would be, and was encored again and again. I looked around over the applauding multitude; the mill people were not there.

The mills were running on full time, and were worked to their utmost capacity, with all the hands the machinery would employ. They require about fifteen thousand hands. But there were, as I judged from all I could learn about the matter, between fifteen hundred and two thousand persons of the operative class in the city in excess of the number which the mills could employ. These were destitute of work, except when, now and then, the temporary illness of some hand left a place vacant, and so gave the opportunity of work to one of these superfluous laborers for a day or two. There was much hardship among these people. Many had families, and their children suffered for food. In some of the worst cases the city gave assistance; the labor unions sustained others, in part; and neighborly kindness among the operatives was more helpful than either. The labor-reform agitation, in all its stages, from vague discontent to violent denunciation, was reinforced and sustained chiefly by the presence of this unemployed class. Their life was a daily struggle against the inevitable, — a long and useless waiting for what could not come. Every morning some hundreds of these seekers after employment presented themselves at the doors of the mills, in the hope, almost always a vain one, that a few of them might be wanted.

The overseers at the mills kindly allowed persons seeking work to put down their names in application for the opportunity of filling vacancies when they should occur. In visiting one of these unemployed families, I saw a fine-looking, capable young man, who had been idle for months. His name was on the list at one of the principal mills, but there were twenty-eight names before his, and it was not probable that his turn would ever come. This young man bears a well-known name, and his ancestors have lived in the State more than two hundred years. The presence of so large a number of superfluous hands in any place is a matter of grave importance. There were too many laborers there already, but every day there were new arrivals from other manufacturing towns. Some, on learning that the mills were crowded, resumed their quest in new directions. Others had not means to go farther, and remained to swell the number of the unemployed and discontented. Is it impossible to devise some plan which would prevent this migration of crowds of laborers to places where there is no demand for labor and no

prospect of their finding employment? We already map the course of the winds and the state of the weather for the whole country each day. Would it be much more difficult to map the state of the labor market for the whole country every week or every month, or less valuable in its results? The impotence of society in the presence of such evils is more apparent than real.

I found several large Catholic temperance societies among the mill people. They were working vigorously and with excellent effect. The Catholic church is doing more than any other, I think, for the moral guidance and improvement of the operatives. The Methodist church comes next, and its work is important and salutary. I saw evidences, now and then, among the young Methodist converts, of strong sectarian feeling, a disposition to employ social pressure as a means of increasing the influence of the church. As this was, under the circumstances, a sign of earnestness and vitality, it was a less evil than indifference. The Baptist church has also a considerable share in the religious culture of the mill people; and it is probable that other religious bodies, besides those which I have named, are at work with noticeable energy and success among the operatives, but I had no opportunity of observing their activities. The Unitarian pastor informs me that his church has some influence among the young mill people, "but it reaches very few, as you might naturally expect it would. It is not fitted to their appreciation, nor, perhaps, to their wants." He adds, "Being brought little into contact with the operative class, I can in general speak only from hearsay in regard to them, and therefore should not presume to give an opinion to one who is searching for facts."

Many of the older operatives, especially among the English, Scotch, and Americans, are strongly influenced by what is called modern scientific thought, and have come to regard religion as something outgrown and antiquated for all intelligent persons, but still useful and necessary for the ignorant and inferior classes, — the common people. The strongest separative and unfraternal influence which I have encountered or observed in American life and thought is this tendency of "scientific thought" to produce a feeling of contempt for those who do not share it, — for "the unenlightened masses."

Several of the mill corporations of this city are embarrassed by indebtedness out of all proportion to their financial strength or available assets. Some of them have recently been forced to suspend payment, and it is probable that others will soon have a similar experience. These difficulties have been caused in part by embezzlements and defalcations, of which the city has had its share, within a few years, in common with most other places in our country; but the popular judgment attributes far too large a proportion of the financial troubles of the mills to this source. Most of them have resulted from the effects upon business and industry produced by our civil war, and from the peculiar intellectual and psychological conditions which prevailed among our people for a few years after that convulsion. Usually these evils or embarrassments are the result of false or erroneous thinking. There was too much money invested in machinery for the manufacture of cotton goods, more than was required for all the business that could be done. More mills were built and equipped than could be employed with profit. These excessive and abnormal investments of capital in a particular branch of business were made because capitalists and manufacturers depended upon imaginary markets, upon a demand for cotton goods which was supposed to be practically unlimited.

The labor reformers insist that there can be no over-production while any human want remains unsupplied. This is pure sentimentalism, worthy of the political economy of Rousseau, and has no scientific or practical quality whatever. What is more to be regretted is that many of the writers of our time who are trying to aid the development of rational ideas on these subjects are themselves

influenced, and much of their work is vitiated, by the same illusions which have made the sentimentalists their prey. When we declare, in poems, sermons, and optimistic essays, that men everywhere should be able to possess and enjoy whatever can add to the comfort, refinement, and happiness of life, it has a delightfully generous and philanthropic sound, and we are disposed to feel that we have done something to hasten "the good time coming." But the simple fact, of inexpugnable strength, upon which the whole matter depends in actual business is that over-production occurs whenever a manufacturer produces so many more goods than he can sell that the amount left upon his hands absorbs the profits of his business, or such a proportion of the profits as gradually to impair and lessen his productive capital. Men do not manufacture cotton cloth, or grow corn and wheat, or make newspapers, from motives of generosity or sentimental philanthropy. They produce all these articles to sell them; and fraternal justice to the laborers employed, and the use of whatever means can be applied for their education, will give increasing productiveness, security, and permanence to all these branches of industry. But it will not do to make any kind of goods merely because people ought to have them. We might insist that life must be a condition of squalid misery in every family where there is not a seven-octave piano; but the manufacturer who should therefore undertake to make pianos for all who do not now possess them would soon be in a position to give lessons to our political economists on the real nature of over-production. It is not true philanthropy to employ men to make goods which cannot be sold. To do so must always result in the destruction of capital and the injury of the laborer. Of course, there are chances of loss by the production of unsalable goods which cannot be foreseen, but this only makes all possible foresight the more necessary. We have built many mills and bought much costly machinery for the manufacture of cotton and iron goods which nobody would buy. Some of these enterprises have already come to an end in necessary ruin. Others are deferring their fate by adding to an indebtedness which is already greater than the present value of the entire property or investment. Much of the capital thus invested is lost, and can never be recovered by any possible skill or ingenuity.

My friend the editor of the labor-reform newspaper holds that the best means for securing the rights of the laboring people, and obtaining a just remuneration for their labor, is the multiplication of their wants; that is, they should be taught to live more and more expensively. He says that civilization consists in this constant increase in the number of the wants of human beings, and that we must encourage the working-people to demand and use so many things as necessaries of life for them that employers will be compelled to give them higher wages. But I think that all the facts which have any relation to the subject indicate that this particular element or tendency of civilization has already an excessive development, and that most persons in this country have already more wants than can possibly be satisfied. It would tend to greater clearness of thinking if people would remember that there is no evidence of any provision in the nature of things which assures us the possession of everything we may want. It does not appear that the earth contains materials for unlimited wealth, or that it will ever be possible for everybody to be rich and live in luxury. The earth does contain materials for subsistence for human beings, as long as there are not too many of them. But the over-production of human beings is a frequently recurring fact in the history of the race. It is a possibility in nearly all civilized countries, and though it may not require attention here for a long time to come, it is certain that its recognition is already necessary in all systematic treatment of the chief subjects connected with political economy and national welfare.

I believe the labor reformers are in

error in thinking that the continued and indefinite reduction of the hours of labor would be a benefit to the working-people; but I am aware that they have the support, in this view of the matter, of nearly all the political economists of every school. Most writers upon the subject eulogize the effect of labor-saving machinery upon the interests of the workingman, affirming that any inconvenience resulting from it is but temporary, and that the permanent effects are necessarily beneficial. It is constantly assumed, as if it were an indisputable certainty, that the less men have to work the better for them. I cannot discover any necessity or provision in the nature of things which renders it thus certain that all devices and inventions which result in dispensing with human labor are to work advantage to mankind. It is time to challenge this assumption. It is entirely a question of fact, and *a priori* reasoning is here out of place. The most positive proof that labor-saving machinery is beneficial up to some certain point or degree of development and application cannot be safely accepted as evidence that its development and application can be profitably extended without limit.

I believe that for most men more than eight hours' work per day is required for the maintenance of physical, mental, and moral health. I think that for most men, including operatives, mechanics, farmers, and clergymen, more than eight hours' labor per day is necessary, in order to keep down and utilize the forces of the animal nature and passions. I believe that if improvements in machinery should discharge men from the necessity of laboring more than six hours a day, society would rot in measureless and fatal animalism. I have worked more than ten hours per day during most of my life, and believe it is best for us all to be compelled to work. It would be well, I think, if we could make it impossible for an idler to live on the face of the earth. Religious teachers are not without responsibility for having taught that the necessity of labor is a curse. The world owes most of its growth hitherto to men who tried to do as much work as they could. Its debt is small to the men who wished to do as little as possible.

The principal thing required in connection with these interests of our national life is, I think, that the operatives and other working-people shall have a better education, — an education which shall include some more adequate safeguards or defenses against illusion than are provided by the methods of culture and training now in common use in this country. As things are, it can scarcely be said that any effort is made to teach the working-people anything regarding their duties, rights, and interests as citizens, as Americans, except by the churches and the labor reformers. As religion is at present usually understood by its teachers in this country, it does not habitually give great prominence or emphasis to the cultivation of feelings of attachment, responsibility, and obligation to our country. It is commonly regarded as dealing with men only as individuals, and as accomplishing the elevation of society by improving the character of the units of which it is composed. Few, even of our best people, have now any vital feeling, or sense of nationality, of our position and duties as Americans. Nor have I been able to find anywhere a clear exposition of the claims which our country has upon us all, of any service which the nation rightly demands of its children, except what is required in time of war.

I think the time will come (and should come soon) when the preparation and supply of suitable reading matter, as an instrument for the education and guidance of the working-people, will be regarded as a necessary part of the equipment of the manufacturers in a town like this. It is so now, but the prevailing optimism, being essentially unintelligent, and therefore wanting in flexibility, is not yet aware of the new conditions and tendencies in our industrial, social, and national life. The capitalists, manufacturers, and cultivated people of every town where there are one thousand operatives should unite in the publication of

a small, low-priced newspaper for circulation among the working-people, — a paper conducted by some one who understands that the elements and tendencies of our national life cannot be adequately dealt with by the subjective method which most of our teachers now employ; by a man who sees clearly that the knowledge and recognition of the objective facts of human experience supply the only sufficient basis for wise action.

The use of such means for the education and guidance of the working-people would cost far less, in money even, than the present plan of letting things take their course. The confident expectation that an improvement or revival of business will soothe the discontent of the working classes, and relieve the country from anxiety regarding their action, which has become general within the last few months, is, in part, the result of a hasty and superficial judgment of the facts of the time. There are many workingmen and teachers of workingmen in this country, believing in the absolute sovereignty of the laboring classes, who would not be rendered less active or determined in their campaign against the existing order of things by any possible degree of industrial prosperity. They believe in a different order of society, and hope to organize the wage laborers of the United States, and unite them in a persistent endeavor to modify the existing social and political order. They have more impulse and endurance than most of the supporters of our existing civilization, and also a better understanding of the necessity of adapting means to ends. They have also a measure of truth on their side, for the existing order and civilization cannot be defended as complete, or wholly just; they need improvement.

I wish to deal gently with the impenetrable inapprehension which thinks it a sufficient answer to all such pleas for an increase of activity on the part of cultivated people to say that the ignorant and visionary schemers who would like to overthrow our institutions can never succeed. Sarcasm here would be a waste of force. But intelligence can understand that some things short of absolute ruin are still so undesirable and injurious that it is worth while to try to prevent them. The force by which the world has chiefly grown hitherto is the love of excellence for its own sake, the feeling of obligation to try to make things better, to remedy injustice, and to remove hurtful, enslaving ignorance whenever we can do so. But it is to be confessed that these are considerations of little weight with the optimism of our time.

It is not enough that people who have money and culture pay the operatives their wages. That is not all that justice requires. It is my belief that, in the city of which I have here written, the manufacturers were paying the laborers, at the time of my visit, all that they could pay, and that in some cases their wages absorbed the entire profits of the business. But the working-people are ignorant, and they are not taught as they should be. They are among the most valuable and indispensable of all the children of our country. Our national industry and prosperity would be impossible without them. Their life is at best rather hard and uninviting, with little room or means for the ameliorating, refining, and sustaining influences which vary and brighten life for many others. There is far too little fraternal interest in them, — too little disposition to share their burdens, and to help them to make the best of their life and of themselves that its inevitable conditions will allow. We do not know as much about them as we should. Most people think and care very little about the operatives, except when they threaten to make trouble. It is not safe or wise to allow so large a class to be so far alien and separate from the influences and spirit of our national life. I do not think the mill people are, as a class, inferior in morality, in the ordinary sense of that word, to any equally numerous class in this country. On the contrary, I believe they are superior in this respect to any class of men and women who do not work.

We ought to know more about this sort of people, about their circumstances,

their ways of living, their thought, and the tendencies and effects of such a life as theirs upon character and civilization. As things are, there is nobody to speak for them. We should know more about what they do with their wages; how much they are able to save, and to what extent they have the disposition to save anything from their earnings. I was very desirous to learn something of this last feature of their life in the city herein described; but although I visited all the savings-banks, and met everywhere gentlemen desirous of assisting me, nobody, so far as I could learn, had any knowledge of the amount of deposits by operatives in the savings-banks of the city. The matter had once been "looked up" as an electioneering measure, but the statistics had not been preserved. The mill owners thought the amount was very large, while the labor reformers, as we have seen, believed it was "practically nothing."

I received the utmost courtesy and kindness from all whom I met, without exception. In these qualities the city is not surpassed by any place I have ever visited. I am indebted to many persons there for invaluable assistance, and am most grateful to some who will never see what I have written.

ART IN ENGRAVING ON WOOD.

ENGRAVING on wood, although an art not yet quite a century old, has had a changeful and eventful history. In saying not quite a century old, I must be understood as separating it from the wood-cutting of earlier days. That wood-cutting, with knives and gouges upon planks, notwithstanding the drawings were by Durer or Holbein, was at its best, even when most skilled and delicate, but the work of mechanics. The *art* of engraving on wood began with the use of the graver, on the end of the grain so that the tool might cut a clean line in any direction, the wood sawn no longer into planks, but into rounds. The first artists in the new manner were Thomas Bewick and Robert Branston.

Bewick has perhaps been overrated as an engraver. His work is not always distinguishable from that of his pupils, but what seems undoubtedly his own is not remarkable *as engraving;* that is, in the use and display of lines. As an artist, no man less than Hogarth is his equal. Though he must needs borrow his method from that exercised by copper-engravers, he seemed to scorn their conventionalities, and to care little what lines he used so that they rendered his meaning. So far his work is rude and wanting in delicacy; but at the same time it is wonderfully expressive and effective. And he invented *white line:* in so doing may be said to have invented *engraving on wood*, as an art distinct from engraving on copper or steel.

Let it be borne in mind that the printing of wood-engravings is in one respect precisely an opposite process to that of copper-plates. In copper-plate printing, the graved or hollowed lines being filled with ink and the smooth surface of the plate wiped clean, the impression is taken from the ink remaining in the hollows; in printing wood-engravings the surface only takes the ink and gives the impression. White line therefore, though but an adaptation of the ordinary method of copper-engraving, — lines cut in the metal, — is in its effect exactly the reverse of that; the opposite also of what had been previously done on wood. The cutter of Durer's drawings had only mechanically to outline and clear out the spaces between the lines; patience and care were required for this, but he needed not any understanding whatever of

the drawing at which he labored. With the cutting by the artist himself of a line which had not been drawn, which then he first drew with his graver, began the era of *art*.

Branston (not to be compared with Bewick as an artist) was brought up as an engraver on metal; and when his attention was directed to wood, his early education stood him in good stead, giving him command of his graver, whence power and beauty and regularity of line which Bewick was never able to attain. The bent of education however hindered as well as helped him, making him care too much for the old method, from which Bewick escaped, either from not having had that special training or from an artistic disdain of artificial restrictions. Branston also used white line, but mixed with the black, his engravings being in the style of copper, with the advantage of white line when occasion offered. As engravings, his works are masterly.

So originated two schools of engraving on wood: the school of Bewick, whose pupils were distinguished as artists, notably Luke Clennell the painter, and Charlton Nesbitt, whose work however equaled Branston's in power of line; and the school of Branston, which excelled in engraving. Branston's first pupil was, I think, John Thompson, the chief, *facile princeps*, of wood-engravers; an artist too if not so great as Clennell, but he was on the engravers' side. And then appeared the draughtsman on wood, — only draughtsman, and not engraver. Bewick drew for himself; Clennell also; William Harvey also, — a younger pupil of Bewick and pupil afterward of Haydon. John Thurston, a copper-engraver, whose artistic perception of the special beauty to be found in well-ordered arrangement of even the least important lines had brought him into requisition to lay the direction of lines for Charles Heath, the famous copper-engraver (a man inferior, though, to his father James), drew the mass of Thompson's earlier and best-known work, — drew line for line upon the block, as Durer drew for the plank-cutters, or as he himself might have etched upon a plate, only a more regular line with greater certainty of touch. Thompson however did not engrave mechanically even line for line, but regulated, cared for relations, used his own judgment and taste (working with a graver instead of only a knife), became thoroughly accomplished in the theory and practice of line arrangement; knew also — for he was not blind to the worth of Bewick — how to use white line occasionally in advantageous combination, as his master Branston had done, and could cut such line with the energy and expertness, if also some of the conventional manner, of a copper-engraver, whenever he saw it requisite, whether because preferable to the lines drawn for him, or because there were no lines but only a wash of color for his guidance. The very excellence of his work, so perfectly printed at Whittingham's Chiswick Press that the force and delicacy for which he equally cared had each its full value (perhaps I should also take into account the difficulty felt by less capable men in drawing with the graver, that is, cutting, *white line*), brought his style into repute. To imitate Thompson's rendering of Thurston's drawing was the *ultima Thule* of an engraver's ambition. So his great merit but added to the impetus already given in a wrong direction: forgetfulness of purpose in the means, disregard of the higher and more original artistry of Bewick, and preference for imitation of copper-plate. Such imitation of refinements impossible in wood, of peculiarities not suitable to wood, became the fashion, and the vigorous work of Bewick, and of Thompson too, hearty and honest both, was left for the elaborate finish and tone of Harvey and Orrin Smith and others very much their inferiors in taste and capacity. Artificiality, softness, and polish came to be valued rather than the freshness, originality, and strength of the earlier day. The perfection of this erring endeavor is to be seen in Lane's edition of the Arabian Nights, illustrated by William Harvey.

The Illustrated London News of necessity demanded larger work. For myself, if I have any deserving, it should

be, rather than for my work, for that, in opposition to the mere elaboration of this formal imitation of copper which had weakened both engravers and draughtsmen, I tried to bring back a taste for the original and peculiar worth of wood-engraving by obtaining drawings from a new class of men, — W. L. Leitch, E. Duncan, Geo. Dodgson, and others of our painters in water-color, — whose style and character I sought to render faithfully, so that the work of the painter rather than that of the engraver should be paramount. It was a fair enlarging of the sphere of wood-engraving. The engraver had to become an artist, to understand the artist's drawing. The various drawings of men of widely different manner tested all the capabilities of wood; the necessity for rapid work forbade any foolishness of over-refinement; and there seemed a prospect of the advancement of the art. John Leech, John Gilbert, and the brothers Dalziel, some others also aiding, dispelled the vision.

Leech — not in any way to depreciate the facility and marvelous grace as well as correctness of his sketches of character — could never draw. Nothing worse in drawing than his first contributions to Punch can well be imagined. His drawings, except the faces, are a mass of unmeaning lines, any serving which may evade the difficulty of accurate definition. Compare them with Tenniel's, and the difference in artistic power will be clear to any educated eye. Tenniel, also, and Doyle, like Leech, employed that easy looseness; the Cruikshanks and Seymour had done so before them. Beyond the outlines, the lines would not have suited Thurston or James Heath. Any apprentice could engrave such lines, and in the increasing demand apprentices had the work to do. It was indeed a return to the old mechanism of the plank-cutters, only the mechanics now used gravers instead of knives. John Gilbert, who could draw, found it more profitable to fill in two thirds of a block with a net-work of cross-hatchings than carefully to draw a half-page subject for the News while the messenger waited or took a walk in the Park. And as Gilbert's drawings, however spoiled in cutting, always looked spirited and showy, and Tenniel's and Leech's drawings for Punch did not depend upon the engraver for popularity, work steadily cheapened; the art became a business; and the brothers Dalziel, fair engravers themselves, and of direct descent from the old Newcastle school of Bewick, started their establishment for the new manufacture. Boy or man in the factory, each cut his allotted portion of unintelligible fac-simile; perhaps one with more skill attended to faces and other important parts. The carcase of the original drawing to untaught eyes looked just as good as the life; it was considerably cheaper; publishers were satisfied; proprietors of engraving establishments made profit; and the public, understanding nothing, seeing so much and nothing better, gradually learned to think the art improved. Everywhere one heard, even from the splenetic critic, of the strides of engraving on wood. The last time I met John Thompson, we spoke of the new school. What did *he* think of it? I asked. "It is not engraving at all!" he replied. And he was right. The same manufacturing system, a trade, without even desire of artistic excellence, a mere speculation out of which to make money, as by cheese-selling or any other selling, which is not art, was followed up also by Pannemaker in Paris; and when, some ten or more years ago, I left England, there was no *art* of wood-engraving, there or in France. Going back some years since, and inquiring, I found in the lowest depth a deeper still, — the employment of "engravers" on no longer even drawings, but on photographs of drawings, not drawn even so as to be suitable for the purpose; these poor engravers cutting (as rats might gnaw) portions of something not understood by them, — patches of hair, or flesh, or brick, what mattered not to the cutters, their business only to stick exactly to the lines or measly surface of the square inch before them, and to gnaw out something that might look like that when

printed. With the picture of which they *engraved* part they had no concern. I would not wrong some honorable exceptions by saying there were no engravers; but what I found were two-legged, cheap machines for engraving, — scarcely mechanics, mere machines, badly geared and ineffective. It was a veritable going back from wood-engraving to wood-cutting; only that instead of bold and meaning lines, good manly carving, the modern unfortunates were employed upon wretched scrawls, as minute as meaningless, whereupon at once to ruin their eyes and waste their ill-paid lives.

Here in America, engraving on wood has been for the last ten years steadily improving. It were not in good taste to speak of my own work, but in work by American hands the illustrated gift-books issued by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., under the superintendence and with the sign-manual also of Mr. Anthony, and the Picturesque America of Messrs. Appleton, have shown not only advance in execution, but progress toward that intelligent as well as earnest work which alone is entitled to the dignity of Art. Noting this, I began to dream of a revival here of the old days of Bewick and of Thompson. I wake startled by the cry of "a new departure." No more occasion to look back; *redeant Saturnia*, etc., is all bosh; there has been no engraving until now; in Scribner's Magazine behold the Avatar of engraving on wood! I look, and wonder.

My attention to the new phenomenon was first attracted by a portrait, one of a series, engraved by Mr. Cole after a picture or from a drawing by Mr. Wyatt Eaton. It is always a pleasure to see conscientious and careful work. Yet even at the first glance I could not but ask the exhibitor, Why waste so much of pains on the unimportant parts of the engraving? Why give the same value to the background, which is nothing, a formless void without intention, as to the features? Why no difference between the texture of the coat and the texture of the cheek? At first it looked like the earnest but ill-considered performance of a very young man, ambitious, very painstaking, timid as a young man might be under the eyes of the master painter, afraid to be careless even of the minutest portions of the great work entrusted to him, and which he was resolved to render faithfully, however ineffectively. I praised — could not help praising — the endeavor, and the young endeavorer albeit ill advised or mistaking. But looking at the series, — there are the same faults, not mere shortcomings but shameful faults, throughout: the faces badly modeled (I may be blaming the engraver when I should blame the painter, but I speak also of such modeling as even good direction of lines will give); the heads looking as if carved out of wood, or patted into shape in butter (perhaps for the Philadelphia Exhibition); no drawing fairly made out, but all indistinct, hidden under a minuteness of weakest line that muddies everything; coats and neckties (of the same material, of course) and eyes and hair and background of one uniform texture; an unmeaning scribble in the background defined most carefully, while markings on the brows (of Emerson or Longfellow) were indefinite and slurred, — all thought of the ambitious, timid, careful student was lost in disgust at the manifest conceit of such pretentious impotence, in sorrow for the false direction in which such pains had been bestowed. I speak severely, because these things have been lauded to the skies as fine art, when indeed they are only marvels of microscopic mechanism; not works of art at all, but bad, altogether bad, in all that an artist cares or ought to care for. I bate no jot of critical severity for fear of paining Mr. Cole (whom personally I know not), because through all the dust stirred up around him I think I can discern conscientiousness, even with some young conceit, and certainly ability of hand, to be turned to good account when the mechanic has made himself an artist. What may have lured him into his wilderness of foolishly tangled and confused lines it is not my need to inquire; but the sooner he is out of it, the better

for his own reputation and for the public taste, which is not so pure as to bear new modes of depravation. He will, I hope, forgive me for any offensive prominence I have here given him, — nothing "set down in malice;" it cannot be so offensive as the prominence of the work I am condemning. And he can do better. His Modjeska, in the March number of Scribner's Magazine, is remarkably free from the faults I have had to point out in the other portraits. The background keeps its place; the hair looks like hair; the flesh is flesh; the delicacy of the dress (a rare piece of careful graver-work) is in good taste; the folds are nicely drawn; the texture is excellent. Better than all, the lines on the face are simple and harmonious. The whole cut is pure and good. Let him go on as he has begun here, abandoning the vain care for work too fine to be printed (some lingering of which even this betrays), and he will yet be known as a first-rate engraver; and though he may not thank me for administering so bitter a tonic, he will, in his healthy-mindedness, be as much ashamed of those Wyatt Eaton portraits as I am.

But if I write thus severely of Mr. Cole's ineffectual elaborations (I had passed them by had I been allowed to do so), into what gall shall I dip my pen to write with proper harshness of other manifestations of those "departure" scholars who, having invented "the small-tooth comb as applied to engraving on wood," have come really to consider the same (what Holman Hunt's father called pre-Raphaelitism) "a grand invention"? And they have taken in the publishers, and are taking in the painters, too. Does not the comb give *tone?* Why, "with this many-toothed graver, when we have cut a sky, without or atmosphere or gradation, though the clouds be never so shapeless, we can scratch the whole into varieties of tenderness and form which shall be printable for we don't know how many impressions upon proper paper." More: "We can produce with the same little instrument perfect fac-similes even of the painter's brush marks, when required; and to some painters these things are of importance." What is this wonderful instrument, the perfecter of good engraving, the certain cure for bad? *It is a multiple graver.* Think of tying together a row of pencils with which to draw at once, or a row of five or six or seven brushes (I am ignorant of the exact number of teeth in the wonderful wood comb)! You of course do your drawing or paint your picture with only one; but having done it, it is probably unsatisfactory. Now take your combination! Drive it gently up and down certain portions of your drawing or picture, — over the whole if you like, and in as many directions as you think necessary! You will get *tone* in your work; what more I do not know. The only difference between a six-pencil power and a six-graver power is that the graver cuts — I would rather not exaggerate, so say scratches — *white* lines. You see it is the Bewick invention rediscovered sixfold. I have mentioned its applicability to skies, where is abundant scope for its delightful exercise. But you have water, which you may possibly have engraved in level lines, not without some sense of propriety, since you so convey a notion of the level water. A perfectly beautiful effect is produced by after perpendicular plowing with the instrument. Or you may have been — why not? — utterly careless as to the direction or meaning of your lines, in the water or elsewhere. The wonderful wood-worker will set all to rights. No one need know which way went your lines originally. In that there is a manifest advantage. Or again, your most talented draughtsman, having outlined his principal figures with a charcoal line of sixfold breadth of determination, requires the remainder of his subject to be of a dreamy unsubstantiality. What means so fitting as the six-toothed annihilator of meaning? After a few operations on the face of the block in various directions (perpendicular is generally preferred, but you can have it all ways), you may call the part so improved whatever pleases you — a rice field, or a tor-

rent, or a street pavement. It is as much like one as another. It can be dust or chickens, a snow storm or prairie grass, or distant mountains; the only requisite is that after due examination you shall be uncertain which. Some solid blacks, equally formless, may be interspersed with as much judgment to complete the effect.

And this manufactured rubbish is carried with flourish of trumpets and much hymning into the market-place, and sold to a believing public as "*high art*"! Cross-white-lined backgrounds, and wooden or cadaverous faces worked in cross-stitch, skies, mountains, walls, and water, in white worsted, we are asked to admire as *fine engraving*. In the words of our greatest engraver, *It is not engraving at all.*

The purpose of engraving is expression, which necessitates some attention to differences. When you find sky and pavement of exactly the same texture and material, the same regularly placed square black dots (obtained by cutting with the multiple graver two series of white lines, one perpendicular, the other horizontal) supposed to represent a patch of blue sky, a stone pavement, the front of a carriage, the neck and body of a horse, the side of a house, some distant trees, etc. (see cut of Henry Bergh on Duty, at page 873 in the April number of Scribner's Magazine), — when you find all these differences of form and substance so treated that you can scarcely distinguish one from another even by aid of the hard obtrusive outlines with which Mr. Kelly vulgarizes his drawings, you may be sure, whether you have had art education or not, without help from the judgment of an engraver, that such tricky and most clumsy mechanism is not engraving, is not *art*. How can the absolutely inexpressive be artistic?

Surely I am not objecting to the employment of cross-white-line. I myself have used it more than any other engraver of past times; may claim indeed to have brought it into vogue, though I have never been able to equal the work of Charlton Nesbitt, which first taught me of what value it might be made. It is indeed of especial value in flesh, the texture and roundness of which can hardly be rendered on wood with sufficient sweetness in cross black lines, after the manner of copper or steel. If my readers will now refer to the December number of Harper's Magazine, they will see there (illustrating an article on Mendelssohn and Moscheles) a series of portraits in which cross-white-line has been used with excellent effect, because the lines have been ordered by taste and judgment; so that while by their direction helping to give form, they are also in harmonious combinations agreeable to the eye. The cross-lining here too is judiciously confined to the flesh, distinctly marking a special substance. Once only has it been ventured on else, in the powdered hair of Mozart (page 74); and the crossing not having been carried through the under side of the hair, the sense of hair is left as well as the appearance of powder. Had the small tooth been employed on this head in the new approved manner, the powder had probably gone under the hair and into the eyes of the unfortunate Mozart; his coat would have been of powder, and the atmosphere around him as dusty as himself.

The heads I refer to are not all of equal merit (I would particularize those of Handel, Bach, Schumann, Beethoven, and Mozart); but they are all better than anything possible to be produced by a multiple machine, or by that excessive fineness affected also by the "new departure."

As to fineness, it is altogether a mistake to suppose that a work cannot be too fine, or that fineness (closeness and littleness of line) and refinement (finish) are anything like synonymous terms. There is such a thing as propriety — suitability not only to size but to subject — in the treatment of an engraving. A work may be bold even to the verge of what is called coarseness, yet quite fine enough for the purpose; by which I do not at all mean the purpose of the publisher, but the purpose of the artist. Also, it may be finished and refined, how-

ever bold; in which case to call it coarse simply because the lines may be large and wide apart would be only misuse of words. It is no proof of judgment when a publisher counts the lines and thinks there are too few for his money; nor is it to the credit of the engraver when he endeavors to hide his ignorance of drawing under a multiplicity of cross-hatchings, machine or hand work equally false, so assisting at the further depravation of his employer's taste, and aiding and abetting in cheating the innocent buyers of "illustrated" books into a belief that the work is *fine*. Fine indeed in a finical sense, but not fine artistically.

By such fineness a work is not bettered. The fineness may be out of character with the subject, — may positively contradict its sentiment and manner. Think of Michael Angelo's Sibyl engraved in the style of the Emerson head! Has one no instinct of impropriety there? Or take some landscape strong in opposition of color, — a wild, tempestuous scene, large and vigorous in treatment; the painter has flung his paint upon it, left the coarse marks of his half-pound brush and the mighty sweep of his trowel. He cares not for that, — need not care; seen at a proper distance the effect is what he desired. What would you say to the engraver who should so far disregard the bold carelessness characteristic of the painting as to give you in niggling minuteness every brush and trowel mark, in order that, or so that, you may forget the real worth of the picture, despite the painter's slovenliness and absolute disdain or dislike of finish, in your admiration of the engraver's most delicate and neatest handling? "See how grandly broad the rendering of that cloud!" (It is perhaps the painter talking to himself who speaks; or is it the accomplished literary critic discoursing upon matters of unknown art to an admiring crowd?) "A momentary sketch, instantaneous as a photograph, exceedingly effective! No, it could not be improved by any additional care in modeling, or by any gradations of shade or color." Says the engraver, or his work for him, "Never mind the cloud or anything else of the picture! See how admirably I have imitated the crossing of the brush strokes! Examine that bit of clotted hair; notice the shadows of the blobs of color left where the palette-knife laid it on! You can tell at a glance which is brush-done, and which is knife or trowel work." Is that the purpose of engraving? Labor, even skilled labor, can be ill bestowed. And if, after all this trouble about brush marks, you have lost what drawing there was in the picture, missed the very spirit of the landscape while busied with those little sprigs of mint and anise in the corner, how shall your engraving be called fine, though it needs a microscope to enable me to count the lines? What wonderful eyes, what dexterity of hand, must have been in requisition! But after all it is *not a fine engraving*. Fine as an artist's word is not the same word as in the proverb of the feathers. Fine feathers may make fine birds, but fine lines will not make a fine engraving. The one is the French *fine*, thin, crafty, not exactly honest: from which are many derivatives, such as *finasser*, to use mean ways; *finasseur*, a sharper (later dictionaries perhaps may add a sharpener of small-tooth combs for engravers); *finasserie*, petty trick, poor artifice; *finesse*, cunning, etc. Quite other is the masculine *fin*, the essential, from which we get *finir*, to finish, and *finisseur*, a finisher or perfectioner. And the first *fine* is the very opposite of the old Roman *finis*, the crowning of the work. The artist does care for finish, that is, the perfectness of his work; he is below the real artist and will reach no greatness whenever he can be content with the *unfinished*. But the word *fine*, the proper adjective for a great work, was taken, perhaps unaware, by poor engravers, careful mechanics without capacity for art, as a cover for their deficiencies, and, accepted by ignorant connoisseurs, now passes current, for the beguilement of trusting publishers and an easily bewildered public. So trick is admired instead of honest art workmanship.

An engraving is fine, that is *good*, so

far as art, as distinguished from mechanism, has been employed upon it, is visible in the result; visible, I would say further, even to the uneducated, if not already vitiated by the words of misleading critics. The art of an engraving is discoverable, even by the uninitiated, in the intention of the lines. You may not have an artist's quickness of perception, nor his maturer judgment, but if you see an engraving in which the parts, any of them taken separately, are unintelligible, you will rightly suppose that the engraver did not know what he was doing, or how to do it; that the master spirit which ought to have moved him, the presumed Art power, was only a false god, like the Baal whose priests were taunted by Elijah. Either he was talking (may be with a critic), or pursuing (not a real art purpose), or on a journey (far away from any consciousness of intention), or peradventure he was asleep; there is no sign of the presence of art in the work. Do not believe that the work is good for anything, though you read the most impartial and unbought recommendations of many a newspaper. Art is a designing power. If you can find no proof of that, reject the work as bad. Is it so difficult to form an opinion? I take up two engravings, the Bach head and the Emerson head, both already referred to. As some amends to Mr. Cole, I would take his Modjeska instead of the Bach, but the larger size of the Bach will make my remarks more clear. The Emerson head, so much larger than the Bach, would have borne the bolder work; being larger and finer (I use the word now in the sense of having more lines), the details should have been more distinct. Of what use a greater number of lines, if not to give more accurate definition? It does not give that. The larger head has less drawing in it than the smaller. In the Bach the direction of the lines helps the drawing; the curve of line, the increasing or decreasing strength, assists the perspective of the forms, shaping them and (which the most art-ignorant of observers may understand) distinguishing prominences from hollows. Light and shade alone are of any use toward that in the Emerson portrait. It has no perspective of line whatever; not a line anywhere helps to define the drawing. It is one undistinguishable mess of meaningless dots and lines. You may cut out a piece of cheek and replace it with a bit of the background or the coat, and, the color matched, no one would see that you had transferred portions which ought to be so different in treatment. Eyes, eyelashes, eyebrows, forehead, are equally foggy. There is no definition or sign of certain intention anywhere. If the accumulation of lines upon the cheek is a fair representation of flesh, the head is without hair. If the combination where hair should be is hair, then the undeveloped man must be hairy, as a shaven ape at least. I point to these things not for the sake of further criticism, but to give my readers some clue toward a correct judgment of what is art in engraving, and what is not. If the taste of buyers of engravings can find opportunity for improvement (it is not to be expected that the sellers should first furnish that; the Ephesian image vendors were not among the earliest converts), then our engravers may be encouraged to mend their ways. Some encouragement may be needed. I know the difficulties surrounding them and speak of conscientious necessity and with "tender heart."

Need the instruction be carried further? Shall we look again at Henry Bergh on Duty? I am still speaking to the heathen, — say to some rural purchaser (may the shadows of such increase!) of illustrated works. Dear sir, or madam, as the case may be, be pleased (not too much) to notice that the coat of the driver (page 873, April number of Scribner's again), the front of the carriage, side in perspective and front of the horse, part (why only part?) of Mr. Bergh's apparel, the sky, the unshadowed parts (again why only those parts?) of the pavement, the perpendicular sides of houses, the more distant figures, the glass lamp, also some trees, are one and all represented by nothing more or less than a series of perpendicular lines

crossed by horizontal white ditto. Most innocent purchaser of "fine art"! do you think you have it here? Look a little on to The Bull-Dog of the Future, at page 880, or at Moran's views of the Stickeen River, in the same number. But I guess these last are altogether by machinery; so there is no one for me to blame. Enough of these abortive popularities!

Every line of an engraving ought to have a meaning, should be cut in the plate or in the block *with design*. From a drawing you can erase a false line; from a metal plate you can hammer out your faults; in wood there is no such easy alteration. On paper or canvas you can rub in a meaningless background, a formless void, which is all you want; in steel or copper you can cross lines repeatedly so minutely that all which can be seen is as vague as any rubbing in. You cannot do this in wood. To cut so finely as to get only color is next to impossible, and so far as it can be done useless, for it will not print. It is for this reason — that every line in wood-engraving bears witness for or against you — that I have spoken of white line (the meaning of which, I hope, is now understood by my readers) as the true province of engraving on wood. Cutting round a black line drawn for you, you are so far dependent upon your draughtsman; for pure fac-simile, or the Dalziel pretence of fac-simile, that may do. But the best drawings are not made in line. Tints are washed in with a brush, a more rapid and more effective and more painter-like method; and the engraver has to supply the lines, that is to say, he has to draw with his graver such lines as shall represent color, texture, and form. He is not an artist who neglects one of these; and he is an artist only *so far as every line he cuts has intention of representing something*. In such work he is an artist in exactly the same degree in which the translator of poetry is a poet. No literal translation is artistic. He must be possessed with the spirit of his original before he can speak in his own language what had been said in the other tongue. Between literality (never correct) and translation, which do you prefer, — Pope or Chapman?

Art is not nature, but, as Emerson well observes, "nature passed through the alembic of man." That for the picture. The picture in the engraver's hands passes through a new alembic. It is not a photographic image of the picture, but an engraving. Well but, I am told, the artist (the "artist" meaning always the painter, whose picture is photographed, or, worse, drawn on the wood by himself), the artist insists on strict adherence, an exact copy even of his brush marks, even (it has happened) of the texture of the material on which his drawing was made, — large and rough for his unartistic convenience. I can but answer — Deference has of course to be paid to the painter. To whom else? He ought to know what he means by his picture, and how he would have it rendered in black and white, though he may not know how to do it, being ignorant of the engraver's language. Let him have your respect next to respect for the truth of Art and the respect for yourself as his equal, when you may be so, outside of the Academies! Still, your business as an engraver is that of a translator, not a copier. If your original is mannered and tricky, avoid the tricks though you imitate the manner! Do the best you can for the picture; faithful to the good, which you are not asked to excel, and not caricaturing what is bad! A copy readily becomes a caricature. Anyhow, if a painter trusts his work to an artist, he must suffer the penalty of being assisted by an artist's experience. I recollect the opportunity for a good portrait of Mazzini (there is none now) being lost owing to the conceited ignorance of the painter of a bad one. Calamatta was asked to engrave the bad one; finding it faulty, and knowing Mazzini personally, he ventured to suggest that he might have to make certain alterations. The frightened painter refused to submit to the man of genius; the commission was transferred to a copier, and the result was not satisfactory, — perhaps not even to the painter, though I would not be sure of that.

A copper engraving (I continually say copper rather than steel, from love of the richness of line which characterized the old material), which the engraver absolutely draws with his own lines, — no drawing at all on the plate except his own, — has the dignity of a poetic translation. A wood-engraving from a washed drawing has the same merit, is a translation of as much, or of greater difficulty, since every line is unalterable. Copper has its preëminences, fineness and delicacy. I know not of any others. There are brilliant and atmospheric effects; above all, a freshness and painter-like touch, peculiar to wood, which on copper cannot be produced. Especially the character of the painter (oh, no! not as shown in brush marks) can be rendered in a way not approachable by copper. These are indications of *art* in engraving, the results at which an artist-engraver would aim, and by which alone, according to the degree of his success, he must take rank among artists.

I am not depreciating mere fac-simile work. Of that there is something to be said. A little volume, unfortunately long since out of print, an edition of Rogers's Poems, contains some designs by Stothard, drawn by him in simple outline, in pen and ink. Any boy nowadays would think he could cut such simple things. Clennell cut most of them; Thompson two or three. Clennell has reproduced Stothard's drawing; Thompson's, though excellently engraved, are Thompson's. It took the best artist even to do justice to a bare outline.

This may lead me fairly to speak of the qualifications of an engraver. And the first is self-forgetfulness. Perhaps that is the only ground in which any excellence can have healthy growth toward perfection. I am sure that it is the one thing necessary for the engraver, for his own salvation as well as for the accomplishment of his work. Only that man will I call artist who can forget himself in his work. There may be what charity and not much precision of speech will call art along with self-display; but it will never be art of the greatest. With such artistic modesty and conscientiousness, a man who studies what is proper for his work rather than what may be most admired by my few friends this afternoon, and who will do his best with or without the price he thinks he may deserve, will, if he have the artist nature, have some fair chance of success — as an engraver; I do not say as a transmuter of wood into coin, but as a member of the great Guild of Art. If he care not for that end and finish, let him set up his multiple machinery, and as boss steam-engine to the concern exploit the same for his increasing profit! What such gain shall profit a man I think I have read somewhere.

For him, however, who would take the way, the only way, of Art, steep and rugged it has been said, yet not without some flowers on the roadside, I would fain add a few truisms — so they seem to me, — the repetition of which at least is harmless.

Self-forgetfulness at his work will not necessitate heedlessness of respect for his own manhood. It may be that some painter or patron may demand his adherence to the impossible or the undesirable. If it be possible for him to keep his place as translator rather than to become a machine in their unknowing hands, let him bear in mind the duty laid upon every artist to be true to his perceptions! There is no other ladder that can reach to greatness.

Indistinctness is not tone.

A poor engraving may please because the picture is liked for its subject, its sentiment, its effect, or anything else. That is no praise to the engraver.

Do not disdain delicacy, however difficult of attainment in wood! But do not prefer it before force! Combine the two when that can be done with propriety!

Do not be flattered when you are told that "we should not have taken that for wood; we thought it must be steel!"

Prefer essentials to non-essentials!

Artifice is not art.

And again, to help you to that difficult self-forgetfulness, which should be the last as well as the first thing to be cared for by you, — recollect that an

engraver, whoever may employ him, is employed not for his own sake, but for the sake of *the engraving*.

And yet one more word, — only what has been said before in different form: Above all things, as you would be an artist, worship reverently and be faithful to the Ideal!

W. J. Linton.

RHYMES IN MANY MOODS.

I.

April.

(TO A VERY YOUNG GIRL.)

" In their bloomless bud
And full of unknown life."

SHE smiles, an April violet,
Amid her clustering sisters blue;
Their heads with pearly rain are wet,
Their modest heads hide shyly, yet
Drop perfumed dew.

No glow of summer tints their days,
But brooding moisture fills the sky.
Hope glides above their veilèd ways;
The world doth neither blame nor praise
Their April eyes.

I long not for their rosy prime,
Their tender coolness seems so sweet;
Though winds blow soft through flowerless lime,
A prophecy of summer time
Floats round their feet.

Perfected beauty brings regret;
Fulfillment shortens its sweet breath;
The winds the blossoming roses fret, —
June lily, April violet,
Fall dim in death.

But when each blooms a summer rose
And wears her queenly diadem,
And lovers tell her of their woes,
And shaken by each wind that blows
Trembles each stem,

Then will I think on this fair day,
And their young beauty shyly set,
Yet full of promise, and I may
Say gently, "Farewell, April day,
Farewell, dear violet."

Emily E. Ford.

II.

Avril.

LA neige fond partout; plus de sombre avalanche!
Le soleil se prodigue en traits plus éclatants;
La sève perce l'arbre en bourgeons palpitants,
Qui feront sous les fruits, plus tard, plier la branche.

Un vent plus doux succède aux farouches autans;
L'hirondelle est encor là-bas; mais en revanche,
Des milliers d'oiseaux blancs couvrent la plaine blanche
Et de leurs cris aigus appellent le printemps.

Sous sa féconde effluve il faut que tout renaisse!
Avril c'est le réveil; avril c'est la jeunesse!
Mais quand la poésie ajoute: *mois des fleurs*,

Avouez avec moi, — vous que trempe l'averse,
Qu'entraîne la débâcle, ou qu'un glaçon renverse, —
Que les poëtes sont d'aimables persifleurs.

Louis H. Fréchette.

III.

Daisy's Fortune-Telling.

"ONE, I love," — yes, daisy, love him well.
"Two, I love," — a love too deep to tell;
"Three," and a thousand times I whisper o'er
The dearest name fond lips may utter; —
"Four."

Five is another, — "five, I cast away;"
Tell me of one, — but one, O daisy, pray.
"Six, he loves." He loves? then why not
speak it?
"Seven, she loves," — a fond love, will he
seek it?
"Eight," both. Ah, daisy, flatterer, human-wise,
You read your sweet foretelling in my
eyes!
"Nine, he comes." I hear a footstep now;
I drop the daisy, while my heart beats low,
Lest it should drown the music of his
tread.
I'll wear a daisy wreath upon my head
For "ten, eleven, twelve," and then we
wed.

E. M. Bacon.

IV.

Presentiment.

With the morning light,
With the noontide bright,
There cometh a sense of ill;
In the dead of night,
In the moonlight white,
It haunts like a spectre still.

Through the doors of the heart,
By some unknown art,
It steals with a noiseless tread;
And a nameless fear,
With its visage drear,
Peers after the spectre dread.

V.

Loves.

"Now tell me, dear, of all the loves
Have lived within your breast,
Of all the loves of your whole life,
Which have you loved the best?

"The first, that came when the young heart
Was strong with youth's desire,
The passion that was pain in part,
Quick change of frost and fire;
Or the swift fancy somewhere caught
In crowded city's street;
In land of palm or pine, inwrought
With dreams both great and sweet;
A face that followed, went before
In misty light,
Haunting the heart forevermore
By day and night?

"Or do you hold as best the love
Which Fate for healing brings,
The quiet folding of the dove
After the restless wings, —
The love far sought, that yet was near,
A home of peace and rest?
Of all your loves, now tell me, dear,
Which have you loved the best?"

He looked into the wasting west,
Across a purple field of sea;
"Of all my loves, I 've loved the best
The one that — loved not me —
Ah me!"

Juliet C. Marsh.

VI.

Fleeting Youth.

With my senses still keen to all pleasures
and pains,
With a life-gladdening tide flowing full in
my veins,
I call unto youth ere 't is fled,
Implore ere I mourn it as dead:
Life's morning, I fain would detain thee;
Detaining, forever retain thee!

For I know that the years will yet bring
unto me
A time when all bliss shall in memory be, —
When I yearn for the days that are fled,
When I sigh for the youth that is dead.
O Life, should there be no hereafter,
Thou wert vain as an echo of laughter!

Sylvester Baxter.

VII.

Good-Morrow and Good-Night.

As I go to dream of thee,
Thou, ten thousand miles away,
Wak'st from dreams — perchance of me —
To another day.
May that day be fair and bright!
Love, good-morrow and good-night!

John Boit.

VIII.

Betrothal.

My life, till these rich hours of precious
gage,
Was like that drowsy palace, vine-o'ergrown,

Where down long shadowy corridors lay strown
The slumbering shapes of seneschal or page;
Where griffin-crested oriels, dim with age,
Viewed briery terraces and lawns unmown;
And where, from solemn towers of massive stone,
Drooped the dull silks of moldering bannerage!

But now the enchanted halls break sleep's control,
With murmurous change, at fate's predestined stroke. . . .
And while my fluttering pulses throb or fail,
I feel, in some deep silence of my soul,
New, strange delight awakening, as awoke
The princess in the immortal fairy-tale!

Edgar Fawcett.

IX.

Archery

When evening's banner, fringed with gold,
Droops wide and cool its shadowy fold,
Young men and maidens fair to see
Come trooping round the gray beech-tree.
The sun's last arrows, vainly spent,
Are lost beneath this leafy tent;
The pale young moon hangs dim and low,
Her fading gleam a silver bow;
And slowly up the southern skies
The hunter rides, whose starry eyes
Have watched love roses come and go
Many a thousand years ago, —
His glittering shaft drawn keen and bright
Against the gloomy wall of night.

The true cord holds the bow it bends,
And graceful yields to strength it lends,
And hums a soft æolian air.
The orange bough, though sapless, bare,
Yet thrills to thoughts of bridal booms,
And loving eyes in festal rooms,
And wedding bells heard high and free
Above the slow song of the sea.

O happy feet, that lightly came
Within the magic of this game.
The tender glance, the glowing cheek,
Are signs of hopes he dares not speak,
And knotted tresses, backward flung,
Are tangling nets when hearts are young.

O maiden! sighting shining rings,
About thee flits, on airy wings,
An unseen archer, crowned with flowers
That hold the dew of morning hours!
Take care, take care! his dimpled hands
Hide fetters strong as brazen bands;
And the shining rings he holds up to thee
Are the golden links of thy destiny.

Susan E. Wallace.

X.

Two Views of It.

Before the daybreak, in the murky night,
My chanticleer, half dreaming, sees the light
Stream from my window on his perch below,
And, taking it for dawn, he needs must crow.

Wakeful and sad I shut my book, and smile
To think my lonely vigil should beguile
The silly fowl. Alas, *I* find no ray
Within my lamp or heart of dawning day.

C. P. Cranch.

XI.

Be like the Sun.

Be like the sun, that pours it ray
To glad and glorify the day.

Be like the moon, that sheds its light
To bless and beautify the night.

Be like the stars, that sparkle on,
Although the sun and moon be gone.

Be like the skies, that steadfast are,
Though absent sun and moon and star.

Caroline A. Mason.

PHYSICAL FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

In forecasting the destiny of any people from the stand-point of physiology, it is necessary to consider the three elements which, by their complex interactions, make up the character of men and of nations, — race, climate, and institutions. Of these three factors the latter must be a resultant of the first and second, though modified, more or less, by the character and institutions of surrounding nations. The coming American will be the product of the races that now occupy or are immigrating to our country; of our peculiar climate as it may be changed by time and civilization; and of our political, religious, educational, and social institutions as they have developed, or shall develop, during the process of the adjustment of race to environment. He who would know what manner of man the thirtieth century shall look upon in this land must analyze, with all the tests of science, these three streams, the confluence of which is to determine America's future.

Of these three streams race is the broadest and deepest, and flows with the strongest current, and long retains its own characteristics, in spite of the force of the streams with which it unites, as the waters of the Amazon are borne with such force into the sea that they can be detected many leagues from its mouth.

The races that have peopled America are at once the best and the worst of Europe. There is no evidence that on the whole the Greeks or the Romans were superior physically to the best of modern Europeans, or to their immediate descendants in this country; for, while new diseases and new varieties of disease have appeared, longevity has been on the increase all along the line of our civilization, and the capacity to endure protracted toil and extremes of temperature, and privations of food and repose and other bodily comforts, has probably never stood severer tests than in Europe and America during the past two hundred years. If, in a comparison, it be allowed that a small body of Grecians may, through a variety of favoring influences, have climbed to loftier heights of artistic culture than the same number in any other age, yet it must also be allowed, without question, that the average culture of Europe and America is better than that of Athens or Rome.

America, then, embarks upon her future under the command of as good officers and crew as any ship of state that has yet been launched; the voyage, however, is to be amid storms which, while dreaded and sure to come, cannot be accurately predicted, and over seas as yet but partly explored.

In limited, historic time race is, then, the one great factor in determining the character and future of any nation, putting under its feet unfriendliness of climate, modifying or assimilating all human institutions. If in unlimited, prehistoric time race be the result of climate and the environment, yet in the short period in which man's existence on this earth is recorded any race, when once developed, preserves its characteristics for many generations in climates and under institutions of a directly opposite character. The Hebrews have gone to every clime, and have succeeded in all, or nearly all, everywhere maintaining the features and the character of their race: under all governments, surrounded by all forms of religion and superstition; in persecution, in exile, against social ostracism; shut out from many avenues of subsistence and comfort; under temperate, under tropical, skies, they are Hebrews still.

But while the general characteristics of race are preserved, special modifications develop rapidly under diverse climates and institutions. If the white population of this country could be transferred bodily to Central Africa, carrying with it all our institutions of government,

of religion, of education and of social life, changes would begin at once, and would proceed quickly in many of the intellectual, moral, and physical elements of the nation: the skin would become bronzed; the mien and expression and voice would grow languid; capacity and willingness to labor would diminish, and forethought and prudence, the cardinal virtues of cold climates, would be superseded by a disposition to let to-morrow take thought for the things of itself; functional nervous diseases, now so common, would disappear or greatly decline, and in their place fevers and inflammations would multiply and become more fatal; religious beliefs and practices, and the special types and standards of morality, would change, in some respects for the better, in others, and mostly, for the worse, — and all these modifications might arise in a century or two, and would fairly begin with the second generation. Already, indeed, a partial experiment of this kind has been going on in our own country for several generations, since the Gulf States, on the borders of the sub-tropics, peopled by the same races that occupy the North and East, have developed, in a degree, all these changes; the functional nervous disorders of New England and the West are, in the latitude of New Orleans and Mobile, comparatively rare, and some are almost unknown; energy, ambition, and economy are, from the puritan point of view, counted among the lost virtues; and the ideas of faith, of conduct, and of culture differ from those of the North as the temperature of the Gulf of Mexico differs from that of the Northern Atlantic.

The races that leave Europe to settle in this country find a climate which, throughout the entire North and West, is distinguished from that of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy by these two characteristics, which are probably the main causes of the peculiar nervousness of the Americans, — alternations of extreme heat and cold, and dryness of the atmosphere.

When we wish to obtain a powerful stimulating effect on any part of the body, we apply, in rapid alternation, ice and hot water: used for a short time, this application strengthens; used for a long time, it weakens. What the temporary effect of an alternation of heat and cold to the whole body may be, every one who has taken a Turkish or Russian bath well knows, and what the general effect of such baths kept up constantly, or for a large part of the time, may be, one can without difficulty imagine; there are indeed constitutions that cannot take even a short bath without fainting or weariness. The inhabitants of the Northern and Eastern portion of the United States are subjected to severer and more sudden and frequent alternations of extreme heat and cold than the inhabitants of any other civilized country. Our climate is a union of the tropics and the poles: "half the year we freeze, half the year roast," and at all seasons a day of painful cold is liable to be followed by a day of painful warmth. Continuous and uniform cold as in Greenland, like continuous and uniform heat as on the Amazon, produces enervation and languor; but repeated alternations of the cold of Greenland and the heat of the Amazon produce energy, restlessness, and nervousness. The climate of England and the Continent differs from that of America, in respect to uniformity, far more than is usually recognized even by those who have passed years abroad: of the cold of our winters, of the heat of our summers, England has but little experience. Invalid travelers who, as is the case with many Americans, are sensitive to cold complain that from the time they leave America to the time of their return they never know what it is to be really warm. A clerical friend of mine, who resided several years in England, tells me that lack of warmth was a constant and severe affliction. All the houses that he visited were kept at a temperature at least ten degrees below what was comfortable for himself and wife; and yet neither of them were invalids, though both were ideal representatives of the American type of susceptibility.

Our extremes give rise, among many other symptoms of nervous impressibil-

ity, to sensitiveness to heat and cold; midsummer and midwinter are borne with difficulty, and many whom I have known find it necessary to keep constantly on the run before climatic changes. For such, no section of the country is habitable more than three or four months of the year: in the winter they must take refuge in Florida; in the spring, to escape the heat and malaria, they hasten home, whence, in a few weeks, they are driven to the sea-side or farm-house. To live twelve months in one place is what very few of the brain-working classes of our large cities can endure. In this susceptibility to cold and heat, and the consequent necessity of hot-air furnaces and summer retreats, there has been a vast change within quarter of a century. Our fathers were comfortable in a temperature of sixty degrees, while we require from seventy to seventy-five degrees, and even then suffer half the year from creeping chills and cold extremities. The metropolitan heats they bore right through midsummer, without the need or thought of vacation; and, without taking cold or experiencing severe discomfort, sat for hours in damp and fireless churches. Foreigners often complain of our over-warm rooms, which to them are as annoying as their under-warm rooms are to us; a temperature of sixty degrees contents them, as it did our ancestors half a century or less ago.

Our ups and downs of temperature, with deep snows and smiting heats, make exercise and activity at certain seasons a burden and a peril for all except the strongest, while in England all the year is open to out-door amusements and toil. The English summer is almost always comfortable, — sometimes very cool; all the year overcoats are in demand, and in the evenings fires are desired, as at our summer resorts by the sea and in the mountains. During the summer of 1868 the thermometer in England ranged between eighty-two and eighty-eight degrees, and at one time rose to ninety-two degrees, and all complained of the excessive heat. In the winter ice is not abundant; snow falls only to the depth of two or three inches, and remains on the ground for but a few days; skating and coasting and sleighing are almost forbidden joys. Through the entire year, in midwinter even, the meadows are fresh and green, and there is not a month when the public parks cease to be visited. In the coldest seasons a temperature of zero, or even ten degrees above, is unknown; at Greenwich the average of the thermometer during the month of January for half a century was thirty-seven degrees, a temperature that will not only allow but invite various and active out-door recreations. The English winter, indeed, is not unlike our March shorn of its bitterness and on its good behavior.

We Americans, on the contrary, for a part of the year are prisoners to our climate: in the summer not daring to walk abroad, for fear of sunstroke; in midwinter hemmed in by biting cold and impassable drifts of snow; at no season able to predict or calculate the temperature for a day, or even half an hour, in advance. These sudden leaps of the American climate from distressing heat to severe cold, or the reverse, are quite unfamiliar to England, where spring slowly unfolds into summer, and summer in turn descends into a moderate winter.

The element of dryness of the air, peculiar to our climate as distinguished from that of Europe, both in Great Britain and on the Continent, is of the highest scientific and practical interest. The evidences of this dry state of our atmosphere are numerous and striking: clothes on the line can be taken in more quickly than in Europe; there is less of mould in libraries, in closets, and on furniture; the specimens of the naturalist keep much longer without injury; wood-work of houses and picture-frames crack more speedily; the hair and beard are drier and stiffer, have less oil and moisture, than in Europe, and pomades are in greater demand.

The causes of this great lack of moisture are found in the relative infrequency of lakes, the vast extent of unbroken territory, and the scarcity of rain. The continent of Europe and the British Isles are not only surrounded, but cut up, by

immense bodies of water: hence the air is always freighted with moisture; hence, in part, the ruddiness, the solidity, and the bulk of the representative Englishman. The influence of the Gulf Stream is likewise of importance on the climate of Great Britain.

In regard to the electrical state of a dry atmosphere, this general fact is quite clear: that the electricity which is found in all states of the atmosphere is less evenly and uniformly diffused, and more liable to various disturbances through inequalities of tension, when the air is dry than when it is moist. Moisture conducts electricity, and an atmosphere well charged with moisture, other conditions being the same, will tend to keep the electricity in a state of equilibrium, since it allows free and ready conduction at all times and in all directions. The human body, therefore, when surrounded by a moist atmosphere never has its own electrical condition seriously disturbed, nor is it liable to sudden and frequent disturbances from the want of equilibrium in the air in which it moves.

In regions where the atmosphere is excessively dry, as in the Rocky Mountains, human beings, indeed all animals, become constantly acting lightning-rods, liable at any moment to be made a convenient pathway through which electricity going to or from the earth seeks an equilibrium. Hence it is that in that section, especially in the more elevated portions, the hair of the head and the tails of horses not unfrequently stand erect, and travelers over the mountains are astonished and alarmed by flames of lightning on the rocks, and even on their walking-sticks. In the valley of Sacramento, and, to a less extent, in other sections of the Pacific coast, there occur at certain times what are called "north winds," which, for some not well-understood reasons, are excessively dry, and consequently, for the causes above given, are attended by important electrical disturbances, similar in kind, but severer in degree, to those that at all times are liable to take place in that section. During the prevalence of these winds, which may last several hours or days, fruits and foliage, especially on the side toward the wind, tend to shrivel and wither; the grass, likewise, shows the effect of the same influence, and human beings and all animals are unwontedly irritable and nervous. Even in the East our neuralgic and rheumatic patients, during and just before thunder-storms, are often suddenly attacked by exquisite pains that at once disappear with the appearance of fair weather. There are those so sensitive that for a hundred miles and more, and for a full day in advance, they can predict without failure the approach of a storm. The atmospheric conditions and disturbances in relation to moisture, dryness, and electricity which these sensitives thus visibly and painfully appreciate, affect us all, though invisibly and painlessly; but through a life-time and through the generations these perpetually acting influences result in nervousness and nervous exhaustion, with all the maladies to which they lead.

A fact of special note is that the exceeding cold of our winters compels us to pass a large part of our time not only in-doors, but in rooms overheated with *dry* air; thus one of the bad features of our climate plays into the hands of the other, reinforcing, extending, multiplying, its capacity for evil. The high temperature and unnatural dryness of our closed rooms are both harmful, and are both made necessary by excessive external cold, and by the alternations of heat and cold that produce a sensitiveness of organization which can only find comfort in a somewhat high temperature.

Dryness of the air, whether external or internal, likewise excites nervousness by heightening the rapidity of the processes of waste and repair in the organism, so that we live faster than in a moist atmosphere. The rationale of this action of dryness on living beings — for it is observed in animals as in men — is as follows: Evaporation from the surface of the body is accompanied by dissipation of heat, and by the numerous and complex vital changes of which the evolution and dissipation of heat through evaporation are the results. In a moist atmosphere such evaporation takes place

slowly, because the air, being already saturated with water, cannot rapidly take up the vapor that comes from the surface of the body; hence this vapor accumulates in the form of sensible perspiration. A dry atmosphere, on the contrary, is eager and hungry for the bodily moisture and rapidly absorbs it, so that it does not accumulate on the surface, but passes off as insensible perspiration. Hence the paradox that we perspire the least when we are apparently perspiring the most; on sultry August days our clothing is soaked, because the moisture of the body has no chance for ready escape, and consequently the vital changes that produce the moisture are obstructed and move with corresponding slowness. A day that is both moist and warm is hotter to the nerves of sensation and far more oppressive than a far warmer day that is also dry, for the conversion of the fluids of the body into insensible vapor, which process takes place so rapidly in dry air, is attended with escape of bodily heat, which gives relief. Hence it is that in California and on the Pacific coast and in the Rocky Mountain region, where the thermometer sometimes runs as high as one hundred and ten or even one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade, sunstrokes were formerly unknown, and even now are exceedingly rare. Hence it is that the hot room in the moist Russian bath is so much harder to bear than the hotter rooms of the dry Turkish bath. Hence it is that our August dog-days are so much more wearying and painful than the hotter days of mid-June and of early July.

One great climatic advantage of Europe is the non-existence of dog-day weather, as we, in this country, understand that term; the moisture of the Northern European atmosphere is never, for any considerable time, combined with high temperature.

Dryness of the air is the main cause of the long-observed leanness of the Americans as compared with the Europeans. We are taller, thinner, lanker, than the original stock in England and Germany, mainly because in our dry atmosphere we so rapidly evaporate; the animal fluids disappear into the aerial fluid; we have little chance to accumulate fat. Remembering that the body is composed mostly of water, it is clear that rapid evaporation must be attended by a rapid loss of bodily weight. A thousand Americans, taken at random, weigh less on the average than a thousand Englishmen or Germans of the same ages and social status; even the dark aborigines, in spite of their indolence, were almost always lean.

Our habits and institutions, so far as they are distinctively American, — rapid eating, eager quest for gold, exciting revivals and elections, — are the product of a dry atmosphere and extremes of temperature combined with the needs of a new country and a pioneer life. We are nervous, primarily, because the rapid evaporation in our dry, out-door air and in our overheated rooms, for reasons above given, heightens the rapidity of the processes of waste and repair in the brain and nervous system, and the exhausting stimulation of alternations of torrid heat and polar cold; and, secondarily, because this nervousness is enhanced by the stress of poverty, the urgency of finding and holding means of living, the scarcity of inherited wealth, and the just desire of making and maintaining fortunes. We cannot afford to be calm; for those to whom the last question is whether they shall exist or die there is no time or force for acquiring plumpness of the body. Not How shall we live? but Can we live at all? is the problem that almost every American is all his life compelled to face.

The neuroses, or functional nervous diseases, — of which sick headache, neurasthenia (nervous exhaustion), neuralgia, spinal irritation, and hay fever are types, — are vastly more frequent and more complex in the Northern and Eastern part of the United States than in all the world besides. These maladies are an evolution, a differentiation of the nervous exhaustion, produced by our climate and institutions. They have increased *pari passu* with the increase of activity and the complexity and friction of our civilization. They did not appear

in the first century of the republic, for time must elapse before climatic peculiarities could show, on a wide scale, their special effects on the organization; furthermore, in the last half century the stress and friction of civilization, under the influence of the railway, the newspaper, and the telegraph, have increased to a degree unparalleled in modern or ancient times. From this same cause — civilization — the European as well as the American nerves have been affected, especially in France, though on account of differences of climate and institutions far less than in our own country.

Susceptibility to alcohol and tobacco is one of the most striking characteristics of the many evidences of American nervousness. We cannot bear these stimulants and narcotics as our fathers could; we cannot bear them as can the English, or Germans, or French; indeed, all the Old World can both drink and smoke more than the Americans. Even coffee can be indulged in with freedom only by a minority of the population in the Northern States, and a cup of weak tea is for many a sure prescription for a wakeful night. Foreigners traveling and sojourning here must be far more cautious than is their wont with the purest and mildest liquors; while Americans, when long abroad, can often partake of the native wines, and also of stronger liquors, to a degree that at home would induce intoxication, perhaps lead directly to the symptoms of alcoholism. In truth, this functional malady of the nervous system which we call inebriety, as distinguished from the vice or habit of drunkenness, may be said to have been born in America, has here developed sooner and far more rapidly than elsewhere, and here also has received earlier and more successful attention from men of science. The increase of the disorder has forced us to study it and to devise plans for its relief.

All of the above reasonings apply to the Northern and Eastern portions of the United States far more than to the Southern States or to Canada. In the South, particularly in the Gulf States, there are not the extremes of heat and cold, nor the peculiar dryness of the air, that have been described. The Southern winters are mild, with little or no snow and abundance of rain and dampness, while the summers are never as intensely hot as in the latitude of Boston and New York. Throughout the year the Southern climate is both more equable and more moist than that of the North. Herein is explained the most interesting and suggestive fact that functional nervous diseases of all kinds regularly diminish in frequency and variety as we go South. Canada has extremes of temperature, but more of steady cold than the States, while the air is kept moist by numerous rivers, lakes, and the wide extent of forest; it does not therefore share, to any marked degree, in the nervousness of the Northern United States.

From the vantage-ground of the above facts and philosophy, and with the light afforded by the past and present experience of races and nations, it becomes possible to see, though dimly and for a limited period, into the physical future of the American people. In the thirtieth century, as now, America will be inhabited by all the leading races of modern civilization, although by that time there will have been an enormous advance toward unity. At the present time it is observed that the process of Americanization among our recent foreigners goes on with great rapidity; the peculiarities of our climate being so decided, universal, and impressive that even the second generation of stolid and plethoric Germans often acquires the sharpness of features, delicacy of skin, and dryness of hair that everywhere and for a long period have been rightly looked upon as American characteristics. Some of the most sensitive and impressible among the nervous sufferers that come under my care are Germans of American birth, but whose immediate ancestors came directly from the father-land. I have seen highly nervous Englishmen and Irishmen who early emigrated to this country and engaged in severe mercantile or professional pursuits; such persons are sometimes so changed, even in a half or quarter of a century, as to become

almost as sensitive as the majority of indoor-working, native-born Americans. Alcohol they cannot use with any freedom, and must smoke, if at all, very moderately; they may be attacked by a myriad of nervous symptoms, common enough in this land, but in Europe almost unknown and uncredited.

But in spite of these quick and manifest changes wrought by our climate, the dominant characteristics of the general stock by which America is peopled must prevail over environment, not only for a century, but for many centuries. The union of races by marriage, conjoined with the constantly acting automatic forces of social and business intercourse, will tend, it is true, to homogeneity, but the leading race characteristics, mental and physical, will remain.

Very important, at least very radical, changes in our climate cannot be expected; extremes of heat and cold and dryness of the atmosphere will yet be notable features. The forest, like the ocean, is a great equalizer of temperature, making the summers less hot and the winters less cold, breaking the force of winds, preserving moisture, and filling our rivers and lakes. The cutting off of our forests has probably made both our winters and summers more severe; and the increasing number of sunstrokes and heat prostrations during the last decade is very likely the result of this cause, although heightened sensitiveness of organization and greater susceptibility to alcohol must be considered. The move for the preservation of forests, especially in the West, if successful, as in a degree it will be, must have a certain influence on climate during the centuries to come, making the atmosphere moister, and therefore less stimulating and exhausting.

In the future, as in the past, diseases will change in their nature, their symptoms, and their fatality with the changes in the constitution, the habits, and the lives of the people. Already, during the last half century, types and phases and symptoms of disease have visibly changed with the changes above noted in the American physique: acute febrile and inflammatory disorders, once so rapidly and widely fatal among all classes, have, in the higher orders, visibly declined both in frequency and virulence, and in their place have arisen a vast army of nameless nervous symptoms, which to all the centuries prior to the nineteenth were unknown and unimagined. Fearful and once-dreaded epidemics are now limited, local, and as a rule short-lived; sanitary science, with its various appliances and increasing powers, either keeps them at a distance, or else hems them in, surrounds them, and forces an easy surrender. In certain sections of the country malaria, and in nearly all sections typhoid and typhus fevers, are decreasingly common and severe, while in their place we have such distressing but rarely fatal maladies as neuralgia, sick headache, nervous exhaustion, and hay fever, — diseases comparatively so recent that many even now believe them to be subjective and imaginary. Much of disease is not a substance or entity, but a mode of motion of the forces in the organism. It must therefore be modified by, and in a degree correspond to, the changes that the organism undergoes. A nervous man, when attacked by any malady whatsoever, is sick in a different way from the plethoric and the phlegmatic. The nervous diathesis — the dominant type of constitution in the brain-working classes of America — impresses itself on every disease that attacks the system as demonstrably as malaria or syphilis; even our fevers become nervous, and nervous symptoms of a varied and indefinite character complicate all local and general disorder.

This increase of neuroses cannot be arrested suddenly; it must yet go on for at least twenty-five or fifty years, when all of these disorders shall be both more numerous and more complex than at present. But side by side with these are already developing signs of improved health and vigor that cannot be mistaken; and the time must come — not unlikely in the first half of the twentieth century — when there will be a halt or retrograde movement in the march of nervous diseases, and while the absolute

number of them may be great, relatively to the population, they will be less frequent than now.

Accumulated and transmitted wealth is to be in this, as in other countries, one of the safeguards of national health. Health is indeed the offspring of wealth. Always and everywhere abject and oppressed poverty is sickly, or liable to sickness, and on the average is short-lived; febrile and inflammatory disorders, plagues, epidemics, great accidents and catastrophes even, visit first and last and remain longest with those who have no money. The anxiety that is almost always born of poverty; the fear of still greater poverty, of distressing want, of sickness that is sure to come; the positive deprivation of food that is convenient, of clothing that is comfortable, of dwellings that are sightly and healthful; the constant and hopeless association with misery, discomfort, and despair; the lack of education through books, schools, or travel; the absence of all but forced vacations, — the result, and one of the worst results, of poverty, — added to the corroding force of envy and the friction of useless struggle, — all these factors that make up, or attend upon, simple want of money are in every feature antagonistic to health and longevity. Only when the poor become absolute paupers, and the burden of life is taken from them and put upon the state or public charity, are they in a condition of assured health and long life. For the majority of the poor, and for many of the rich, the one dread is to come upon the town; but as compared with many a home the poor-house is a sanitarium. The inmates of our public institutions of charity of the modern kind are often the happiest of men, blessed with an environment on the whole far more salubrious than that to which they have been accustomed, and favorably situated for a serene longevity. Here, in a sanitary point of view, the extremes of wealth and poverty meet; both conditions being similar in this, — that they remove the friction which is the main cause of ill health and short life. For the same reasons, well-regulated jails are healthier than many homes, and one of the best prescriptions for the broken-down and distressed is for them to commit some crime.

The augmenting wealth of the American people during the last quarter of a century is already making its impress on the national constitution, and in a variety of ways. A fat bank account tends to make a fat man; in all countries, amid all stages of civilization and semi-barbarism, the wealthy classes have been larger and heavier than the poor. Wealth, indeed, if it be abundant and permanent, supplies all the external conditions possible to humanity that are friendly to those qualities of the physique — plumpness, roundness, size — that are rightly believed to indicate well-balanced health: providing in liberal variety agreeable and nourishing food and drink, tasteful and commodious homes and comfortable clothing; bringing within ready and tempting access education, and the nameless and powerful diversions for muscle and mind that only a reasonable degree of enlightenment can obtain or appreciate; inviting and fortifying calmness, steadiness, repose in thought and action; inspiring and maintaining in all the relations of existence a spirit of self-confidence, independence, and self-esteem, which, from a psychological point of view, are, in the fight for life, qualities of the highest sanitary importance; in a word, minifying, along all the line of the physical functions, the processes of waste, and magnifying the processes of repair. So insalubrious are the hygienic surroundings of the abjectly poor that only a slow adaptation to those conditions makes it possible for them to retain either the power or the desire to live. In India this coincidence of corpulence and opulence has been so long observed that it is instinctively assumed; and certain Brahmins, it is said, in order to obtain the reputation of wealth, studiously cultivate a diet adapted to make them fat.

Herein is the partial, though not the entire, elucidation of the observed fact that, during the last two decades, the well-to-do classes of America have been

visibly growing stronger, fuller, healthier. We weigh more than our fathers; the women in all our great centres of population are yearly becoming more plump and more beautiful; and in the leading brain-working occupations our men also are acquiring robustness, amplitude, quantity of being. On all sides there is a visible reversion to the better physical appearance of our English and German ancestors. A thousand girls and boys, a thousand men in the prime of years, taken by accident in any of our large cities, are heavier and more substantial than were the same number of the same age and walk of life twenty-five years ago. It could not, in fact, be different, for we have better food, better homes, more suitable clothing, less anxiety, greater ease, and more variety of healthful activity than even the best situated of our immediate ancestors. So inevitable was this result that had it been otherwise one might well suspect that the law of causation had been suspended.

Poverty has, it is true, its good side from a hygienic as well as from other points of view; for, practically, good and evil are but relative terms, the upper and nether sides of the same substance, and constantly tending to change places. The chief advantage of poverty as a sanitary or hygienic force is that, in some exceptional natures, it inspires the wish and supplies the capacity to escape from it, and in the long struggle for liberty we acquire the power and the ambition for something higher and nobler than wealth; the impulse of the rebound sends us farther than we had dreamed. Stung by early deprivation to the painful search for gold, we often find treasures that gold cannot buy. But for one whom poverty stimulates and strengthens, there are thousands whom it subjugates and destroys, entailing disease and an early death from generation to generation. The majority of our Pilgrim Fathers in New England, and of the primitive settlers in the Southern and Middle States, really knew but little of poverty in the sense in which the term is here used. They were an eminently thrifty people, and brought with them both the habits and the results of thrift to their homes in the New World. Poverty as here described is of a later evolution, following in this country, as in all others, the pathway of a high civilization.

In the centuries to come there will probably be found in America, not only in our large cities, but in every town and village, orders of financial nobility, above the need but not above the capacity or the disposition to work: strong at once in inherited wealth and inherited character; using their vast and easy resources for the upbuilding of manhood, physical and mental; and maintaining a just pride in transmitting these high ideals, and the means for realizing them, to their descendants. Families thus favored can live without physical discomfort, and work without worrying. Their healthy and well-adjusted forces can be concentrated at will, and in the beginning of life, on those objects best adapted to their tastes and talents; thus economizing and utilizing so much that those who are born poor and sickly and ignorant are compelled to waste in oftentimes fruitless struggle. The moral influence of such a class scattered through our society must be, on the whole, with various and obvious exceptions and qualifications, salutary and beneficent. By keeping constantly before the public high ideals of culture, for which wealth affords the means; by elevating the now dishonored qualities of serenity and repose to the rank of virtues, where they justly belong; and by discriminatingly coöperating with those who are less favored in their toils and conflicts, they cannot help diffusing, by the laws of psychical contagion, a reverence for those same ideals in those who are able but most imperfectly to live according to them. Thus they may help to bring about that state of society where men shall no more boast of being overworked than of any other misfortune, and shall no longer be ashamed to admit that they have both the leisure and the desire for thought; and the throne of honor so long held by the practical man shall be filled,

for the first time in the history of the nation, by the man of ideas. The germs of such a class have even now begun to appear, and already their power is clearly perceptible on American society.

While all brain work is so far forth healthful and conducive to longevity, yet the different orders of mental activity differ very widely in the degree of their health-giving power; the law is invariable that the exercise of the higher faculties is more salutary and more energizing than the exercise of the lower. The higher we rise in the atmosphere of thought the more we escape the strifes, the competitions, the worryings and exhausting disappointments, in short, all the infinite frictions, that inevitably attend the struggle for bread that all must have, and the more we are stimulated and sustained by those lofty truths for which so few aspire. The search for truth is more healthful as well as more noble, than the search for gold, and the best of all antidotes and means of relief for nervous disease is found in philosophy. Thus it is in part that Germany, which in scientific and philosophic discovery does the thinking for all nations, and which has added more to the world's stock of purely original ideas than any other country, Greece alone excepted, is less nervous than any other nation; thus it is also that America, which in the same department has but fed on the crumbs that fall from Germany's table, has developed a larger variety and number of functional nervous diseases than all other nations combined.

The commanding law of evolution — the highest generalization that the human mind has yet reached — affords indispensable aid in solving the problem we are here discussing. This law, when rightly understood, in all its manifold dependencies, developments, complications, ramifications, divergencies, sheds light on numberless questions of sociology which formerly were in hopeless darkness. It is a part of this law that growth or development in any one direction, or along any one line of a race, family, or tribe, in time reaches its limit, beyond which it cannot pass, and where, unless reinforced by some new or different impression or influence, — a supply of vital force from some centre outside of itself to take the place of that which is expended in the exhausting processes of reproduction and expansion, — it dies utterly away. Not more surely does a branch of a tree subdivide into numerous twigs, all of which must sooner or later reach their respective terminations, than do the various families of any people tend to their own elimination. The capacity for growth in any given direction, physical or mental, is always limited; no special gift of body or mind can be cultivated beyond a certain point, however great the tenderness and care bestowed upon it. The more rapid and luxurious the growth, the sooner the supply of potential force is exhausted; and the faculty or gift, whatever it may be, is lost only to be renewed in an entirely distinct family, or by the injection of the blood and nerve of a radically different race. The infinity of nature is not in the endurance or permanency of any of its elements, — everything is changing, everything is dying, — but in the exhaustlessness of the supply. In horses only a certain rate of speed, in cows only a limited milk-forming power, in fowls but a moderate fertility, can be reached in any line of stock by any degree of mortal prevision and skill. The dying is as natural and as inevitable as the living; declension is as normal as ascension, as truly a part of exceptionless law. In man, that higher operation of the faculties which we call genius is hereditary, transmissible, running through and in families as demonstrably as pride or hay fever, the gifts as well as the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children and the children's children; general talent, or some special talent, in one or both parents rises and expands in immediate or remote offspring, and ultimately flowers out into a Socrates, a Shakespeare, a Napoleon, and then falls to the ground. In accordance with this law, it is inevitable that many of the strong and great families of America at the present day must perish, and their places be supplied

by the descendants of those who are now ignorant and obscure. This does not mean, as many have fancied, the dying out of the American people: the race lives while tribes and families perish; the periodical crops ripen and decay while the tree that produces them is every year adding to its growth.

It is also a part of this law of evolution that the lower must minister to the higher. The strength of the strong must come, in part, from the weakness of the weak; millions perish that hundreds may survive. That a single family may rise to enduring prominence and power, it is needful that through long generations scores of families shall endure poverty and pain, and struggle with cruel surroundings; shall vainly desire and perhaps strive for wealth and fame and position and ease, and sink at last in the conflict. For every brain worker there must be ten muscle workers. Even in Greece, the flower of all the civilizations, the majority of the population were slaves; that a few thousand might cultivate the intellect, hundreds of thousands must cultivate the soil. One cannot imagine a nation in which all should be rich and intelligent; for a people composed wholly of educated millionaires, intelligence would be a curse and wealth the worst form of poverty. For America, as for all people, this law is as remorseless as gravity, and will not go out of its way at the beck either of philanthropy or philosophy. The America of the future, as the America of the present, must be a nation where riches and culture are restricted to the few, — to a body, however, the *personnel* of which is constantly changing. But although the distance between the extremes of society will still be great, perhaps even greater than in the past, the poor will have comforts and luxuries which now they cannot even picture, and correspondingly their health and comeliness should improve. The conserving and regenerating force of a large body of muscle workers in society is enormous, and for the physical well-being of a nation indispensable, since it not only preserves itself, but supplies the material to be engrafted on branches whose productive power is tending to decay.

Yet further, it is a part of the law of evolution that nations, as well as the individuals of which nations are composed, can in time so fit themselves to unfavorable external conditions as practically to reverse them and make them favorable. This moulding of the internal to the external, with its accompanying disappearance of weak elements and persistence of the strong, is a process that never halts or wearies, but goes on without ceasing so long as there is any want of harmony between the internal and the external in the individual or the nation. A nation thrust into an unusual and hostile environment tends, with all the might of its subjective forces, to fit itself to that environment, and to make itself at home there. Old habits are dropped, new habits take their places; instinctively or rationally, there is constant sacrifice and study and deprivation, until all friction of the internal against the external disappears. Young America finds itself contending with the combined disadvantages of youth, an exhausting climate, and the heightened activity, common to all civilization, made necessary by the introduction of the railroad, the telegraph and the periodical press. In the process of moulding itself to these conditions, it has been found necessary to seek out and develop numberless modes of physical exercise, and reduce the philosophy of enjoyment and recreation to a science and art. Habits of the ages have been shifted, medicine and medical practice revolutionized, while inventive skill everywhere has wearied itself in the constant effort to supply mechanical devices for senses and faculties exhausted through over-confinement, over-excitement, and disproportionate use of the brain and nervous system. In this cruel process thousands have perished, — are perishing to-day; but from the midst of this confusion, conflict, and positive destruction a powerful and stable race has been slowly, almost imperceptibly, evolving.

George M. Beard.

THE PEOPLE FOR WHOM SHAKESPEARE WROTE.

I.

QUEEN ELIZABETH being dead about ten o'clock in the morning, March 24, 1603, Sir Robert Cary posted away, unsent, to King James of Scotland to inform him of the "accident;" and got made a baron of the realm for his ride. On his way down to take possession of his new kingdom, the king distributed the honor of knighthood right and left liberally; at Theobald's he created eight and twenty knights, of whom Sir Richard Baker, afterwards the author of A Chronicle of the Kings of England, was one. "God knows how many hundreds he made the first year," says the chronicler, "but it was indeed fit to give vent to the passage of Honour, which during Queen Elizabeth's reign had been so stopped that scarce any county of England had knights enow to make a jury."

Sir Richard Baker was born in 1568, and died in 1645; his Chronicle appeared in 1641. It was brought down to the death of James in 1625, when, he having written the introduction to the life of Charles I., the storm of the season caused him to "break off in amazement," for he had thought the race of "Stewards" likely to continue to the "world's end;" and he never resumed his pen. In the reign of James two things lost their lustre, — the exercise of tilting, which Elizabeth made a special solemnity, and the band of yeomen of the guard, choicest persons both for stature and other good parts, who graced the court of Elizabeth; James "was so intentive to Realities that he little regarded shows," and in his time these came utterly to be neglected. The virgin queen was the last ruler who seriously regarded the pomps and splendors of feudalism.

It was characteristic of the age that the death of James, which occurred in his fifty-ninth year, should have been by rumor attributed to "poyson;" but "being dead, and his body opened, there was no sign at all of poyson, his inward parts being all sound, but that his Spleen was a little faulty, which might be cause enough to cast him into an Ague: the ordinary high way, especially in old bodies, to a natural death."

The chronicler records among the men of note of James's time Sir Francis Vere, "who as another Hannibal, with his one eye, could see more in the Martial Discipline than common men can do with two;" Sir Edward Coke; Sir Francis Bacon, "who besides his profounder book, of Novum Organum, hath written the reign of King Henry the Seventh, in so sweet a style, that like Manna, it pleaseth the tast of all palats;" William Camden, whose Description of Britain "seems to keep Queen Elizabeth alive after death;" "and to speak it in a word, the Trojan Horse was not fuller of Heroick Grecians, than King James his Reign was full of men excellent in all kindes of Learning." Among these was an old university acquaintance of Baker's, "Mr. John Dunne, who leaving Oxford, lived at the Innes of Court, not dissolute, but very neat; a great Visitor of Ladies, a great frequenter of Playes, a great writer of conceited Verses; until such times as King James taking notice of the pregnancy of his Wit, was a means that he betook him to the study of Divinity, and thereupon proceeding Doctor, was made Dean of Pauls; and became so rare a Preacher, that he was not only commended, but even admired by all who heard him."

The times of Elizabeth and James were visited by some awful casualties and portents. From December, 1602, to the December following, the plague destroyed 30,518 persons in London; the same disease that in the sixth year of Elizabeth killed 20,500, and in the thirty-sixth year 17,890, besides the lord mayor and three aldermen. In January, 1606, a mighty whale came up the Thames within eight miles of London, whose body, seen divers times above

water, was judged to be longer than the largest ship on the river; "but when she tasted the fresh water and scented the Land, she returned into the sea." Not so fortunate was a vast whale cast upon the Isle of Thanet, in Kent, in 1575, which was "twenty Ells long, and thirteen foot broad from the belly to the backbone, and eleven foot between the eyes. One of his eyes being taken out of his head was more than a cart with six horses could draw; the Oyl being boyled out of his head was Parmacittee." Nor the monstrous fish cast ashore in Lincolnshire in 1564, which measured six yards between the eyes and had a tail fifteen feet broad; "twelve men stood upright in his mouth to get the Oyl." In 1612 a comet appeared, which in the opinion of Dr. Bainbridge, the great mathematician of Oxford, was as far above the moon as the moon is above the earth, and the sequel of it was that infinite slaughters and devastations followed it both in Germany and other countries. In 1613, in Standish, in Lancashire, a maiden child was born having four legs, four arms, and one head with two faces, — the one before, the other behind, like the picture of Janus. (One thinks of the prodigies that presaged the birth of Glendower.) Also, the same year, in Hampshire, a carpenter, lying in bed with his wife and a young child, "was himself and the childe both burned to death with a sudden lightning, no fire appearing outwardly upon him, and yet lay burning for the space of almost three days till he was quite consumed to ashes." This year the Globe play-house, on the Bankside, was burned, and the year following the new play-house, the Fortune, in Golding Lane, "was by negligence of a candle, clean burned down to the ground." In this year also, 1614, the town of Stratford-on-Avon was burned. One of the strangest events, however, happened in the first year of Elizabeth (1558), when "dyed Sir Thomas Cheney, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, of whom it is reported for a certain, that his pulse did beat more than three quarters of an hour after he was dead, as strongly as if he had been still alive." In 1580 a strange apparition happened in Somersetshire, — three score personages all clothed in black, a furlong in distance from those that beheld them; "and after their appearing, and a little while tarrying, they vanished away, but immediately another strange company, in like manner, color and number appeared in the same place; and they encountered one another and so vanished away. And the third time appeared that number again, all in bright armour, and encountered one another, and so vanished away. This was examined before Sir George Norton, and sworn by four honest men that saw it, to be true." Equally well substantiated, probably, was what happened in Herefordshire in 1571: "A field of three acres, in Blackmore, with the Trees and Fences, moved from its place and passed over another field, travelling in the highway that goeth to Herne, and there stayed." Herefordshire was a favorite place for this sort of exercise of nature. In 1575 the little town of Kinnaston was visited by an earthquake: "On the seventeenth of February at six o'clock of the evening, the earth began to open and a Hill with a Rock under it (making at first a great bellowing noise, which was heard a great way off) lifted itself up a great height, and began to travel, bearing along with it the Trees that grew upon it, the Sheep-folds, and Flocks of Sheep abiding there at the same time. In the place from whence it was first moved, it left a gaping distance forty foot broad, and forescore Ells long; the whole Field was about twenty Acres. Passing along, it overthrew a Chappell standing in the way, removed an Ewe-Tree planted in the Churchyard, from the West into the East; with the like force it thrust before it High-wayes, Sheep-folds, Hedges and Trees, made Tilled ground Pasture, and again turned Pasture into Tillage. Having walked in this sort from Saturday in the evening, till Monday noon, it then stood still." It seems not improbable that Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane.

It was for an age of faith, for a people whose credulity was fed on such prodi-

gies and whose imagination glowed at such wonderful portents, that Shakespeare wrote, weaving into the realities of sense those awful mysteries of the supernatural which hovered not far away from every Englishman of his time.

Shakespeare was born in 1564, when Elizabeth had been six years on the throne, and he died in 1616, nine years before James I., of the faulty spleen, was carried to the royal chapel in Westminster, "with great solemnity, but with greater lamentation." Old Baker, who says of himself that he was the unworthiest of the knights made at Theobald's, condescends to mention William Shakespeare at the tail end of the men of note of Elizabeth's time. The ocean is not more boundless, he affirms, than the number of men of note of her time; and after he has finished with the statesmen ("an exquisite statesman for his own ends was Robert Earl of Leicester, and for his Countries good, Sir William Cecill, Lord Burleigh"), the seamen, the great commanders, the learned gentlemen and writers (among them Roger Askam, who had sometime been schoolmaster to Queen Elizabeth, but, taking too great delight in gaming and cockfighting, lived and died in mean estate), the learned divines and preachers, he concludes, "After such men, it might be thought ridiculous to speak of Stageplayers; but seeing excellency in the meanest things deserve remembring, and Roscius the Comedian is recorded in History with such commendation, it may be allowed us to do the like with some of our Nation. Richard Bourbidge and Edward Allen, two such actors as no age must ever look to see the like; and to make their Comedies compleat, Richard Tarleton, who for the Part called the Clowns Part, never had his match, never will have. For Writers of Playes, and such as have been Players themselves, William Shakespeare and Benjamin Johnson have especially left their Names recommended to posterity."

Richard Bourbidge (or Burbadge) was the first of the great English tragic actors, and was the original of the greater number of Shakespeare's heroes, — Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Shylock, Macbeth, Richard III., Romeo, Brutus, etc. Dick Tarleton, one of the privileged scapegraces of social life, was regarded by his contemporaries as the most witty of clowns and comedians. The clown was a permitted character in the old theatres, and intruded not only between the acts, but even into the play itself, with his quips and antics. It is probable that he played the part of clown, grave-digger, etc., in Shakespeare's comedies, and no doubt took liberties with his parts. It is thought that part of Hamlet's advice to the players — "and let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them," etc. — was leveled at Tarleton.

The question is often asked, but I consider it an idle one, whether Shakespeare was appreciated in his own day as he is now. That the age was unable to separate him from itself, and see his great stature, is probable; that it enjoyed him with a sympathy to which we are strangers there is no doubt. To us he is inexhaustible. The more we study him, the more are we astonished at his multiform genius. In our complex civilization, there is no development of passion, or character, or trait of human nature, no social evolution, that does not find expression somewhere in those marvelous plays; and yet it is impossible for us to enter into a full, sympathetic enjoyment of those plays unless we can in some measure re-create for ourselves the atmosphere in which they were written. To superficial observation great geniuses come into the world at rare intervals in history, in a manner independent of what we call the progress of the race. It may be so; but the form the genius shall take is always determined by the age in which it appears, and its expression is shaped by the environments. Acquaintance with the Bedouin desert life of to-day, which has changed little for three thousand years, illumines the book of Job like an electric light. Modern research into Hellenic and Asiatic life has given a new meaning to the Iliad and the Odyssey, and greatly enhanced our enjoy-

ment of them. A fair comprehension of the Divina Commedia is impossible without some knowledge of the factions that rent Florence; of the wars of Guelf and Ghibelline; of the spirit that banished Dante, and gave him an humble tomb in Ravenna instead of a sepulchre in the pantheon of Santa Croce. Shakespeare was a child of his age; it had long been preparing for him; its expression culminated in him. It was essentially a dramatic age. He used the accumulated materials of centuries. He was playwright as well as poet. His variety and multiform genius cannot otherwise be accounted for. He called in the coinage of many generations, and reissued it purified and unalloyed, stamped in his own mint. There was a Hamlet probably, there were certainly Romeos and Juliets, on the stage before Shakespeare. In him were received the imaginations, the inventions, the aspirations, the superstitions, the humors, the supernatural intimations; in him met the converging rays of the genius of his age, as in a lens, to be sent onward thenceforth in an ever-broadening stream of light.

It was his fortune to live not only in a dramatic age, but in a transition age, when feudalism was passing away, but while its shows and splendors could still be seriously comprehended. The dignity that doth hedge a king was so far abated that royalty could be put upon the stage as a player's spectacle; but the reality of kings and queens and court pageantry was not so far past that it did not appeal powerfully to the imaginations of the frequenters of the Globe, the Rose, and the Fortune. They had no such feeling as we have in regard to the pasteboard kings and queens who strut their brief hour before us in anachronic absurdity.

But, besides that he wrote in the spirit of his age, Shakespeare wrote in the language and the literary methods of his time. This is not more evident in the contemporary poets than in the chroniclers of that day. They all delighted in ingenuities of phrase, in neat turns and conceits; it was a compliment then to be called a "conceited" writer.

Of all the guides to Shakespeare's time, there is none more profitable or entertaining than William Harrison, who wrote for Holinshed's chronicle, The Description of England, as it fell under his eyes from 1577 to 1587. Harrison's England is an unfailing mine of information for all the historians of the sixteenth century; and in the edition published by the New Shakespeare Society, and edited, with a wealth of notes and contemporary references, by Mr. Frederick J. Furnivall, it is a new revelation of Shakespeare's England to the general reader.

Harrison himself is an interesting character, and trustworthy above the general race of chroniclers. He was born in 1534, or, to use his exactness of statement, "upon the 18th of April, hora 11, minut 4, Secunde 56, at London, in Cordwainer streete, otherwise called bowe-lane." This year was also remarkable as that in which "King Henry 8 polleth his head; after whom his household and nobility, with the rest of his subjects do the like." It was the year before Anne Boleyn, haled away to the Tower, accused, condemned, and executed in the space of fourteen days, "with sigheing teares" said to the rough Duke of Norfolk, "Hither I came once my lord, to fetch a crown imperial; but now to receive, I hope, a crown immortal." In 1544, the boy was at St. Paul's school; the litany in the English tongue, by the king's command, was that year sung openly in St. Paul's, and we have a glimpse of Harrison with the other children, enforced to buy those books, walking in general procession, as was appointed, before the king went to Boulogne. Harrison was a student at both Oxford and Cambridge, taking the degree of bachelor of divinity at the latter in 1569, when he had been an Oxford M. A. of seven years' standing. Before this he was household chaplain to Sir William Brooke, Lord Cobham, who gave him in 1588–9 the rectory of Radwinter, in Essex, which he held till his death, in 1593. In 1586 he was installed canon of Windsor. Between 1559 and 1571 he married Marion Ise-

brande, of whom he said in his will, referring to the sometime supposed unlawfulness of priests' marriages, "by the laws of God I take and repute in all respects for my true and lawful wife." At Radwinter, the old parson, working in his garden, collected Roman coins, wrote his chronicles, and expressed his mind about the rascally lawyers of Essex, to whom flowed all the wealth of the land. The lawyers, in those days, stirred up contentions, and then reaped the profits. "Of all that ever I knew in Essex," says Harrison, "Denis and Mainford excelled, till John of Ludlow, *alias* Mason, came in place, unto whom in comparison these two were but children." This last did so harry a client for four years that the latter, still called upon for new fees, "went to bed, and within four days made an end of his woeful life, even with care and pensiveness." And after his death, the lawyer so handled his son "that there was never sheep shorn in May, so near clipped of his fleece present, as he was of many to come." The Welsh were the most litigious people. A Welshman would walk up to London barelegged, carrying his hose on his neck, to save wear and because he had no change, importune his countrymen till he got half a dozen writs, with which he would return to molest his neighbors, though no one of his quarrels was worth the money he paid for a single writ.

The humblest mechanic of England to-day has comforts and conveniences which the richest nobles lacked in Harrison's day, but it was nevertheless an age of great luxury and extravagance; of brave apparel, costly and showy beyond that of any Continental people, though wanting in refined taste; and of mighty banquets, with service of massive plate, troops of attendants, and a surfeit of rich food and strong drink.

In this luxury the clergy of Harrison's rank did not share. Harrison was poor on forty pounds a year. He complains that the clergy were taxed more than ever, the church having become "an ass whereon every man is to ride to market and cast his wallet." They paid tenths and first fruits and subsidies, so that out of twenty pounds of a benefice the incumbent did not reserve more than £13 6s. 8d. for himself and his family. They had to pay for both prince and laity, and both grumbled at and slandered them. Harrison gives a good account of the higher clergy; he says the bishops were loved for their painful diligence in their calling, and that the clergy of England were reputed on the Continent as learned divines, skillful in Greek and Hebrew and in the Latin tongue. There was, however, a scarcity of preachers and ministers in Elizabeth's time, and their character was not generally high. What could be expected when covetous patrons canceled their debts to their servants by bestowing advowsons of benefices upon their bakers, butlers, cooks, grooms, pages, and lackeys, — when even in the universities there was cheating at elections for scholarships and fellowships, and gifts were for sale! The morals of the clergy were, however, improved by frequent conferences, at which the good were praised and the bad reproved; and these conferences were "a notable spur unto all the ministers, whereby to apply their books, which otherwise (as in times past) would give themselves to hawking, hunting, tables, cards, dice, tipling at the ale house, shooting, and other like vanities." The clergy held a social rank with trades people; their sons learned trades, and their daughters might go out to service. Jewell says many of them were the "basest sort of people," — unlearned, fiddlers, pipers, and what not. "Not a few," says Harrison, "find fault with our thread-bare gowns, as if not our patrons but our wives were the causes of our woe." He thinks the ministers will be better when the patrons are better, and he defends the right of the clergy to marry and to leave their goods, if they have any, to their widows and children instead of to the church, or to some school or almshouse. What if their wives are fond, after the decease of their husbands, to bestow themselves not so advisedly as their calling requireth; do not duch-

esses, countesses, and knights' wives offend in the like fully so often as they? And Eve, remarks the old philosopher of Radwinter, — "Eve will be Eve, though Adam would say nay."

The apparel of the clergy, at any rate, was more comely and decent than it ever was in the popish church, when the priests "went either in divers colors like players, or in garments of light hue, as yellow, red, green, etc.; with their shoes piked, their hair crisped, their girdles armed with silver; their shoes, spurs, bridles, etc., buckled with like metal; their apparel (for the most part) of silk, and richly furred; their caps laced and buttoned with gold; so that to meet a priest, in those days, was to behold a peacock that spreadeth his tail when he danceth before the hen."

Hospitality amongst the clergy was never better used, and it was increased by their marriage; for the meat and drink were prepared more orderly and frugally, the household was better looked to, and the poor oftener fed. There was perhaps less feasting of the rich in bishops' houses, and "it is thought much peradventure, that some bishops in our time do come short of the ancient gluttony and prodigality of their predecessors;" but this is owing to the curtailing of their livings, and the excessive prices whereunto things are grown.

Harrison spoke his mind about dignitaries. He makes a passing reference to Thomas à Becket as "the old Cocke of Canturburie," who did crow in behalf of the see of Rome, and the "young cockerels of other sees did imitate his demeanour." He is glad that images, shrines, and tabernacles are removed out of churches. The stories in glass windows remain only because of the cost of replacing them with white panes. He would like to stop the wakes, guilds, paternities, church-ales, and brides-ales, with all their rioting, and he thinks they could get on very well without the feasts of apostles, evangelists, martyrs, the holy-days after Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and those of the Virgin Mary, with the rest. "It is a world to see," he wrote of 1552, "how ready the Catholicks are to cast the communion tables out of their churches, which in derision they call Oysterboards, and to set up altars whereon to say mass." And he tells with sinful gravity this tale of a sacrilegious sow: "Upon the 23d of August, the high altar of Christ Church in Oxford was trimly decked up after the popish manner; and about the middest of evensong, a sow cometh into the quire, and pulled all to the ground; for which heinous fact, it is said she was afterwards beheaded; but to that I am not privy." Think of the condition of Oxford when pigs went to mass! Four years after this there was a sickness in England, of which a third part of the people did taste, and many clergymen, who had prayed not to live after the death of Queen Mary, had their desire, the Lord hearing their prayer, says Harrison, "and intending thereby to give his church a breathing time."

There were four classes in England, — gentlemen, citizens, yeomen, and artificers or laborers. Besides the nobles, any one can call himself a gentleman who can live without work and buy a coat of arms, — though some of them "bear a bigger sail than his boat is able to sustain." The complaint of sending abroad youth to be educated is an old one; Harrison says the sons of gentlemen went into Italy, and brought nothing home but mere atheism, infidelity, vicious conversation, and ambitious, proud behavior, and retained neither religion nor patriotism. Among citizens were the merchants, of whom Harrison thought there were too many; for, like the lawyers, they were no furtherance to the commonwealth, but raised the price of all commodities. In former, free-trade times, sugar was sixpence a pound, now it is two shillings sixpence; raisins were one penny, and now sixpence. Not content with the old European trade, they have sought out the East and West Indies, and likewise Cathay and Tartary, whence they pretend, from their now and then suspicious voyages, they bring home great commodities. But Harrison cannot see that prices are one whit abated by this enormity, and

certainly they carry out of England the best of its wares.

The yeomen are the stable, free men, who for the most part stay in one place, working the farms of gentlemen, are diligent, sometimes buy the land of unthrifty gentlemen, educate their sons to the schools and the law courts, and leave them money to live without labor. These are the men that made France afraid. Below these are the laborers and men who work at trades, who have no voice in the commonwealth, and crowds of young serving-men who become old beggars, highway robbers, idle fellows, and spreaders of all vices. There was a complaint then, as now, that in many trades men scamped their work, but, on the whole, husbandmen and artificers had never been so good; only there were too many of them, too many handicrafts of which the country had no need. It appears to be a fault all along in history that there are too many of almost every sort of people.

In Harrison's time the greater part of the building in cities and towns was of timber, only a few of the houses of the commonalty being of stone. In an old plate giving a view of the north side of Cheapside, London, in 1638, we see little but quaint gable ends and rows of small windows set close together. The houses are of wood and plaster, each story overhanging the other, terminating in sharp pediments; the roofs projecting on cantalevers, and the windows occupying the whole front of each of the lower stories. They presented a lively and gay appearance on holidays, when the pentices of the shop fronts were hung with colored draperies, and the balconies were crowded with spectators, and every pane of glass showed a face. In the open country, where timber was scarce, the houses were, between studs, impaneled with clay, red, white, or blue. One of the Spaniards who came over in the suite of Philip remarked the large diet in these homely cottages: "These English," quoth he, "have their houses made of sticks and dirt, but they fare commonly so well as the king." "Whereby it appeareth," comments Harrison, "that he liked better of our good fare in such coarse cabins, than of their own thin diet in their prince-like habitations and palaces." The timber houses were covered with tiles; the other sort with straw or reeds. The fairest houses were ceiled within with mortar and covered with plaster, the whiteness and evenness of which excited Harrison's admiration. The walls were hung with tapestry, arras-work, or painted cloth, whereon were divers histories, or herbs, or birds, or else ceiled with oak. Stoves had just begun to be used, and only in some houses of the gentry, "who build them not to work and feed in, as in Germany and elsewhere, but now and then to sweat in, as occasion and need shall require." Glass in windows, which was then good and cheap, and made even in England, had generally taken the place of the lattices and of the horn, and of the beryl which noblemen formerly used in windows. Gentlemen were beginning to build their houses of brick and stone, in stately and magnificent fashion. The furniture of the houses had also grown in a manner "passing delicacy," and not of the nobility and gentry only, but of the lowest sort. In noblemen's houses there was abundance of arras, rich hangings of tapestry, and silver vessels, plate often to the value of one thousand and two thousand pounds. The knights, gentlemen, and merchants had great provision of tapestry, Turkie work, pewter, brass, fine linen, and cupboards of plate worth perhaps a thousand pounds. Even the inferior artificers and many farmers had learned also to garnish their cupboards with plate, their joined beds with silk hangings, and their tables with fine linen, — evidences of wealth for which Harrison thanks God and reproaches no man, though he cannot see how it is brought about, when all things are grown to such excessive prices.

Old men of Radwinter noted three things marvelously altered in England within their remembrance. The first was the multitude of chimneys lately erected; whereas in their young days there were not, always except those in the religious and manor houses, above

two or three chimneys in most upland towns of the realm; each one made his fire against a reredos in the hall, where he dined and dressed his meat. The second was the amendment in lodging. In their youth they lay upon hard straw pallets covered only with a sheet, and mayhap a dogswain coverlet over them, and a good round log for pillow. If in seven years after marriage a man could buy a mattress and a sack of chaff to rest his head on, he thought himself as well lodged as a lord. Pillows were thought meet only for sick women. As for servants, they were lucky if they had a sheet over them, for there was nothing under them to keep the straw from pricking their hardened hides. The third notable thing was the exchange of treene (wooden) platters into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver or tin. Wooden stuff was plenty, but a good farmer would not have above four pieces of pewter in his house; with all his frugality, he was unable to pay his rent of four pounds without selling a cow or horse. It was a time of idleness, and if a farmer at an ale-house, in a bravery to show what he had, slapped down his purse with six shillings in it, all the rest together could not match it. But now, says Harrison, though the rent of four pounds has improved to forty, the farmer has six or seven years' rent lying by him, to purchase a new term, garnish his cupboard with pewter, buy three or four feather-beds, coverlets, carpets of tapestry, a silver salt, a nest of bowls for wine, and a dozen spoons. All these things speak of the growing wealth and luxury of the age. Only a little before this date, in 1568, Lord Buckhurst, who had been ordered to entertain the Cardinal de Châtillon in Queen Elizabeth's palace at Sheen, complains of the meanness of the furniture of his rooms. He showed the officers who preceded the cardinal such furniture and stuff as he had, but it did not please them. They wanted plate, he had none; such glass vessels as he had they thought too base. They wanted damask for long tables, and he had only linen for a square table, and they refused his square table. He gave the cardinal his only unoccupied tester and bedstead, and assigned to the bishop the bedstead upon which his wife's waiting-women did lie, and laid them on the ground. He lent the cardinal his own basin and ewer, candlesticks from his own table, drinking-glasses, small cushions, and pots for the kitchen. My Lord of Leicester sent down two pair of fine sheets for the cardinal, and one pair for the bishop.

Harrison laments three things in his day: the enhancing of rents, the daily oppression of poor tenants by the lords of manors, and the practice of usury, — a trade brought in by the Jews, but now practiced by almost every Christian, so that he is accounted a fool that doth lend his money for nothing. He prays the reader to help him, in a lawful manner, to hang up all those that take cent. per cent. for money. Another grievance, and most sorrowful of all, is that many gentlemen, men of good port and countenance, to the injury of the farmers and commonalty, actually turn graziers, butchers, tanners, sheep-masters, and woodmen. Harrison also notes the absorption of lands by the rich; the decay of houses in the country, which comes of the eating up of the poor by the rich; the increase of poverty; the difficulty a poor man had to live on an acre of ground; his forced contentment with bread made of oats and barley, and the divers places that formerly had good tenants, and now were vacant, hop-yards and gardens.

Harrison says it is not for him to describe the palaces of Queen Elizabeth; he dare hardly peep in at her gates. Her houses are of brick and stone, neat and well situated, but in good masonry not to be compared to those of Henry VIII.'s building; they are rather curious to the eye, like paper-works, than substantial for continuance. Her court is more magnificent than any other in Europe, whether you regard the rich and infinite furniture of the household, the number of officers, or the sumptuous entertainments. And the honest chronicler is so struck with admiration of the

virtuous beauty of the maids of honor that he cannot tell whether to award preëminence to their amiable countenances or to their costliness of attire, between which there is daily conflict and contention. The courtiers of both sexes have the use of sundry languages and an excellent vein of writing. Would to God the rest of their lives and conversation corresponded with these gifts! But the courtiers, the most learned, are the worst men when they come abroad that any man shall hear or read of. Many of the gentlewomen have sound knowledge of Greek and Latin, and are skillful in Spanish, Italian, and French; and the noblemen even surpass them. The old ladies of the court avoid idleness by needle work, spinning of silk, or continual reading of the Holy Scriptures or of histories, and writing diverse volumes of their own, or translating foreign works into English or Latin; and the young ladies, when they are not waiting on her majesty, "in the mean time apply their lutes, citherns, pricksong, and all kinds of music." The elders are skillful in surgery and the distillation of waters, and sundry other artificial practices pertaining to the ornature and commendation of their bodies; and when they are at home they go into the kitchen and supply a number of delicate dishes of their own devising, mostly after Portuguese receipts; and they prepare bills of fare (a trick lately taken up) to give a brief rehearsal of all the dishes of every course. I do not know whether this was called the "higher education of women" at the time.

In every office of the palaces is a Bible, or book of acts of the church, or chronicle, for the use of whoever comes in, so that the court looks more like a university than a palace. Would to God the houses of the nobles were ruled like the queen's! The nobility are followed by great troops of serving-men in showy liveries; and it is a goodly sight to see them muster at court, which, being filled with them, "is made like to the show of a peacock's tail in the full beauty, or of some meadow garnished with infinite kinds and diversity of pleasant flowers." Such was the discipline of Elizabeth's court that any man who struck another within it had his right hand chopped off by the executioner in a most horrible manner.

The English have always had a passion for gardens and orchards. In the Roman time grapes abounded and wine was plenty, but the culture disappeared after the Conquest. From the time of Henry IV. to Henry VIII. vegetables were little used, but in Harrison's day the use of melons, pompions, radishes, cucumbers, cabbages, turnips, and the like was revived. They had beautiful flower gardens annexed to the houses, wherein were grown also rare and medicinal herbs; it was a wonder to see how many strange herbs, plants, and fruits were daily brought from the Indies, America, and the Canaries. Every rich man had great store of flowers, and in one garden might be seen from three hundred to four hundred medicinal herbs. Men extol the foreign herbs to the neglect of the native, and especially tobacco, "which is not found of so great efficacy as they write." In the orchards were plums, apples, pears, walnuts, filberts; and in noblemen's orchards store of strange fruit, — apricots, almonds, peaches, figs, and even in some oranges, lemons, and capers. Grafters also were at work with their artificial mixtures, "dallying, as it were, with nature and her course, as if her whole trade were perfectly known unto them: of hard fruits they will make soft, of sour sweet, of sweet yet more delicate; bereaving also some of their kernels, others of their cores, and finally endowing them with the flavor of musk, amber, or sweet spices at their pleasure." Gardeners turn annual into perpetual herbs, and such pains are they at that they even use dish-water for plants. The Gardens of Hesperides are surely not equal to these. Pliny tells of a rose that had sixty leaves on one bud, but in 1585 there was a rose in Antwerp that had one hundred and eighty leaves; and Harrison might have had a slip of it for ten pounds, but he thought it a "tickle hazard." In his own little garden, of not above three

hundred square feet, he had near three hundred samples, and not one of them of the common, or usually to be had.

Our kin beyond sea have always been stout eaters of solid food, and in Elizabeth's time their tables were more plentifully laden than those of any other nation. Harrison scientifically accounts for their inordinate appetite. "The situation of our region," he says, "lying near unto the north, does cause the heat of our stomachs to be of somewhat greater force; therefore our bodies do crave a little more ample nourishment, than the inhabitants of the hotter regions are accustomed withal, whose digestive force is not altogether so vehement, because their internal heat is not so strong as ours, which is kept in by the coldness of the air, that from time to time (specially in winter) doth environ our bodies." The North Britons in old times were accustomed often to great abstinence, and lived when in the woods on roots and herbs. They used sometimes a confection, "whereof so much as a bean would qualify their hunger above common expectation;" but when they had nothing to qualify it with, they crept into the marsh water up to their chins, and there remained a long time, "only to qualify the heat of their stomachs by violence."

In Harrison's day the abstemious Welsh had learned to eat like the English, and the Scotch exceeded the latter in "over much and distemperate gormandize." The English eat all they can buy, there being no restraint of any meat for religion's sake or for public order. The white meats, — milk, butter, and cheese, — though very dear, are reputed as good for inferior people, but the more wealthy feed upon the flesh of all sorts of cattle and all kinds of fish. The nobility ("whose cooks are for the most part musical-headed Frenchmen and strangers") exceed in number of dishes and change of meat. Every day at dinner there is beef, mutton, veal, lamb, kid, pork, conie, capon, pig, or as many of these as the season yielded, besides deer and wild fowl and fish, and sundry delicacies "wherein the sweet hand of the sea-faring Portingale is not wanting." The food was brought in, commonly, in silver vessels at tables of the degree of barons, bishops, and upwards, and referred first to the principal personage, from whom it passed to the lower end of the table, the guests not eating of all, but choosing what each liked; and nobody stuffed himself. The dishes were then sent to the servants, and the remains of the feast went to the poor, who lay waiting at the gates in great numbers.

Drink was served in pots, goblets, jugs, and bowls of silver in noblemen's houses, and also in Venice glasses. It was not set upon the table, but the cup was brought to each one who thirsted; he called for such a cup of drink as he wished, and delivered it again to one of the by-standers, who made it clean by pouring out what remained, and restored it to the sideboard. This device was to prevent great drinking, which might ensue if the full pot stood always at the elbow. But this order was not used in noblemen's halls, nor in any order under the degree of knight or squire of great revenue. It was a world to see how the nobles preferred to gold and silver, which abounded, the new Venice glass, whence a great trade sprung up with Murano that made many rich. The poorest even would have glass, but home-made, — a foolish expense, for the glass soon went to bits, and the pieces turned to no profit. Harrison wanted the philosopher's stone to mix with this molten glass and toughen it.

There were multitudes of dependents fed at the great houses, and everywhere, according to means, a wide-open hospitality was maintained. Froude gives a notion of the style of living in earlier times by citing the details of a feast given when George Neville, brother of Warwick the king-maker, was made archbishop of York. There were present, including servants, thirty-five hundred persons. These are a few of the things used at the banquet: three hundred quarters of wheat, three hundred tuns of ale, one hundred and four tuns of wine, eighty oxen, three thousand

geese, two thousand pigs, four thousand conies, four thousand heronshaws, four thousand venison pasties cold and five hundred hot, four thousand cold tarts, four thousand cold custards, eight seals, four porpoises, and so on.

The merchants and gentlemen kept much the same tables as the nobles, especially at feasts, but when alone were content with a few dishes. They also desired the dearest food, and would have no meat from the butcher's but the most delicate, while their list of fruits, cakes, cates, and outlandish confections is as long as that at any modern banquet. Wine ran in excess. There were used fifty-six kinds of light wines, like the French, and thirty of the strong sorts, like the Italian and Eastern. The stronger the wine, the better it was liked. The strongest and best was in old times called *theologicum*, because it was had from the clergy and religious men, to whose houses the laity sent their bottles to be filled, sure that the religious would neither drink nor be served with the worst; for the merchant would have thought his soul should have gone straightway to the devil if he had sent them any but the best. The beer served at noblemen's tables was commonly a year old, and sometimes two, but this age was not usual. In households generally it was not under a month old, for beer was liked stale if it were not sour, while bread was desired as new as possible so that it was not hot.

The husbandman and artificer ate such meat as they could easiest come by and have most quickly ready; yet the banquets of the trades in London were not inferior to those of the nobility. The husbandmen, however, exceed in profusion, and it is incredible to tell what meat is consumed at bridals, purifications, and such like odd meetings; but each guest brought his own provision, so that the master of the house had only to provide bread, drink, house-room, and fire. These lower classes Harrison found very friendly at their tables, — merry without malice, plain without Italian or French subtlety, — so that it would do a man good to be in company among them; but if they happen to stumble upon a piece of venison or a cup of wine or very strong beer, they do not stick to compare themselves with the lord-mayor, — and there is no public man in any city of Europe that may compare with him in port and countenance during the term of his office.

Harrison commends the great silence used at the tables of the wiser sort, and generally throughout the realm, and likewise the moderate eating and drinking. But the poorer countrymen do babble somewhat at table, and mistake ribaldry and loquacity for wit and wisdom, and occasionally are cup-shotten; and what wonder, when they who have hard diet and small drink at home come to such opportunities at a banquet! The wealthier sort in the country entertain their visitors from afar, however long they stay, with as hearty a welcome the last day as the first; and the countrymen contrast this hospitality with that of their London cousins, who joyfully receive them the first day, tolerate them the second, weary of them the third, and wish 'em at the devil after four days.

The gentry usually ate wheat bread, of which there were four kinds; and the poor generally bread made of rye, barley, and even oats and acorns. Corn was getting so dear, owing to the forestallers and middle-men, that, says the historian, "if the world last a while after this rate, wheat and rye will be no grain for poor men to feed on; and some catterpillers [two-legged speculators] there are that can say so much already."

The great drink of the realm was of course beer (and it is to be noted that a great access of drunkenness came into England with the importation much later of Holland gin) made from barley, hops, and water, and upon the brewing of it Harrison dwells lovingly, and devotes many pages to a description of the process, especially as "once in a month practiced by my wife and her maid servants." They ground eight bushels of malt, added half a bushel of wheat meal, half a bushel of oat meal, poured in eighty gallons of water, then eighty gallons more,

and a third eighty gallons, and boiled with a couple of pounds of hops. This, with a few spices thrown in, made three hogsheads of good beer, meet for a poor man who had only forty pounds a year. This two hundred gallons of beer cost altogether twenty shillings; but although he says his wife brewed it "once in a month," whether it lasted a whole month the parson does not say. He was particular about the water used: the Thames is best, the marsh worst, and clear spring water next worst; "the fattest standing water is always the best." Cider and perry were made in some parts of England, and a delicate sort of drink in Wales, called metheglin; but there was a kind of "swish-swash" made in Essex from honey-combs and water, called mead, which differed from the metheglin as chalk from cheese.

In Shakespeare's day much less time was spent in eating and drinking than formerly, when, besides breakfast in the forenoon and dinners, there were "beverages" or "nuntion" after dinner, and supper before going to bed, — "a toie brought in by hardie Canutus," who was a gross feeder. Generally, there were, except for the young who could not fast till dinner time, only two meals daily, dinner and supper. Yet the Normans had brought in the habit of sitting long at the table, — a custom not yet altogether abated, since the great people, especially at banquets, sit till two or three o'clock in the afternoon; so that it is a hard matter to rise and go to evening prayers and return in time for supper.

Harrison does not make much account of the early meal called "breakfast;" but Froude says that in Elizabeth's time the common hour of rising, in the country, was four o'clock, summer and winter, and that breakfast was at five, after which the laborers went to work and the gentlemen to business. The Earl and Countess of Northumberland breakfasted together and alone at seven. The meal consisted of a quart of ale, a quart of wine, and a chine of beef; a loaf of bread is not mentioned, but we hope (says Froude) it may be presumed. The gentry dined at eleven and supped at five. The merchants took dinner at noon, and, in London, supped at six. The university scholars out of term ate dinner at ten. The husbandmen dined at high noon, and took supper at seven or eight. As for the poorer sort, it is needless to talk of their order of repast, for they dined and supped when they could. The English usually began meals with the grossest food, and ended with the most delicate, taking first the mild wines and ending with the hottest; but the prudent Scot did otherwise, making his entrance with the best, so that he might leave the worse to the menials.

I will close this portion of our sketch of English manners with an extract from the travels of Hentzner, who visited England in 1598, and saw the great queen go in state to chapel at Greenwich, and afterwards witnessed the laying of the table for her dinner. It was on Sunday. The queen was then in her sixty-fifth year, and "very majestic," as she walked in the splendid procession of barons, earls, and knights of the garter: "her face, oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to from their great use of sugar). She had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg table. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither small nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, and the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels." As she swept on in this magnificence, she spoke graciously first to one, then to another, and

always in the language of any foreigner she addressed; whoever spoke to her kneeled, and wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, everybody fell down on his knees. When she pulled off her glove to give her hand to be kissed, it was seen to be sparkling with rings and jewels. The ladies of the court, handsome and well shaped, followed, dressed for the most part in white; and on either side she was guarded by fifty gentlemen pensioners, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel, where she graciously received petitions, there was an acclaim of "LONG LIVE QUEEN ELIZABETH!" to which she answered, "I THANK YOU, MY GOOD PEOPLE." The music in the chapel was excellent, and the whole service was over in half an hour. This is Hentzner's description of the setting out of her table: —

"A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another who had a table-cloth, which after they had both kneeled three times, he spread upon the table; and after kneeling again they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and bread; and when they had kneeled as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they two retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times, in the most graceful manner approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the Yeomen of the Guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the Lady Taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat, of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who with particular solemnity lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the Queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the Ladies of the court."

The queen dined and supped alone, with very few attendants.

Charles Dudley Warner.

BUYING A HORSE.

If one has money enough, there seems no reason why one should not go and buy such a horse as he wants. This is the commonly accepted theory, on which the whole commerce in horses is founded, and on which my friend proceeded.

He was about removing from Charlesbridge, where he had lived many happy years without a horse, further into the country, where there were charming drives and inconvenient distances, and where a horse would be very desirable, if not quite necessary. But as a horse seemed at first an extravagant if not sinful desire, he began by talking vaguely round, and rather hinting than declaring that he thought somewhat of buying. The professor to whom he first intimated his purpose flung himself from his horse's back to the grassy border of the sidewalk where my friend stood, and said he would give him a few points.

"In the first place, don't buy a horse that shows much daylight under him, unless you buy a horse-doctor *with* him; get a short-legged horse; and he ought to be short and thick in the barrel," — or words to that effect. "Don't get a horse with a narrow forehead: there are horse-fools as well as the other kind, and you want a horse with room for brains. And look out that he 's *all right forward.*"

"What 's that?" asked my friend, hearing this phrase for the first time.

"That he is n't tender in his fore-feet, — that the hoof is n't contracted," said the professor, pointing out the well-planted foot of his own animal.

"What ought I to pay for a horse?" pursued my friend, struggling to fix the points given by the professor in a mind hitherto unused to points of the kind.

"Well, horses are cheap, now; and you ought to get a fair family horse — You want a family horse?"

"Yes."

"Something you can ride and drive both? Something your children can drive?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, you ought to get such a horse as that for a hundred and twenty-five dollars."

This was the figure my friend had thought of; he drew a breath of relief. "Where did you buy your horse?"

"Oh, I always get my horses" — the plural abashed my friend — "at the Chevaliers'. If you throw yourself on their mercy, they 'll treat you well. I 'll send you a note to them."

"Do!" cried my friend, as the professor sprang upon his horse, and galloped away.

My friend walked home encouraged; his purpose of buying a horse had not seemed so monstrous, at least to this hardened offender. He now began to announce it more boldly; he said right and left that he wished to buy a horse, but that he would not go above a hundred. This was not true, but he wished to act prudently, and to pay a hundred and twenty-five only in extremity. He carried the professor's note to the Chevaliers', who duly honored it, understood at once what my friend wanted, and said they would look out for him. They were sorry he had not happened in a little sooner, — they had just sold the very horse he wanted. I may as well say here that they were not able to find him a horse, but that they used him with the strictest honor, and that short of supplying his want they were perfect.

In the mean time the irregular dealers began to descend upon him, as well as amateurs to whom he had mentioned his wish for a horse, and his premises at certain hours of the morning presented the effect of a horse-fair, or say rather a museum of equine bricabrac. At first he blushed at the spectacle, but he soon became hardened to it, and liked the excitement of driving one horse after another round the block, and deciding upon him. To a horse, they had none of the qualities commended by the professor, but they had many others which the dealers praised. These persons were not discouraged when he refused to buy, but cheerfully returned the next day with others differently ruinous. They were men of a spirit more obliging than my friend has found in other walks. One of them, who paid him a prefatory visit in his library, in five minutes augmented from six to seven hundred and fifty pounds the weight of a pony-horse, which he wished to sell. ("What you want," said the Chevaliers, "is a pony-horse," and my friend, gratefully catching at the phrase, had gone about saying he wanted a pony-horse. After that, hulking brutes of from eleven to thirteen hundred pounds were every day brought to him as pony-horses.) The same dealer came another day with a mustang, in whom was no fault, and who had every appearance of speed, but who was only marking time, as it is called in military drill, I believe, when he seemed to be getting swiftly over the ground; he showed a sociable preference for the curb-stone in turning corners, and was condemned, to be replaced the next evening by a pony-horse that a child might ride or drive, and that especially would not shy. Upon experiment, he shied

half across the road, and the fact was reported to the dealer. He smiled compassionately. "What did he shy *at?*"

"A wheelbarrow."

"Well! I never see the hoss *yet* that *would n't* shy at a wheelbarrow."

My friend owned that a wheelbarrow was of an alarming presence, but he had his reserves respecting the self-control and intelligence of this pony-horse. The dealer amiably withdrew him, and said that he would bring next day a horse — if he could get the owner to part with a family pet — that *would* suit; but upon investigation it appeared that this treasure was what is called a calico-horse, and my friend, who was without the ambition to figure in the popular eye as a stray circus-rider, declined to see him.

These adventurous spirits were not squeamish. They thrust their hands into the lathery mouths of their brutes to show the state of their teeth, and wiped their fingers on their trousers or grass afterwards, without a tremor, though my friend could never forbear a shudder at the sight. If sometimes they came with a desirable animal, the price was far beyond his modest figure; but generally they seemed to think that he did not want a desirable animal. In most cases, the pony-horse pronounced sentence upon himself by some gross and ridiculous blemish; but sometimes my friend failed to hit upon any tenable excuse for refusing him. In such an event, he would say, with an air of easy and candid comradery, "Well, now, what 's the matter with him?" And then the dealer, passing his hand down one of the pony-horse's fore-legs, would respond, with an upward glance of searching inquiry at my friend, "Well, he 's a leetle mite tender for'a'd."

I am afraid my friend grew to have a cruel pleasure in forcing them to this exposure of the truth; but he excused himself upon the ground that they never expected him to be alarmed at this tenderness forward, and that their truth was not a tribute to virtue, but was contempt of his ignorance. Nevertheless, it was truth; and he felt that it must be his part thereafter to confute the common belief that there is no truth in horse-trades.

These people were not usually the owners of the horses they brought, but the emissaries or agents of the owners. Often they came merely to show a horse, and were not at all sure that his owner would part with him on any terms, as he was a favorite with the ladies of the family. An impenetrable mystery hung about the owner, through which he sometimes dimly loomed as a gentleman in failing health, who had to give up his daily drives, and had no use for the horse. There were cases in which the dealer came secretly, from pure zeal, to show a horse whose owner supposed him still in the stable, and who must be taken back before his absence was noticed. If my friend insisted upon knowing the owner and conferring with him, in any of these instances, it was darkly admitted that he was a gentleman in the livery business over in Somerville or down in the Lower Port. Truth, it seemed, might be absent or present in a horse-trade, but mystery was essential.

The dealers had a jargon of their own, in which my friend became an expert. They did not say that a horse weighed a thousand pounds, but ten hundred; he was not worth a hundred and twenty-five dollars, but one and a quarter; he was not going on seven years old, but was coming seven. There are curious facts, by the way, in regard to the age of horses which are not generally known. A horse is never of an even age: that is, he is not six, or eight, or ten, but five, or seven, or nine years old; he is sometimes, but not often, eleven; he is *never* thirteen; his favorite time of life is seven, and he rarely gets beyond it, if on sale. My friend found the number of horses brought into the world in 1871 quite beyond computation. He also found that most hard-working horses were sick or ailing, as most hard-working men and women are; that perfectly sound horses are as rare as perfectly sound human beings, and are apt, like the latter, to be vicious.

He began to have a quick eye for the

characteristics of horses, and could walk round a proffered animal and scan his points with the best. "What," he would ask, of a given beast, "makes him let his lower lip hang down in that imbecile manner?"

"Oh, he's got a parrot-mouth. Some folks like 'em." Here the dealer would pull open the creature's flabby lips, and discover a beak like that of a polyp; and the cleansing process on the grass or trousers would take place.

Of another, "What makes him trot in that spread-out, squatty way, behind?" he demanded, after the usual tour of the block.

"He travels wide. Horse men prefer that."

They preferred any ugliness or awkwardness in a horse to the opposite grace or charm, and all that my friend could urge, in meek withdrawal from negotiation, was that he was not of an educated taste. In the course of long talks, which frequently took the form of warnings, he became wise in the tricks practiced by all dealers except his interlocutor. One of these, a device for restoring youth to an animal nearing the dangerous limit of eleven, struck him as peculiarly ingenious. You pierce the forehead, and blow into it with a quill; this gives an agreeable fullness, and erects the drooping ears in a spirited and mettlesome manner, so that a horse coming eleven will look for a time as if he were coming five.

After a thorough course of the volunteer dealers, and after haunting the Chevaliers' stables for several weeks, my friend found that not money alone was needed to buy a horse. The affair began to wear a sinister aspect. He had an uneasy fear that in several cases he had refused the very horse he wanted with the *aplomb* he had acquired in dismissing undesirable beasts. The fact was he knew less about horses than when he began to buy, while he had indefinitely enlarged his idle knowledge of men, of their fatuity and hollowness. He learned that men whom he had always envied their brilliant omniscience in regard to horses, as they drove him out behind their dashing trotters, were quite ignorant and helpless in the art of buying; they always got somebody else to buy their horses for them. "Find a man you can trust," they said, "and then put yourself in his hands. And *never* trust anybody about the health of a horse. Take him to a veterinary surgeon, and have him go all over him."

My friend grew sardonic; then he grew melancholy and haggard. There was something very strange in the fact that a person unattainted of crime, and not morally disabled in any known way, could not take his money and buy such a horse as he wanted with it. His acquaintance began to recommend men to him. "If you want a horse, Captain Jenks is your man." "Why don't you go to Major Snaffle? He'd take a pleasure in it." But my friend, naturally reluctant to trouble others, and sickened by long failure, as well as maddened by the absurdity that if you wanted a horse you must first get a man, neglected this really good advice. He lost his interest in the business, and dismissed with lack-lustre indifference the horses which continued to be brought to his gate. He felt that his position before the community was becoming notorious and ridiculous. He slept badly; his long endeavor for a horse ended in nightmares.

One day he said to a gentleman whose turn-out he had long admired, "I wonder if you could n't find me a horse!"

"Want a horse?"

"Want a horse! I thought my need was known beyond the sun. I thought my want of a horse was branded on my forehead."

This gentleman laughed, and then he said, "I've just seen a mare that would suit you. I thought of buying her, but I want a match, and this mare is too small. She'll be round here in fifteen minutes, and I'll take you out with her. Can you wait?"

"Wait!" My friend laughed in his turn.

The mare dashed up before the fifteen minutes had passed. She was beautiful, black as a coal; and kind as a kitten, said her driver. My friend thought her

head was rather big. "Why, yes, she 's a *pony*-horse; that 's what I like about her."

She trotted off wonderfully, and my friend felt that the thing was now done.

The gentleman, who was driving, laid his head on one side, and listened. "Clicks, don't she?"

"She *does* click," said my friend obligingly.

"Hear it?" asked the gentleman.

"Well, if you ask me," said my friend, "I *don't* hear it. What *is* clicking?"

"Oh, striking the heel of her fore-foot with the toe of her hind-foot. Sometimes it comes from bad shoeing. Some people like it. I don't, myself." After a while he added, "If you can get this mare for a hundred and twenty-five, you 'd better buy her."

"Well, I will," said my friend. He would have bought her, in fact, if she had clicked like a noiseless sewing-machine. But the owner, remote as Medford, and invisibly dealing, as usual, through a third person, would not sell her for one and a quarter; he wanted one and a half. Besides, another Party was trying to get her; and now ensued a negotiation which for intricacy and mystery surpassed all the others. It was conducted in my friend's interest by one who had the difficult task of keeping the owner's imagination in check and his demands within bounds, for it soon appeared that he wanted even more than one and a half for her. Unseen and inaccessible, he grew every day more unmanageable. He entered into relations with the other Party, and it all ended in his sending her out one day after my friend had gone into the country, and requiring him to say at once that he would give one and a half. He was not at home, and he never saw the little mare again. This confirmed him in the belief that she was the very horse he ought to have had.

People had now begun to say to him, "Why don't you advertise? Advertise for a gentleman's pony-horse and phaeton and harness complete. You 'll have a perfect procession of them before night." This proved true. His advertisement, mystically worded after the fashion of those things, found abundant response. But the establishments which he would have taken he could not get at the figure he had set, and those which his money would buy he would not have. They came at all hours of the day; and he never returned home after an absence without meeting the reproach that *now* the very horse he wanted had just been driven away, and would not be brought back, as his owner lived in Billerica, and only happened to be down. A few equipages really appeared desirable, but in regard to these his jaded faculties refused to work: he could decide nothing; his volition was extinct; he let them come and go.

It was at this period that people who had at first been surprised that he wished to buy a horse came to believe that he had bought one, and were astonished to learn that he had not. He felt the pressure of public opinion.

He began to haunt the different sale-stables in town, and to look at horses with a view to buying at private sale. Every facility for testing them was offered him, but he could not make up his mind. In feeble wantonness he gave appointments which he knew he should not keep, and, passing his days in an agony of multitudinous indecision, he added to the lies in the world the hideous sum of his broken engagements. From time to time he forlornly appeared at the Chevaliers', and refreshed his corrupted nature by contact with their sterling integrity. Once he ventured into their establishment just before an auction began, and remained dazzled by the splendor of a spectacle which I fancy can be paralleled only by some dream of a mediæval tournament. The horses, brilliantly harnessed, accurately shod, and standing tall on burnished hooves, their necks curved by the check rein and their black and blonde manes flowing over the proud arch, lustrous and wrinkled like satin, were ranged in a glittering hemicycle. They affected my friend like the youth and beauty of his earliest evening parties; he experienced a sense of bashfulness, of

sickening personal demerit. He could not have had the audacity to bid on one of those superb creatures, if all the Chevaliers together had whispered him that here at last was the very horse.

I pass over an unprofitable interval in which he abandoned himself to despair, and really gave up the hope of being able ever to buy a horse. During this interval he removed from Charlesbridge to the country, and found himself, to his self-scorn and self-pity, actually reduced to hiring a livery horse by the day. But relief was at hand. The carpenter who had remained to finish up the new house after my friend had gone into it bethought himself of a firm in his place who brought on horses from the West, and had the practice of selling a horse on trial, and constantly replacing it with other horses till the purchaser was suited. This seemed an ideal arrangement, and the carpenter said that he *thought* they had the very horse my friend wanted.

The next day he drove him up, and upon the plan of successive exchanges till the perfect horse was reached my friend bought him for one and a quarter, the figure which he had kept in mind from the first. He bought a phaeton and harness from the same people, and when the whole equipage stood at his door he felt the long-delayed thrill of pride and satisfaction. The horse was of the Morgan breed, a bright bay, small and round and neat, with a little head tossed high, and a gentle yet alert movement. He was in the prime of youth, of the age of which every horse desires to be, and was just coming seven. My friend had already taken him to a horse-doctor, who for one dollar had gone all over him, and pronounced him sound as a fish, and complimented his new owner upon his acquisition. It all seemed too good to be true. As Billy turned his soft eye on the admiring family group, and suffered one of the children to smooth his nose while another held a lump of sugar to his dainty lips, his amiable behavior restored my friend to his peace of mind and his long-lost faith in a world of reason.

The ridiculous planet, wavering bat-like through space, on which it had been impossible for an innocent man to buy a suitable horse, was a dream of the past, and he had the solid, sensible old earth under his feet once more. He mounted into the phaeton and drove off with his wife; he returned and gave each of the children a drive in succession. He told them that any of them could drive Billy as much as they liked, and he quieted a clamor for exclusive ownership on the part of each by declaring that Billy belonged to the whole family. To this day he cannot look back to those moments without tenderness. If Billy had any apparent fault, it was an amiable indolence. But this made him all the safer for the children, and it did not really amount to laziness. While on sale he had been driven in a provision cart, and had therefore the habit of standing unhitched. One had merely to fling the reins into the bottom of the phaeton and leave Billy to his own custody. His other habit of drawing up at kitchen gates was not confirmed, and the fact that he stumbled on his way to the doctor who pronounced him blameless was reasonably attributed to a loose stone at the foot of the hill; the misstep resulted in a barked shin, but a little wheel-grease, in a horse of Billy's complexion, easily removed the evidence of this.

It was natural that after Billy was bought and paid for several extremely desirable horses should be offered to my friend by their owners, who came in person, stripped of all the adventitious mystery of agents and middle-men. They were gentlemen, and they spoke the English habitual with persons not corrupted by horses. My friend saw them come and go with grief; for he did not like to be shaken in his belief that Billy was the only horse in the world for him, and he would have liked to purchase their animals, if only to show his appreciation of honor and frankness and sane language. Yet he was consoled by the possession of Billy, whom he found increasingly excellent and trustworthy. Any of the family drove him about; he stood unhitched; he was not afraid of cars; he was as kind as a kitten; he had not, as the neighboring

coachman said, a voice, though he seemed a little loively in coming out of the stable sometimes. He went well under the saddle; he was a beauty, and if he had a voice it was too great satisfaction in his personal appearance.

One evening after tea, the young gentleman who was about to drive Billy out, stung by the reflection that he had not taken blackberries and cream twice, ran into the house to repair the omission, and left Billy, as usual, unhitched at the door. During his absence, Billy caught sight of his stable, and involuntarily moved towards it. Finding himself unchecked, he gently increased his pace; and when my friend, looking up from the melon-patch which he was admiring, called out, "Ho, Billy! Whoa, Billy!" and headed him off from the gap, Billy profited by the circumstance to turn into the pear orchard. The elastic turf under his unguided hoof seemed to exhilarate him; his pace became a trot, a canter, a gallop, a tornado; the reins fluttered like ribbons in the air; the phaeton flew ruining after. In a terrible cyclone the equipage swept round the neighbor's house, vanished, reappeared, swooped down his lawn, and vanished again. It was incredible.

My friend stood transfixed among his melons. He knew that his neighbor's children played under the porte-cochère on the other side of the house which Billy had just surrounded in his flight, and probably . . . My friend's first impulse was not to go and see, but to walk into his own house, and ignore the whole affair. But you cannot really ignore an affair of that kind. You must face it, and commonly it stares you out of countenance. Commonly, too, it knows how to choose its time so as to disgrace as well as crush its victim. His neighbor had people to tea, and long before my friend reached the house the host and his guests were all out on the lawn, having taken the precaution to bring their napkins with them.

"The children!" gasped my friend.

"Oh, they were all in bed," said the neighbor, and he began to laugh. That was right; my friend would have mocked at the calamity if it had been his neighbor's. "Let us go and look up your phaeton." He put his hand on the naked flank of a fine young elm, from which the bark had just been stripped. "Billy seems to have passed this way."

At the foot of a stone-wall four feet high lay the phaeton, with three wheels in the air, and the fourth crushed flat against the axle; the willow back was broken, the shafts were pulled out, and Billy was gone.

"Good thing there was nobody in it," said the neighbor.

"Good thing it did n't run down some Irish family, and get you in for damages," said a guest.

It appeared, then, that there were two good things about this disaster. My friend had not thought there were so many, but while he rejoiced in this fact, he rebelled at the notion that a sorrow like that rendered the sufferer in any event liable for damages, and he resolved that he never would have paid them. But probably he would.

Some half-grown boys got the phaeton right-side up, and restored its shafts and cushions, and it limped away with them towards the carriage-house. Presently another half-grown boy came riding Billy up the hill. Billy showed an inflated nostril and an excited eye, but physically he was unharmed, save for a slight scratch on what was described as the off hind-leg; the reader may choose which leg this was.

"The worst of it is," said the guest, "that you never can trust 'em after they 've run off once."

"Have some tea?" said the host to my friend.

"No, thank you," said my friend, in whose heart the worst of it rankled; and he walked home embittered by his guilty consciousness that Billy ought never to have been left untied. But it was not this self-reproach; it was not the mutilated phaeton; it was not the loss of Billy, who must now be sold; it was the wreck of settled hopes, the renewed suspense of faith, the repetition of the tragical farce of buying another horse, that most grieved my friend.

Billy's former owners made a feint of supplying other horses in his place, but the only horse supplied was an aged veteran with the scratches, who must have come seven early in our era, and who, from his habit of getting about on tip-toe, must have been tender for'a'd beyond anything of my friend's previous experience. Probably if he could have waited they might have replaced Billy in time, but their next installment from the West produced nothing suited to his wants but a horse with the presence and carriage of a pig, and he preferred to let them sell Billy for what he would bring, and to trust his fate elsewhere. Billy had fallen nearly one half in value, and he brought very little — to his owner; though the new purchaser was afterwards reported to value him at much more than what my friend had paid for him. These things are really mysteries; you cannot fathom them; it is idle to try. My friend remained grieving over his own folly and carelessness, with a fond hankering for the poor little horse he had lost, and the belief that he should never find such another. Yet he was not without a philanthropist's consolation. He had added to the stock of harmless pleasures in a degree of which he could not have dreamed. All his acquaintance knew that he had bought a horse, and they all seemed now to conspire in asking him how he got on with it. He was forced to confess the truth. On hearing it, his friends burst into shouts of laughter, and smote their persons, and stayed themselves against lamp-posts and house-walls. They begged his pardon, and then they began again, and shouted and roared anew. Since the gale which blew down the poet ——'s chimneys and put him to the expense of rebuilding them, no joke so generally satisfactory had been offered to the community. My friend had, in his time, achieved the reputation of a wit by going about and saying, "Did you know ——'s chimneys had blown down?" and he had now himself the pleasure of causing the like quality of wit in others.

Having abandoned the hope of getting anything out of the people who had sold him Billy, he was for a time the prey of an inert despair, in which he had not even spirit to repine at the disorder of a universe in which he could not find a horse. No horses were now offered to him, for it had become known throughout the trade that he had bought a horse. He had therefore to set about counteracting this impression with what feeble powers were left him. Of the facts of that period he remembers with confusion and remorse the trouble to which he put the owner of the pony-horse Pansy, whom he visited repeatedly in a neighboring town, at a loss of time and money to himself, and with no result but to embarrass Pansy's owner in his relations with people who had hired him and did not wish him sold. Something of the old baffling mystery hung over Pansy's whereabouts; he was with difficulty produced, and when *en evidence* he was not the Pansy my friend had expected. He paltered with his regrets; he covered his disappointment with what pretenses he could; and he waited till he could telegraph back his adverse decision. His conclusion was that, next to proposing marriage, there was no transaction of life that involved so many delicate and complex relations as buying a horse, and that the rupture of a horse-trade was little less embarrassing and distressing to all concerned than a broken engagement. There was a terrible intimacy in the affair; it was alarmingly personal. He went about sorrowing for the pain and disappointment he had inflicted on many amiable people of all degrees who had tried to supply him with a horse.

"Look here," said his neighbor, finding him in this low state, "why don't you get a horse of the gentleman who furnishes mine?" This had been suggested before, and my friend explained that he had disliked to make trouble. His scruples were lightly set aside, and he suffered himself to be entreated. The fact was he was so discouraged with his attempt to buy a horse that if any one had now given him such a horse as he wanted he would have taken it.

One sunny, breezy morning his neighbor drove my friend over to the beautiful farm of the good genius on whose kindly offices he had now fixed his languid hopes. I need not say what the landscape was in mid-August, or how, as they drew near the farm, the air was enriched with the breath of vast orchards of early apples, — apples that no forced fingers rude shatter from their stems, but that ripen and mellow untouched, till they drop into the straw with which the orchard aisles are bedded; it is the poetry of horticulture; it is Art practicing the wise and gracious patience of Nature, and offering to the Market a Summer Sweeting of the Hesperides.

The possessor of this luscious realm at once took my friend's case into consideration; he listened, the owner of a hundred horses, with gentle indulgence to the shapeless desires of a man whose wildest dream was *one* horse. At the end he said, "I see; you want a horse that can take care of himself."

"No," replied my friend, with the inspiration of despair. "I want a horse that can take care of me."

The good genius laughed, and turned the conversation. Neither he nor my friend's neighbor was a man of many words, and like taciturn people they talked in low tones. The three moved about the room and looked at the Hispano-Roman pictures; they had a glass of sherry; from time to time something was casually murmured about Frank. My friend felt that he was in good hands, and left the affair to them. It ended in a visit to the stable, where it appeared that this gentleman had no horse to sell among his hundred which exactly met my friend's want, but that he proposed to lend him Frank while a certain other animal was put in training for the difficult office he required of a horse. One of the men was sent for Frank, and in the mean time my friend was shown some gaunt and graceful thoroughbreds, and taught to see the difference between them and the plebeian horse. But Frank, though no thoroughbred, eclipsed these patricians when he came. He had a little head, and a neck gallantly arched; he was black and plump and smooth, and though he carried himself with a petted air, and was a dandy to the tips of his hooves, his knowing eye was kindly. He turned it upon my friend with the effect of understanding *his* case at a glance.

It was in this way that for the rest of the long, lovely summer peace was reestablished in his heart. There was no question of buying or selling Frank; there were associations that endeared him beyond money to his owner; but my friend could take him without price. The situation had its humiliation for a man who had been arrogantly trying to buy a horse, but he submitted with grateful meekness, and with what grace Heaven granted him; and Frank gayly entered upon the peculiar duties of his position. His first duty was to upset all preconceived notions of the advantage of youth in a horse. Frank was not merely not coming seven or nine, but his age was an even number, — he was sixteen; and it was his owner's theory, which Frank supported, that if a horse was well used he was a good horse till twenty-five.

The truth is that Frank looked like a young horse; he was a dandy without any of the ghastliness which attends the preservation of youth in old beaux of another species. When my friend drove him in the rehabilitated phaeton he felt that the turn-out was stylish, and he learned to consult certain eccentricities of Frank's in the satisfaction of his pride. One of these was a high reluctance to be passed on the road. Frank was as lazy a horse — but lazy in a self-respectful, æsthetic way — as ever was; yet if he heard a vehicle at no matter how great distance behind him (and he always heard it before his driver), he brightened with resolution and defiance, and struck out with speed that made competition difficult. If my friend found that the horse behind was likely to pass Frank, he made a merit of holding him in. If they met a team, he lay back in his phaeton, and affected not to care to be going faster than a walk, any way.

One of the things for which he chiefly

prized Frank was his skill in backing and turning. He is one of those men who become greatly perturbed when required to back and turn a vehicle; he cannot tell (till too late) whether he ought to pull the right rein in order to back to the left, or *vice versa;* he knows, indeed, the principle, but he becomes paralyzed in its application. Frank never was embarrassed, never confused. My friend had but to say, "Back, Frank!" and Frank knew from the nature of the ground how far to back and which way to turn. He has thus extricated my friend from positions in which it appeared to him that no earthly power could relieve him.

In going up hill Frank knew just when to give himself a rest, and at what moment to join the party in looking about and enjoying the prospect. He was also an adept in scratching off flies, and had a precision in reaching an insect anywhere in his van with one of his rear hooves which few of us attain in slapping mosquitoes. This action sometimes disquieted persons in the phaeton, but Frank knew perfectly well what he was about, and if harm had happened to the people under his charge my friend was sure that Frank could have done anything short of applying arnica and telegraphing to their friends. His varied knowledge of life and his long experience had satisfied him that there were very few things to be afraid of in this world. Such womanish weaknesses as shying and starting were far from him, and he regarded the boisterous behavior of locomotives with indifference. He had not, indeed, the virtue of one horse offered to my friend's purchase, of standing, unmoved, with his nose against a passing express train; but he was certainly not afraid of the cars.

Frank was by no means what Mr. Emerson calls a mush of concession; he was not merely amiable; he had his moments of self-assertion, his touches of asperity. It was not safe to pat his nose, like the erring Billy's; he was apt to bring his handsome teeth together in proximity to the caressing hand with a sharp click and a sarcastic grin. Not that he ever did, or ever would really bite. So, too, when left to stand long under fly-haunted cover, he would start off afterwards with alarming vehemence; and he objected to the saddle. On the only occasion when any of my friend's family mounted him, he trotted gayly over the grass towards the house, with the young gentleman on his back; then, without warning, he stopped short, a slight tremor appeared to pass over him, and his rider continued the excursion some ten feet further, alighting lumpwise on a bunch of soft turf which Frank had selected for his reception.

The summer passed, and in the comfort of Frank's possession my friend had almost abandoned the idea of ever returning him to his owner. He had thoughts of making the loan permanent, as something on the whole preferable to a purchase. The drives continued quite into December, over roads as smooth and hard as any in June, and the air was delicious. The first snow brought the suggestion of sleighing; but that cold weather about Christmas dispersed these gay thoughts, and restored my friend to virtue. Word came from the stable that Frank's legs were swelling from standing so long without going out, and my friend resolved to part with an animal for which he had no use. I do not praise him for this; it was no more than his duty; but I record his action in order to account for the fact that he is again without a horse, and now, with the opening of the fine weather, is beginning once more to think of buying one.

But he is in no mood of arrogant confidence. He has satisfied himself that neither love nor money is alone adequate to the acquisition: the fates also must favor it. The horse which Frank's owner has had in training may or may not be just the horse he wants. He does not know; he humbly waits; and he trembles at the alternative of horses, mystically summoned from space, and multitudinously advancing upon him, parrot-mouthed, pony-gaited, tender for'a'd, and traveling wide behind.

W. D. Howells.

RECENT AMERICAN NOVELS.

To return from Egdon Heath and the Hebrides to the familiar places pervaded by that still prolific species, the native American novel, is not enlivening, but to be ashamed of one's kinsfolk, and overlook them when one has been in the company of finer people is not manly. Let us therefore give our respectful and, if possible, affectionate attention to As it May Happen, The Virginians in Texas, The Bohemian, Tritons, Captain Nelson, and a few more which may be supposed fairly to exemplify "the beautiful all around us lying."

As it May Happen[1] first challenges attention by the claim, clearly put forth in large gilt letters upon the cover, to be a novel of American life and character. It is a novel of rather low life and generally worthless character; and it is to be hoped that this does not make it more distinctively American, though the author evidently thinks it does. He affects rapidity, brevity, and a business-like bluntness to such a degree that he omits altogether some of the most important links in his narrative. He has a propensity also for duplicating his characters, which makes his tale confusing: there are two misers in the book, for example, bearing the appropriate names of Nicholas Grundle and Seth Gagger, who both hoard their gains and abuse their families; and the hero has two mothers, whom it requires the closest attention to distinguish from each other. There is an abundance of disagreeable incident in the story, and no lack, from the outset, of action; but toward its close, surprises come tumbling down; the author breaks into a kind of war-dance, and there is something so broadly farcical in his distribution of princely fortunes and assignment of brown-stone fronts to the (comparatively) virtuous upon the last page that one wonders if, after all, he may not have written this book upon a wager as to how preposterous a farrago the public would accept in the way of domestic fiction. There are certain involuntary vulgarisms in the style, however, — like the incessant use of *transpire* for occur, — which forbid the supposition of deliberate mockery.

It is particularly hard to take a book of this sort seriously and consider it with patience. Yet, concluding it to have been written in good faith, we are resolved to dwell on it for a little, because, curiously bad as much of the present performance is, it is yet haunted by a strange kind of amorphous possibility of merit. In the first place, it has the indubitable advantage of a scene laid in the Middle States. The very quietude and indifference of that region, its neutrality amid the stress of effort and the storms of faction which have raged on either side of it for a hundred years, have allowed the deposit of a soil, the exhalation of a certain dreamy atmosphere, favorable, or at least possible, for romance. It is a mistake to suppose that the life which is most exciting to live will always be the most interesting to portray. Do not our more entertaining letters come frequently from the deadliest country places, our more hurried and vapid from the great centres affected by the great world? It would seem that a deep perspective, a striking composition, can hardly be achieved without the canceling and concealment of long spaces of actual *ennui*. Pennsylvania, the paradise of the lazy and the byword of the progressive, whose long-drawn name, even, is compounded of Quaker phlegm and rustic monotony and ends in a yawn, — Pennsylvania furnished scenery for all those intense and original studies of Mrs. Harding Davis which appear to have come prematurely to an end, and for the lamented Mr. Taylor's most powerful and symmetrical novel, the Story of Kennett; and, thanks

[1] *As it May Happen.* A Novel of American Life and Character. By TREBOR. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates. 1879.

to the fact that its antic action passes precisely there, even As it May Happen is thoroughly invested with an atmosphere and equipped with a landscape. It is also — what is yet more unusual — equipped with a plot, which the author is somewhat too impatient to unravel, but which is ingenious if not new; and there is real humor — a little overstrained, perhaps — in the sketch of the aspiring young bar-man at the Red Lion, who made the country lawyer his bright example, practiced his gestures in secret, and studied his florid phraseology by the help of a dictionary and book of synonyms, and then, when he had given a triumphant representation to that worthy himself, and surprised him, by virtue of the novel flattery, into the condescending offer of a place in his office, drew himself up and replied with dignity that he looked higher after his late success, and proposed to go into politics.

The rule that a career of wild adventure does not furnish the very best plot for a novel is cheerfully disregarded by our contributor, Mr. William M. Baker, who is a kind of self-constituted prophet of pioneer life, and who gives us in The Virginians in Texas[1] an animated chronicle of frontier experience, with a running accompaniment of rattlesnakes, Indians, and prairie-fires. The same vigor of description, rude effectiveness of characterization, bluff superiority to all finical refinements of speech (Chapter II. is entitled Getting a little Fixed), and occasional spasms of evangelical piety which characterize Mr. Baker's other books are to be found in The Virginians in Texas, along with much valuable information about the resources of that unwieldy State, accursed of army officers forevermore.

The Bohemian[2] recalls us to what is presumed to be civilization. It is a tiny book, with a jaunty air, despite the fierce tragic mask upon the cover, and its hundred odd pages are rather cleverly and pointedly written; but the atmosphere we are forced to breathe, as we slip hurriedly through them, is so nauseous and exhausted of vitality that we are ready to cry out for Mr. Baker's grammar and a ranch in Texas. This is the plot: A handsome young Southerner, of good but impoverished family, is serving as clerk in a large dry-goods shop in New York. He is elected to a literary club, — the Expressionists, — where he lends his ideas to the president or master, a vulgar fraud, self-styled a poet, whom he innocently admires, and his money to a prowling broker who is there to fleece the unwary. Both the president and the broker are rejected suitors of a certain notorious belle of ten seasons, who has long ago declared herself independent of the proprieties, and who, roving abroad as a lady-errant in search of adventures, discovers the hero behind his desk, likes his looks, lays her toils for him, and soon brings him to the point of accepting, with dazed delight, her playful offer of marriage. He loves his liege lady truly and blindly, and is a very happy fellow until one day when he finds her in the grounds of her own villa lending an ear to the cynical blandishments of one of the rejected suitors aforesaid; whereupon he hastily goes mad, and flings himself in front of a railroad train. This is the tragedy of modern life. "So he died, and she very imprudently married the broker." The classic tale from which we quote is better worth an effort of memory, for it has more merit and much more logic than The Bohemian. There is a sinister and equivocal air about some portions of the latter, as though it were but a thin disguise of actual events, an insolence in its curtness, as though the author were too careless of the general reader to waste any unnecessary work on him, which reduce that reader's self-respect so rapidly that he has hardly spirit enough left at the end to speak out all his indignation against author and publisher for conniving to put to so base a use a few clear grains of satiric and dramatic talent.

[1] *The Virginians in Texas.* A Story for Old Young Folks and Young Old Folks. By WILLIAM M. BAKER. New York: Harper's Library of American Fiction. 1879.

[2] *The Bohemian.* A Tragedy of Modern Life. By CHARLES DE KAY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879

A much more wholesome and good-humored tale of New York life than The Bohemian is Mr. Bynner's Tritons.[1] We would have liked to find it an advance, as well, upon Nimport, the author's maiden effort of last year, but how very seldom is such a hope thoroughly gratified! Both stories are above the average, and impress one as being the facile work of a clever and agreeable man. There is real humor in each, especially in the too rare appearances of the gentleman in Tritons with a mania for china and interior decoration. "Our drawing-room," he remarks casually at breakfast, "is commonplace and inartistic. My design is to have the floor laid in *marqueterie* of different varieties of Irish oak; to have the walls covered with Japanese stamped leather, with a dado of ebonized cherry carved in cameo, after a mediæval design of hunting scenes and insignia for which I have drawings. The ceiling I shall have painted in panels and cross-hatched with ebonized moldings, while for the frieze I am going to have a fac-simile cast of the Parthenon frieze actually set in the wall. What do you think of that, my dear?"

"I think it will be a jumble of an Anglo-Saxon castle, a Japanese palace, and a Grecian temple, all shaken up and poured into a Yankee parlor; and it will be frightful; but then you know I have no *intuitive perception*."

It is the legitimate function of Mr. Bynner's raillery to touch off the follies of respectable society. When he essays to irradiate with a glare of unnatural cheerfulness the lodgings of a crippled fireman, and to reduce to a series of jingling rhymes the "short and simple annals of the poor," he fails, as did even his master in fiction. How can so clever and discerning a person help seeing that the fame which Dickens got by the sentimentalization of squalor and want and other of life's hardest conditions was the most fleeting and meretricious part of his great reputation! What a distance from this false note to the dignity of Dante, *driven from shore to shore, whichever way the dry wind of poverty blew!*

It must be noted, also, that the freak of maternal *finesse* on which the plot of Tritons is made to hang is really too flimsy for even so slight a weight. It is as childish as the screen business usually is upon the stage. And the *dramatis personæ*, excepting always the china-maniac and perhaps the heroine, are names rather than characters. Nevertheless, this novel is morally sound and mentally lively.

Madame Gréville has the same order of mental gifts plus an essentially French lightness and precision; and then *she has well studied and fully mastered her art.* We are reminded to say of the amusing last novel of this delightful lady, Philomène's Marriages,[2] that it has been translated not into English, but into that quaint compromise between two tongues, first invented, we believe, by Thackeray for the correspondence between Colonel Newcome and Madame de Florac, — "Behold me of return, my friend," etc. There is something to be said for such a dialect, perhaps, on the ground of international deference. Otherwise, it would seem to argue an excessive and, so to speak, morbid acquaintance with French, and a corresponding haziness about the mother-tongue, to employ idioms like the following: "reparations in an apartment;" "the captain's *souvenir* returned of itself in presence of the basket, and his widow accorded him an honorable mention in her memory;" "the hostess *unfrowned;*" "a small house *preceded by* a little pasture;" "*since* a long while;" and "*to* one of these days," by way of a farewell.

To pass from The Bohemian by way of Tritons to Cousin Polly's Gold Mine[3] is equivalent to going from opera bouffe on Friday night to Barnum's moral show on Saturday afternoon, and thence

[1] *Tritons.* A Novel. By Edwin Lasseter Bynner. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. 1878.

[2] *Philomène's Marriages.* Translated from the French of Madame Henri Gréville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1879.

[3] *Cousin Polly's Gold Mine.* A Novel. By Mrs. A. E. Porter. New York: Harper's Library of American Fiction. 1879.

to the Sunday service in an Orthodox church in rural New England, — not, perhaps, a quite untraveled way. Allow this yellow-covered *brochure* its right to preach you a sermon, and you will find that the sermon has its share of pathos and power. And if monotony of experience and fixity of condition do indeed make a good ground tint for a novel, then the sea-looking downs and pasture-lands of Essex County ought to compare favorably with the Pennsylvania grain-fields and coal-pits in their scenic possibilities. They have certainly their own peculiar fitness to be the theatre of certain stern and dreary developments of human destiny. Whether it be that a curse was entailed upon them by the grisly spiritual tragedy they witnessed nigh two hundred years ago, or that the conditions of that tragedy were permanent and are even now exhaled continually by the cold, salt surges and the poor, difficult, storm-beset soil, it is certain that one who would fathom and interpret the indigenous life of that country from age to age must have entered, and that deeply, into the mood of men and women who "scorn delights" without well knowing what they mean, and "live laborious days" in no fresh ecstasy of self-devotion, but with automatic patience and an enforced and often surly resignation.

The author of Cousin Polly seems to understand this, and to have studied her depressing subject faithfully, with the result of giving us a half dozen or more strictly characteristic types, clearly conceived and passably well developed. Of these Cousin Polly herself is the most picturesque and peculiar. Who has not at some time seen her mocking a summer's day? She is the companion of the *crotalus*, and clear consequent of the witches' Sabbath. Her foot is always on her native huckleberry heath; her attire is "withered and wild" as that of her first cousins of Fife, bleached into a "protective resemblance" to the pale rocks and thin grasses amid which she moves; her speech is an infrequent elementary croak; her sole passion, a greed for money, which she gathers, dime by dime, and hides in the vault of the village savings-bank, oblivious of even the least and lowest of its direct uses. The Polly of the book sold her berries and deposited her grim gains in the good old town of Newburyport, and the fulfillment of her one sordid dream — that of finding a mine on her own land — is matter of contemporary history. Equally truthful is the sketch of the two fine farmer's boys, one of whom has to be sacrificed — so narrow are their circumstances — that the other may have a career, and it is quite natural that the voluntary victim should have had a little the nobler nature of the two. The brothers loved the same sweet girl, Alice Leigh, and the more favored won her; but the fortune which she brought her husband melted away, as so many of those marine-made fortunes in our seaboard cities have done. Their orphaned children became the wards of their patient and large-hearted uncle; and there is admirable poetic justice and a really artistic convergence of different lines of destiny in the end, where poor, miserly Polly finds death in her fulfilled desires by falling into the pit excavated by the first miners on her old farm, and the wealth which she had clutched so blindly comes by natural inheritance to Alice's children and their adoptive father, and comes just in time to lift from the brave shoulders of the true hero of the tale the burden which must soon have crushed them.

It must be confessed, however, that this plot looks better in outline than with the author's filling. There is absolutely no action in the book, and the conversations, especially of the more refined characters, are as priggish and impossible as the situations are simple and veracious. It was perhaps the chilly spell of the locality which weighted the writer's pen and rendered an essentially touching conception in effect so flat and pale. Why should the one Essex County woman of exotic genius who might have informed such a plot with fire and sweetness and the fullest and warmest poetry, — why need Mrs. Prescott Spofford have fatigued herself over costly

trifles, and then stopped writing fiction while her powers were yet unripe and she was evidently so far from having produced her best? Looking back fifteen years, and shocked to find it so many, to the date of In a Cellar, we are ready to echo from our hearts Mr. Ruskin's rueful exclamation, "I do not wonder at what men suffer, but I do wonder at what they lose!"

It is almost the same length of time since any serious effort has been made to reproduce in story the rather impracticable life of colonial New England. A reverent unwillingness to tread too close upon the footsteps of a great master and invade a region which we all feel to be somehow sacred to Hawthorne may account, and not ignobly, for this reserve. But Samuel Adams Drake is in season with his Captain Nelson,[1] and the interesting local researches in which he has been so long and enthusiastically engaged are a sufficient guaranty at the outset for the perfection of his *mise en scène*. Accordingly, we have in the first chapter of this romance of colonial days a rapid but complete and exceedingly graphic picture of Boston in 1689, when Sir Edmund Andros, as the viceroy of James II., held the consolidated governorship of a half dozen colonies, and administered injustice at the old town-house on King Street, hard by the site of the present city hall. In Chapter II. we are still in the sombre overture to the drama, being invited to be present at a February funeral in King's Chapel burying-ground, where the morose and yet wide-awake Puritan mourners mob the rector of the chapel, Master Ratcliffe, for attempting to read the Church of England service over their deceased brother, and come within one of burying him alive in the convenient retreat of the corpse. At this juncture the hero leaps effectively upon the scene, rescues the dishonored ecclesiastic, mediates between the enraged parties with prompt address, succeeds in dispersing the rabble before the military have time to come up and make heroes of them, and averts the most unfortunate consequences by his admirable tact and pluck.

Formal history has little to say of this Captain John Nelson, save that he was a well-connected gentleman, young, brave, and, as it would seem, singularly independent in character; for, though himself an Episcopalian and an aristocrat, he sympathized with the harried and exasperated dissenters, and served with unflinching loyalty the most advanced party in the intractable little State. We meet him next two months later in the same year, in that third week in April which has always been so fateful in our history. While the members of Sir Edmund Andros's council were being seized and carried into custody, and a stentorian patriot was reading aloud from the rickety little balcony of the town hall the famous "Declaration of the *Gentlemen, Merchants, and Inhabitants* of Boston and the adjacent country," supposed to be the "very quick and sudden composure" of the irrepressible Mr. Cotton Mather, Nelson was leading, with admirable generalship, the attack of the armed insurrectionists upon the forts in the harbor. How successful the whole movement was, and how greatly the insurgents were favored of fortune in the simultaneous but of course unknown triumph of the Prince of Orange in England, are matters of general history; and it is equally certain that the real Nelson, despite his gallant services upon the critical day, was coldly regarded by his more fanatical and interested associates, and wholly omitted in the distribution of honors when the government was re-arranged. It is fortunate for the reader, however, that Mr. Drake is not let from making his hero the leader of an unlucky expedition against Port Royal, and thus removing him from the iron constraints of the Massachusetts colony to those provinces which, thanks to the genius of Mr. Parkman, we now know to have been the true fairy-land of our continent. From the time when Nelson meets and fights, off the coast of Maine, the mythical Castine and his Abenaquis, the story becomes highly dramatic, moves with un-

[1] *Captain Nelson.* A Romance of Colonial Days. By Samuel Adams Drake. Harper's Library of American Fiction: New York. 1879.

flagging spirit, is full of unexpected turns and a genuine romantic fascination. The hero proves himself a hero of the first water, chivalrous, incorruptible, adroit, indomitable; all the more credit to Mr. Drake, if he be chiefly his invention. Certain antique affectations in speech, like "certes," "peace, knave," and "hark ye, master," which the novelist had put on at the outset of his story, and worn for a while consciously and uncomfortably, as one might wear a ruffled shirt and knee-breeches, drop off at this animated stage of the performance, and the diction becomes natural and nervous to a remarkable degree. The picture of the able and crafty Comte de Frontenac, the governor and, as he was then styled, the saviour of French Canada, is very strong and life-like, and the smooth and skillful word-duels between him and his prisoner Nelson, whom he likes for his good manners and daring soldiership, and tries in a thousand ways to corrupt, furnish unusually gratifying reading. Here is a fragment from their first encounter: —

"'Having scanned the young man closely for a few seconds, the governor took up a paper, glanced rapidly at its contents, and, turning to the Franciscan at his side, demanded if this was the person named in the dispatch which he held in his hand.

"'Yes, your excellency,' replied the ecclesiastic, with an inclination.

"'And whom M. de Villebon tells us is a most inveterate enemy of Canada?'

"'The same, your excellency.'

"Nelson took a step toward the table, and said in good French, 'I ought to notify your excellency that I understand the language you are speaking perfectly well.'

"'H'm,' muttered Frontenac, 'he is at least a man of honor.' Then, elevating his voice, 'So much the better; we may then talk at our ease. This paper describes you as John Nelson, of Boston.'

"Nelson acknowledged his identity by a bow.

"'You have been in Quebec before?'

"'Yes, your excellency.'

"'More than once?'

"'Twice, M. le Comte.'

"'With what object?'

"'Once to negotiate the release of some captives; once for my own proper account.'

"'Without doubt you have acquaintances in the city.'

"'Perhaps; I cannot say yes or no.'

"'Why did the governor of Boston send you to Arcadia?'

"'Because of my knowledge of the country.'

"'Speak to the question. What end was that knowledge to subserve?'

"'The interests of those who sent me.'

"'What interests?'

"'Your excellency will excuse my answering.'

"'Eh! You will not answer?'

"'No.'

"'How if I have the means to compel you to speak?'

"Nelson's lip curled. 'You have not the means,' he answered quietly.

"'Nous verrons. Your occupation?' demanded the count, continuing his interrogation.

"'I am a merchant.'

"'A merchant who leads a revolution,' pursued Frontenac, with a touch of irony. 'We have heard of you, sir.'

"Not knowing what to reply the young man contented himself with guarding a prudent silence. The count continued with considerable vivacity: 'A most disloyal, a most unrighteous act, sir, to dethrone your legitimate sovereign! But you *Bostonnais* are of the old parliamentary leaven, and account the divine right of princes a thing of little value. *Ma foi!* it must be confessed your Cromwell knew that royal heads should never be touched except with the axe, while this William of Nassau' — here Frontenac elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders expressively — 'comes like a thief in the night and robs his father-in-law of his crown.'

"'I beg your excellency's pardon,' rejoined Nelson, 'King William did not

steal the crown; he received it from the nobles and commons of England.'

"'A nice distinction, truly! Is not the receiver as bad as the thief?'

"'By your excellency's leave,' said Nelson, nettled, 'Englishmen hold it neither theft nor sacrilege; and when a great nation resolves to defend the title it has given' —

"'Yes, yes,' interrupted the governor, 'the multitude of offenders is their safeguard. But how should noble and chivalric sentiments be expected where there is no *noblesse* to maintain the sound principles of the throne? Faugh! one might as well look for attar of roses in a dunghill!'

"'Monsieur le Comte,' retorted Nelson, pointing to the woman's scalp, 'that is a school of chivalry in which Englishmen do not wish to learn.'"

Nelson's loyalty to his ungrateful compatriots continues proof against all sorts of attacks, both insidious and direct. He manages to send warning to the New England coast of an attack so well concerted as to have threatened the very life of the colonies at a single blow, and makes manful and simple preparation to die a felon's death when his agency is discovered. His valor is yet more severely tested by transportation and the long imprisonment in a French fortress which is substituted at the very last for the death penalty; but even this he gallantly supports, and we leave him unwillingly at the end, with chastened yet unbroken spirit, free and ready to begin a new life in England in his middle age, — one of the most virile, consistent, and honorable characters in all recent fiction.

We have conscientiously refrained from saying anything of Captain Nelson's love-story, which is a likely and touching one enough, but not quite as warmly told, we think, as the tale of his adventures, and which has the merit or demerit, as the reader may decide, of ending exactly as was *not* expected.

The name of Robert Lowell is one which ought always to bespeak respectful attention, if only on account of the conscientious excellence and permanent value of his first work, The New Priest in Conception Bay. In the Stories from an Old Dutch Town[1] we have explored, and possibly not exhausted, by a practiced writer the resources of one of those obscure nooks where a sort of eddy in the headlong course of American living has allowed deep quiet to continue for more than one of the units of earthly time. The old Dutch town is Westervliet on the Hudson, and Westervliet is presumably Schenectady, where the persistence of the Knickerbocker element may perhaps account for Daisy Miller's breeding. A good many quaintnesses of custom and idiom are chronicled in this little book, and the principal sketch, Mr. Schermerhorn's Marriage and Widowhood, has entirely the air of an old family history, and is both novel in the type of character which it portrays and extremely touching. One feels, however, that Mr. Lowell knows a good story better than he can tell it, and his pet vices of narration, his allusive and enigmatical manner, and the various ways he has of pausing, recurring, digressing, correcting, and generally involving his tale, are such as usually beset a *viva voce* historian rather than a writer.

The author of Signing the Contract,[2] Miss (or Mrs.?) Finley, takes us a turn about the wide West, and gives us a turn by the unnecessary ghastliness of some of her incidents. Yet her novel is fairly well written and constructed, — the moral unexceptionable, the incidents possible. It is, as one may say, "poor but honest;" praiseworthy in performance, deplorable in material. In the South and by the Atlantic and by the Pacific, in the Middle States and along the Hudson and in Canada, a few seeds of romance, by more or less anxious cultivation, have been made to germinate, but upon the prairies, we believe, thus far, not one. Singing birds have been "let loose" from time to time under those unfeatured skies, and have "hastened fondly" and swiftly to their trans-

[1] *Stories from an Old Dutch Town.* By ROBERT LOWELL. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

[2] *Signing the Contract and What it Cost.* By MARTHA FINLEY. New York: Dodd and Mead. 1879.

Atlantic home, saving thus, by desperate flight, the life of their dreams and fancies. Great is the granary of the continent, and Colonel Sellers is its prophet, but its pre-poetic and histrionic æons are not yet done. We say this well remembering Roxy and the Hoosier Schoolmaster, and we dare say the same of Russia, though confronted by Tolstoy and the titanic Tourgénieff.

In the International Episode[1] Mr. Henry James, Jr., has given us some of his daintiest workmanship. His style is more than ever, in this elegant trifle, like a transparent vase, which lets perfectly be seen the swift, but seemingly aimless dartings of his brilliant mockery through the limpid medium of an intelligence absolutely uncolored by preference or sympathy. The light satire of the present sketch is softly announced in its polysyllabic title. Mr. James is still, as in The American, The Europeans, and Daisy Miller, playing with the contrasts between New World and Old World types of character and codes of conduct; accumulating delightfully clever studies, and assorting or rearranging them in new combinations. It is the turn of his countrymen to be specially pleased with his last performance, because in it he has drawn, with his customary precision, the very best kind of American girl, — gentle, proud, high-minded, beautifully brought up, and fair to see, as a matter of course, — who cannot for her life love a British peer because he is a peer, though most amiably disposed toward himself, and keenly susceptible with regard to the picturesque accessories and historic dignity of his position. The comedy has two acts, the first of which takes place in New York and Newport, where the Marquis of Lambeth and his cousin, Mr. Percy Beaumont, arrive in August, "the season for watermelons and Englishmen," and are received and entertained with a lavish hospitality which is also uncalculating, although the noble visitors cannot believe it so. How admirable is the first conversation recorded of these two after their arrival in New York!

"The young men had exchanged few observations, but in crossing Union Square in front of the Monument to Washington — in the very shadow, indeed, projected by the image of the *pater patriæ* — one of them remarked to the other, 'It seems a rum-looking place.'

"'Ah, very odd, very odd,' said the other, who was the clever man of the two.

"'Pity it 's so beastly hot,' resumed the first speaker, after a pause.

"'You know we 're in a low latitude,' said his friend.

"'I dare say,' remarked the other.

"'I wonder,' said the second speaker, presently, 'if they can give one a bath?'

"'I dare say not,' rejoined the other.

"'Oh, I say!' cried his comrade."

Later, Mr. James appends to another dialogue, of the same sparkling order, the following ingenious commentary:—

"The young Englishmen tried American cigars, — those of Mr. Westgate (their host), — and talked together as they usually talked, with many odd silences, lapses of logic, and incongruities of transition; like people who have grown old together, and learned to supply each other's missing phrases; or, more especially, like people thoroughly conscious of a common point of view, so that a style of conversation superficially lacking in finish might suffice for reference to a fund of associations in the light of which everything was all right."

Some such bland apology seems equally requisite for the style of conversation of the ladies at Newport, with whom the Englishmen are presently domesticated. The lamentations of Mrs. Westgate over the fact that "we have no leisure class in America" cover more pages with their vapid prolixity than any but the most reckless realist would have dared assign to them; and even Bessie Alden, destined to come out so nobly in England, does not so much more than vindicate her Boston training by making the inquiry of Lord Lambeth, "Are you a hereditary legislator?" To which he replies, naturally and appropriately, "Oh,

[1] *An International Episode.* Half Hour Series. By Henry James, Jr. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

I say! — don't make me call myself such names as that."

At the end of the first act of the International Episode, we confess to having thought, with Mr. James's premature admirers in England, that he meant his two countrywomen for delightful fools, but the event has proved that we did not know them nor their author. When the curtain rises upon them in England, they have undergone the most striking transformation: Mrs. Westgate has dropped her twaddle, and is full of spirit, *finesse*, epigram; Miss Bessie has developed into a model of maidenly dignity, capable of leading the story to the *dénoûment* foreshadowed above. And we heartily forgive our author this lack of artistic continuity in his female characters for the sake of the refined practical joke which he is thereby enabled to play upon his English readers.

In the pause between the two parts of the drama, when it seemed even to ourselves as if the balance of the laugh were to be against America, plaudits loud and long resounded the other side the water. We read in the Saturday Review of "a careful, clear, and subtle sketch of the American woman as she lives and flirts in the works of Mr. Henry James;" in the Academy of "a piece of work so capable and original, so vigorous and to a certain point so telling, as to be worthy of equal praise and study," etc. But when the tables were turned, — and turned with what noiseless rapidity and smiling grace! — there was one moment of vacant bewilderment, and then a burst of something very different from applause. The Cornhill Magazine pronounces the episode "thin, flimsy, and unsatisfactory," graciously adding that it would not withdraw its praise of the first part (how could it, by the way?), but that the conclusion is not equal to the prelude. The Academy protests, as it were with tears of wrath, that young English lords do *not* say "filth" and "beastly" to ladies. The British grandmother is ever slow to perceive herself smiled at, but by the time she had adjusted her reading-glass and slowly perused the account of the Duchess of Bayswater's call on the American adventurers, and the reflections and comments of the latter ("She won't even know how well I am dressed," was Mrs. Westgate's rueful observation), that abominable supposition had taken shape in her august mind. The British lion does not lightly own himself pervious to a thorn, but even so tiny and polished a one as Mr. James has insinuated into his paw is enough to make him shake that member in a terrible manner, and lift up howlings audible throughout two continents, — howlings however, which when heard at a certain distance are harmless and even entertaining.

IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

X.

Dr. Macklin continued surly over Irene's expedition to the housetop, and was indeed about to set off glumly for his own lodgings, when the chance of a mountain war was mentioned.

"I shall go to Hasbeya myself," he broke out. "I shall take a musket and fight for our people."

Then, as his nature was very bellicose, and as the elder men really feared lest he might so do, there ensued an argument on the impropriety of such a method of conducting missionary operations. In the midst of it DeVries returned from a properly brief sojourn aloft, merely stepping into the parlor, however, long enough to say good evening, and then departing in a quiet, graceful fash-

ion, which somehow confirmed Macklin's evil impressions of him.

"I don't like such smooth-spoken people," he declared, bluntly. "A man as young as that, who has that kind of oily self-possession, always makes me think of a gambler. As far as my observation extends, polish and corruption go together. Look at the Italians and Levantines! They are a set of sweet-spoken reprobates."

"I saw Adolphe Monod, the great Huguenot preacher and saint, when I was in Paris," said Kirkwood. "He had the manners of a — well, I should say a perfect lady. We have no such gentlemen."

"Mr. DeVries is very nice, doctor," added Miss Grant, warmly. "He seems to be as good as he is pleasant."

"Oh, I suppose you must believe in him, or you would n't walk with him," answered Macklin, not at all aware that he was hard upon the young lady.

Irene, who was not accustomed to combat, colored, and dropped into an embarrassed silence. Mr. Kirkwood turned the conversation by asking about the doctor's patients in Abeih. Next there was some further talk on the prospect of war in the mountain. But the mind of Macklin, who was really a most tender-hearted creature, was all this time dwelling on Irene, and on the pain which he at last perceived that he had given her.

"Miss Grant," he said, "would you like to take a ride with me to-morrow to Ras el Beirut?"

"Oh, thank you, doctor," answered the surprised Irene. "But not to-morrow. We have got to move into our own house, and I must help Mrs. Payson."

So sensitive was the doctor that he looked disconcerted over this refusal, proper and even unavoidable as it obviously was. While he was meditating whether he should extend his invitation to some other day, Mrs. Payson entered, and began to talk about the new residence.

"I have been there with Saada and Rufka," she said. "The rooms are all ready, I suppose, though they don't look furnished. It 's a nice little stone house, with a great arched alcove in the front which looks very pretty, though I really should like to take it in and make a room of it. Our one guest chamber seems dreadfully small for a rich young gentleman like Mr. DeVries."

Here was pretty news for the suspicious and, one may already say, jealous doctor. He cast a glance of indignant amazement at the unconscious Payson, and was so stirred up concerning Irene that he could not trust himself to look at her. The headlong, fervent man felt quite sure that "that young dandy" was no fit inmate for a mission circle, and no fit companion for the lovely but over-confiding girl who had come to brighten missionary existence. After sitting for five minutes in surly or sorrowful silence, he started up with the air of a person who needs to brood undisturbed, and went off to his lonely little box in the gardens.

In order to understand his aversion to wealthy and delicately mannered people, it must be made known that he was the child of profound poverty, and that he had won his subsistence and education only through hard labor and bread-and-water frugality. He was not of that temperament which asks favors, or wins them without the asking. No solid man or lady of means had ever been moved to found a scholarship for him, or to lend him a dollar. In college and in the medical school rich students had unconsciously ignored him, as one who could not share in their amusements, and who probably disapproved them. His comprehension of it was that these children of luxury held him in contempt because of his empty purse and threadbare clothing. Of course he studied them, and that with no kindly eye. He noted the vices to which they were tempted, and passionately inferred that all gilded lives are alike, although he knew to the contrary. It was a case of a naturally sweet heart embittered by undeserved severity of fortune, and no doubt also by a pretty strong dose of pride. There has seldom been a more sensitive man,

or one who oftener wounded the feelings of others, or who more fervently repented of such wounding.

In the morning, all good humor and zeal to oblige, he appeared at the Mission House, and worked like a tiger to get the Paysons into their home. He brought his own horse for Miss Grant's use, and put the Kirkwood side-saddle on to it with his own hands, alleging loudly that Arab servants knew nothing about side-saddles. Then, in his fear lest she should catch a fall, he walked by her side through the deep sand and strong sunshine, though the heavy sweat of ague was rolling from his forehead. She saw that he was ill, and begged him not to weary himself on her account; but he would persist in offering her his toils and sufferings; he was, as it were, doing penance.

It was curious to note how unconscious he was that his appearance did not favor him. His skin had been burnt scarlet by his ride from Abeih, and little flakes of scorched epidermis were peeling from his nose, and the whole face was streaked with dust and moisture. But he kept close by Irene, and lifted up his inflamed countenance to her without disguise, and looked quite happy through all his distress and disfigurement.

It is very seldom that a woman is not touched and favorably impressed by suffering devotion. Irene thought that he was very ugly, at least for the moment, and for the moment very attractive. She was almost glad when he broke down with a chill at the Payson house, so that she could help roll him up in blankets on a sofa, and furthermore show gratitude in the way of capsicum tea.

"It does n't matter about me," he said, shaking the while like an aspen leaf. "I hate to have you give yourself the slightest trouble on my account. It will pass off in a couple of hours. Do your own work, and let me quake it out."

"But why do you run such risks? How could you tire yourself so, and then take that hot walk?"

He came near confessing that he had done it all to make amends for his rudeness of the previous evening, but was checked by a vague feeling that that would be setting up a claim for especial consideration and tenderness.

"It is my reckless way," he chattered out. "I have broken my health by unnecessary exposure. I never think. You must be warned by me. This climate is a Delilah. Promise me that you will be careful of our Syrian nights and noontides."

"I will promise, if you will."

Then, seeing that it wearied him to talk, she unwillingly left him to his malady. In two hours the fit was over, and the victim of recklessness was about again, tottering on his legs occasionally, but as restless and helpful as ever.

"Oh, I feel quite encouraged," he said, when remonstrated with for his pulling and hauling. "If my dumb-ague will only change permanently into chills, I can handle it. Besides, a doctor who grunts and lies up for a shake is no man at all, and deserves to be exterminated."

"A doctor who violates the laws of health is pretty sure to be exterminated," smiled Payson. "Besides, consider the evil example of the thing, and the scorn it heaps on your precepts. You are like a preacher who points out the narrow way, but walks in the broad one."

"Where is that lazy Habeeb?" shouted the doctor. "I want him to give me a lift with this box. I was made to like work, my good friends, and I can't help working."

It was all well with him, physically and morally, during the rest of the day. He lunched and dined with the Paysons, taking his seat where he could best look at Irene, and hardly able to stop speech with her while the host said grace.

"This is lovely," he declared. "It is as jolly as a picnic. By the way, I never went on a picnic in my life, except a Sabbath-school one."

"Do you disapprove of them?" stared Irene.

"My pocket disapproved," returned the doctor, scowling back at his youthful poverty. "Miss Grant, I have known what it is, when I was a senior in col-

lege, not to be able to send a letter to my mother until I could get a job at sawing wood."

"I know quite enough about that sort of thing," said Irene.

The doctor rejoiced to hear it; it made a companion of her.

"This is lovely," he repeated. "It is better than a picnic. I think our mission is now complete," he continued, staring full at Irene. "We don't want another helper of any sort, man or woman."

Mrs. Payson tittered a little, and Miss Grant could not help blushing. She had never been so claimed, or rather so taken possession of, before. Whether the man looked upon her in a brotherly way, or as a lover, she could not say; but in some fashion or other he seemed to feel that she belonged to him; he fairly chuckled over his ownership. Then came a vague feeling upon her that she should have to give up to him and let him make good his preëmption, no matter what might be its nature. Not knowing how to behave under his appropriating smile, she was relieved when Mr. Payson entered into the conversation with one of his characteristic solemnities.

"I fear we have one gap in our synagogue. I think we could squeeze up and make room, with advantage, for St. Paul."

"I sometimes think we have one," replied Macklin, glancing at the clergyman with such affection and reverence that Irene almost loved him for it.

"No! nor the whole earth, either!" said Payson, evidently understanding the allusion, and as evidently shocked by it. "Does the man live who could make that speech to King Agrippa? Does the man live who could write the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews? Besides all the sanctity and the martydom, what an orator he was!"

For a few seconds the doctor's burnt face had an air of humility; then his animal spirits and boyish loving-heartedness broke out again.

"I *must* do something for our young friend here," he declared. "I can't take her to picnics, and she does n't want to be bled. Why should n't I see her through the first steps in Arabic? Mr. Payson can't be spared from preaching, and Butrus is busy with his translations, and the rest all have plenty of work, except me. Miss Irene Grant, I 'll teach *you*."

Miss Grant colored again, and secretly desired to object, being already vaguely fearful of courtship, and not quite knowing what to do with such a lover. Payson looked at her with an air of fatherly inquiry, which seemed to say that she was free to decline, if she so preferred. But Mrs. Payson, the usually shy and submissive lady, broke out with a delighted giggle, "Why, certainly! I think it is just the best thing to do. I think it is very kind of you, doctor."

Irene felt that she was being directed for a purpose, but she did not see how she could kindly evade the plan, and she smiled assent to it with the best grace possible. The sanguine Macklin was so boisterously elated that he made himself a discomfort to his pupil. He began at once to make her say *Ya subhac bel khiar*, and other common Arabic phrases. He ordered her to hold up her head, open her mouth wide, and speak out loud. In short, he bullied her considerably, and filled her cheeks with a flush of embarrassment. Meantime, he did not mean to bully her, and could not see that she was worried. He was happy to think of those coming lessons, and quite made himself dreadful with his spirits.

But things greatly changed with the doctor about sundown. He was on the roof of the little house with Irene, — yes, actually alone on the housetop with a young lady; it was altogether proper in a missionary. The sun was sinking in the great blaze of the Mediterranean, and sending its iridescent glories up the mighty slopes of Lebanon. He was pointing everything out to his pupil, his monopolized and preëmpted daughter of Zion, when, looking down into the cactus-hedged lane below him, he saw De-Vries ride up on horseback, followed by a donkey laden with baggage. The tall young man sat his steed finely, and

made a handsome appearance. The doctor could perceive that Irene watched him eagerly and was anxious to hasten down and greet him. He tried to make her go on admiring the sunset, but it was clearly a job against nature, and he gave it up.

"Well, Lebanon must wait, I see," he said, sulkily.

"It will be there, to-morrow," replied Irene, gayly gathering her dress to descend the stone stairway.

"And he will be here," muttered Macklin, with a face of undisguisable discontent and despondency.

The behavior of DeVries increased his annoyance. The young fellow looked glad to be with the Paysons, and greeted Irene with special cordiality. Moreover, he shook hands cordially with the doctor, and said he remembered him with pleasure.

"Thank you," replied Macklin, but he bowed in a stiff and antagonistic style, much like an iron-clad bowing to a seductive billow. The man did n't know him, and had no right to be glad to see him, and was n't glad. He considered that polite speech mere fashionable hypocrisy, and disapproved of it from the bottom of his rude, honest nature.

Indeed, DeVries's catholic urbanity of manner was sincerely displeasing to the doctor, and in more ways than one. It reminded him so vividly of certain rich college classmates, scions of the New York aristocracy, that he felt as if he were once more in the presence of their civil indifference, understood by him as scorn. He could not talk, and drifted away from the sociable group in the comandaloon, sitting gloomily by himself in a rocking-chair and rocking nervously. It was rather a warm evening for the season, and Irene bustled about and brought a fan to DeVries.

"Who would think," said the doctor to himself, "that that is the same girl who made me my red-pepper tea? They are all alike."

Unable to bear the scene any longer, he made his despondent adieux, and moodily went his way.

XI.

About nine o'clock next morning the doctor was boisterously on hand, full of forgiveness and good humor and goodwill, to give his lesson in Arabic.

What was his astonishment and indignation when he learned that his pupil had gone off with DeVries and Saada to make a call on the blonde lady of the House of Keneasy!

"I call that outrageous!" he broke out. "Here I got up at daylight to clear off my sick-list, so as to give this young person a lesson in Arabic, and I find her flying about on a round of fashionable visiting."

"She did n't expect you so early," pleaded Mrs. Payson. "Why, doctor, I supposed myself that you would come later. Mr. Payson said you were generally busy with your patients till lunch time."

The good lady had that liking for physicians which is so common with the sex of guardian angels. Moreover, she had noted his undisguisable fancy for Irene, and, again like a woman, wanted to see such preferences rewarded. Finally, she knew that her husband not only loved but admired the bright, fatherless girl, and looked forward to her being one of the most useful personages in the mission. For all these reasons she fervently desired to keep up a good understanding between the two young missionaries.

"I thought she would wait for me," grumbled the doctor so surlily that Mrs. Payson feared lest Mr. DeVries would yet be too much for him. "She ought to consider that her Arabic is of far more importance than the small duty of amusing that young lounger."

"He won't be with us long, and Mr. Payson wanted him to see all he could," said the lady, laying much stress and responsibility on her husband, as is perhaps usual with newly-wedded wives. "Of course we want to interest him in the field" —

"Well — of course," assented Macklin, remembering that Madame DeVries *mère* had the repute of being generous

to missions. "But is this the way? Must our young ladies use their charms to interest men? Is that the best way?"

Mrs. Payson could hardly help smiling at his innocence. She had been not an active, but a watchful member of society, and had sometimes seen feminine charms more potent than male demonstration and appeal.

"Well, I 'm sorry, — I 'm exceedingly sorry," the doctor continued to fret. "I had hoped to commence those lessons to-day. I am exceedingly disappointed."

He hurried out of the house, and in the next minute hurried in again, all with the same air of final decision.

"I 'll wait for her," he said. "I won't be balked in this style. Can you give me a snack, Mrs. Payson? I feel a bit like a chill. I should have one, for certain, if I had n't had one yesterday."

Full of admiration for his manly endurance of physical ills, she joyfully got him an overflowing regale, including a goblet of the beverage of capsicum. Before he had finished the meal Irene came in alone, and received his reproof while sharing his figs and raisins. She treated him with that wondrous patience which some young ladies can accord to exacting gentlemen, on the supposition, possibly, that their exactingness is a symptom of fervent preference, and so to be received as a compliment. And when she made known that Mr. DeVries had gone off alone to the Nahr el Kelb, and proceeded to repeat with a pretty accent three or four Syrian salutations which she had learned at the Beit Keneasy, the doctor not only forgave her escapade, but approved of it. Then the lesson was administered, and the novice showed much talent for linguistic study, or her teacher grossly flattered her.

The habitation of DeVries with the Paysons was not so incessantly harrowing to Macklin as he had expected. The "young dandy" had his antiquarian sense of duty, and labored diligently in the barren field of local discovery. He made two or three equestrian excursions, with note-book and measuring tape about his person, and with a kawass galloping fiercely behind him. He was apt to come in late of evenings, disappointed as to Phœnician inscriptions, but always urbane and chatty. The doctor, although still suspicious of his suavity, had to concede some points in his favor.

"Employs his time better than many young fellows," he said. "I respect this passion for ruins and ethnic riddles. College did him more good than it does some rich fellows."

"I wish he cared as much about his own future as he does about the world's past," sighed Payson. "He is a lovely young man; but it is an awful snare to have great possessions, and I fear he finds earth too satisfying. Yet I will not despair for him. His mother is one of those who can claim the promise. To some are accorded both the treasures of this life and of the next."

"It almost seems unfair, does n't it?" said the doctor. "By the way, that was rather mean, — that thought. I certainly ought not to grumble. Poor as I am, I am happy enough."

Indeed, he would have been ashamed to confess how happy he was in these days, and especially to state exactly what it was that produced his content. He saw a great deal of Miss Grant, and trusted that she received him gladly. He gave her a lesson every morning, rode with her nearly every afternoon, and called on her every evening. It seemed to him that he was having everything his own way. That he was the only young man who ever saw her alone he believed with unsuspecting faith, and of course with great satisfaction.

Yet not a day dawned that Irene and DeVries did not rise with the lark to enjoy in each other's company the morning freshness and glory.

"It is such a fascinating sight, the sun coming over Lebanon!" said this young lady of the housetop.

"I am so glad you think so," replied Mr. DeVries, looking down on her with a quizzical smile.

"Of course I do," insisted Irene. "Don't you like to see the sun rise?"

"I like it in good company."

Irene tried not to smile, and failed; the result was that she burst out laughing.

"I suppose that means me," she said. "I do hope that all this getting up betimes is not on my account. You ought to be ashamed of such a reason for such a virtue."

"I'll promise not to be ashamed of you, if you won't be ashamed of me."

"What nonsense! I don't understand it a bit."

"I wish you would think of it a great deal, and do your best to understand it."

"I don't mean to think of it at all. What a way you have of spinning cobwebs around my poor intellects! I won't take any notice of them. What was it you said?"

"I said I would n't be ashamed of you as a reason for doing anything, if you would n't be ashamed of me as a reason."

"As a reason for getting up at sunrise? Do you mean to hint that I got up to see you? Conceited, saucy man!"

"I meant that I hoped we were pleased to meet each other here. Is n't it so?"

"I won't answer you," laughed Irene, blushing as much as a brunette could.

"I think it is your duty."

"I consider that a misuse of a great word. There are some words which are sacred to me."

"Please get the dictionary, and let us look them out together. I want to learn them by heart."

Then Irene, after glancing sidelong at his pleasant face, had to break out laughing again, and so of course had to forgive him.

There was much of this kind of discourse. Now and then a little shock came to the young lady in the thought that it was wrong thus to prattle on mission ground and in the house of her dear, grave friend Mr. Payson. But it was impossible to get away from the charm of DeVries when he chose to prattle. He did it so easily; it was mere familiar college-flirting with him; he might be said to flirt and prattle automatically.

Once there was a dialogue between them of a much more serious nature than the above.

"I shall stay at home to-day," DeVries said. "I want to see exactly how you pass your time from morning to night."

"Ah, but I don't know that I want you to. I shall be nervous to have you listening to my stutterings in Arabic."

"Suppose I stutter Arabic myself? Would n't the doctor be glad of another linguistic patient?"

"Perhaps he would," hesitated Irene, who had already noted that her teacher was somewhat given to jealousy.

"Oh, I won't sponge on him for a recitation," said DeVries, noting her misgiving. "But I should really like to follow out one of your Arabian days' entertainments."

"There is n't so very much to it; in fact, there is shamefully little. I help Mrs. Payson a bit about sewing and housekeeping. Then I pick up my Arabic grammar, say over the alphabet and my sentences aloud, and try to commit a verb. When the doctor comes I go through it all again, with him correcting and scolding, — I mean reproving. Next we have lunch. If visitors come in, — lady visitors, — I try hard to talk Arabic with them. In the afternoon I call on some of the families of the native Protestants and talk more Arabic. Or, I go to the Beit Keneasy and stammer Arabic there. Or, perhaps I am taken to ride. Then comes dinner, and then visits to the mission families, or visits from them. But you know all about that. I go to sleep repeating Arabic. In short, the day is one long fight with that dreadful language; and I see already that it will be months before I shall learn much of it; I sometimes think that I ought to give up moiling at it so constantly, and take a class of English in the girls' school."

"Well, are you contented?"

"*Yes*, Mr. DeVries."

"Are you satisfied with what you are doing? Is it all you expected?"

"Oh, dear! I thought I should accomplish something right away. I thought

I should see a gate of usefulness open, and should tear right in."

"Do you like being here?"

"*Yes*, Mr. DeVries. I have told you so a dozen times. I am resolved to like it. I do like it very much."

"I had thought and hoped that by this time you might want to go back to America."

"Oh! how could you?"

"Look!" said DeVries, pointing to the vast mountain, whitening and glistening now under the full sunrise. "It is very fine, but it is very strange. Would n't you like to see the low green hills and the long green forests again?"

"Please don't try to make me homesick."

"I want to make you homesick."

"But it is unkind. I don't believe you know what homesickness is, or you would n't thrust it upon me. If I give way to it I can be really unwell. And what is the use? My duty is here, and here I have volunteered to live, and here, if I have any character, I *shall* live. Why should you want to break down my sense of duty?"

"How about the duties at home? There is your mother, and your sisters."

"Please don't, Mr. DeVries! Oh, I found it so hard to leave them! But I gave them up, and I must not turn back. Besides, they are taken care of, and if I go home I must be taken care of. I should perhaps be a burden to somebody."

"When you want to turn back, let me know."

"What? Why" — asked Irene eagerly. "Oh, I wish you would n't puzzle me and make me uneasy. I *can't* turn back."

"I shall bring this up from time to time. When I see that you want to go home I will tell you how it can be done."

He was thinking that he could afford to settle an income upon her, and that it would be a romantically satisfactory thing to do. Through the medium of the missionary board, or some other churchly corporation, the money could be placed in her hands without her knowing whence it came. It would support her as well as her present meagre salary, and would restore a bright, handsome girl to appreciating society.

"Oh, you are a very tempter," exclaimed Irene, after a moment of tumultuous thought. "I ought not to listen to you. Why, if there were nothing else to keep me here, how could I desert Mr. Payson? I not only love him, — the dear, sweet, perfectly excellent man, — but I am bound in honor to him. We might all have starved but for his help. And I am obliged to him otherwise, — I am obliged to him for guidance and comfort; you can hardly understand what I owe him. And I have promised myself that I would show honor and gratitude."

"I don't believe he wants a bit of gratitude."

"But my own self-respect?"

"Ah, yes; that of course. Shall I suggest to him a way of getting you home and making it pleasant for you there?"

Then it occurred to Irene (for what else could she make of it?) that he was hinting at marriage. Such a mighty throb went through her heart, and through all her blood down to her very feet, that it seemed as if she would quite stop breathing. For a moment she was as helpless before this young man as if she already loved him to devotion, and had loved him for a long time. Next she remembered that there was a part of her life which he could not share, and that there was a text which warned against "yoking with unbelievers." She was in great perplexity of mind and in great turmoil of emotion.

"No — no," she said in a whisper, for her voice would not obey her. "I don't think I could let you. I must n't let you. I must n't want to go home."

There was a dreadful suspicion in her mind that he had meant to offer himself, and that she had practically refused him, and so given him pain. Of a sudden she sat down, and put both her hands to her face, for the tears were coming. DeVries stepped forward quickly and seated himself by her side, and there is no telling what he might not have said in his desire to comfort her; but just then they heard the singsong

voice of Habeeb below, calling them to breakfast.

"There — go!" gasped Irene, quite regardless of the golden chance she was missing. "Do go! I will come as quick as I can."

He hesitated, but Habeeb's shrill Arabic call resounded again, and Irene, springing to her feet, hurried down the stairway to her room. Then, drawing a long sigh, and thrusting his hands into his pockets by way of composing his mind, DeVries slowly stalked after her, and appeared tranquilly at the breakfast table.

XII.

It was surely very imprudent in our missionary girl to give way to her feelings on the housetops.

Of course Mount Lebanon would be silent on the subject; and the grunting muleteers who were kicking their patient beasts onward toward Beirut, were not likely to mention it in any circles whose comments were of importance to her; and the staring of some composed, long-robed, red-capped children in the next garden was of no more consequence than the gaze of two equally tranquil storks who seemed to belong to the same family.

But it so happened that Dr. Macklin was out early that morning on a medicating tour, and that it pleased his fancy to pass along the cactus-hedged road near which stood the Payson dwelling. He had not the least idea that his attractive pupil would be up, but he wanted to look at the shuttered window which he knew to be hers. To his amazement and wrath, he saw her on the terrace, her hands clasped to her face, as if she were weeping uncontrollably, while "that dandy," "that rich worldling," was leaning over her in an attitude of tender consolation.

The doctor had a frightful impulse to shout at him, as he would have shouted at a boy robbing a bird's-nest. Then came a spasmodic fear that all was lost, and a sickening desire to creep away from the field of defeat. Meanwhile, his horse ambled quietly along the deep, dumb sand, and soon carried him under cover of a gigantic line of prickly-pears, where he could neither see nor be seen. We will not try to analyze the dreadful anarchy of his thoughts, nor the various anguish of his feelings, except so far as to note that they were compounded in equal parts of grief, wrath, love, and jealousy, making a very obnoxious dose indeed.

That forenoon Irene had no lesson in Arabic. Instead of the glowing, turbulent, good-hearted doctor, there came a lean and bronzed horse-boy named Moosa, who explained that the hakeem had a chill.

"A bad chill?" asked Irene, very sorry for her teacher, though she had been thinking much of DeVries. "Can't we do something for him?"

"Many blessings," returned Moosa, in Arabic. "Peace be upon the lady's fingers. The hakeem charged me to bring blessings many (which was a polite Syrian fib). He trusts in God that he will shortly recover, and bids me kiss your fingers, O my lady."

Which last duty (surely not imposed upon him by the angry hakeem) he went at immediately with an air of keen satisfaction, and then strode away in his broad slippers with a withered grin like that of a monkey.

During the forenoon Mrs. Payson sent some arrowroot and a dose of her superior red-pepper tea to the invalid. But these restorative luxuries did not find him until he no longer stood in need of them. The moment the vehemence of his chill had passed by, he mounted his horse and rode off to the city. His idea was that Irene's happiness, earthly and spiritual, was in peril, and that he would be justified in taking almost any measures to save her. She had been beguiled into meeting that artful worldling alone, and had perhaps met him thus more times than it was endurable to think of. The worldling had troubled her; he had obtained some tormenting influence over her; he had made her weep in the sight of earth and heaven. The dear, innocent young creature must

be delivered; yes, and smartly lectured, too, the doctor added to himself. He, her best friend, would make inquiries about DeVries, would unveil his true character, or want of character, and would lay all before the mission fraternity. Then, armed with a flaming sword of exposures, he would drive Satan forth from Eden.

This he would do himself. In his boisterously confident way, he said it over and over, "I will do it myself." He was an extraordinary fellow for laying his hands on a business without asking the help of others, much less their advice. In his opinion energy is the chief of virtues, especially that kind of energy which shuts its eyes and catches a firm hold, though it be upon the hottest end of the poker.

His noble purpose was (for he had not a doubt that he was doing the duty of a Christian gentleman) to pump the landlord of the Hotel d'Europa, and also the American consul, as to DeVries's behavior during his short stay in the city. In all his quivering and inflamed being, heated with indignation as much as with fever, he felt sure that he should uncover a sink of iniquity. The young dandy had undoubtedly drunk wine, played at cards, inquired for almeh (dancing girls), and used "bad language."

The first onset of this roaring lion in a fox's skin was made upon the French hotel-keeper.

"You 've had a man here by the name of DeVries," he said in a loud, angry voice. "What sort of a fellow was he?"

Now the landlord had his own view of humanity: he held that guests who ran up large bills and paid them without murmuring were the salt of the earth; and by this opinion he was willing to stand, even when bawled at.

"DeVries?" he repeated. "Ah, yass. I ramaymbre 'im. Beau jeune blond cendré. I ramaymbre 'im. A parfait gentleman. Mos' quiet, nice yong man dat ayver is come to my hotel. A parfait gentleman."

The doctor was astonished and confounded. It was not what he had expected, nor, I am afraid, what he wanted to hear. Moreover, the scene was embarrassing from the fact that the Frenchman had inferred from his loud voice that he was deaf, and had answered him in a high-pitched Gallic shout. So, after pondering a moment, he answered, in a very low tone, "Are you sure?"

"Sure?" cried the other, still at the top of his voice. "He is living now with the missionarees. That show vat sort of young man he be."

The doctor thought not, but he was disgusted with the interview, and marched off without further words. On his way to the consulate, it occurred to him that perhaps the landlord had a different notion from himself as to what elements of character go to make up a gentleman. He decided that he ought not to have been so blunt and brief, and so easily satisfied. He would be more artful with the consul, hateful as artifice was to his honest soul, and wrong as it was except in the cause of virtue.

In his interview with Mr. Brassey he certainly did conduct himself with more of the wisdom of this world than he had shown hitherto. Furthermore, he was helped by a favoring circumstance, of which he took advantage almost without meaning it. In the Beirut custom-house at that time there were several cases of Arabic Bibles, printed in Malta and forwarded for the use of the mission. The customs officers had demanded the duty, and as this was a new thing on their part, and was considered a piece of Moslem discourtesy, the missionaries desired to argue them into withdrawing the claim. To the doctor, who was the factotum as well as the physician of the station, had been confided the labor of managing the affair.

"I must begin about the Bibles," he said to himself. "It would seem strange to mention mission business last."

The result was that the consul failed to suspect that his visitor had come with the purpose of inquiring into the deportment of DeVries, and that the doctor was able eventually to lead the conver-

sation up to that subject in quite an unostentatious and sly fashion.

"Have you had any decision about our Bibles from those numskulls?" he began, meaning the customs officers.

"They hang to the duty, doctor," replied Mr. Brassey, poking a six-foot chibouk toward his caller, who declined it with a disapproving shake of the head. "My interpreter told me a long lockrum of their talk. The gist of it is that this is the law, and they 're bound to execute it, and ought to done so before."

"Well, have we got to pay that scoundrelly imposition? A mere piece of Turkish insolence!"

"I reckon not," drawled the consul, stroking his long, tan-colored beard. "I reckon a hundred piastres will clear out all their scruples. So the interpreter says. 'T ain't much."

"I call it a good deal!" shouted the doctor.

"Look here; tell you what I 'll do," said Mr. Brassey, kindly. "You 're a lot of people whom I respect, and I 'd like to stand treat to your cause. Suppose I hand over the money out of my own pocket?"

"You don't understand me," returned Macklin, almost angry. "I mean that any bribe, no matter how small, is a good deal. We can't pay — can't afford to pay — one piastre as a bribe."

"Oh, exactly," grinned the politician, highly approving of the moral point, now that he saw it. "Bribery ain't right, is it? Well, there 's another way, and a neater one."

Here he laughed outright over the fun that there evidently was at the far end of this other way.

"Would you mind," he giggled, — "would you sternly object to sparing a few Bibles for the family reading of the Grand Signor and his intimate friends?"

The doctor was disgusted with this uncultivated joking, and scorned to reply.

"And did n't you know it?" continued Mr. Brassey, still laughing. "Did n't you think of this little game?"

"I don't understand what you mean."

"You can pay in *kind!*" shouted the consul, bringing down his shovel of a hand on his bony knee, and sending forth a war-whoop of merriment. "Yes, *sir*, that 's the *law;* you can pay in *kind*. Offer the Mahometans ten Bibles on a hundred, and you can wagon off the rest of your cargo. I 'll bet you what you please they 'll be satisfied with one on a hundred. I 'll bet you they 'll let the whole consignment through for nothing."

It did seem a first-rate joke upon the grasping enemies of the faith, and even the conscientious Macklin could not help assenting to it with a smile. So it was settled that the turbaned excisemen should be paid in Bibles, and that the consular dragoman should attend to their evangelization.

"They won't take a volume," said the doctor. Then, remembering that he had further important business with Mr. Brassey, he added, "We are very much obliged to you."

"Not a bit," nodded the official. "Delighted to do anything for gentlemen of your character and objects in life. Delighted to do anything for anybody, if he 'll only show himself and speak English."

"Very few travelers from our country, I suppose."

"Nary one since DeVries and Wingate."

"You liked those gentlemen, I believe?" inquired Macklin, with the wisdom of the serpent.

"Liked them!" exclaimed Mr. Brassey, his lonely heart warming as he remembered that breakfast, that dinner, and those consecrated hours of draw-poker. "The two most genial, gentlemanly, high-toned, true-blue young Americans that I 've seen in many a day! I was prouder than ever of my country to see that it could produce such fellows. And they were not only good, they were smart. They could crack a good joke, and sing a good song, and speak languages, and ride. But" — and here the consul smiled superior — "they could n't play poker. No, sir, they could n't play poker," he repeat-

ed, his smile softening into something like pity.

The doctor was throbbingly interested, and also completely puzzled. He did not understand whether DeVries played poker badly, or whether he could not play it at all. He was very anxious to get at the exact facts, and his honest countenance was injudiciously expressive.

Of a sudden it occurred to the functionary that a repute for even the most unskillful poker-playing might hurt his admired young friend with a set of men who could think it wrong to bribe a custom-house officer. It also occurred to him that Dr. Macklin there, a man who had never been inside politics, was trying to pump him, Porter Brassey, an old war-horse and ward-manager.

"No, they did n't know anything about cards," he continued, with an imperturbable countenance. "I got 'em to try an innocent little game, just to while away an hour, you know, and I positively had to give it up. They could n't handle the papers. DeVries acted as though he 'd never had 'em in his fist before."

He paused, and looked his visitor tranquilly in the eye. The doctor's countenance fell, and his gaze wandered. The consul said to himself that he would make a mighty poor politician. It amused him to delude a missionary who was trying to play an artful game, just as it amuses a jockey to swindle a deacon who endeavors to be sharp in horseflesh. In an easy tone, with a faint sparkle of fun in his brown eyes, he went on to magnify the asceticism of DeVries.

"Pretty stiff against strong drink, too. I got him to taste a drop of Cyprus wine, just as a curiosity, you understand, a sort of Greek antiquity. But" — and here he wanted to laugh aloud as he remembered the youngster's strength of head — "but I saw that he soon had enough of it."

"Oh, indeed," returned the doctor, completely deceived by the consul's humorous equivocation, and visibly cast down by what he understood. Then, somewhat ashamed of himself because of this feeling, he added, "It is a pleasure to hear so much good of him."

"Give him my regards when you see him," said Mr. Brassey, still suspecting that Macklin was unfriendly to DeVries, and willing to make him a little uncomfortable therefor. "Tell him he has n't returned my last call."

"I will," nodded the doctor, briefly, and with a slight frown, recollecting what a bone he had to pick with the young man.

"And my respects to Parson Payson. He *is* a trump, ain't he? I tell you that man will have his pick in the heavenly mansions, or the accounts we have of the other world ain't to be trusted."

Then the doctor said good morning, mounted his horse in deep thought, and rode swiftly homeward. Evidently there were no open scandals to be raked up against DeVries; and he did not at all know how to drive such a decorous serpent out of his Eden.

XIII.

The first thing that this strange doctor did on getting back to his own dwelling was to shut himself up and pray that his heart might be freed of all selfish feelings and aims with regard to this business which lay so near it, and that he might be guided to bring the same to a right issue, whatever that issue should be.

When he had finished this petition, and had brought himself, as he believed, to have no will of his own in the matter, he felt so much more composed in spirit, and also (alas for our human weakness!) so much surer of a happier issue, that he wondered why he had not prayed before. "I am like Christian in the dungeon of Giant Despair," he thought, "who forgot for days that he had a key to open the iron gate. How many times have I forgotten thus, and how soon shall I forget again!"

He was still in this gentle and hopeful mood when he went about midday to give Irene her lesson. It was something of a set-back, therefore, to find her

talking with DeVries as though they had been at it ever since sunrise. They were not on the housetop, indeed, nor was she weeping with covered face. But she was alone in the comandaloon with him, the two being curled up on the same broad mukaad; and she was in the most comfortable state of mind, prattling and laughing as though she had never known tears. How could she be so inconsistent, — so almost sinfully irrational? How could she let the same man make her cry at sunrise, and make her giggle like a school-girl at noontide? How could a self-respecting young lady thus forgive a heartless tormentor, and continue to him the boon of her companionship, and even obviously make much of him?

This, then, was the result of that prayer which to him had seemed to penetrate the lofty abodes. He was in a state of solemn and, as he imagined, righteous indignation. Alas, my worthy, well-meaning brethren and sisters, for our finite egotism and impatience! We come down from Mount Sinai with the glory thereof, as we hope, on our countenances, and with the tablets of the law in our hands. But lo, our friend, whom we had expected to draw or convince at a glance, looks at us as indifferently as at other mortals, and tranquilly goes on worshiping his or her golden calf, or perhaps wants us to fall down before it also. Then it is that our conceited sinship puts on an air of divine anger, and proceeds to break in pieces all the commandments.

"I have no time to listen now," said the doctor sternly, when Irene told him that Mr. DeVries had a very funny story to relate. "I don't myself find so many humorous things on mission ground," he added, stalking toward the table on which lay the lesson books.

Glum as he was, he was weak. When he differed with other fellow-mortals he stared them straight in the eyes, and had his say out like a piece of artillery, which looks where it fires. But it was impossible for him now to gaze at this girl while he scolded her. He must get behind his own back, as it were, and deliver his volley from under cover.

Irene rose promptly, with a flush of surprise and humiliation, and followed him to the study table. Then the doctor's heart bled over the thought of his own roughness, and, after a glance heavenward, he began the lesson in his gentlest tone. No doubt, if Irene had been left alone with him, her obedience and sweetness would have melted him to apology.

But DeVries did not go away. This urbane young gentleman was at bottom a high-feeling, pugnacious creature, who blazed inwardly under the first discourtesy, and would rather fight than endure a second. He now said to himself that Macklin was an unmannerly fellow who ought to be made to respect his superiors. Rising from the mukaad, he came quietly forward with his hands in his pockets and took a chair near the table. For a minute or two the conjugation of Semitic verbs proceeded, but in a stammering fashion. Irene, who felt that there was wrath between the two men, and feared lest she herself were the cause of it, was nervous and recited badly. At last Macklin decided that he could not, and as a gentleman should not, endure this annoyance any longer.

"Do you propose to qualify yourself as a missionary?" he said, looking up sharply at the listener.

"My dear doctor, how do I disturb you?" replied DeVries, with his usual suavity of manner. "Please consider that your copious Arabic won't suffer any diminution if I catch a few phrases in passing."

The mellifluous utterance and the elaborate civility of diction only increased the irritation of Macklin, who hated everything that savored of what he called artificial society.

"You don't disturb me at all," he retorted, which was an unmeant fib, spoken in haste. "You disturb Miss Grant here."

"Oh, not a bit," pleaded Irene, not knowing what else to say, and at once fearful lest she had said the unwisest thing.

But her face was uncomfortably flushed, and DeVries saw that she was worried. Moreover, she gave him an un-

intended glance of appeal, which flattered him as a confidence, while it moved him by its pathos.

"I see," he said, smiling at her and turning his back on Macklin. "I don't perceive your slips, but you think I do. Excuse me for making things awkward. I 'll take a gallop among the pines."

"Good-by, — a pleasant ride," Irene called after him, very grateful, and desiring that he might feel content with her.

The doctor uttered no word, not because he was still in angry mood, but because he was pleading mentally that he might be forgiven for his petulance. When they were left alone he put his elbow on the table, leaned his head on his hand, and said, "I would give ten years of my life to have Mr. Payson's temper and manner."

Irene glanced sidelong at his face, now full of compunction and tenderness, and thought for the first time that he was handsome. He was certainly a very different man in appearance from what he was at his entrance into this story. His baggy, seedy, slop-shop raiment had made place for a new suit of gray, which fitted well and did justice to his stoutly-built but well-proportioned frame. The scarlet of sun-scorch, which then disfigured him from chin to forehead, had vanished and left him a fair, high-colored complexion, quite wholesome as yet, in spite of malaria. His hazel eyes, generally too combative in expression, were now very sweet and attractive with humility.

"Doctor, you are never well," said Irene, pityingly. "You are fretted by this ague. I don't mean," she added hastily, "that you are cross."

"It is the ague, in part," he replied. "I know when I am going to be outrageous. I know it when I get up with a pain in the back of my head, and a tremor like quicksilver in every fibre of my body. But that is n't all; wrath is my besetting sin. I know it and hate it. I would give ten years of my life to be like Payson."

To a modest and even shy young lady, who is not accustomed to masculine unbosoming, it is an awkward thing to play the part of confessor to a bachelor. Irene murmured something about every one having his weakness, and turned her face somewhat wistfully toward the Arabic grammar.

"I can't go on with the lesson," said the doctor, in answer to the look. "I can't go on with it till I have said something."

What he meant was — the inexperienced, headlong suitor — to ask her to be his wife. He had known her little more than a week; he had paid her scarcely any obvious, unmistakable courtship; he had just made exhibition of a temper which was surely not alluring; and yet he purposed to propose.

But as he looked up at her astonished face, another swift change fell upon his most changeable spirit. A vague surprise and anxiety in her gaze made him fear that she was not prepared for his message, and might not receive it as a voice from heaven. The idea paralyzed his powers of speech, and there ensued a moment of most distressing silence. Irene, meanwhile, was querying in great perturbation whether he was going to scold again about Mr. DeVries's attempt to join in the lesson.

"What is it?" she finally asked, unable to bear this suspense and the fixed stare of his anxious eyes.

"I saw you on the terrace early this morning," blurted out the doctor, driven to say something, and not daring to say what he wanted. Quarreling is sometimes marvelously near to love-making.

"We were up there to see the sunset, — I mean the sunrise," replied Irene in great confusion.

The doctor thought she looked guilty, and feared lest she were in some awful peril, and blundered on through his catechism.

"Was it the sunrise," he asked in a sepulchral voice, "which made you weep?"

Irene did not stop to consider that he had no business to put the question. She was so overawed, she was so exactly in the spirit of a docile child who is being reproved, that she answered with the frankness and eagerness of a child.

"We were talking of America. We were talking of my mother and sisters. Oh, I was so homesick!"

And here, like a truly homesick young woman, she suddenly laid her head down on the table, between her hands, and cried anew. Then the doctor felt that he had been a stupid, heartless brute ever since he entered the house, and would have found it comforting to abase his own noddle and soak the dictionary with his tears.

"Ah, those ties!" he said. "What have I been about! It was all none of my business. My dear friend, I beg your pardon. I wish you would forgive me. I never shall forgive myself."

His penitent voice was very sweet and consolatory, and he was obviously sorrier for her than DeVries had been. She regained her self-control in a half minute or so, and astonished him by raising her head with a smile. Unaccustomed to groping among the various and alert emotions of womankind, he could not understand such a swift leap to cheerfulness, and inferred that she had not been much affected, after all.

"I did n't think of homesickness," he resumed, rallying again to duty. "I was afraid that this young man, — in whom, by the way, I have very little confidence, — I was afraid that he — had hurt your feelings."

"And have n't *you?*" asked Irene, with a touch of feminine roguishness.

"I did n't mean to," gasped the doctor.

He seemed to be beaten, and in spirit was beaten; but at the last moment an accidental phrase gave him the victory; by mere chance he blundered into the bottom facts of the case.

"And so it was mere homesickness," he said. "I am glad to know it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Irene, with an air of sudden remembrance. She had called to mind the proposition to send her to America, and the agitating suspicions or queries to which it had given rise. As for the idea that DeVries had intended to suggest marriage, it should be said that she had, after some reflection, given that up. His talk since the terrace scene had all been light and jovial, without a hint of serious sentiment or purpose. What he meant, she now tranquilly supposed, was to procure her a place as a teacher, or perhaps as a companion to his mother.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you this," Irene went on. "But it would n't be right to give you the impression that we only talked in a vague way about home. What agitated me was — well, Mr. DeVries had some plan — I don't know what exactly — I did n't ask him about it — some plan by which I can go back."

The doctor slammed the dictionary on the table, and stamped about the room like a wild bull, half angry with the matting for smothering his footsteps.

"The — the fellow!" he raved. "I knew he was capable of anything. He shan't stay here. I won't have him in the houses of the mission. I'll bundle him out myself."

"He wants to send me to my mother!" cried Irene, raising her voice desperately, to make him hear.

"He does n't! What if he does!" shouted Macklin. "He has no business to interfere with our families. He has no business to push his dandified advice upon a young lady who is under our care."

"But I told him I would n't go. I told him I could n't leave my work and my friend Mr. Payson."

"Oh, did you?" said the doctor, suddenly dropping his voice and giving her a sweet smile. "I am so glad! I thank you, Miss Grant, with all my heart. But the brethren must know this," he added, turning solemn again. "You must excuse me for advising; but I do think you ought to mention it to Payson and Kirkwood; I think it is your duty."

"I don't want to trouble dear Mr. Payson. Why should I worry him about a thing which is not to be? I am sorry I told you."

"Ah!" returned Macklin suspiciously. "Mr. DeVries asked you not to mention it."

"He wanted me to mention it. Doctor, what are you imagining all this

while? Mr. DeVries is as frank as he is kind. He asked my permission to speak to Mr. Payson about the plan. I think he wanted to explain it to him."

Macklin stared at her eagerly, and then suddenly sat down like a man who feels dizzy. He had inferred that this proposal to lay all before Payson covered an intent to ask Miss Grant's hand in marriage. If so, and if the offer should still make its way to her ear, would she not be likely to accept a young fellow who was certainly pleasing to the superficial eye, and who could rescue her and her kin from poverty?

Irene remained for a few seconds as silent as the doctor. She was not angry with her obstreperous friend for charging into her affairs and driving her to surrender a cherished and consolatory secret. I believe that a young woman seldom does feel keenly irritated against a man who is on confidential terms with her, and whose every word and deed, however rampageous, breathes a strong interest in herself. Irene was simply puzzled by Macklin's quick change of demeanor, and waited for him to bring forth some dreadful recommendation or reprimand.

"Do you think," she finally asked, "that I had better let Mr. DeVries speak to Mr. Payson?"

The doctor, with a most wretched sinking at the heart, seeming to see her already going off as a bride, mustered all the nobility and strength of his soul, and gasped out, "Do as you judge best for your own welfare and happiness."

"I want to do my duty," returned Irene. "There is no use in troubling Mr. Payson. I propose to stay in Syria."

Macklin gave her a glance which amazed her, — a glance of inexpressible admiration, joy and gratitude, — and then, with a shaking voice, resumed the lesson.

DOBSON'S PROVERBS IN PORCELAIN.

Mr. Austin Dobson is more or less known in this country as a writer of *vers de société*, — that is to say, he is not known at all. A man's grade should be fixed by his highest, not his lowest. That Mr. Dobson has been so unworthily labeled is somewhat his own fault; for on the title-page of his first volume he modestly designated his poems as vers de société, and the reviewers of his native island accepted him at his own valuation. But Mr. Dobson is something more than a maker of boudoir ballads: he is a young English poet with special gifts, a writer of winged lyrics. I say winged lyrics, to intimate that they fly far above the average verse of the English magazines; there are even very pretty lyrics which only crawl. He has been classed with Praed and Locker, but he has a greater mastery of rhythm than the one, a wider range than the other, and at his best he rises into an atmosphere which neither of these writers has frequently breathed.

Mr. Dobson has published two volumes of miscellaneous verse. The first collection is entitled Vignettes in Rhyme, and the second, now under consideration, takes its fanciful title from a cluster of rhymed proverbs in dramatic form, — a species of airy poem quite novel in English literature. The finest of these six little comedies are The Cap that Fits and Good-Night, Babette, though they all have point, wit, and a certain high-bred precision that is harder to describe than to like. I fancy, however, that the Proverbs in Porcelain, in spite of their idiomatic neatness, will be passed over as trifles, except by those readers who have been bewitched by

such things as George Sand's *Un Bienfait n'est jamais perdu* and De Musset's *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée.* On second thought, perhaps it is to some of the pieces in the Saynètes and Monologues, published by Tresse of Paris, that Mr. Dobson's sketches bear the closer affinity. I find his work in this kind delightful, though these are not the poems that give him the rank as a poet to which I think him entitled. In the Elizabethan era he would have laid at Gloriana's pointed shoe-tips that same Loyall Ballade of the Armada which, with its stiff archaic turns, seems so forlornly out of place in the modern typography of Mr. John C. Wilkins, of Castle Street, Chancery Lane; or, later, Mr. Dobson would have caused Waller and the other court poets to turn green with jealousy, for our singer has the grace of Suckling and the finish of Herrick, and is easily the master of both in metrical art.

I do not intend that wholly as praise. A man may be much too ingenious with his anapests and dactyls. It is difficult to write the *pantoum*, — an intricate Maylan arrangement of rhyme; it is also difficult to keep three balls in the air; but neither feat is likely to stir the spectator's envy. (Why not object, then, to the Italian form of the sonnet, which is even more difficult than the pantoum? asks one. Because the sonnet is capable of an infinite variety of music, and has dignity. The pantoum lacks compass and is monotonous; it is like a tiresome old person who all the time repeats himself.) Mr. Dobson's triolets, rondels, rondeaus, and other imitations of obsolete fashions of French verse are examples of his exceeding skill; but for my part, I confess I hold that even the lowest slope on Parnassus is too good a site for a gymnasium.

Mr. Dobson's facility sometimes lures him into being merely artificial. The group of poems called A Case of Cameos is an instance in point. The poet audibly says to himself: I will write ten verses on the agate cameo, ten on the carnelian, ten on the sardonyx, and so on, until a certain number of carved gems is exhausted. I will do this, he says, and — what is worse — does it very cleverly. But no poem, not even a couplet really worth the writing, was ever written on so mechanical an impulse.

One would have to be a captious critic to find many serious flaws in Mr. Dobson's graceful workmanship. Here and there he recalls the manner of other writers, but never offensively. In trifles like Cupid's Alley and Dora versus Rose, he displays a commendable appreciation of Mr. Locker's delicate melody. The stanzaic form used in the prologue and epilogue to the Proverbs pleasantly suggests The Daisy of Tennyson and the quatrain of Omar Khayyám; but the strongest quality in all is the poet's individuality: —

> "Flaccus, you write us charming songs:
> No bard we know possesses
> In such perfection what belongs
> To brief and bright addresses."

It is in such poems as The Idyl of the Carp, The Prayer of the Swine to Circe (a poem of subtile beauty), and To a Greek Girl that Mr. Dobson is thoroughly his best self. Though the Vignettes in Rhyme is not here in question, I must cite with the above-named pieces The Death of Procris, The Sun-Dial, The Sick Man and the Birds, and The Story of Rosina. I copy the lines To a Greek Girl, not because they illustrate the rarest mood of the author, but because they come within the limits of quotation: —

TO A GREEK GIRL.

(AFTER A WEEK OF LANDOR'S HELLENICS.)

With breath of thyme and bees that hum,
Across the years you seem to come, —
Across the years with nymph-like head,
And wind-blown brows unfilleted;
A girlish shape that slips the bud
In lines of unspoiled symmetry;
A girlish shape that stirs the blood
With pulse of Spring, Autonoë!

Where'er you pass, where'er you go,
I hear the pebbly rillet flow;
Where'er you go, where'er you pass,
There comes a gladness on the grass;
You bring blithe airs where'er you tread, —
Blithe airs that blow from down and sea;
You wake in me a Pan not dead, —
Not wholly dead! — Autonoë!

How sweet with you on some green sod
To wreathe the rustic garden-god!
How sweet beneath the chestnut's shade
With you to weave a basket-braid;
To watch across the stricken chords
Your rosy-twinkling fingers flee;
To woo you in soft woodland words,
With woodland pipe, Autonoë!

In vain, — in vain! The years divide:
Where Thamis rolls a murky tide,
I sit and fill my painful reams,
And see you only in my dreams;
A vision, like Alcestis, brought
From under-lands of Memory,
A dream of Form in days of Thought, —
A dream, a dream, Autonoë!

This, to be sure, is not the kind of song men shout going to battle; but when young Agamemnon gets home from the wars and lies dreaming under the trees, with his helmet tumbled among the myrtles, he need not affect to scorn such light strains. But Mr. Dobson has soberer measures. There is a fine sonorous music, like martial sounds blown through metal, in some verses beginning, —

"Princes! — and you, most valorous,
Nobles and barons of all degrees."

It is a lot of gray prodigals lamenting lost opportunity and begging for yesterday: —

"Give us, — ah, give us, — but yesterday!" —

a ballad quite in the manner of Villon. "Enter a Song singing" is the quaint stage direction now and then met with in old English masques. Many of Mr. Dobson's lyrics seem the very personifications of songs singing themselves. The interludes in Good Night, Babette, for example: —

"Once at the Angelus
(Ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious
Came to my Bed, —
Angels in blue and white,
Crowned on the Head.

'One was the Friend I left
Stark in the Snow;
One was the Wife that died
Long, long ago;
One was the Love I lost . . .
How could she know?

"One had my Mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild;
One had my Father's face,
One was a Child:
All of them bent to me, —
Bent down and smiled!"

This loses somewhat by separation from the context. The half-mystical chant is indescribably effective in its proper place. A vein of pure pathos runs through several of Mr. Dobson's briefer pieces, and makes us regret that he is so often content to be merely witty and elegant.

These three stanzas are very simple, natural, and touching: —

THE CRADLE.

How steadfastly she 'd worked at it!
How lovingly had drest
With all her would-be-mother's wit
That little rosy nest!

How longingly she 'd hung on it!
It sometimes seemed, she said,
There lay beneath its coverlet
A little sleeping head.

He came at last, the tiny guest,
Ere black December fled;
That rosy nest he never prest . . .
Her coffin was his bed.

With one more extract, — from Ars Victrix, an admirable paraphrase of the concluding poem in Gautier's Émaux et Camées, — I commend Mr. Dobson and his book to the reader's good graces: —

"Leave to the tyro's hand
The limp and shapeless style;
See that thy form demand
The labor of the file.

"Sculptor, do thou discard
The yielding clay; consign
To Paros marble hard
The beauty of thy line;

"Model thy Satyr's face
In bronze of Syracuse;
In the veined agate trace
The profile of thy Muse.

"Painter, that still must mix
But transient tints anew,
Thou in the furnace fix
The firm enamel's hue;

"Let the smooth tile receive
Thy dove-drawn Erycine,
Thy Sirens blue at eve
Coiled in a wash of wine.

"All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us;
The Bust outlasts the throne,
The Coin Tiberius."

Théophile Gautier himself was not more thoroughly an artist than Mr. Dobson. It will be gathered from what has been said and quoted that he is not one

of the deep organ-voices of England. He is a very fresh, polished, and graceful poet, whose right to a seat in the choir is as incontestable as that of the leading singer. All the same, I am afraid it will go hard with Mr. Dobson when he is dragged before those austere judges who always demand of the poetical culprit: Did you have a mighty Purpose? I hope Mr. Dobson will be Yankee enough to answer the question by asking another: What purpose had Keats in writing Hyperion, or The Eve of St. Agnes, or the Ode to a Grecian Vase? Of course that will not save Mr. Dobson.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE TWO NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS.

I.

The time has been when the kind of talent that insisted on doing the most repugnant things it could think of to the public taste expected to keep its works in its studio in an unbroken series, to lead a life of obscurity and painful vicissitudes, and wait for its triumphant vindication till twenty years after death. This plan, with such advantages as it had, is certainly at an end. The extreme eccentric elbows the regular practitioner on equal terms. He appears to see no reason why he should not sell his picture on the opening night, and demands his posthumous fame on the spot.

The Society of American Artists is chiefly responsible for the outburst of aggressive singularity of which there is reason to complain. It was not to its discredit at first, as a fresh and independent movement, that it should have been induced to extend its protection to some specimens whose only merit proved to be their strangeness. This year the tolerance reaches the point of an appearance of positive bias in their favor, and to a weakening of the society's influence.

There is nothing American art needs so little at the present time as eccentricity. This ought to be written up in a prominent place, and constantly referred to. It will be strange indeed if the new impulse, from which so much was looked for, is to fall into the decrepitude of morbidness and affectation the moment it is born.

The American public never has had anything like enough of straightforward work of the best kind; the time for eccentricity comes later. It only vaguely knows of the capabilities of artistic skill as developed abroad. What it needs more than anything else is splendid, accurate drawing, rich coloring, and scholarly composition of the most perfected kind. It will respect eccentricity in men who can do all this, and, because of human discontent and unsteadiness, feel that they have got beyond it and are searching for new ways; but it can hardly do less than despise it where it suspects it as a cover for gross incapacity.

The aberrations paraded for inspection this year present, generally all at once, execrable drawing, obscurity of subject, and a kind of ghoulish delight in unnatural juxtapositions of color. Great store is set by frigid crimson streaks in the midst of sulphurous and mineral greens. The mind reverts from what should be a smiling landscape to the interior of Vesuvius and deadly acids.

Two eccentricities of principle have been the means of creating in the metropolis a really considerable excitement, beginning with the appearance of Mr. Currier's sketches in the Water-Color Exhibition in January. The first

is the view that a picture is to be considered finished when the artist feels that he can do nothing more to improve it. The second may be called the five-minute principle in art. These result in the abandonment of work in very elementary stages, like the portraits by Russel and Miss Kibbe at the Kurtz gallery, — both quite nice as far as they go, — and the production of pictures in which only such merits are preserved as are consistent with lightning-like celerity.

A very obvious reply to the first proposition is that it depends altogether on the kind of artist. If he be one of little skill, and know not how to carry his picture farther without spoiling it, it is clearly his duty to go to somebody who does and can tell him, and not set up his incompetence as a new and superior order of art. As to the second, it may confidently be said that nowhere in the world, and here less than elsewhere, is the demand for pictures so extreme that such economy of time in their production is called for.

The disinterested outsider is half tempted to regard Currier as a purely mythical personage, like Mrs. Harris. He sends over from Munich, at long intervals, a few sketches bearing the impress of extreme haste. He has the air of saying, "Now, here is a rather neat thing I knocked off while waiting for a train," and, "How are these for half a dozen landscapes while crossing the country on a steeple-chase?" They are carefully framed and set up for the admiration of a distracted public with a complacency that — inasmuch as no sterling work has ever been sent or heard of, and the reverence cannot attach to them that belongs to the trivial doings of the great — begins, by repetition, to border on the offensive. What does he *do*, the query occurs, — if indeed he be not a mere cover made use of by certain persons to indulge themselves in vagaries, — with the remainder of his time in all these long years of study under the most advantageous circumstances?

There are certain qualities, possibly not all accidental, in these sketches, and were they put forward for what they are worth, and accompanied with the explanations that may be heard in an inner, knowing circle, they might be the occasion of useful reflections instead of wonder and alarm. The maker of them is described as an investigator. He is said to be experimenting at present in the exclusive direction of Force.

His contributions to the display of the Society of American Artists are the portraits of a man and a boy. The former is a bony head of a goblin-like, haunting type, colored in burnt sienna, and immersed in a sticky, bituminous ground. The other is conceded to be a "frowning boy," but he is much more than frowning. He ought, by his age, to be a chubby, pouting little fellow, but he has purple patches in his cadaverous complexion, and looks alarmingly ill. It strikes one as a Force allied to that of the man-eating African monarch, whose

> . . . "sigh was a hullabaloo,
> And his whisper a horrible yell, —
> Yes, a horrible, horrible yell."

But let us turn to pleasanter things. There are eccentrics, to call them so, of an agreeable kind. Wyant, Thayer, Inness, LaFarge, Bunce, Saint Gaudens in sculpture, are odd enough, but their oddity is a form of originality. It consists in an attempt to find new ways of looking at material which all admit to be beautiful and worthy of interest, instead of filling its place with monstrosities.

The little portrait heads of Saint Gaudens, in low relief, are exquisite. They are cast on thin bronze plates, to which a quaint character is given by leaving the ground rough and darkened, while the faces are brought clearly off it, and by the use of some horizontal lines of decorative lettering, above and below. O'Donovan and Warner, both of whom do very good work, might learn of him, the one distinctness, the other softness, so exactly does he realize the happy medium.

The sculpture of the year, for the rest, is Hartley's well-composed life-size group of a young mother and her child,

— a subject likely to be more popular, perhaps, but nothing like so original as his striking Whirlwind of last year, — Kemy's wolves and buffalo, and Kelly's Sheridan's Ride, all at the Academy. The wolves and buffalo as here treated seem too woolly for sculpture, in which any considerable quantity of that kind of texture is offensive, and very much better adapted for painting. Kelly, a fresh man, known heretofore only by his dashing drawings in the illustrated magazines, continues the same traditions in a horse and rider, showing, besides great spirit, careful modeling and conscientious study of equine anatomy in headlong movement. The general's mouth is open with a cry, as he swings his hat. The horse has the peculiarity of being wholly clear of the ground, held up, not by the customary clumsy impalement, but by supports at one side, — it is doubtful, of course, how it would work on a larger scale, — contrived in the scattering foliage past which he seems to be hastily brushing.

Duveneck has given a sufficient taste of his quality in times gone by to have a warrant for singularity. He avails himself of it copiously. For the purpose of a comparison, he and Chase may be looked upon as men of equal ability. But how different are the courses these two compeers of Munich have marked out for themselves! The one, touched with some fatal lack of sentiment, — a perfected Currier he might be called, — can gain but a few adherents, of jaundiced vision. The other appeals to a wide, cultivated circle who love the beautiful part of life. He seems likely to gain from their sincere approbation both fame and fortune. Duveneck has a half-length portrait-like figure, and another of three-quarters length. The first is a stout, short-haired lady, called Gertrude. It is very much of the Rubens manner and type. The second, Lady with a Fan, might be, by the mode of her dress, a German princess of 1830 from some grand-ducal gallery. Jet-black ringlets, uniting indistinguishably with a background of the same depth, cut off her face so sharply that it looks like a mask. The features, and particularly a clear, intelligent, hazel eye, to which it has been thought worth while to give attention, are excellently painted, and the leaving of certain other parts, as the hands, merely blocked in is not uninteresting, since it shows his manner of work, — and we know very well what he could have done if he would. What we remain curious about is whether it is the deliberate judgment of a painter of this rank that such are the most desirable selections and arrangements, and whether a fair face is the better for being thus chopped off at the side, like a mask. His third piece, a Munich apprentice boy, is not open to the same animadversions. Strong, however, and good, it is not at all as successfully treated as was the same subject by Chase.

Chase's principal work is a great full-length portrait of Duveneck himself. It represents him as a man in gray, including a wide gray hat with the flap somewhat impudently turned up in front, sitting sideways on a high-backed chair and holding a long-stemmed clay pipe, like a good-humored Dutch burgher in an ale-house of the time of Van Ostade and Jan Steen. It can hardly help seeming puritanical and starved in color from its peculiar scale of drab and brown tones, the face forming the only spot of genuine warmth, and will not be so well liked as the Preparing for the Ride of last year, though equally good in its way. His warm color comes in the bit of the sacristy of St. Mark's. The not well-shaven old sacristan polishing his utensils of gold, silver, and bronze; the greenish bronze door at the top of the well-stained marble steps; the undulating, tessellated pavement, are so softly natural that an illusion that it is Baedeker one's neighbor reads instead of a catalogue, and hangers-on are waiting to annoy you about the ducal palace when you step without, is half created. There is a notable, free, and splendid Venetian quay close by it, by Zwachtman. The effect is got, strangely enough, without any of the usual conventional Venice stock in trade. It is a tangle of

entirely modern shipping. The rich spot of scarlet and orange in the midst is found to be merely something connected with the painting of an ordinary boat drawn up on the stocks.

Shirlaw comes finely to the front. His Gooseherd may be counted perhaps the most thoroughly satisfactory piece of work he has done. A trifle more of detail in the middle distance might have done it no harm, but it is doubtful if even this is a flaw. Rich, deep, and golden in tone, it is yet not cloying. The gooseherd is a smiling, stout peasant girl with a long stick grasped, with a slightly diffident, ingratiating air, behind her. Some stranger is approaching. She is smiling, and the six agitated geese in front of her screaming at him. One of their raised white wings cuts sharply against her dark skirt, below which shows an honest, broad-soled shoe. The rustic grace of the attitude, the delicate humor and rendition of character, the rich and harmonious coloring, the accentuation of interest by the increasing finish of the different planes up to the front, make up a work quite inimitable.

Many of the strong names of last year are absent, and others, like Bridgeman, represented by less important works. The tame nude of Wyatt Eaton, an insipid woman reclining on rounded, expressionless drapery without a single crisp angle in it, goes but little way towards replacing the vigorous Last Plague of Egypt of Pearce, and the dancing group of Miss Dodson. It happens that Mrs. Cassatt's good portrait of an elderly lady in starched muslin reading a sharply-creased newspaper hangs just above it, and contributes to its peculiar floridness and lack of vigor.

Beckwith's Jeanne, — a baby girl, — Humphrey Moore's aged Spanish Beggar, and Dewing's Slave and Young Sorcerer help to save the day. The latter two, a studio female model and a fillet-bound Greek stripling performing with reeds over a small censer some such incantations as went on in the eclogues of Virgil, are strong and agreeable small figures, real flesh and blood, lighted by real daylight.

The Spanish Beggar is notable for the artistic disposition of the light, which falls white upon him from above, and throws deep shades under his grizzled beard, gaunt ribs, and doubled-up limbs. Its undoubted power and success point to a very much higher field of activity for its author than the second-hand Fortunyism and Orientalism with which he has so much pleased himself.

Hoesslin is the new acquisition upon whom the society has the best reason to congratulate itself. He sends from Munich a Flemish Beauty of the Seventeenth Century, on a life-size scale. She is in black, with point-lace cuffs and an enormous ruff, in a high-backed chair against a black ground. It is like the Flemish masters, of course, and one is a little prejudiced, perhaps, thereby at first. But when it is seen how charmingly it is done, and yet with what force; what delicate, human expression there is in the sweet face, isolated in its formal paraphernalia; how the high light touches on the great crinkled ruff only in a single spot, and all the rest is in skillfully managed shade; how a quite phenomenal finish, for the time and place, is made to consist with the most satisfactory breadth, he has a profound respect for a talent that could so arrange and portray a model, no matter what may be the tradition followed. A little shield, with red and blue quarterings, set in the upper right-hand corner, repeating the faint colors of the embroidered flowers in the lace cap, is one of those touches of nice feeling and craving for exact justness of harmony that indicate the stuff of which a colorist much out of the common is made.

Frank Fowler's Bacchus is good flesh-painting, character and color combined. It shows a wine-flushed, untrustworthy, handsome face against a rich wine-colored ground, the head crowned carelessly with vine leaves and purple clusters. This artist goes on to make an ideal study of Mrs. Frank Fowler in blue silk and roses. Mrs. Frank Fowler in turn, in a pleasing kind of artistic family duet, presents an excellent portrait of

Mr. Frank Fowler, — dark on a ground of Naples yellow, not altogether unlike some religious effects.

Sargent justifies the good opinions he won for himself on his first appearance. A white-waisted, pink-skirted, brown girl of Capri meditates in an olive orchard, leaning against a crooked stem across which her arms are nonchalantly thrown back, disclosing a crease between the slender shoulder-blades. There are usually masters to whom the strongest of the new men can be traced. This one recalls Michetti, a charming, quaint bright-colorist whom some want of appreciation has kept thus far from being much imitated. This is not cited in depreciation, but to aid those knowing the greater to comprehend the less, if by chance there be any prevented from falling in with him. The resemblance extends to a striking of the same kind of note. It is in the olive orchard, the kind of a peasant girl, the — what an English equivalent should be found for as soon as convenient — *chic* of the whole.

Before Sargent's other picture, at the Academy, Neapolitan Children Bathing, Michetti's very singular Springtime and Love, at the Paris Exposition, cannot fail to be remembered. This is not at all so full of figures, and they are boys instead of girls, but the same bluish and violet shadows are scattered about among them, and it is the same vivid blue sea against which the rosy flesh tints are projected. Such groups are seen of a blazing July day from the window of a train to Castellamare. The chubby little fellows, and one particularly who has two bladders, shining with water and giving out shell-like reflections, attached to his shoulders, are made to look like young cupids.

Thayer does not equal his down-hill procession of cattle last year, exceptionally good as a subject, but he surpasses it much in other qualities. He may well be recommended to show to tyros how the dreamy, mysterious effects at which they aim are consistent with knowledge and painstaking accuracy. A soft white cow of large size, repeated by others at a distance, stands knee-deep in a pool of the river Moselle. The surface is so glassy still that none of them can have stirred for a long time. The absence of a single curving ripple indicates absolute calm. A heavy atmosphere clings about the principal figure, but does not make a ghost of it. It emerges with a delicate clearness when scrutinized. The colors are demure and unusual, hardly more than some drabs, white, and pale green. The animal is of a homely type, or else it is the fault of the point of view that the serrated backbone and hollow hips, from which the barrel-like body is swung, appear with such prominence. Cut off at the knees, too, by the opaque water, it has an awkward shortness, which the reflection thrown below has not counteracted, although evidently relied upon to do so.

What was considered settled by the first display of this society was that the new men coming from abroad were possessed of excellent technical ability, — that they knew how to paint. A natural form of succeeding curiosity was as to what they would do with it when they got home. J. A. Weir is the principal one who attempts to find something here on which to exercise it. His large picture is attractive, and has a Courbet kind of air across the room. What is the American subject that an artist who knows how to paint has selected — for Eakins's life-size Clinic, being a commission for a medical college, cannot be considered a deliberate choice — as the best thing he knew of for a six-feet canvas? It is a crowd about a bench in one of the paths of, apparently, Washington Square. The intention evidently is to take a group from every-day life and show what can be made of it. Now this is the kind of theme that requires the talent for the hitting off of character, and Mr. Weir does not show here that he possesses it strongly. It does not seem an American group. The loafer leaning on the back of the seat is like a Teniers' boor; the flower-girl is of the conventional pallor that hardly occurs out of Sunday-school literature; the tall young lady in blue looks very German. Nor is it at all probable that the gen-

tlemanly person in the cloak in front would ever be found sitting cheek by jowl with the squalid, blind beggar and the rest except for the purposes of this very exhibition. But there are more elementary faults. The composition is without climax or agreeable balance, and the drawing is so obscure that the people appear to be marching in procession. Only after a long while is it realized that they are sitting on the bench. The best point is decidedly the head of the young workingwoman listening to the loafer. She is a jolly, bold girl, with a scrap of crimson scarf around the neck, over her black dress. She is shown to even better advantage in a special study close by. That is capital. She laughs, and her teeth show. Done in creamy smears of paint, with a high light on the round near cheek, she is as fresh and cheerful as a polished apple.

Eakins, who has shown heretofore a considerable talent for making a naturally attractive subject disagreeable, — like his woodeny Philadelphia belle of last year, supposed to be standing as a model for the sculptor William Rush, — has in a ghastly scene in a dissecting-room a subject to his mind. It is a swarm of surgeons and assistants performing an amputation in a lecture-room, the surrounding air of which is faintly full of student heads, like attendant spirits. It is powerful work, and there is a fine seriousness in the principal figure, lifting a silvered, intellectual head momentarily from the grim labor. For its purpose and from its point of view, it is doubtless right, but for any less special destination the realistic dwelling on the raw, quivering limb, the gory hands that hold the scalpels, the blood spurted in jets over the white wristbands, would be horrid and inexcusable. The subject is but too impressive in itself, with these details withdrawn as much as possible from notice.

II.

The Academy exhibition, the fifty-fourth in the annual series, opens as the other closes. It cannot be recommended to the public to attend an exhibition on varnishing day, because it is not, as it were, expected; but if it has happened, it is interesting for once to have been there. It is the time of final adjustment, set for a day or two before the opening. Contributors arrive in the morning. They note how they have been treated, and what adaptations, if any, the work needs to its new quarters.

It would hardly take a profound student of human nature to separate from the throng on varnishing day the benign and generally interested artist whose picture is found to have been set upon "the line." Yonder darkling man, on the contrary, is one who clearly divines whose personal malice it was that caused his cherished work to be placed so high above the ordinary range of vision.

It is the custom to hang the pictures at the Academy about three rows deep, in a belt of perhaps twelve feet wide, beginning at the top of the wainscot, two feet and a half from the floor. On the magic line there is no flicker on the varnish. The texture of the work, as well as its effect, can be examined at leisure. The next zone is not unfavorable. The topmost, though many a good picture goes there, and they are sloped at an angle to counteract the distance, it must be agreed is not well seen by the middle-aged eyes that buy. It is not strange, therefore, that the line, or something as near to it as may be, is an object of solicitude. The hanging is conceded to be good at the Academy this year. It may not be unimproving to make a section of it — the principal wall of the south (main) room — the object of a little special study. It would hardly be thought that so much symmetry could be secured with so heterogeneous a collection of materials.

Supposing the four hundred rejected contributions eliminated, and the six hundred and fifteen accepted ranged about the receiving rooms, face outward, what does an enlightened hanging committee proceed to do? It makes a selection from the largest pictures, — a large picture of a certain merit has an advantage from brute size alone, — and places them

in the centres, the secondary centres, and the cut-off corners of the rooms, the positions of honor. Points of departure thus given, the intervals are filled up in keeping.

If the work be very large it must have an end wall, since the width of the room alone is not enough for a clear view. Thus Thomas Moran's Ponce de Leon, a band of small, gayly-caparisoned figures in a malarious-looking Florida everglade, is at one end of the long south room, and Inness's wide stretch of country from North Conway in Spring at the other. In the last a commonplace figure of the artist in a sketching attitude shows much too conspicuously in the otherwise rather vacant foreground. Both appear to better advantage in smaller works elsewhere.

For the side of the long gallery mentioned there were found, in the first place, two life-size, full-length portraits: Beckwith's, in the late French manner, in which a lady is effaced in a gorgeous crimson dress; and Huntington's, of a lady in black, in his well-known style. These, spaced a quarter of the distance each from the end of the room, were first set for two *nuclei*. A large landscape of McEntee's, a strange, melancholy scene, made up of absolutely nothing but a treeless and desert moor with rolling gray clouds dragging low down upon it, is set in the centre of the side. Over it a shrimp girl of the Normandy coast, pleasing in all but the rainy coldness of its color, by Edward Moran. The three figures constitute a kind of pyramidal structure when looked at together.

On one side of the landscape Fuller's Gypsy Girl offsets Porter's portrait of a lady. There is not absolute repetition, of course, since one is standing and the other sitting, but just the agreeable resemblance that gives balance. The frames are of about the same dimensions and the heads the same height. On each side, again, a pair of horizontal landscapes of the same size superposed, — Wyant and Bicknell against Minor and Tait, — and a pair of smaller ones on top. This brings us to the full-length portraits. It takes three pictures to go to the corner from Beckwith's against two from Huntington's, because the latter is the wider. The balance is less here, but by no means abandoned. A sitting old gentlemen in black in the upper row of the one is over against a sitting middle-aged gentleman in black in the other.

A considerable continuity of tone, rather gray and temperate on the whole, is also preserved through the side. Each piece, abandoning being an object in itself for the moment, plays a part in a general decorative scheme. Even Beckwith's crimson lady does not destroy it. How good it all is can be better appreciated by finding a corner where perhaps the effort has been given over in the haste of finishing. Heads, landscapes, still-life, and action, of all shapes and sizes, are thrown together helter-skelter.

The picture of Thomas Moran's which is better than his large one is a very luminous, pearly view towards New York across a surface of New Jersey shore, full of sparkling shallows. The commercial features of the scene, a looming pier of the Brooklyn bridge, and even a smoking locomotive and train, wrapped in a moisture-surcharged atmosphere, lend themselves to the picturesque purpose easily.

Inness is better in a hazy morning, over a quiet river winding up to distant woods touched with the first hues of autumn. A man of remarkable originality in the study of nature, he throws a strangeness into its more ordinary aspects. He particularly delights in it at moments of transition. The gleam which strikes between the rolling clouds, now in the foreground, now the middle distance, of his peculiar olive-green landscapes is to rest but a moment. He shows here a sunset entirely unlike anybody else's. It is one of those that change from instant to instant. The sun is a great ball going down behind impressive masses of foliage, and sending light, catching along the furze, to the front. There are half-defined rays, the sun "drawing water," as a common expression is. Small clouds against the

light are purplish and crimson; others above it are orange. Through rifts some patches of sky are seen, clear green, suffused in radiance and immensely distant.

Miller's view at Wehawken is the landscape for which the highest price — it may be interesting to state it, two thousand dollars — is demanded. This is a sunset, too, but of the more regular kind. It is in the woods in autumn. The light is all reddish. Miller is adopted among the progressive men, and exhibits at the Kurtz gallery, too. His pictures are like both Dupré and the more remote Rousseau. There is a russetness, and a texture over them comparable to tree bark. The compositions are undoubtedly of merit, but labored and artificial. There is too little out-of-doors in them. His cows are conventional spots, whose only purpose is to allow the resting of desirable spots of illumination on their backs.

It will be hard to reconcile us to the slipshod treatment of the small figures, either animals or human beings, in landscapes, however long the practice may be continued. Elaboration to the injury of the purposes for which they are needed is not demanded, but examples like Macy's show that this is not necessary. His figures of this kind have all the requisite breadth and freedom, but each an individuality, as if studied from a living subject.

Such a one is the brownish-clad girl going along the path in the scattering shadows of the great tree which frames the prospect of his fresh and lovely Early Summer. There is a rather remarkable absence of blue to indicate distance. Its place is filled by drabs. The bold yet tender treatment of the young vegetation, which begins to be luxuriant and to envelop the two brown and white Bavarian cottages in its midst, the taste and sentiment of the scene, are admirable. Here again is a happy medium. It is a reproach to W. T. Richards, Fitch, and Hetzel on the one side, who model the forest interior and all the stratifications of the rocks as finely as if they were but reproductions to a microscopic scale, and yet leave us cold, as well as to all the tribe of feeble and disorderly on the other.

The two Harts continue their even work. James, who paints the larger cattle pieces, displays especially good draughtsmanship and extensive general knowledge. One concedes all that is claimed for them, but some tameness and formal respectability in these excellent pictures prevent the outburst of ill-regulated enthusiasm. A suspicion of something of the same kind hangs about Dana's fine sea-weed gatherers on the coast of Brittany. Perhaps it would please better were it less perfectly composed, — if there were a suggestion of something more angular in the forms, a hint of something transitory in the attitudes. The heavy cart horses seem too rounded and resignedly drooping. The sails of the fishing-boat droop, too, as though no breeze should ever blow again. One finds it enervating.

Next to it Clement Swift throws out three large figures of Breton wreckers crawling up a bank to watch the coming of a distressed craft in the offing, with a rugged simplicity and boldness that is an example of exactly the opposite feeling.

Boggs's Street Corner in Paris is a very attractive, dashing piece of work, one of the best of those into which art for art's sake enters for a legitimate share of enjoyment. It is in both the subject and the free, vigorous manner of handling. The corner is possibly one of those on the upper side of the Boulevard Clichy. Its wine shop, around which hangs a group of blouses taken out of the kind of life of Zola's Assommoir, — it might be the Assommoir itself, though it is lettered the Chariot d'Or, — is pale green; the end wall of the building rising above it is time-stained gray limestone and plaster. There are two vulgar little shops, a fruiterer's and a second-hand-furniture dealer's, in the low, yellow-washed block running off to the left, and a leafless tree sprouts from the curb-stone in front of it. A sewing-girl is crossing the street, an old fellow sweeping it, and the end of a loaded

omnibus just disappearing out of the picture. There is nothing whatever that needs going to Paris for. The art is in the maker, who has the talent to put the old cavalry jacket depending from the line, the basket of lemons, the open joint in the paving-stones, just where it will do the most good, and to leave out as much more that does not consort with the agreeable patchwork he has a mind to frame of this every-day life.

It is the commonest of subjects. A hundred thousand as good or better will be found in New York. There are subjects in the transition state of the upper part of the island a French painter would give everything for. If the wild shanty life, the goats, the fragmentary forts, the cemeteries, and the colonial mansions among the great bowlders, the bold trace of the engineering improvements cutting through them, the market gardens, the gleams of color in isolated brick and red stone blocks rising in the midst, be allowed to pass away without some transmission into art, it will be one of the crimes of the age.

A much more unlikely subject has come into art in the person of no other than Jim Bludsoe, by A. W. Willard. We behold him in the attitude of keeping the nozzle of the steamboat Prairie Belle agin the bank, till the last galoot 's ashore. He is not pretty, in the coppery light which the conflagration is made to throw over him as he clings to the wheel, but the head looks like an excellent rendition of a type of about the probable kind, under circumstances of strong excitement.

Guy gives us this year the same serious little girl who was last year reading to herself a Sunday-school lesson, now seated on the side of their bed, in the evening, reading a story to two little children. If it be the object to put them to sleep, it does not seem in train to be accomplished. Two pairs of round little eyes peep above the coverlet, wide-open with wonder at the tale. The perfection of finish, the effort at illusion, are made to consist, as is not often the case, with higher qualities. If it were, the style would have less said in disparagement of it. The masses of light and shade are most agreeably distributed. Though the very threads of the textures are discerned, the illumination of the gas-light falls in a broad and mellow flood across them.

Gilbert Gaul's returned sailor lad showing some orphan-school boys his tattooed arm through a railing is scarcely worked out with the skill that befits so good a subject. Burns, in his young fisherman coming down the beach calling Halloo-o-o! well gives the action he intends. Magrath's Irish farmer smoking his pipe on a hill-side, contentedly overlooking his estate, is a graphic piece of character set into a landscape of a charming, temperate color. One feels inclined to a superlative at once, — to say that it is the best thing he has ever done. J. G. Brown repeats, in an accurately individualized strolling German band, a composition similar to the row of newsboys pointing at a passing show, so well received at Paris.

Homer is sure to have enough in anything he may send to save it, even if it be not successful. His Cotton-Pickers is thoroughly so. The shepherdess, of the Little Bo-Peep style, bearing up against a stiff breeze, and the girl in yellow sitting on the beach against a breaking wave, of the solid dark blue the sea takes on some lazy days after an agitation, are both nice; but the former and her landscape are frigid, and the purplish and leaden sky of the latter does not seem to consort with the afternoon light that throws so long a shadow from the girl's figure over the crest of the ridge. The field of tall cotton-plants, crossed and tangled in front, and spotted with the large, soft, white pods, with two women of the African race half shrouded in the midst, is very decorative; and there is made to be something mysterious and sphinx-like about the women against the sky.

The two Smillies are much to be congratulated on the odd and pleasing inspiration they have found, — the one in a simple hill-top crested with cedars, to which a goat path winds, the other in a snow-covered, climbing road, across

which the bluish shadows of cedars are cast.

The flower painters appear with a whole odorous bank of blossoms, and almost all good. They have learned at last to replace the old stiffness with easy, "artistic" arrangement. As pleasing as any, in the peculiarly decorative way, were Helena DeKay's pansies and roses, at the Kurtz gallery, thrown flatly against a mottled canary-yellow ground. Quartley has apparently been browbeaten out of mingling rich color in the waves of his marines by being called Ziem-like. He had much better have brought the reflections of the scarlet band on the smoke-stack, the stripe on the waist of the yacht, the bright-shirted fishermen, in his view of Norfolk, scattering down among them, as before. Without it he loses one of his principal charms.

One wonders if the point of view for this kind of writing is sufficiently kept in mind. A false impression ought not to go out, from the difficulty of qualifying all one's qualifications. To use only a little praise while a great deal is meant is more common than to make a little fault-finding stand for all that is deserved. It is often the sole fault. The picture may be better described by it, while its merits are only covered in the same terms that are common to others.

Millet, artist and war correspondent, the American member of the fine art jury at the Paris Exhibition, is represented by a portrait which deservedly finds a place on the line. It seems a speaking likeness of the grizzled, middle-aged gentleman who forms its subject. The somewhat ruddy complexion is made an agreeable thing in itself. A faint smile hangs around the mustached mouth and the wrinkles of the keen, business-like eyes. This is a straightforward piece of work; the affair in hand is the portraiture, and little else.

Wyatt Eaton's No. 138, on the other hand, a young woman's head of a marked character, aims to be, and is, a beautiful study of light and shade. It is far better than his work at the other exhibition, and in part redeems it. The features, in almost profile, emerge out of soft shadow. The whole advance, from the gloom of the ground to the dot of light on the tip of the nose, is brought forward by a series of the more delicate and satisfying gradations.

Fuller's pictures have the continuance of attractiveness belonging to mystery, not to be found out at once, if ever. He is a painter about whom there is controversy. It appears that there could rightly be little controversy apart from a certain tone to which he is devoted. It is a peculiar yellowish-green, slightly sulphurous, extending to portraits and landscapes alike. This is one of those *de gustibus* matters, but for me his subtle and pensive conceits would be far more charming in an atmosphere of the pale, soft grays. We do not see our visions in such a florid light. He favors the hearts of lonesome woodlands, with a rustic girl walking mistily through them. His And She was a Witch is a young girl of the Puritan times entering, with a beautiful, terrified face, her cottage in such a wood. The bailiffs are leading away, at a distance, a feeble old woman, possibly her grandmother. The woman further in the background who appears to have denounced her stretches out her arm, with comments of the strident malignity that may be imagined. The nightmare horror of the fatal hallucination, in which the victim so often joined herself to the ranks of her accusers, is powerfully conveyed. Fuller's portraits fix one with a strangely intelligent expression through their mistiness. There was a young woman and a pretty boy at the Kurtz gallery, but the picture of chief importance is the Romany Girl at the Academy. She pauses in the yellowish wood, with a bunch of grasses in her hand, to glance out at us. In her dark eyes, lightened by beads of sparkle, a shy, wild character, fawn-like but savage too, is expressed, and enlists increasing interest. One who does not take to Fuller on the instant still feels that he might very easily be led to do so, and that then the taste, like that for certain condiments, might become a passion.

In Porter we have a portrait painter who falls short only by a tendency to

over-prettiness at times of being great. He aims, like Guy, to reconcile great smoothness and reality with artistic qualities. The attempt is not unwarrantable in the hands of a master, but only with a tyro. His charming, clear-eyed child, recalling a little Reynolds and Gainsborough, is simply perfect. His larger portrait, of a beautiful matron, is easy and winning, too, in expression, attitude and color. She sits, with a rose in her lap, against an amberish-hued curtain. Her satin robe ripples over her knees like a pearly cascade. There is no conspicuous effort to be decorative, but an accomplishment of it, easy and natural like all the rest.

A portrait ought to be so good — would that it were borne in mind once in a thousand times! — that any other family would be as glad to buy it as the one it belongs to, and this is one of them.

A SUNDAY ON THE THAMES.

I DID not spend a whole Sunday on the Thames; but as I was going to morning service at the Abbey, and to evening service at St. Paul's, I chose to make the river my way from one to the other; and doing this it seemed to me good to go leisurely over the whole of it within what is called the metropolitan district. This one is enabled to do easily and pleasantly by the little steamers that ply back and forth constantly within those limits. The day was as beautiful as a summer sky, with its bright blue tempered by lazy clouds smiling with light and sailing upon a soft, gentle breeze, could make it; the sense of Sunday seemed to pervade the air; and even the great city sat in sweet solemnity at rest. When science has taken entire possession of mankind, and we no more find anything to worship, will the Sunday-less man possess, in virtue of his rule of pure reason, any element of happiness that will quite compensate him for that calm, sweet, elevating sense — so delicate as to be indefinable, and yet so strong and penetrating as to pervade his whole being and seem to him to pervade all nature — of divine serenity in the first day of the Christian week? It is passing from us, fading gradually away, not into the forgotten, — for it can never be forgotten by those who have once felt it, — but into the unknown. There are men now living who have never known it; their numbers will increase; and at last, in the long by and by, there will be a generation of civilized men who will say, that there should ever have been a difference between one day and another passes human understanding. This sense of Sunday is much stronger in the country than in the town, — strangely, for the current of life is there much less visibly interrupted; and it is always deepened by a sky at once bright and placid. And such a sky has its effect even in town: I felt it on this day, as I glided, through sunny hours and over gentle waters, past the solid stateliness and homely grandeur that are presented on the Thames side of London.

I walked across the lower end of St. James's Park, passing over much the same ground that King Charles trod on that 30th of January when, in the midst of a regiment of Cromwell's Ironsides, but attended personally by his own private guard and his gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and with the Parliamentary colonel in command walking uncovered by his side, he went to lay down his handsome, weak, treacherous head upon the block before the outraged Commonwealth of England, — an event which, notwithstanding the Restoration and the subsequent two centuries of monarchy in England, is the greatest and most sig-

nificant of modern times, and is also of all grand retributive public actions the most thoroughly and characteristically English. Tyrants have been put to death or driven from their thrones at other times and by other peoples; but then for the first time, and first by men of English blood and speech, was a tyrant solemnly and formally tried like an accused criminal, condemned as a criminal, and put to death in execution of a warrant issuing from a court constituted by the highest power in the land. Compared with this high-handed justice the assassination of a Cæsar is like a brawl among "high-toned" politicians, and the expulsion of the Bourbons the chance consequence of a great popular tumult. And in this was its endless worth and its significance, — that from that time there was a new tenure of kingship. Then for the first time the great law of government was written, — that it should be for the best interests of the governed; and it was written in the blood of a king. This was the one boon of that great act to England, to the English race, to all civilized Christendom; for politically the beheading of Charles was a blunder; and the Commonwealth, after living an artificial life for a few years, died an inevitable death, because it was born out of due time.

None the less because it was Sunday did I find the cows at the place towards the lower end of the park, whither I strolled, and where they and their predecessors have stood day after day for centuries, professing to give new milk to visitors thirsting for this rustic beverage, either for its own sake, or that it might by its associations enhance the rural effect of the meadows and the trees. I did not drink of the product of their maternal founts; but my experience leads me to the unhesitating conclusion that if those cows give milk instead of milk-and-water they must be of a breed which, or the product of which, cannot be found in Middlesex without St. James's Park. The milk of London is a little thicker, a little more opaque, and a little whiter than its fog. Whether or no it is more nourishing I shall not venture to say. Probably these cows do give milk-and-water, and produce intuitively, as becomes metropolitan British kine, their article of trade ready adulterated. For, many times as I passed the place where they stand, I never saw man, woman, or child drinking; and I am sure that if they gave real milk there would at least be a procession to them of mothers and nurses with their weanlings. They seemed to be of the homely variety known as the red cow, to which belonged she of the crumpled horn and she that jumped over the moon. And if this were so it is yet another witness to the perpetuity of things in England; for the facetious Tom Brown, who lived and wrote in the days of James II., tells of the intrusion of the milk-folks upon the strollers through the Green Walk with the cry, "A can of milk, ladies! A can of red cow's milk, sir!" I could not but think that if kine could communicate their thoughts there would be in that little knot of horned creatures a tradition of the looks of Charles I. and of Cromwell, and of Charles II. and of the Duchess of Cleveland, and of Nell Gwynne, and of dear, vain, close-fisted, kind-hearted Pepys, and of the beautiful Gunnings, and of the captivating, high-tempered Sarah Jennings, who could cut off her own auburn hair to spite the Duke of Marlborough, and fling it into his face, and of the Duchess of Devonshire, who kissed the butcher and wore the hat; and of all those noted beauties, wits, gallants, and heroes whose names and traits are the gilded flies in the amber of our literature. For there probably has been no time since the park ceased to be a royal chase when there was not at least some one of the herd, and probably more, that could have learned all these things in direct line of tradition from predecessors. So, to be sure, the same is true of the men and the women of London; but the directness of such a course of transmission was brought more home to me in considering these cattle, as they stood there, the representatives and perpetuators of a little custom, older than any commonwealth, in one of the richest, most populous, and most powerful nations of the earth.

Chewing the cud of my fancies, I passed out of the park, and soon was at the Abbey door; but not soon was I much farther. I had not troubled myself upon the score of punctuality; and being a few minutes late I found the Abbey — that part of it which is used for service — full, even to the crowding of the aisles down to the very doors. I managed to squeeze myself in, but was obliged to stand, and moreover to be leaned against like a post, through service and through sermon. In these I found no noteworthy unlikeness, even of a minor sort, to what I had been accustomed to hear from my boyhood. The changes in the language of the Book of Common Prayer to adapt it to the political constitution and the social condition of "America" are so few and so slight that they must be closely watched for to be detected. The preacher was Canon Duckworth, canon in residence, who reminded me in voice, in accent, and in manner very much, and somewhat in person, although he was less ruddy, of a distinguished clergyman of the same church in New York, and whose sermon was the same sensible, gentleman-like, moderately high-church talk which may be heard from half a dozen pulpits in that city every Sunday. Not every one of those who preach them, however, or the like of them in England, has Canon Duckworth's rich, vibrating voice and fine, dignified presence. The long hood of colored silk that he wore (his was crimson), like all English clergymen that I saw within the chancel, was not, as I find many persons suppose it to be, an article of ecclesiastical costume. It was merely his master's hood, — that which belonged to him as Master of Arts. The different colors of the linings of these academic hoods indicate the degree of the wearer and the university by which it was bestowed. They are worn by university "clerks" on all formal occasions.

After the sermon there was an administration of the communion, and all persons who were not partakers were required to leave the church. The exodus was very slow. Even after the throng was thinned and movement was easy, many lingered, looking up into the mysterious beauty of that noble nave. These the vergers did not hesitate to hasten, addressing them in some cases very roughly, as I thought, and even putting their hands upon their shoulders; but on my telling one of them that although I did not mean to commune I should like to remain during the service, he with ready civility, and with no shilling-expectant expression of countenance, took me to a seat within a gate and very near the outer rails. In this service, too, I found nothing peculiar to the place or to the building, — indeed, how could there well be? — but I observed that certain of the communicants as they passed through the railing on their way to the table (which they, I suppose, would call the altar) and as they returned, carried their hands upright before them, holding the palms closely together and bowing their heads over them, with an air which conveyed the impression that they thought they were behaving like the saints in an altar-piece or in a missal. Perhaps I might have observed the same practice before if my church-going had been more frequent since the outbreak of "ritualism."

It was strange, as I came out from such a solemn service in that venerable and sacred pile, and strongly indicative of the political position of the church in England, to be met just outside the door by a man who carried under his arm a huge bundle of handbills, calling a meeting and making a protest about some municipal matter. These he distributed freely to the communicants, as they issued from the celebration of the mystery, who took them as a matter of course into the same hands which had been pressed together with such ascetic fervor only a few minutes before, and, glancing at them, put them for the most part carefully into their pockets. We know that the English Church is a part of the government of England; but its peculiar place is shown by practices which to us would seem highly indecorous. I saw posted on the doors of parish churches, in the rural counties, — beautiful with the beauty of a lost inspiration, and ven-

erable with the historic associations of centuries thick with acts of import, — notices of those persons in the parish who had taken out licenses to keep dogs; the list being always led by the name of the lord of the manor. There this was no sacrilege. A parish in England is a political and legal entity, with material boundaries within which certain officers have power; and the parish church is its moral centre. Why, therefore, should not the licenses of dogs be announced upon its doors?

Soon after leaving the Abbey I was at the river-side; and in a minute or two along came a small black steamer, about twice as long as one of the little tug-boats that run puffing and bustling about New York harbor, and no wider. It seemed to me more than simple, indeed almost rude in its bare discomfort; and certainly it was as far from anything gay or festive in appearance as such a boat could be. The absence of bright paint and gilding, and of all that glare of decoration which it is thought necessary to make "Americans" pay for, commended the little craft to my favor; but I thought that without these it yet might have been made a little less coarse and much more comfortable. On the dingy deck were some benches or long settles of unmitigated wood; and that was all. There was not even an awning; but perhaps awnings would interfere with the vailing of the funnel as these boats pass under the bridges, and they might perhaps also be in danger of fire from the small cinders that then escape. The passengers, in number about a score, were all of what would be called in England the lower middle class, with one exception, a fine-looking man, manifestly a "gentleman," and with an unmistakable military air.

As I sat upon my hard seat, worn shiny by the sitting of countless predecessors, and looked around upon my fellow-passengers, I was impressed by the stolidity of their faces. The beauty of the sky, the soft, fresh breeze, the motion, the fact that it was a holiday, a fine Sunday, seemed to awaken no glow of feeling in their bosoms. And yet they were, most of them, plainly pleasure-seekers. As we moved swiftly on (I had taken an up boat) we soon passed over toward the Surrey side of the river. Erelong an elderly woman who sat near me turned to me, and, pointing out at some distance ahead on our left a square tower, the familiar outlines of which had attracted my attention some minutes before, asked, "Wot buildin 's that there?" "Lambeth, madam; the Archbishop of Canterbury's palace." "The Harchbishop o' Cantubbury! Well, well! deary me! A many times as I 've bin on the river, I never see that afore." To be asked such a question by a Londoner in my first half hour upon the Thames astonished me, and the confession that followed it was amazing; for Lambeth palace is almost opposite Westminster. This was within the first week after my arrival in England, and although I met with an exhibition of this kind of ignorance even before I set foot on English ground, I was not yet prepared for quite such an example. Before a fortnight had passed I had learned better.

As I turned to look at the questioner, I saw that she was a nicely-dressed, obese female, and that she was accompanied by a nicely-dressed, obese man who plainly was her husband. The couple had lived together a long while; they had grown old together; they had grown fat together; together they had sunk, year after year, deeper into a slough of stupidity; together they had, as they passed through the world and life, become more and more ignorant of the one, and more and more indifferent to all of the other, except eating and drinking and the little round of their daily duties that enabled them to eat and drink. Their faces had grown like each other, not only in expression but in form. The noses had become more shapeless; the chinless jaws had swelled and rounded imperceptibly into the short, thick neck. Those faces probably had once expressed some of the vivacity of youth; but this had passed away, and nothing, no trace of thought or feeling, had come into its place, — only fat; a greasy witness of content; and the result was two great sleepy moons of flabby flesh pierced here and

there by orifices for animal uses. I made surreptitiously an outline sketch of their two faces, as they sat side by side staring stupidly before them; and it looked like two Bourbon heads on a medal. He was one of those long-bodied, short-legged Englishmen who are framed with facilities for a great development of paunch. Man and wife were about the same height; and at the next landing they got up and waddled off together. I laughed within myself, as I am laughing now; and yet why should I have sat there and scoffed at those good folk for being what nature and circumstances had made them?

Of a very different fabric in every way was the military-looking man whom I have already mentioned. He was tall and strong, although not stout, — a well-made, good-looking man, with a certain consciousness of good looks not uncommon among handsome Englishmen, and not unpleasant. His dress showed that union of sobriety with scrupulous neatness and snugness which is characteristic of the Englishmen of the upper classes.

He alone of all my male fellow-passengers kept me in countenance in my chimney-pot hat. The round-topped hat, called "wide awake," or what not, has become so common in London that a crowd looked down upon from window or from 'bus seems like a swarm of great black beetles. I walked toward this gentleman, thinking that I would speak to him if he appeared willing; but he dismissed my doubts by speaking first. Brief as my experience in England had been, this did not surprise me; for I had already learned that English folk — women as well as men — are free in their intercourse with strangers to a degree that made me wonder whence came their reputation for gruff reserve. I should say that the chances of a pleasant chat with a fellow-traveler in England compared with those in the United States were as seven to three. I have again and again traveled from New York to Boston, and from New York to Washington and back (both journeys being of about two hundred and thirty miles each way), without having one word spoken to me by a stranger, although my journeys have always been by daylight; but in England I never went a dozen miles in company with other people without pleasant talk with one or more of them. Nor is such intercourse limited to traveling; there is a freedom of intercourse there to which we are comparative strangers; this, notwithstanding the visible limitations and restraints of rank, — perhaps rather by reason of them.

We sat down and talked as the boat glided swiftly up the river, the banks of which became gradually more suburban in appearance. The Thames, wherever I saw it, whether below London bridge, or above that landmark and within the metropolitan district, or beyond, where it passes Kew and Isleworth and Twickenham and Richmond and Hampton, is remarkable for its character. It is nowhere common-looking; and the variety of its traits within a few miles surprises the eye at every stage with new delight. From the wide-expanding shores, the vast gloomy docks, the huge black hulls, and the strange, clumsy lighter craft of the Pool and Limehouse Reach, past the stately magnificence of the embankment and the Abbey, with the Houses of Parliament on one side, and Lambeth on the other, up to the enchanting rural scene at Richmond, is not farther than it is from one village to another just like it through miles of sameness upon even the Hudson. My talk with my temporary companion was the mere chat of fellow-travelers under a bright sky; but even he managed to illustrate that narrowness of knowledge of which I found so many examples. As we looked off toward the west end of the town, there were in sight three or four rows of new houses, all unfinished, and some not yet roofed. He spoke of "so much buildin' goin' on" and "sellin' houses," and wondered how it was and why gentlemen built houses and sold them. Thereupon I told him of the associations of builders, masons, carpenters, and the like, who built houses by a sort of club arrangement, and had their pay in an interest in the houses, which

they sold at a good profit. Now this I merely remembered having read some two or three years before in the London Building News. It was nothing in me to know it; the remarkable thing was that a Yankee, not yet a week in England, should be called upon to tell it to an intelligent Englishman.

Our little boat soon reached her upper landing, and then turned back. I went down the river to London Bridge, and there, after visiting the Monument and looking at the plain and unpretending solidity of the warehouses, which had the look of holding untold wealth, and after loitering about the murky purlieus of Thames Street, I crossed the bridge and was in Southwark. But of course the bridge was like a short street across the river (it used to be a street with houses on either side), and one end of it was much the same as the other. In the people that I met, who were generally of the lower classes, there was a pleasant appearance of homogeneousness. They were all English people; and the speech that I heard, although it was not cultivated and was sometimes even rude, was English. I heard no brogue, or other transformation of my mother tongue. Little else attracted my attention, except the general inferiority of the men in height and weight to those we see in New England, and the rarity of good looks, not to say of beauty, in the women. They were all plainly in their Sunday clothes, which did not much become them, and in which they were at once much set up and ill at ease.

On my way to St. James's Park I had stopped at a little costermonger's stand and bought an apple, merely for the sake of a few words with the man and his wife, who were both in attendance. I took up an apple carelessly as I was going away, when the man said, "No, sir, don't take that; it 's no good. Let me get you a better;" and he picked out one of the best he could find. He appeared pleased when I thanked him and said that was a good one. Ungratefully, I gave the fruit to the first urchin I met; for although I might have been willing to walk down St. James's Street munching an apple on a Sunday morning, it was not for an English apple that I would have done so. But none the less I reflected that the like of that had never happened to me in my boyhood, when I did buy apples to eat them anywhere, *in casa* or *fuori di casa;* and I thought that most persons in trade would not have regarded that transaction as "business" on the part of my costermonger. If he could "work off" his poor stock first, at good prices, he should do so, and — *caveat emptor.* I do not mean to imply that all costermongers in England are like him; but, notwithstanding all that we hear about the tricks of British traders, adulteration, and the like, I will say that his was the spirit which seemed to me to prevail among the retail dealers with whom I dealt in England. The seller seemed to be willing to take some trouble to please me, and without making any fuss about it, — to be pleased when I was pleased.

Not far from the Southwark end of London Bridge I passed a little fruiter's stall. It was plainly a temporary affair set up for the Sunday trade; but in it were hanging some bunches of very fine white grapes, and I bought some that I might take them down to the river-side and eat them. They were only eight pence a pound. Down to the river-side I went, and, finding an old deserted boat or scow, I seated myself upon it, and ate my grapes and flung the skins into the water, as it ebbed swiftly past me, but softly and almost without a ripple. As I lay there the beauty of the day began to sink into my soul. The air had a softness that was new to me, and which yet I felt that I was born to breathe. The light in the low, swelling, slowly moving clouds seemed to come from a heaven that I once believed was beyond the sky, and they did not dazzle my eyes as I looked up at them. The stillness in such a place impressed me, and took possession of me. There was not a sound, except the distant plash of the wheels of one of the little steamers, or a faint laugh borne down to me from the parapet of the bridge. And there lay before me, stretching

either way beyond my sight, the great, silent city, — London, the metropolis of my race; the typical city of my boyhood's dreams and my manhood's musings; the port from which my forefather had set sail two hundred and fifty years ago, to help to make a new England beyond the sea; the place whose name was upon all the books that I had loved to read; the scene of all the great historical events by which I had been most deeply moved. It was worth the Atlantic voyage to enjoy that vision, that silent hour. Within my range of sight, as I turned my head, were the square turrets of the Tower and the pinnacles of Westminster; and I must have been made of duller stuff than most of that which either came from or remained in England between 1620 and 1645 not to be stirred by the thoughts of what had passed, of mighty moment to my people, at those two places, or between them. Many of those events flitted through my mind; but that which settled in it and took possession of it was the return of Hampden and Pym and the other Five Members who had fled from Westminster to London before King Charles and his halberdiers. From where I sat, had I sat there on the 11th of January, 1642, I might have seen that now silent and almost empty stretch of water swarming with wherries and decorated barges outside two lines of armed vessels that began at London Bridge and ended at Westminster, while up the river, between this guard of honor, sailed to Westminster a ship bearing the five men whose safety was the pledge of English liberty; and along that opposite bank, now silent and almost empty (not indeed the embankment, but the Strand, then the river street, as its name indicates), marched the trained-bands of London, with the sheriffs and all the city magnates and the shouting citizens, amid the booming of guns, the roll of drums, and the clang of trumpets. It was London that received and sheltered the Five Members; it was London that protected them against the king; it was London that carried them back in triumph past Whitehall, then emptied of its royal tyrant, to resume their seats at Westminster, at the command of the outraged but undaunted House of Commons. That was the brightest, greatest day in London's history; that the most memorable pageant of the many memorable seen upon the bosom of old Thames. I should not have enjoyed this vision and these thoughts if I had not lusted for those grapes, and for the pleasure of eating them to the music of the rippling water.

Again I took a steamer and went up the river and returned, that I might mark well the bulwarks and the palaces of this royal city, and see it all from the outside by daylight; and also that I might enjoy the day, which was beautiful with a rich, soft, cool beauty unknown to the land from which we are driving the Sitting Bulls and Squatting Bears, to whose coarse constitutions and rude perceptions the fierce glories of its skies are best adapted. On the return trip the few passengers thinned rapidly away, so that at Charing Cross (I believe it was) every one but myself went ashore; and as no one came on board I was left actually alone upon the deck, like Casabianca. This did not suit me, for I wanted to see the people as well as the place; and I too, just in time, went hastily ashore to wait for another steamer. The landings are made at long, floating piers or platforms; and upon one of these I walked up and down, after having bought another ticket. Erelong another steamer came, well loaded, and I watched the people as they came ashore. Thoughtlessly I turned and walked with the last of them toward the stairs by which they made their exit to the city. It was my first day on the Thames, and I had not observed how very brief the stoppages of the boats were: they touch and go. I was startled by the plash of the wheels, and, turning, I saw the boat in motion. Instinctively I made for her, and taking the length of the platform as the start for a running jump, I easily cleared the widening distance and the taffrail, and landed lightly on the deck. But it was a wonder that I was not frightened out of my jump and into the

water, for there was sensation and commotion on the boat, and cries; two of the deck hands sprang forward, and stretched out their arms to catch me as if I had been a flying cricket-ball; and when I was seen safely on the deck there were cheers, — decorous cheers, after the English fashion. Indeed, I was sitting comfortably down and opening a newspaper before the little stir that I had caused was over. I did not read my paper; for I was in the condition in which Montaigne supposed his cat might be when he played with her. The action of the people interested me quite as much as mine interested them. These English folk, whom I had been taught were phlegmatic and impassible, had been roused to visible and audible manifestation of excitement by an act that would not have caused an "American" to turn his head. The passengers on our crowded ferry-boats saw men jump on board them after they were under way day after day without moving a muscle, until, too many having jumped into the water, and too many of these having been drowned, we put up gates and chains, not long ago, to stop the performance. I should not take that jump again, nor should I have taken it then if I had stopped to think about it; but I was glad that I did take it then, not for the saving of the five or ten minutes that I did not know what to do with, but for the revelation that it made to me of English character.

I landed again at London Bridge, and went to evening service at St. Paul's. I have said before that this great cathedral church has no attractions for my eye externally, except in its dome, that heaves itself heavily up into the dim atmosphere; nor has its interior any grand or even religious aspect to me. The service there, too, as we sat on settles under the dome, seemed to me entirely lacking in the impressiveness of that at Westminster. The voices of the clergymen were indistinct, almost inaudible; the singing sounded comparatively feeble, like the wailing of forlorn and doleful creatures in a great cave. The introit, although the dean was there with a stronger array of assisting clergymen, and choir boys in surplices, and vergers than I had seen before, seemed a comparatively ragged, childish performance. I took a distaste to the whole thing, and managed to slip away between the service and the sermon, in which movement I found myself kept in countenance by others.

I strolled for a little while about the silent city, meeting not more people than I should have met in Wall Street or the lower part of Broadway on a Sunday afternoon. Moreover, during service the bright skies had darkened, and it had begun to rain, after the English fashion; but it soon stopped, and the black clouds were white again, also after the English fashion. Feeling hungry, I began to look about for a place where I could get luncheon. I soon found one, but the door was closed; and this was the case with another, and yet another. The reason of this, as I learned, was that during the hours of divine service all public-houses are required to be closed in England, another witness to the political position of the Established Church. I had been startled in the morning, while at breakfast, by hearing street cries, and looking from my window had seen peripatetic costermongers uttering the inarticulate and incomprehensible noises by which they allure people to buy their wares. This seemed to me very strange on a Sunday morning in England; but I found that everything of this kind is allowed, except during the hours of morning and evening service. This brought up to me the religious discipline of New York in my boyhood, or rather my infancy; for I remember that when I, not yet five years old, was taken to St. George's Church, in Beekman Street, there were chains stretched across the street above and below the church, to prevent the passing of vehicles, and also to keep away the carriages of those who did not let their beasts and their servants rest on Sunday. And I remember in the summer time, when the church doors were open, the faint, distant stamp of the waiting horses mingling drowsily with the monotonous sing-song of the

worthy clergyman (who read the service and preached in black silk gloves with the forefinger and thumb cut open that he might turn the leaves), and lulling my little wearied brain to sleep that was broken only by the burst of the great organ. Think how the liberty-loving people of a city which has produced a Tweed for its chief manager and a Fernando Wood for its mayor and its representative would now endure chains across a street to prevent them from disturbing the devotions of others! The right to obstruct and mar our streets is now only to be had by great corporations who are rich enough to pay (but not us) handsomely for the privilege.

Erelong the prescribed hour had gone by, and the doors of the churches and of the eating-houses and the tap-rooms were opened, and more people appeared in the streets. I went to two or three of the latter, but did not go in. They repelled me; they were in such out-of-the-way places, they were so small, so unsightly, so rude and dirty; and, moreover, there was an uncanny air about them that took away my appetite. At last, however, I saw an entrance that attracted me, and I went in, expecting to find myself on the threshold or in the porch, at least, of an eating-house. But I was only at the street end of a long, narrow passage, which was like an alley. This I followed to a place where it gave upon certain doors; and by the exercise of some ingenuity I discovered the public-house, which, like so many public places in English cities, seemed to shrink into the remotest recesses of privacy. It was a very queer-looking place. The room was very small. In the open space a table for six people could not have been set conveniently. On one side was a small, semicircular bar, — so small that the stout publican behind it seemed to be standing in the barrel out of which he produced his liquors. On another side, nearly at right angles, was a large window opening into a room, half tap-room, half kitchen, where two bar-maids waited. On the broad ledge of this window were two or three cold joints. Into the room, on another side, a singular structure projected itself. It had three or four sides, and was sashed, and in fact was an in-door bay-window. Its floor was about three feet above that of the principal room, and it was about eight feet across. It was entered by steps along-side the bar, and also by a door on its own level. It was carpeted, and furnished with a table with two chairs; in one of the chairs sat a woman who was evidently the hostess. She was a large woman, red as to her face, round as to her figure; but indeed as to figure she had long ceased to be of any particular shape. As to the dress of her she was very imposing. She wore a gown of pale lilac-purple *moiré antique*, and her every movement betrayed a consciousness that it was very moiré and, although quite fresh, very antique. She was right. I never before saw such an obtrusive garment. It invaded all the senses; for it was so stiff that the *frou-frou* of it was like the crackling of stout wrapping paper. She wore a lace cap (real, O female reader!), and a lace collar confined by an enormous and brilliant brooch. Around her neck was a thick, dull gold chain, by which hung a locket that would have served a fop of George II.'s time for a snuff-box; in her shapeless ears were glaring, jingling pendants; and her fat fingers flashed with rings. She spoke familiarly with the man in the bar, who came out of his pen once in a while and stumped about the place; but whether he was her husband, or she intended him to be so at some future time, I could not quite make out. But I suspected, from a certain subdued air about him, that his case was the former; and besides, how otherwise such a gorgeous creature could look with favor upon a little semi-bald-headed, paunchy fellow in his shirt sleeves was quite incomprehensible.

I asked for some beef and a glass of Burton ale, which were soon cheerily placed before me by one of the bar-maids. Both were excellent; but I was obliged to stand as I ate and drank, and indeed half a dozen persons on chairs would have so filled up the place that it would have been impassable. I soon drained

my glass, and holding it out said, "Another." When it was brought me, at the first sip I set it down, and said, "That 's not the same ale; and it 's not Burton." It proved that the bar-maid who had first served me did not fill my glass the second time, and that the other had by mistake done so from the wrong tap. But I was at once struck with the impression that I had plainly made upon these Hebes by my quick detection of the error. The mistake was of course corrected at once, with humble apologies; but then I saw them put their heads together and look at me with evident respect as a man who was not to be imposed upon in the matter of ale, to my great amusement. But why laugh at these poor she-tapsters? Are there not men, gentlemen, who have "a reputation" as wine tasters, and who are "authorities" on the subject, and who are mightily set up because thereof? I remember that, once dining at the table of a rich snob, he told me, as he gave me some Cos, that one of his friends, when in Europe, had some wine set before him as to which there were serious doubts; and he, tasting it, said at once that it was Cos, which proved to be true. "And that, you know," said Lucullus, "was a great thing for him." I cannot see how any one who has once drunk either Cos or castor-oil can ever mistake its flavor; but why a man should be respected because he knows the taste of what he eats and drinks, and makes a talk about it, passes my understanding. In England, however, such accomplishment is more highly prized than it is with us; or I should rather say that there are more people there who respect it, — both in great dining-rooms and in little tap-rooms.

While I was still occupied with my beef and beer, there entered to the hostess a visitor, a stout middle-aged woman richly arrayed in black silk. Indeed, when she had mounted the steps and got, somewhat in the manner of a burglary, into the little bay-window, it was an engineer's problem to determine how two such women in two such silk dresses could both be and move in that narrow space. The sweep of their two trains was portentous. Each was a threatening silken comet. But the hostess had the happiness of far eclipsing the other. The sheen and the shimmer of that lilac silk were not to be dimmed by the approach of any black, however much it might have "cost a yard." There was large performance in the way of ceremony and courtesying, which, owing to the formation of the place, had the air of private theatricals, and for which I, another hungry man, and the bar-maids were the audience. "*Ow* do you do, Mrs. ——? I *ope* you 're well." "Quite well, Mrs. ——, an' I opes you 're the same." "Thenk you; my 'elth 's very good. Could I hoffer you hanythink?" "Ho, no, my dear Mrs. ——, not on hany account." "Ho, now, indeed you must obleege me by takin' a little somethink. Juss a drop o' sherry, now, an' a biscuit." "Well, Mrs. ——, since you 're so wery pressin', I think I will." This performance went on amid contortions of civility. Indeed the ladies threatened the very existence of the little structure by the transaction of their tremendous courtesies; and I expected to see certain portions of the moiré antique and of the black silk appear through the riven glass on either side. Was the contrast between the fine dresses of these women and their affectation of fine manners on the one side, and their reality and what would have been truly becoming to them on the other, peculiar to England? I am inclined to think not. The peculiarity was that the play was played before me on Sunday on a little stage in a little tap-room.

Leaving these *grandes dames* to the discussion of their sherry and biscuit, I walked home, and after a solitary dinner on English mutton, slept soundly upon my first Sunday in London.

Richard Grant White.

MISS MARTIN.

How often do I think of the first time I saw her! It was at a little place called Wytheville, in Virginia, on a pouring wet day, as I had just got out of the cars to stretch my legs and smoke, that I first caught a glimpse of a tall, slight woman standing by the baggage-car, and apparently trying to read the name on a trunk inside. I noticed, as I drew near, that she was insufficiently protected from the weather by a knitted worsted shawl; that her shoes were thin and patched; that her bonnet was of flimsy straw; and that the umbrella which she carried was evidently intended for dry weather. I was just in that stage of ill humor which comes after two days and nights in a sleeping-car; therefore I felt in no mood for taking trouble, or for making acquaintances. But in common humanity I could not see the rain pouring upon those thin shoulders without offering her a share of my own waterproof shelter. So, removing my cigar with an inward conviction that all women, in traveling, were nuisances, I said, stiffly, "Madam, will you allow me to protect you with my umbrella?"

How she jumped, and what a frightened, nervous face she turned towards me! "I thank you," she began timidly, "but I am afraid you will only deprive yourself, and," glancing at her moist skirts with a look of apology for daring to be so wet, "I am a little damp already, and it does not matter."

"Still," I persisted, "you must let me help you; cannot I find out what you wish to know in the baggage-car, and attend to it for you?"

She was looking at me now, and had drawn back a little from the door of the car; unmistakably she was a lady, but what a hard time she must have had of it! Trouble and care of every description seemed printed on her pinched, dejected countenance. The features were very good, — clear, delicate, refined, the nostrils especially well cut and outlined; but her large black eyes, which must have been always soft and timid, seemed incapable of taking a direct look at anything; the muscles about her mouth twitched with timidity; and under her fine, pale skin the blood came and went at almost every word. She was thin *à faire peur*, which made her look probably older than she was; but even with every allowance for shabby clothes, delicate health, and the fact that no one ever looks to advantage in traveling, she must have seen every day of thirty years. Something about her pitiful face and despondent, dripping figure touched my heart; and before she knew where she was I had deposited her in the sleeping-car, and called the porter to rekindle the fire in the stove.

"Now," I said, smiling at her surprised, grateful look, "what is it you wish to do with your luggage?"

She clasped and unclasped her hands, in their darned cotton gloves, and then said, "It was not my luggage, sir, thank you; it was my parrot."

I was rather staggered, but maintained a resolute front. "Well, your parrot, then; what was the trouble?"

"Oh, sir," she replied, "I would not lose him for a great deal; and I am afraid he is frightened in there in the dark alone." She went on gathering courage from the sound of her own voice. "He was always a pet, and he is so unhappy if he is not properly attended to."

"I 'll see about him," I said, cheerfully. "Now, if you will take my advice, send for a cup of hot coffee, dry your feet, and let yourself rest."

The last piece of advice escaped me in spite of myself, for she looked as though she thought it would be taking a liberty to allow herself to be comfortable. Her gratitude was warm when I returned with good news of the parrot, and by the time we were off again, watching the blue hills of Virginia fade

one by one into misty cloud banks, and running with great shaking and much noise at a doubtful rate of fifteen miles an hour, we were quite old acquaintances. There were only two other women in the car, but all the berths were occupied, for every Jew in the country seemed to be suddenly called to New Orleans on important and mysterious business. Such a collection of Israelites I had never beheld before, and they seemed so marvelously full of conversation that I asked one of them, in the morning, what it was all about, having in my mind's eye a grand Hebrew conference which was to settle the affairs of Judea on a new and striking financial basis ; and I was therefore much disappointed when he said carelessly, " Oh, bishness, bishness," which being interpreted meant the state of the cotton market in New Orleans. Being non-commercial myself, I was glad to turn to my shy-looking damsel, who actually smiled once or twice at some of my brilliant sallies. I soon found out all about her, and could not listen to her gentle voice and simple, sad story without liking her. It was the usual, ever-recurring tale: youth and health wasted in the vain endeavor to do rather more than two men's work on less than a plain cook's wages, and the struggle of seeking through all to maintain and provide comforts for a little crippled brother; then, finally, the agony of leaving him alone and suffering in the hands of strangers, while she came to New Orleans to teach the children of a widower, whose advertisement she had luckily seen and answered in time. " I thank God," she said, in her patient voice, which would have been sweet except that it was so dead, — " I thank God every day more heartily for this last chance. At home [she lived in New Hampshire] there was nothing, nothing to do. I have tried even to get steady factory work for a month at a time, and could not make enough to pay for Jamie's little bowl of milk."

She stopped a minute, and then went on in the same gentle way, scarcely raising her voice, and looking at me as though she were afraid I should check her.

" Perhaps you will think it strange that I should travel with a parrot, when I am so poor and have so much use for my money; but the parrot is Jamie's. He could not keep it; he is too helpless, and the people with whom he lives are too busy; so I brought it with me in case " — Here she broke down, not crying, but white and still, and locked in emotion, and I could easily supply the rest: she had little hope of ever seeing him again, and she could not part with the one living thing that reminded her of all she loved.

As I leaned back to give her time to regain her self-control I noticed, sitting just behind us, where he could both see and hear us without being himself observed, a very tall, stout, florid-looking Jew, who had spoken less, eaten less, and slept less than any of the others, and who appeared to be a man of great mark among them. As I caught his eye now, and saw that he had heard every word of my unsuspecting neighbor's little history, I looked at him sternly, as much as to rebuke him for his eavesdropping. He took no notice of my look, however, but smiled carelessly, folded his arms, and gazed out of the window. I noticed him closely for the first time, and observed his colossal frame and round, close-cropped head, his thick neck and deep, square jaws, his keen dark eyes and firm upper lip, with some surprise that so remarkable looking a man should have made so little impression on me before. He was rather dirty, it is true, but that might be, and probably was, the result of traveling. He was much better and less expensively dressed than any of his co-religionists; and, though about forty-eight or fifty years old, there was such an overflowing abundance of life and vigor in his face and figure that few younger men would have cared to cope with him. He was not a gentleman certainly, but of equal certainty he was a man of power and presence, mental and physical; and I felt at once that his brethren were right, and that Hovermann's opinions (for I soon learned his name)

on any subject with which he was familiar must be worth hearing. He took no more notice of either me or my companion that evening, but the next morning, when I looked out at sunrise from between the curtains of my sleeping-berth, I saw, with a degree of wonder which words can scarcely express, that he was standing opposite her, where she sat by the window, with a cup of hot coffee in his hand, which he was urging her to drink. I looked on, deeply interested, for it was a curious picture.

"Take it," he said, in his deep, foreign voice, but in perfectly pure English; "it will do you good, and you cannot wait until we stop for breakfast. You are pale and tired; take it."

He gave her the cup, and without a word she drank the smoking contents. As she returned it to him empty, she looked up at him, but did not even say "Thank you." She was paler, thinner, more helpless-looking, than ever in the bright morning light, and her shabby garments showed their theadbare condition more plainly than the day before. The great burly man stood an instant looking down at her, but did not speak, and then turned on his heel and walked off. Before the morning was over, however, he came back, and my curiosity was really aroused as to what could possibly interest such a man as Hovermann in one who, though she had a certain quaint attraction for an observer of character like myself, was the last sort of woman likely to please the type to which he apparently belonged. If ever I saw a man of whom I should have predicted a strong admiration for the beauty of women, and a total indifference to their other qualities, I certainly should have done so of him; and yet here he was talking for nearly two hours, by my watch, to a faded, sickly-looking woman of thirty, who belonged to another world, from whose traditions, habits of thought, and modes of feeling his own were centuries apart.

During the next twenty-four hours we talked to her by turns, each steadily ignoring the other's presence, till our intercourse was in due time brought to a close by our slow progress through the wide Rue des Bons Enfans with its low red, green, and white Creole houses, broad-leaved banana-trees, and general air of indifference to the dilapidation on which innumerable chickens and goats appeared to thrive. In the excitement of arriving I lost sight of Miss Martin for a while, and when I did find her it was only to discover that she had been borne off by Hovermann, who was standing, with his usual imperturbable air, on the sidewalk, watching the cab in which he had deposited her, her parrot, and all her bundles and packages drive rapidly away.

The next time I saw Miss Martin was in the French market in New Orleans. She was trudging along with the most bewildered expression I ever saw on mortal countenance, closely followed by a fat, good-natured negress, who carried a huge market-basket, and vainly endeavored to keep her in the right path. It was on a bright, clear Sunday morning, just before New Year's, when everything is in gala dress and every stall occupied; when Sicilian, French, Dutch, Creole, and negro craftsmen of every description, butchers, bakers, coffee-venders, market-gardeners, fishermen, Indian basket-makers, mulatto flower-girls, are packing, pushing, running, and gesticulating at once; it is a lively scene even for those used to its various phases; for Miss Martin, who was painfully endeavoring to understand the price of a large red-fish, it was evidently Pandemonium, pure and simple. Her stout and shining attendant fortunately struck in to the rescue, and just as I joined them informed the stallsman, in voluble "gullah," "Put him up, an' han' him here. Him 'll do for bakin', Miss Marty, sho nuff."

I shook hands with Miss Martin, who colored excessively at seeing me, and reproached her for not having sent me her address. "I wish you would tell me something about yourself," I went on, trying to drop into the tone of an old family friend. "It is unkind of you to treat me as if I were a total stranger."

She seemed so pained at this, so fear-

ful that I would think her ungrateful, that I hastened to reassure her, even to the extent of clasping her little hand warmly, cotton gloves and all, in a way that had it belonged to a younger, prettier woman would have been suspiciously like a squeeze. She colored to the roots of her hair, and, drawing her hand quickly away, asked in a low voice, "What do you wish me to tell you?"

We were walking along now, side by side, objects of the deepest interest and admiration to the colored dame in our wake, who lost no opportunity of calling the attention of passers-by to what she evidently considered a promising love scene, — an absurdity of which I was fully conscious even while I was replying to my companion that I wished to hear of her new home. She gave me a quick, shy, admiring glance.

"How kind you are!" she sighed, softly. "Do I like my place? Indeed, yes. I am not quite used to so many children, but will become so in time."

"How many are there?"

"Eleven," she sighed, "including a little adopted niece and nephew."

"Then it seems that your friend, Mr. Rheingarten, is kind, too," I said, smiling, and thinking, with some self-reproach, how very unwilling I should be to adopt a brace of orphans. "How is your parrot?" I asked suddenly, as it occurred to me that I had not inquired for my other fellow-traveler.

In a moment her eyes suffused with tears, and I was dismayed at having mentioned the poor bird.

"He is quite well," she said, quietly, however; "but Mr. Rheingarten objected to the noise he made, and I was in despair about him, until Mr. Hovermann kindly took him home."

"Hovermann!" I exclaimed, recalling the burly Israelite with perfect accuracy and much dislike, but affecting total ignorance on the subject. "I was not aware you had any friends here!"

I thought she blushed again, but her color came and went so, during the whole walk, that I may have been mistaken. At any rate, she answered calmly enough: "He is the — the — Hebrew gentleman I met on the train, who was so kind to me."

I felt a sudden rush of jealousy at her words, as unreasonable as it was unexpected to myself. What right had I to object to any one's showing kindness to this poor little lonely woman? I scarcely knew her, I cared nothing for her; yet this was my "dog-in-the-manger" feeling the very first day that I heard of her friendship for that odious Jew.

"You have seen him, then?" I exclaimed, in a voice which I tried to fill with stern surprise at such injudicious conduct on her part.

"Surely, I have seen him," she said, not in the least resenting my interference in her affairs. "He is an intimate friend of Mr. Rheingarten, and dines with him frequently."

If I looked as flat as I felt, she did not notice it, but continued: —

"He has been kindness itself to me. When he found that Mr. Rheingarten objected to my parrot, he took it home with him. But that is only the least of his good deeds," and she clasped her hands together in her earnestness. "He has sent my poor little brother to a hospital in New York where they care for crippled children, and where they often cure them; and — and — they have given me hopes that one day" — But this was more than she could trust herself to put into words; so only the broken voice and quickly covered face told me what it was to her to hope again.

I felt ashamed of what I had done for her. How insignificant my few poor attentions were contrasted with such real kindness as this. But, man-like, my humility only made me more irritable.

"Mr. Hovermann should feel honored by your preference; you did not disappear from him without a word, so of course he is able to show his interest."

"I had taxed your kindness already so much," she said, softly, "I could not bear to burden you with my helplessness. Here we are at my home," she added, quickly, as we turned from our long walk up Camp Street into a very dismal namesake of one of the Muses. It was

so early in the morning that we met no one, except here and there a young girl hurrying to mass at some dingy-looking church in the distance, or a straggler returning late from market, like ourselves. We passed slowly by the small, trim white houses, with oleander-trees in front and rose-bushes arranged in precise order on each side, whose symmetry was constantly broken and elbowed out of the way by queer little Creole buildings with tiled roofs and huge green shutters of solid wood.

"Where do you live?" I asked, looking curiously around.

She pointed to a tall, narrow house with iron balconies and a formal-looking little front yard, before the gate of which we soon stopped; and I said, "I hope you will let me come and see you, now that I have discovered your hiding-place."

An unmistakable flush of pleasure lighted up her pale face, as with a few hurried words she tried to pass me and go in at the gate.

"Wait a moment!" I cried, keeping my hand on the latch, and disregarding the old negress, who was pouring forth eager explanations as to how to open it. "I had so many things to ask you. Why are you in such a hurry?" She glanced towards the house, as if by way of answer, and gave me one of those frightened, hunted looks with which I had grown so familiar on the train. I opened the gate at once, unwilling that she should be embarrassed by the caprice of others; but I was not generous enough to spare her a parting stab inflicted by myself, although I knew how I would make her shrinking, grateful nature suffer: "I see I am not a privileged friend like Mr. Hovermann," and, raising my hat, I was gone before she could answer a word.

Several times after this I saw Miss Martin at the same hour and at the same place; I need not explain, with the utmost lack of intention on her part, though I cannot say as much for myself. I always walked with her on her way home as far as she would allow, each time with a growing interest, which so surprised me that I came to the conclusion it must be the effect of the climate and the unaccustomed life, utterly refusing to admit to myself that it might be from any real feeling of affection. Then came a week during which I was very busy, and though, occasionally, the care-worn face of my "old maid," as I always called her to myself, came to my mind, I steadily put it aside, as I did everything else not associated with business; and I might have gone on putting it aside forever, had not my daily routine been broken in upon by a letter from my far-off home which troubled me exceedingly. I determined to leave that very afternoon. In my anxiety my mind reverted to Miss Martin, and I felt so sure of sympathy from her that, as soon as my trunk was packed, I jumped into a car, and in a few moments stood before her white abode. A strong pull at the gate-bell brought the inevitable colored girl to the door, who surveyed me, critically and with great interest, across the garden and through the fence before she thought of coming and unlocking the gate.

"Who you wants to see?" she asked at length, after treating me to a friendly nod. "Mr. Rheingarten ain't home; he nebber come home from de sto' till fo' clock."

"If you will be kind enough to unlock the gate, I will tell you what I wish," I replied sternly; and then she complied. "Now show me to the parlor, and tell Miss Martin I would like to see her."

"You jes go right in. You can't miss de parlor; it's de fust room you comes to; I'm gwine down to de drug-sto' fur some qui-nine;" and before I could remonstrate she was flying towards Camp Street. However, I was well acquainted with the customs of New Orleans darkeys, and with great indifference I went quietly into the hall, and stopped to reconnoitre. There was indeed no doubt about the parlor, for the door was wide open, and some one was playing on the piano. As I listened, I perceived that the touch was that of a finished musician, and that he was wandering

from one exquisite melody of Lizst's songs to another. I stepped softly to the door, and found, to my infinite astonishment, that the author of this delicious harmony was my stout fellow-traveler, Mr. Hovermann, who was sitting in front of the piano; while near him, with her face turned towards him and a look of perfect peace and contentment illuminating her whole appearance, sat Miss Martin. For a moment she did not see me, so I had a full, long look at her before she turned. Her hands were lying in her lap, and her body was bent a little forward, while she gazed eagerly towards the piano; and the perfect stillness of her attitude, or something, perhaps, in her expression, made me think of one awaking from the dead. In a moment, however, she glanced towards me, and I felt instantly that I had brought her back to this world. She rose with all her old nervousness, and if Mr. Hovermann and I had not been each perfectly aware of the other's identity we should never have discovered it from her few incoherent words of introduction. Why was she so embarrassed? Could it be possible that she fancied I was jealous of the ubiquitous Israelite? Or, equally absurd, was he supposed to be jealous of me? I became at once quite gushing; but, there was no doubt about it, Hovermann did not respond. The more friendly I was, the more constrained and undemonstrative he became; and beneath his watchful gaze I felt as though I must have come for the sole purpose of being stared at by this silent son of Judah!

At last I could stand it no longer, and was just on the point of leaving, without having said anything I came to say, when he rose, and, bowing coldly to me, went out without a word.

"I thought you taught eleven children," I said, in rather an aggrieved tone, ignoring the appealing looks of my companion. "I did not know you passed your time in such *tête-à-têtes* as this."

"Mr. Hovermann came to bring me a letter from Jamie's doctor," she said, in a low, pained voice. "I have never seen him at this hour before."

"I am doubly unfortunate, then," I replied, stiffly, "in having interrupted your first interview."

She made no answer, and, looking up, I saw that large tears were rolling slowly down her face. Instantly I was filled with compunction for what I had done, and, taking her hands both in mine, I begged her to forgive me; and all the while I saw her face as I had seen it when I stood in the door-way, and I wished I had gone away and left it so forever. Her pardon was not hard to gain; I sat near her, and would still have held her hands as a mark of penitence, but she drew them nervously away; and I asked her many questions about her life, and led her on to talk of herself as she had never done before.

"It is time for me to go," I said at last, as some word on her side recalled the forgotten purpose of my visit. "I have not told you I am going to New York this evening."

"This evening!" She stopped, and grew so ghastly white that for a moment I was frightened.

"It is nothing," she gasped, in answer to my inquiries. "You spoke suddenly, and I — I am a little homesick. Shall you be there long?"

"It will depend on circumstances," I answered, gravely. "I am called North by bad news, — news in which I am sure you will be interested: my poor little boy is very ill with diphtheria" —

"Your — your — *what?*" she said, slowly. "I did not understand."

"My boy," I replied anxiously, for her manner had grown so strange that I felt uneasy about leaving her. "He is my only child, and I am terribly anxious about him."

She rose, came to me, and took my hand; not timidly now; indeed, without any of her old manner at all. "You will not lose him," she said excitedly. "God will spare him to you. It is only now and then that he chooses a person who must bear everything in the way of suffering, and then the others escape. Don't you see it is all balanced?" and she laughed.

"Miss Martin, for Heaven's sake do

not speak so! You frighten me, — you pain me dreadfully!" I cried, really thinking for a moment that she had suddenly lost her mind.

"Please go," she said wearily, dropping my hand. "You seem to forget that there are eleven children up-stairs waiting to say their lessons;" and she was moving towards the door, but I sprang before her, and stopped her for one moment.

"Good-by," I said dejectedly. "I cannot bear to say good-by to you in this way, but you will not tell me what I have done; and I can only repeat that I regret having offended you, and that I shall remember you always."

I stepped aside as I spoke, and as she went slowly by me, without a word or look, I saw that her face was as the face of one who had died that living death which knows no resurrection.

. . . . . .

"At Paris it was, at the opera there,
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With a wreath of pearls in her raven hair,
And a brooch on her breast so bright."

A strange contrast to our other meetings, but none the less true. It was at the opera in Paris that I next saw Miss Martin; and though I cannot swear to the wreath of pearls, she was beautifully and richly dressed, and of her looks I need only say she was attracting a good deal of admiring attention, even there, when I first looked at her; not that I recognized her, by any means, for it was two years since we had parted in New Orleans, and she had changed so completely that I should not have found her out at all had I not happened to glance at her companion, whom I knew in a minute as Hovermann. He had not altered in the least, for he had the same watchful, quiet, decided air now, listening to Faust, which had impressed me so unpleasantly during our interview in New Orleans.

Once he turned and spoke to his companion; and something in the quick, nervous way in which she looked up at him gave me the first inkling of her identity. For a moment I was stunned, bewildered: could that be Miss Martin, — that the care-worn, friendless woman who stood on the platform at Wytheville and shared my umbrella; who wept for her parrot, and appealed by her poverty, sorrow, and helplessness to the compassion of all who beheld her? I thought at first it must be an optical delusion, and closed my eyes a moment in hopes of clearer vision; but when I opened them again there she sat, leaning back in her velvet fauteuil with all the dignified grace and accustomed languid repose of one born to the purple. Yes, it was indeed she, — fair, stately, refined: her lovely features no longer disfigured by ill health and wearing anxiety; her luxuriant, fair hair shaken out of its prim, old-maidish braids, and so artistically dressed as to show to the best advantage her small head; but still, though glorified by health and wealth, and bright with peace and happiness, unmistakably my own Miss Martin. Once I thought she felt my steady gaze, for she looked all about the house, resting her eyes for a moment on me, but not recognizing me behind my opera-glasses. I was so much interested in watching her that I had not noticed the fall of the curtain at the close of the act till I saw that a number of people were entering her box. I rose to follow, feeling that at last the chance I had so long desired of meeting her again had come. At the door of her box I met Hovermann, who held out his hand, and in his quiet way said that his wife would be pleased to see me; to go in, — I needed no introduction. His wife! Then she had married him, after all, and I looked with a scowl at his substantial figure, as he walked away. What right had he, or any one else, to marry my old maid?

She did not see me until I was close at her side; then she looked up, and with her old deprecating manner said simply, "I knew that you were here."

"I was not sure," I answered softly, "that you recognized me, but I was in hopes you had not quite forgotten me."

"I did not see you," she replied, with the old flush I knew so well, "only I knew you were here. Have you met Mr. Hovermann?"

"Yes," I replied, "at the door. It

is rather late to congratulate you on your marriage, but that is your own fault. If you had let me know sooner, you should have had all my best wishes in due time."

She looked steadily at her fan, as she answered slowly, "I had no right to think you would continue your interest in a mere traveling companion to whom you had been kind."

"I wrote to you at Mr. Rheingarten's," I put in, "asking for your little brother's address in New York. Then I sent a friend to inquire at the door, and the answer was that you had left, and that they did not know where you were. What was I to do? You had chosen to disappear, and I could not force you to remember or confide in me."

"I was ill," she said, sadly, — "very ill. Mr. Rheingarten would have sent me to the Charity Hospital; but Mr. Hovermann took me home to his own house, and as soon as I was strong again we were married, and we have been abroad ever since."

"He has always been the one to help you!" I cried, with some bitterness, and then stopped abruptly, for I became aware that the man of whom I was speaking was close beside me. I could not tell from his face if he had heard me, for it was as imperturbable as ever. All through that last act of Faust I watched my old maid closely, and her quiet grace and gentleness, her dignity and loveliness, impressed me with silent wonder; and for the first time in my own breast arose the feeling that I too, in those old days, had recognized some of the promise of sweetness and bloom enfolded in that poor plant, which had needed only the sunlight to make it all I now saw it. Only Hovermann was wiser, for he appreciated it at its true value at once, and secured it. I knew my own heart, and felt that my punishment was just, for I had been false to my best and highest instincts when I was ashamed to acknowledge, even to myself, the true cause of my interest in my old maid. When the curtain fell I stood like one in a dream, till I heard Hovermann's voice: —

"Will you put my wife in her carriage?" he said to me, as I turned. "I would like to speak to a friend, and will join you at the door;" and the next instant he was gone. Silently I folded her cloak around her, and gave her my arm. The delicate kid fingers lying on my black sleeve made me think of another walk which we had taken together, and where we had scarcely been more entirely alone than in this great surging crowd to-night; and I asked her abruptly, "Do you ever wear cotton gloves now?"

"No," she said, looking at me in surprise; "why do you ask?"

"Because," I replied, passionately, "I should like to see you in a rusty alpaca and a plaid shawl and cotton gloves again."

I felt her hand tremble on my arm, but she only laughed, and said, "Thanks, I should be sorry to wear anything of the sort. I cannot bear cotton gloves."

"They are not generally popular, I believe," I remarked, shortly, thinking that after all women were just alike, and found their only true happiness in details of dress.

"Did your little boy get well?" she asked in her low voice, as we began to descend the great staircase.

"My little boy!" I repeated, in some surprise. "Ah, yes, thank you. He did not have diphtheria, after all. His grandmother is always so anxious that she took alarm at nothing."

"How thankful you must have been, — you and his mother!" she murmured, softly.

"His mother! Did you think I was married?" I said, stopping suddenly, to the great discomfort of our neighbors. "Did you not know my wife died years ago, — died when the child was born?"

She did not answer, only grew so awfully white that I drew her a little aside from the crowd, into one of the deep, arched embrasures, and waited in terror lest she should faint. My own brain was in a whirl, and I have no idea now what I talked about, — whether I poured out my real feelings, or whether I laughed and chatted about the singers

we had just heard; and I doubt if she knew much better, as we each stood thinking of the truth discovered too late.

"At any rate," I said, as I drew her cloak more closely around her shivering form, "I shall see you now every day; we shall not be wholly parted."

She did not answer, and I did not receive so much comfort or pleasure from my own words as to expect her to show any. So we went slowly and silently down to the carriage; there we found Mr. Hovermann patiently waiting for us, and he made no comment upon the length of time we had taken to follow him. Indeed, he scarcely seemed to notice us, which was a relief, for I had dreaded that his quick eyes might read all the agitation upon his wife's face. Again, for one moment, as I held her hand, and looked at her standing there in her soft, clinging white draperies, her head uncovered and starred with jewels, I thought of her on that platform at Wytheville, in the pouring rain, which the little knitted shawl could not keep out, and I felt that I would gladly give everything I possessed in the world to have my Cinderella in all her poverty, but free!

With a hurried clasp of her hand, and without a word to her husband, I left her standing there, and turned quickly away. The next morning, after a sleepless night, as I walked up and down my room, wondering how soon I might venture to call upon her, I received the following note from Mr. Hovermann:

My dear Sir, — You will not, I am sure, be surprised to learn that when you receive this letter my wife and I will have left Paris. Our destination is of little consequence to you, as it is not my intention that you and Mrs. Hovermann shall ever meet again. Our acquaintance with her began on the same day; our opportunities were very nearly equal, any little advantage which I had over you in that respect being more than counterbalanced by the fact that she cared for you, and did not for me. I have been married to her for two years, during which I have been trying to make her forget the past; but in one interview you have undone my work, and I must begin it all over again. I have therefore determined that it is best to deny ourselves the pleasure of ever seeing you again, and shall consider no trouble too great to accomplish this object. I remain, sir, Yours, etc.

Joseph Hovermann.

He had his will; I have never seen her since.

Annie Porter.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Are we not rather unreasonable in finding fault with the corruption of individual officials, when the government which they serve is avowedly dishonest on system? This may seem very harsh language; but what other term could one apply to the conduct of a man who should strive to keep his creditors ignorant of the debts honestly due them, and who should caution his employees, under penalty of discharge and obloquy, not to reveal any facts which could aid in substantiating such claims? That the government has done this ever since its foundation, and in most if not all of its administrative departments, is a matter of notoriety about Washington, and should be clearly understood elsewhere, if it is not so already.

Instances are readily adduced. Some years ago the writer of this paragraph was in the office of the secretary of war, on business. While there, an old and rather feeble man entered, and made

some inquiry of the then assistant secretary. The latter looked up, and asked him quickly why he wanted to know. The old man replied innocently that he had a son who had been disabled (or killed, I forget which) in the army during our civil war, and that the information desired was necessary to aid in establishing his claim (or that of his family) to a pension. The official's denial was very positive. "The government never furnishes information to establish a claim against itself," said he. The old man urged the necessity of the case, but was obliged to retire, crest-fallen.

A number of years ago, a law, since repealed, was in force which allowed an applicant for letters patent to withdraw a part of his fee after the rejection and abandonment of his case. Of course the wealthier and more intelligent inventors, such as our large manufacturers and business men, early learned of this provision, and made such withdrawals; but in the secluded parts of the country, and among the ignorant classes, there were many persons whose applications for patents had been rejected, yet who did not know that any part of the fee paid was still, in any sense, legally their own. Decency would have dictated that they should be notified; but decency is not the forte of Uncle Sam in such matters. Exactly the opposite course was followed.

Not long ago, a dignified old gentleman was pointed out to me. "That is a most valuable man," said my informant. "He is an official in the post-office department, and if he chose to reveal what he knows the government might be bled to large amounts." "How so?" I asked. "Why," he replied, "under certain circumstances postmasters (or contractors) are entitled by law to certain 'drawbacks;' many of them don't know it, and the sums accumulate and accrue to the benefit of Uncle Sam. If that man were to inform the parties having such rights, they would claim their money, and the government would lose heavily. But he will never tell. He is as honest as the day is long. Oh, he is a most valuable man!"

Per contra, another was pointed out to me, who, being in a similar confidential position in a certain bureau of the treasury, had abused it by traitorously informing his employer's creditors of the fraud which was being practiced upon them by the concealment of their just claims, and who was promptly and ignominiously discharged on the discovery of his offense. His reputation now is about on a par with that of a peculator.

I am not justifying any betrayal of an employer's confidence, whether that employer be a man or a great governmental entity; but a government takes a serious responsibility upon its shoulders when it makes duty to itself, in any of its subordinates, incompatible with freedom from complicity in dishonor. How can we expect a strict regard for obligations among the people, when their government has been for decade after decade shamelessly turning its departments into seminaries of repudiation? Year after year its graduates have been streaming off into the four quarters of the land, carrying to every hamlet the great national doctrine that the wise employer pays no debt which he can avoid, and that the chief virtue of an employee is to screen and aid his master's frauds. If I had the ear of our good Uncle Samuel, I should whisper into it, "Pay nothing which you do *not* owe; but let the whole world see by your conduct that you are more than ready to pay all that you *do* owe. Take pains in particular to notify the poor and ignorant of every cent to which they are entitled under the law. Remove all restrictions from your servants in the matter, and let them understand that they will be commended for aiding men to get their just dues. Afford every facility to those who seek for the facts necessary to make clear their right. In a word, act as an honorable and conscientious man would act, and your people will imitate your example."

—I often ask myself whether the New England village life which it is just now the fashion to describe as so forlorn and dismal can be the same life with which I have been so long acquainted, and in which I have always found so much of amusement and variety. In looking over

some old papers, I came, the other day, upon a small note of invitation, bidding me to a ball to be held in the little New England village where I happened to be spending a winter vacation, some thirty years ago. The time of assembling was to be five P. M., and those who had most leisure among the beaux were expected to meet at the hotel and drive about the streets to "pick up" the young ladies, gathering them by installments into a large double sleigh. Very likely it snowed while we were making our rounds; if so, it was all the merrier. I can still hear the jingle of the bells, still see the blithe young faces, rosy with the clear cold air, and gay with many-colored wraps. It took perhaps an hour for this preliminary service, but that hour afforded as much fun as any part of the festival. Then I remember the disembarking at the lighted hall; the disappearance and reappearance of the girls, decked in modest finery; the assembling of the squeaking fiddlers at the end of the room; the announcement of the country dances, — Money Musk, Sir Roger de Coverley, Twin Sisters, Portland Fancy, and the rest, interspersed with frequent quadrilles and the wholly novel waltz. We kept it up till one or two in the morning, on common occasions; while at the great epochs, such as Washington's birthday, the etiquette was to finish out the twelve hours, from five to five. Really, I do not know how exacting may be the social standard of your contributors, but I can truly say that, although not wholly unfamiliar with the Beacon Street of those days, in Boston, I never enjoyed myself with such hearty zest as in that village society. Yet there were other villages on the Connecticut which were traditionally regarded as far gayer than that of which I speak; and indeed it was not uncommon for people to drive twenty miles for a ball, from town to town.

Shall we say that people do not now enjoy themselves in such places as they once did? What, then, becomes of the theory that the alleged gloom is the bequest of puritanism? — for it is clear that the time I describe was thirty years nearer to puritanism than is the present time. But as a matter of fact there is much more social festivity now than then, — consider, for instance, the great spread of private theatricals, — except in a few farming villages where population has nominally diminished, simply because the new generation has transplanted itself to the West. For one, I utterly deny that the rural society of New England, taken as a whole, is in a grim, stern, or extravagantly repressed condition. I do not know much of Connecticut, but I know a good deal of the rural parts of Massachusetts, Vermont, and Rhode Island, and am not ignorant of Maine and New Hampshire. It would be interesting to learn how much your lamenting contributors personally know of the country life of those States. Did they ever go deer-hunting or moose-hunting; ever take part in a squirrel-hunt, or even a "turkey-shoot"? Did they ever see a militia muster; ever observe with wonder that old-time miracle of armed display, "a Cornwallis"? (Even Lowell's Hosea Biglow is obliged to own that "there is fun to a Cornwallis.") Did they ever go to a husking-party, or a hop-picking, or a "sugaring-off;" or attend a lumberman's ball, at the close of the season? ("The things they don't say and do at one o' them balls," said a Maine stage-driver once to me, "ain't worth thinkin' of!") Did they ever join a party going down the Merrimack to the salt-marshes for hay, in a "gundalow;" or a Salisbury Beach "camping-out;" or a party to explore the "glen" by torchlight, at Stockbridge, or to go through "purgatory" in the same way, at Sutton? Did they ever visit those innumerable picnic grounds now distributed over all New England for summer pleasuring, and so well equipped for innocent amusement; or observe how the world of merry-makers has gradually overflowed the camp-meeting grounds at Martha's Vineyard; or spend a summer day at the thronged watering-places of Narragansett Bay, — Rocky Point in particular, where from one to five thousand chance-visitors go to dine daily, and may be seen whirling

in the dance, hour after hour, as busily as if they were born Germans? Do not these critics know that half New England lies within easy reach of the Atlantic shore, and that from every part of that shore gay sailing parties are putting forth or returning at almost every hour of day or night, all summer long? Do they not know that all the interior of New England is threaded by the Connecticut River, and that a score of the inland villages have been for many years the traditional centres of cultivated and agreeable society? If you wish to see what Lenox and Stockbridge are and were, read the Life and Letters of Miss Sedgwick; or, for Northampton, read the charming memoirs of Mrs. Lyman. Was Greenfield morose and dull under the long sway of that monarch of wit and song, George Davis? Town after town comes up to the memory of any man of large social experience, any one of which refutes this dismal theory. Of course, no power can ever transmute Anglo-Saxon blood into the blood of the Latin races; nor is it desirable that it should. Froissart wrote long before puritanism, and even he described the English people as enjoying themselves sadly, according to their custom; but I doubt if there is any rural region where people of unmixed English blood now find life more cheerful, on the whole, than in the country towns of New England. One of your correspondents puts in a good word for Maryland; but I myself know something of the country life of Virginia before the war, and I am sure that one missed, especially in winter, the zest and variety offered in a more northern zone.

So far as the statistics of mere amusement go, we may well rely on that veracious chronicler, — the very Court Journal of New England village life, — the Springfield Republican. Each daily issue of that lively sheet has a page of "locals" from every town in the western counties of Massachusetts. We learn from the latest number at hand that in Holyoke "the Taft reception party is engrossing the town talk," and that "Barney Macauley is sure of a crowded house" at the theatre; in Chicopee there is a "social;" in Longmeadow a dramatic reading; in Williamsburg a Methodist oyster supper; in Westfield a fireman's ball and a musical entertainment; in Greenfield two rival balls, and an amateur play by "Congregational women;" in West Deerfield a "sociable;" in South Deerfield a public ball; in Shelburne a "Congregational entertainment;" in North Adams a military ball; in Pittsfield a symphony concert; in Athol some Methodist tableaux and music; in West Warren an operetta in a Congregational chapel; in Hardwick a "surprise-party;" and so on. This is a single day's exhibit, and so it goes on, day after day. I make no account of farmers' clubs, harvest clubs, religious meetings, and lyceum lectures, though the last, in these times, are certainly to be classed under the head of "entertainments." Here we have amusements in abundant quantity, it is certain; and as to the quality you must not be too particular, whether in Europe or America. If I may judge by my own observation, a traveler who should find such evidences of social vivacity as these in a series of country villages in England, France, or Germany would be quite amazed, and would write to the New York Herald to describe it all; and yet the scene of all this is what one of your contributors, borrowing the phrase from Mr. Matthew Arnold, describes as a region of "hideousness and *ennui*." I am led to the conclusion that such writers can never have visited the New England of my experience; or that I have never had the ill luck to visit the New England of theirs; or else that in social observation, as in the study of nature, "we receive but what we give," and find only what we resolve to find.

If it be said that I have taken rather a superficial view, and that such details as I have mentioned do not, after all, make up the essentials of good society, I am very ready to admit it. But it is on precisely these superficial grounds that our rural society in New England is condemned; it is certainly reproved and berated for the alleged absence of popular amusements and cheerful relaxations;

and this seems to me wide of the mark. If the complaint is shifted to higher grounds, if it is alleged that our small villages do not, as a rule, furnish adequate society for poets and artists and men of learning, the obvious answer is that you cannot expect to find in a community of a few hundred what is often wanting in cities of many thousand men. I make for New England rural life no such extravagant claim as that; and only wish to show that it is not what Sydney Smith defined country life in England to be, "a kind of healthy grave."

— A contributor in the March Atlantic expresses a curiosity to know the method by which a professed *littérateur* keeps coal-bin and flour-barrel from the vacuum which nature abhors in every household. Here is a bit of my own experience, for I have written full thirty years for bread and butter. As to poetry, the muse is still as sorry a jade to woo as the elder poets found her; and with me she has her willful way, and will not come when she is called, nor do as she is bid, but is a sudden possession. Not that poems are good without afterthought. On them is spent the pain and subtlety of the literary art: they need polishing and rewriting; the change of a word here, a shade of expression there; the sternest revision of grammar, of metaphor, of language, to exclude fatal obscurity, and include lovely phrasing and musical flow; and when all is done, it is to find dissatisfaction nine out of ten times, and to sit down with a veiled face and sad heart, like an intruder upon sacred ground!

But prose is another thing; though let him or her who undertakes literature as a means of living take to heart the lesson of his life who has just left us, whose prolific and popular pen afforded no provision of any sufficiency for his wife and daughter. Prose themes are abundant, — they "lie thick o'er all the ground," as the hymn-book says about dangers; and as fast as they come to me I "make a note of" and store them away. When a plot comes in its turn, and is provided with fitting puppets to develop it, away go the little creatures, using my accustomed pen as a medium of life, and dance for themselves. True, it often chances that some evil day of storm, or illness, or new anxiety, makes a temporary idiot of me, and I either cannot write at all, or what I write must go next day to feed the fire; but I have at last learned from experience not to waste paper any more, and when I find the powers that be adverse to writing I take my never-empty work-basket and set myself to mending and making, or apply myself to some cookery of a more abstruse nature than Irish wit can master, and which I always put off for such a season. But in the most prosperous aspects writing is work, not play; it exhausts the central fountain of life, and a morning of such work leaves me worn, dull, feebly irritable, and thankful to turn to patches on aprons and lattice darning of stockings as a relief. The worst part of all is launching those manuscripts on to the sea of doubtful acceptance; and, though I have none of those abnormal longings which seem to affect certain of my sex in these days, I do sometimes wish I were a man whose script was his sure passport, — who might write nonsense or trash, and have it certain of acceptance over his signature.

— I want to offer a word of deep sympathy with that scoffed-at tribe whom editors revile at this time of the year, — the authors of spring poetry. There is something pathetic to me in this universal outburst of joy. What bleak and wretched reasons lie behind it; what months of blackness and distress; what an "infinite deep chorus" of hollow coughs and neuralgic groans, of endurance that is forced and patience that is born of necessity! Do you see such poetry in Southern papers? Who cares about bluebirds in Florida? It is the maddened crowd who have been buffeted five months with the fierce blasts and snows of New England; who have found the heavens brass and the earth iron, and been tossed from the scorched fury of the national stove into the deadly gripe and glare of the national climate, like human shuttlecocks, who "drop

into poetry" at the whistle of the first bird, or the breath of the first south wind. Piteous rhymsters! one heart at least beats with and for you, and longs to shout from the housetops that spring is coming, and the doors of our prison-house creak on their slow hinges at last.

— What traveler has failed to stand aghast at some spectacle of unprotected girlhood abroad, — and always American girlhood? We encountered such a one, far better born than Daisy Miller. She had crossed the water with friends resident in Paris, and I cannot believe that her parents had contemplated the possibility of her leaving their shelter. But, as she naïvely told us, "it seems a shame not to see all I can now I am over," and accordingly she had joined a family of barest acquaintances who were going to Nice for the winter. When this vivacious young person became cloyed with that sweet resort, she confidently attached herself to a party of Southern tourists whom she met at *table d'hôte*, and with them and two or three succeeding parties flitted hither and yon, till we made her acquaintance at a reception in Rome, and were so far honored by her approval that she assured us nothing would please her better than to return to Paris under our wing. Ingrates that we were, we eluded the pretty parasite, and went our selfish way, marveling at American maids and their fathers and mothers.

Is it brutish ignorance and neglect, or superhuman faith, which risks priceless treasure in such dare-devil fashion? A man who would not lend five dollars without security will coolly ship his daughter off to Europe alone, or worse, bespeaking the protection of some mere business correspondent! And marvel of marvels! a woman will suffer her young daughter (to whom she has never ventured to leave the purchase of the least detail of her own wardrobe) to open communication with a stranger advertising for "traveling pupils," make her own terms with him, and depart jocundly for a year's "study," under whatsoever skies and influences he may elect.

If to any chance reader it may seem a breach of charity toward dead or living to give the outlines of what might easily be wrought into a voluminous sensational novel, I can only say that to me it seems that the largest charity demands that the true tale be simply told and pondered. Some time ago a party of thirteen or fourteen unmarried girls, from various States, sailed from New York in a foreign steamer. Their escort, young as he was, had more than once piloted similar craft, and the previous voyage had resulted in his marriage to one of his charges; but she had remained in Europe while he returned for fresh supplies. Two days before the vessel's arrival in port, this gentleman died, after a brief illness. The bereft girls, strangers for the most part to each other, and more ignorant of the language and mode of life current in their European destination than of that of the New Jerusalem, looked about the ship for a foster-father; and having deliberately selected him from all the stranger passengers, they sent a committee to him with the simple request that he would conduct them to the capital which had been appointed for their halting-place. That he was about their own age and a bachelor, and on his own first tour, were luckily not considered by them, since had he been Methuselah and Solomon and Noah combined, he could not have been the trustworthy guide, philosopher, and friend he was.

However, figure to yourself, you who know their ways of thinking and acting over there, this youth ushering into railway carriages and strange inns his round dozen of blooming girls, and meditate, calmly if you can, on the panorama of wild speculation, stretching from Turkey to Utah, which this novel spectacle must have unrolled to admiring Europeans.

Only slight hints, however, came to me of what befell these babes in the woods — brave, sensible, self-respecting, and respect-commanding women as they proved themselves — after their chance protector had been obliged to leave them to their fate; but these are enough to

make a mother's heart ache. The misunderstandings and complications inseparable from travel and sojourn among aliens in speech, custom, and almost in natural instincts, pecuniary embarrassments, and sicknesses were among their acquisitions; and if direr and irreparable woes were averted from them, praised be the gods! The Daisy Miller type seems to have been missing here, but who dare run his chances with another dozen of young Americans taken at haphazard? If any such there be, or any who regards my terror over America's reckless exposure of her young maidenhood as exaggerated, I can only leave him to ruminate the *bonmot* of a friend. French of the French, she had married an American and lived much with us, and has now recently returned after several years at home. We had been discussing Daisy Miller at dinner with all possible gravity, while the distractingly pretty and vivacious daughter of the house was continually scintillating about us, when the hostess related this incident, which must lose much from the absence of illustration and of her accenting glance and gesture: "Madame B—— said to me when we were in Paris, 'Why do your daughters dress their hair after that style?' 'Ah, my friend,' I said, 'they prefer it.' 'Yes, but you?' 'Oh, as for me, I have to use my will with them in grave matters, so that in trivial things it is wise to let them choose.' It was droll to see Madame B——'s perplexity, and I said to her, 'Ah, my friend, you do not understand! *Perhaps you have never been the mother of an American girl!*'"

— I think there is no character so little known in literature as the average Southern woman. If, indeed, we except the stereotyped brunette, it is seldom that she is introduced at all. Now, there is my friend Mrs. Darby, whom I regard as almost a typical Southerner, and yet she is the veriest opposite of the conventional type. She is neither slender nor languid, but has a periphery something near three fourths of her low stature, and ejaculates between little cackles of laughter the least amusing commonplaces. Her gesticulation is as nervous and frequent as is consistent with obesity and rheumatism. She has a high, rapid, and monotonous voice, which creates a surprised uneasiness in the minds of her hearers, perhaps because they expect its volume to correspond with her bodily dimensions, — a voice, in fact, as far as possible removed from the low modulations of the daguerreotyped brunette. She introduces even her strongest negative speeches with a confident "yes, now," and these, her favorite and ever-recurring expletives, are accompanied with a nod, half-deprecating half-insinuating. She is shrewd, loquacious, self-satisfied, and prejudiced. Her disposition is an odd mixture of generosity, selfishness, and the leaven of the Pharisee. The one absorbing theme with her is the *Gracchi*, — not Cornelia's jewels, but her own offspring, — and her conversation much abounds in disparaging comparisons between the Gracchi and other less favored mortals. She is very much given to using as an irrefutable argument in all her disputations, from the final perseverance of the saints to the proper way to prepare an eggnog, the fact that she has brought up two sons, — an unwarrantable stretch of logic, so accounted by the inimical. It is understood that Mrs. Darby has her own "opinion" (never flattering) concerning most things, not excepting a belief in the general depravity of the human race above Mason and Dixon's line.

"Yes, now, dear," I can even now hear, in her jerking little voice, "there 's Dan, my elder — Tiberius Gracchus, my preacher; he married a Yankee. Some pretend the Yankees are good in their way; but I have my *own* opinion of Yankees, — my *own* opinion, dear, — and I shall always believe Dan's wife flew into the face of Providence. Yes, now, but I try to bear it. We must all have our thorn in the flesh, dear, and to the day of my death I shall believe it a visitation of Providence, — a visitation of Providence, dear, — for sending Dan to a Yankee school. But the Lord has n't smiled on Dan's wife — four of them, dear — yes, now, all girls. Dan says it

is his ministerial prerogative, — a houseful of girls. Yes, now, but I 'd prefer fewer of the prerogatives, and take a boy now and then." Being the mother of only two, both of the desirable gender, Mrs. Darby is apt to think and speak a little contemptuously of those of the sisterhood who are the unfortunate possessors of a large and especially feminine progeny. She has a good-natured contempt for her husband, regarding him as a useful, but not altogether indispensable, article of domestic economy. She reads little, but, between her absorption of all she hears and her supreme assumption, she has won the reputation of being rather intelligent. In short, the practical "mother of the Gracchi" is anything but the haughty, aristocratic picture of Southern womanhood which is presented to us so often.

— In reading Miss Braddon's Vixen, I find the authoress saying that after the marriage of Captain Carmichael and Mrs. Tempest, and the departure of the bridal party for the Scotch Highlands, Violet Tempest (daughter of the bride and heroine of the story) rushed to her room, in the second story of her home, and threw herself, in great distress of mind, "*upon the ground.*" This peculiarity of expression I have observed in Dickens, Thackeray, Black, and other English authors; but it has never, so far as I know, been adopted in America. Can any member of the Club explain why English writers persist in designating a floor as "*the ground*," when referring to acts done within the four walls of a house?

— To Harvey, by universal consent, is attributed the discovery of the circulation of the blood. He first gave public, authoritative utterance to his views in 1620; and yet we find that as early as 1607 another, and a greater than he, outlined the same fact: —

> *Brutus (to Portia).* "You are my true and honorable wife,
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart."
> (Julius Cæsar, Act ii., Scene 1.)

— "Why use French when the translation would be better?" some of us are respectfully inclined to ask of the contributor who gave us the excellent notice of Jean Têterol's Idea in the February Atlantic, with extracts from the same in the French. The novel has been widely read in this country, but chiefly in Appleton's translation, which would have served up those extracts far more satisfactorily to the general reader. "There are good people who cannot read French;" and to the cultivated minority of The Atlantic readers who translate with ease was given the plum of the pudding, in this case, when the rest of us, the great majority, might have been served just as well. Only think of the army of Atlantic readers scattered over this great country (for did you ever fail to find an Atlantic somewhere in the loneliest Western villages? I did n't) who will never know in this world what "that elegant noble replied, with an enchanting smile"! Perhaps somebody — our English cousins, possibly — may be deluded into believing that Americans as a rule read French; all of the Atlantic readers, any way! It makes me think of a certain church bell that rings at an inconvenient hour every Friday morning, the year round. How that bell proclaims the devotion and zeal of St. ——'s large congregation! Why, I have known "dissenters" rebuked by its triumphant pealing into more faithful attendance at prayer-meeting, etc. But they never happened to look into St. ——'s, some morning, to find the clergyman reading the psalter with the sexton. Do you see the point of my illustration? Then here is another. We in the provinces are told that when the great wise man of Concord was asked if he always read the Greek poets in the original he replied, "I should as soon think of swimming the Charles River whenever I go to town."

— That charming story of Rosamond and the Conductor, otherwise possible and quite natural, calls for one criticism: Rosamond escapes too easily from the snare of her fancy, — from the very obvious risk of its pursuit.

Imaginative girls are encompassed by a thousand lives beside the external and apparent. Their acts are guided or re-

pressed by influences curiously powerful, since often they are very transient. Many a quiet woman will recognize in this episode, deftly sketched, something akin to one or a dozen in her own past. An attractive man is always a possible hero; if not a lover, at least an admirer, — some one to figure in those dramas which rarely come to the test of a tangible stage.

No one class or condition of society claims him about whose person a girl's ingenious sentiment may weave its drapery. The most exclusive will admit to herself that an expressman may possess magnificent shoulders, or her father's coachman charm by his long eyelashes. With these externals character is not concerned; and precisely here, O little Dolly or Rosamond, is the evil of allowing your thoughts to cling to an unknown hero! You are sure that the heart has nothing to do with a fascination indulged in long and ardently; but the heart is the disturbing element in most dreaming girls, and, absurd as it might appear, *real* suffering has ensued from the sway of a feeling no better grounded. The balm of a New York season came to Rosamond, but in common life we seldom are helped out of ourselves, rather being forced to fight the troublesome yearning on the spot where it was born.

— I do not know whether your contributors look for an answer. But as an American who has lived several years in England, often in lodgings in country towns, I thought I could throw some light on the beefsteak question.

First, "Do the English have beefsteak?" Yes, most decidedly. It is rump-steak, or, in the south of England, pin-bone steak, owing to the small round bone in the centre of it. If you get it tender (and you mostly can), there is no better beefsteak anywhere.

Second, "There is no beefsteak in England like ours." No, not if the sirloin steak is meant, as it is called in the United States. An average English butcher would think it the greatest waste and extravagance to cut into steaks the sirloin which represents the roast beef of Old England.

— I had not the good fortune to be born in Boston, or even in New England. It was therefore with an exaggerated feeling of reverence, perhaps, that I stood with a friend in the old Plymouth cemetery, beside the grave of her ancestor, — the last of the Plymouth residents, as the quaint inscription told us, who came over in the Mayflower. I felt humble, obscure. The glory of such an inheritance, it seemed to me, was the only thing worth being born for, and the sexton evidently agreed with me. We searched old records for an account of the personal history of each one of the little band. It was like the Garden of Eden over again, — only there were several Adams and Eves. At length, the resources of the place being somewhat exhausted, a supplementary visit to Duxbury was suggested. But the train brought us first to South Duxbury.

"Perhaps this is where we ought to stop," said my friend.

I sat serene. "We are going to Duxbury," I replied.

As the cars were moving away, however, we beheld through the open window one of those box-like carry-alls provided by country hotels for the reception of their guests, with "Standish House" in unmistakable characters over the door.

"Why, the Standish House is where we are going!" we both exclaimed.

For one supreme moment I rejoiced in not having a Mayflower ancestor.

"What barrenness, — what absolute poverty of intellect!" I cried. "To be unable to invent names for your towns, — or only one for every three or four of them, — so that we are lost in a maze with your Duxburys and South Duxburys, your Plymouths and your North, South, East, and West" —

I stopped, breathless; but the list was by no means exhausted. For Massachusetts alone has thus suspended on the points of the compass over two hundred of her towns.

— I am glad to discover why the sunflower is so much in fashion with modern artists and decorators. Hamerton,

who ought to be authority, says, "It is grandly pictorial; its leaves and flowers have noble dimensions;" and it has also "great height." If this is all, why are not pumpkin blossoms equally in favor? They, too, have mighty size, and uplift great golden vases to the summer sun, infinitely more graceful and sculptural than the moony disk of the sunflower. Look also at its luxuriance of leaf; what broad, downy, vivid, vegetable life they express, and what length the vine assumes! No sunflower in the land ever outgrew a pumpkin vine. And if you want height and elegance and grace, plant me but two grains of maize in a peck of whitefish mixed with good stiff New England soil, and what a splendid product August reveals! Think of a wall-paper that should show over a dado of alders and blackberry vines rich with scarlet and black fruit, like one of our fence rows covered with this native growth, a series of panels with tasseled corn towering upward to a border of careering swallows against a strip of pale sky! Where would be your sunflowers then?

— The success of Pinafore calls to mind the failure in New York, some years ago, of Gilbert's charming play, The Wicked World. It was a laudable thing to put such a piece upon the stage, and the thin attendance which obliged the manager to discontinue it spoke very ill for the public. If the parts had been badly performed, one could understand the matter; but the difficult rôle of the queen of the upper sphere was filled by an actress capable of entering into the author's graceful, imaginative conception, and the other parts were sufficiently well sustained. A great deal has been said about the fault and folly of managers in not providing entertainment of a higher sort than they do; but what are managers to do when every performance of such dramas is a pecuniary loss to them? We cannot expect more disinterestedness from them than from men in other businesses; if any person or persons anxious to raise the standard of dramatic art would offer to support them pecuniarily in the enterprise until the public taste had become so elevated by the hearing of good plays that it desired nothing else, I have no doubt all managers would be willing, and some perhaps very glad. There will always be a majority who desire in any art not the best but the second or third best, and amusement must and will always be provided for them. But where was the cultivated minority who should have come out to enjoy The Wicked World? Gilbert's plays (which have been collected by Messrs. Scribner's Sons in a published volume) are full of poetic beauty and the most delicate satire, and it was natural to expect that they would not be generally appreciated; but it is painful to know that there were not in the whole city of New York enough people of good taste to fill the small theatre where one of them was given.

— With regard to the immorality of violin collecting, of which one of the March contributors writes so feelingly, Horace furnishes a text: —

"Si quis emat citharas, emptas comportet in unum
Nec studio citharæ, nec Musæ deditus ulli;
Si scalpra et formas, non sutor; nautica vela,
Aversus mercaturis: delirus et amens
Undique dicatur merito. Qui discrepat istis,
Qui nummos aurumque recondit, nescius uti
Compositis; metuensque velut contingere sacrum?"

(Sat. Lib. II. 3: 105.)

"Durum! Sed levius fit patientia."

(Od. Lib. I. carmen 24.)

— Your contributor, in saying that poor men ought not to run in debt for their houses, forgets that in practice no workingman would ever own a house otherwise, and that all the workingmen's-home societies have been established for the express purpose of enabling them to run in debt; and that in all the arguments ever urged in favor of laboring men owning their own homes the value of the *debt* as an incentive and compulsion to thrift has been rated even higher than that of having a shelter in any reverse of fortune. It is assumed that workingmen are sure to spend all their earnings in some way, and would best spend them on a valuable permanent investment; and that, once irrevocably engaged, the fear of losing all they have put in will make them industrious, fru-

gal, and prudent; in fact, that a heavy debt is the one thing needful to make the average workingman prosperous. I deny the advantage to a laboring man of owning even a house clear of debt, as distinguished from other kinds of property: he can retain it only so long as he has employment in the immediate vicinity, for he cannot keep two, nor pay incessant traveling expenses; and as his loss of employment usually occurs in dull times, when property is low, he will probably lose heavily by the sale. He should be reasonably sure of many years of steady employment before he invests his savings in a house, much more discounts the future in payment for it.

I am specially concerned, however, to combat a most pernicious economic delusion, and the source of not a few barbarisms in financial legislation. This is the notion, embodied in legislation in various ways, that debt is an abnormal and deplorable condition, which legislation and public opinion ought to condemn; that if all business could be done on a "cash basis" the world would be richer, better, and happier; and that those who run in debt for any purpose forfeit thereby all claim to equitable legislation. The theory is absolutely contrary to historic fact and economic possibility. No such state of society ever existed out of utter savagery, and none such could exist without a return to savagery. Civilization was created by debt, developed at every step by debt, and remains based on debt; trade and commerce are embodied debt, and would be crippled by a diminution of the facilities for its contraction, and annihilated by their withdrawal; the very conditions that make a class of wage-workers possible are the result of debt. As Mr. Bagehot says, "All businesses depend on borrowing money, and a large business depends on borrowing a great deal of money." If it would not be minutely accurate to say that national well-being advances *pari passu* with the increase of facilities for the contraction of debt (a statement which has certain obvious limitations), it would be probably true. Instead, therefore, of legislation being framed in a spirit adverse to enterprises undertaken on credit, by favoring owners against borrowers of capital, it should be the reverse; for owned money can better protect itself, and a small loss is not total ruin. And it is idle to say that "debt is a luxury which should be reserved for the rich," since but for poor men indulging in this luxury for many thousand years there would be no rich men and no riches. That a middle class of wage-earners exists at all is because poor men will not be content to hoard their surplus earnings, and *will* hazard everything for the chance of a fortune. This does not directly apply to unproductive investments, like dwelling-houses for one's own use; but the same mal-taxation and extravagance, which make the one ruinously losing, bear with equal weight on all other enterprises begun with borrowed capital. The laboring classes have the right to demand that the gates of fortune shall not be shut against them by imposing burdens on their enterprises — necessarily undertaken on credit — from which the owners of capital are exempt; and, if one set of legislators will not remedy this infamous injustice, they need no justification for at least *trying* to replace them by another set who will.

— The question about the descent of men from apes has of course been settled by the man who said, with a true notion of the derivation of words, that he would rather be descended from the angels than from the apes; but meanwhile this extract from a letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's, written July 31 O. S., 1718, may be of interest. Speaking of the women who flocked in to see her when she was visiting the ruins of Carthage, she says, "Their posture in sitting, the color of their skin, their lank, black hair falling on each side of their faces, their features and the shape of their limbs differ so little from their country people, the baboons, 't is hard to fancy them a distinct race; I could not help thinking there had been some ancient alliances between them."

RECENT LITERATURE.

In the first three numbers of their illustrated edition of Mr. Longfellow's poems[1] the publishers offer an earnest of what is to be, on the whole, the most considerable artistic enterprise yet attempted in America. It was very fit that this poet, and no other, should be chosen for such honor as the best endeavor of our best designers, engravers, and printers can render him. Of all the poets of our time he is by far the most widely known; and while no splendors of their art can add to his fame, his fame can publish everywhere the generous intention and the opulent achievement with which his countrymen have wished to recognize his genius. We speak of the work as a tribute of American art to Mr. Longfellow, rather than as a mere business venture on the part of the publishers; for in the cordial response which it has met with from those qualified to promote it, this has really become its character. Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, long associated by his taste and his labors with the illustrated publications of the house, is the artistic editor of the work, and has complete charge of it, from the selection of artists and the suggestion of subject to the final preparation of the plates for the press. Of the artists whose help he has invoked, none have declined who could possibly shape their work to his need; most of the most eminent have eagerly come to his aid; some who were supposed to be out of the question by reason of their engagements have turned from pressing tasks to offer their contributions; and all have made it occasion to testify their appreciation of the importance and acceptability of the enterprise. In this spirit he has the coöperation of such painters as Messrs. Boughton, LaFarge, Eastman Johnson, Thomas Moran, the Giffords, Whittridge, Colman, Appleton Brown, Shapleigh, J. D. Smillie, Shirlaw, Winslow Homer, J. R. Key, Hennessey, Fredericks, J. W. Wood; such designers as Mrs. Hallock-Foote, Messrs. E. A. Abbey, C. S. Rheinhart, Ipsen, Frank Schell, Hoppin, A. R. Waud, D. C. Hitchcock, W. H. Gibson, Miss Jessie Curtis; such engravers as Messrs. Linton, Davis, Bogert, Southwick, Speer, Morse, Hallowell, Harley, King, Varley, Andrew, Russell, and Richardson.

A very pleasant incident of the work, which the sympathetic reader will like to know, is the interest which the poet himself has taken in naming subjects for illustration. These, some three hundred out of the six hundred which are to illumine the thousand broad pages of the edition, are always actual views of places and portraits of real persons named. For these the best materials have been studied, with such poetic result in the opening numbers as Mr. Schell's beautiful sketch of the Bridge of Prague for The Beleaguered City; the street, true to fact and sentiment, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, for the Hymn of the Moravian Nuns; the Old Mill at Newport for The Skeleton in Armor; Colman's richly picturesque and characteristic streets in Madrid for The Spanish Student; and Barnes's rendition of the peaceful beauty of a stretch of the Cambridge flats for the poem To the River Charles. The illustration for The Village Blacksmith is a view of the "smithy" from a sketch in Mr. Longfellow's possession, and shows it as it stood long ago on the quaint Cambridge street, where the customary mansard roof now overlooks the site of "the spreading chestnut-tree," sacrificed some years since to the possibility that harm might come from its branches to a man driving a load of hay under it on a dark night. Wherever it has been practicable, original studies of locality have been made, and no trouble has been spared to verify details in the more imaginative illustrations. An instance of care in this direction is to be found in the pictures for the ballad of King Christian; the powerful head of the king is after a photograph from a painting in the Museum at Copenhagen, and the deck-fight is mainly from a historical painting in the same gallery. Not only quality but character also has been given to the illustrations in minor matters, where neglect might have been easily overlooked. Mr. J. Appleton Brown's pines in the beautiful illustration for the Prelude to the Voices of the Night, and Mr. R. S. Gifford's pines and birches in that for The Spirit of Poetry, are not more characteristic of New England than the softly rounded hill-tops in Mr. W. L.

[1] *The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* Illustrated. [Parts I., II., and III.] Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

Sheppard's sketch of the school-house "by Great Kenhawa's side" are characteristic of West Virginia. It was not essential that they should be characteristic, but if fidelity in such things can be added to the ideal truth and beauty, it is something to be glad of. Another of the lesser satisfactions of the book, for which the reader is to be grateful to Mr. Anthony, is the occurrence of the pictures at just the point in the text which they are meant to illustrate, and not several pages before or beyond.

We do not know how far it may be feasible to assign each poem to a particular artist, as in these early numbers the Coplas de Manrique has been given to Mr. Rheinhart, The Children of the Lord's Supper to Mr. Abbey, and The Spanish Student to Mr. Fredericks; but we hope it may be done at least in the case of the shorter poems throughout the edition. The work of Mr. Fredericks especially is of charmingly good effect. He has shown more than any other of our designers an aptness for that sort of dramatic expression which makes much of costume and of *mise en scène;* he is in a good sense theatrical, and he is here at his best. In looking at his illustrations, one feels that if this delightful play could be perfectly put upon the stage, the people in it would dress, and would sit, stand, move, and look, as they do here. What an admirable scene, for instance, is that first one, where Lara sits smoking in his dressing-gown, and chatting with Don Carlos; how delicious is Preciosa where Victorian has climbed to her on the balcony; how superb where she finds Lara in her chamber; what life and humor there is in her dance before the applauding cardinal and archbishop; how picturesquely gay and Spanish the encounter of Victorian with Hypolito and Don Carlos in the Prado! It is quite like seeing The Spanish Student played; and we mean this for the highest praise, since a drama demands theatrical, not realistic, illustration. The realism of these charming pictures is in the men's dress, minutely yet vividly studied from that of the close of the last century, when the strange taste of the Parisian *incroyables* had penetrated everywhere; the women's dress suggests rather than reproduces the period; but all is of a fitness, a harmony, in which Mr. Colman's serenading scene, with its cavalieresque costume, strikes a jarring note, rich and fine as it is in its own way.

Of a very different excellence are Mr. Abbey's pictures for The Children of the Lord's Supper, with their tender Northern blonde types of childhood. The little girl pacing churchward, beside the dark stone-wall, is as blue-eyed and yellow-haired as if she were a sketch in color instead of black and white. She is wholly Scandinavian and peasant; and so are the children kneeling in church before the bishop. The group of angels in another illustration are not so good: they are respectively self-satisfied and thoughtfully sentimental in expression; but then it is perhaps difficult to do angels for want of studies from life. Mr. Abbey, however, has radiantly succeeded in his full-page picture for The Skeleton in Armor: that is full of the ideal truth and loveliness which he has missed in his company of complacent seraphs;

> — "the blue-eyed maid,
> Yielding, yet half-afraid,"

is a dream of tender, girlish beauty.

Among the other more notable illustrations in these numbers are Mr. Moran's rich night-scene for The Light of Stars; Mr. Brown's group of autumn trees and stretch of autumn meadow for Autumn; Mr. Abbey's fancy for The Two Locks of Hair; Mr. Schell's vignette for The Rainy Day, — a bit of vine-clambered wall from which the gusts beat the dying leaves, and from whose flooded eaves coldly spills the wind-tossed rain; and Mr. Waud's vista in the Dismal Swamp, with the gaunt-limbed, moss-grown trees about the stagnant water.

As may have been inferred, the plan of all these illustrations is in distinct opposition to the theory that the illustration of modern literature should be in the spirit of mediæval illumination; that is, that it should pictorially annotate the text with whatever wayward fancy it suggests to the artist. This theory, if a whole work could be delivered to one designer for the occupation of his life, might be realized, and might be more or less satisfactory; but it is quite incompatible with contemporary conditions. Illustration must still, and probably always will, — with very rare exceptions, — be done upon the plan of reproducing in line what is said or hinted in words, and the designer will succeed or fail as he infuses more or less of his own life into what must be first literally faithful. It is the question, in another form, of translation or paraphrase, of trying to give the spirit in the body, or the spirit without the body. The latter is a task so delicate that it will probably remain the unattainable ideal of critics who can do neither. In fact, after all the talk,

and all the print, in praise of illuminative illustration, it would be difficult to allege any quite successful or striking instance of its application. There are occasional pleasing touches of it in the vignettes of this Longfellow, as of other beautiful illustrated works, where the text seems to break into quaint conceit of bird or blossom, or running vine, framing a face or a glimmer of landscape; and here it probably fulfills its only possible office, leaving a vast field for more positive interpretation, into which we may be sure the mediæval illuminators would have entered if they had known how. But if illuminative art is scantily present here, the spirit of the most suggestive decorative art abounds in the exquisite titles designed by Mr. Ipsen. In the three numbers before us there are some ten of these, in which it is hard to say which is most suggestive and charming, — the varied use of conventional forms, or the refined caprice with which a bit of realism in bird or flower is here and there introduced. The second title to The Spanish Student and the first to Poems of Slavery are rich instances of the first; those of Voices of the Night and Earlier Poems, of the second. But in whatever spirit these designs are, they sparkle with a fresh and joyous life; they dance to the delighted eye; they are full of variety and beauty and sympathy, and once seen they immediately relate themselves to the poetry which they announce.

All but two of the pictures here are executed in pure line, and we learn that throughout the edition none others will be done in the manner reprobated on another page of this magazine by Mr. Linton as alien to the function and genius of wood-engraving. What this bad and false school is the present critic gladly leaves Mr. Linton to explain, and contents himself with stating the fact of its exclusion from the illustrated Longfellow. Mr. Anthony, whom we have already mentioned as the artistic editor, is no less than Mr. Linton the enemy of the corrupt school and the friend of pure line, and with him has rested a decision which must have a large influence on American wood-engraving. It would not be easy to explain how much the edition owes in all respects to his zeal, his taste, and his vigilance. It has been his affair not merely to suggest and place the illustrations, but often to prescribe the treatment of the subject, and to furnish the designer the historical material to work from, in accurately studied armor, costume, and locality. It is to him that the first numbers owe their perfection in this respect, and it is to his labors, otherwise tacit, that the work must owe the harmony in which its vast variety of detail unites.

— A book whose subject has long and deeply fascinated the writer has always a quality of its own, which seldom fails to prove an engaging one. The charmed interest with which objects have been regarded by him becomes in his book[1] an atmosphere about them whose effect is poetic, like that of the physical atmosphere upon the objects of the landscape. This quality should be possessed in a high degree by Mr. Conway's elaborate and unique work. Twenty years ago he was already writing and speaking upon his present subject; and it has clung to him, rather than he to it, ever since. A stranger to superstitious terror, he has nevertheless been haunted by the monstrous shapes which the terrors of imaginative superstition have created. The spell, partly intellectual curiosity, partly an interest of a graver sort, which conjured them up wrought almost too effectually; and he found that the only means to lay them must be an elucidation of their mystery. When he should cause the light to shine through them, discovering the secret of their existence, then, and not sooner, he would be quit of his ghostly company. The task thus proposed to him, or rather imposed upon him, was by no means a light one. It is easy to laugh at the grotesque and absurd, easy to inveigh against the revolting and horrible, in the dark imaginings of mankind; but to explain is hard, for it is to find the reason of unreason, the being and substance of unreality, the law of folly, and logic of lunacy. The difficulty which thus arises from the quality of the matter is enhanced by its quantity and variety. The human mind has been astonishingly fruitful of monstrous and menacing shapes, each with its own peculiarity of ugliness. Now a century since it might have been thought enough to show that these apparent objects are unreal, and belief in their existence is a superstition; but the scientific spirit of our day, in its search of natural origins, does not content itself so easily. Superstitions are a very interesting study, and the interest in them begins at the point where, as recognized superstitions, they quite cease to claim belief. When it is out of doubt that the seeming

[1] *Demonology and Devil-Lore.* By Moncure Daniel Conway, M. A. With Numerous Illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879

objects before which credulity has cowered are of its own creation; when it is also seen that this process has been universal, and therefore due to a mental necessity, and, moreover, that it has been at least an attendant upon the spiritual development of humanity, we become aware that those apparitions, remote, strange, uncalled for, as they now appear, belong to the history of the human mind; and one may well inquire what is the law of their apparent existence. Science says of them that they are the forms in which the human race has spontaneously and unconsciously pictured its afflictions, its temptations, and sins; as, on the other hand, its aspirations have been painted in the shapes of heroes and gods. At once, however, the further inquiry arises, Why that unconscious picturing? The answer is that it was the necessary form of primitive thinking. There is a language of the mind as well as one of the tongue; and even more than verbal speech that mental language changes from stage to stage of intellectual development. This it is which makes the difficulty of reading the most ancient books with understanding. When the words have been translated, it is found that the thoughts must be translated also. Primitive mind, when it began to conceive of supersensual fact, produced a figure of some sort, a pictorial representation, which was taken for a real existence. Its thoughts appeared to it as external personal beings. In these forms of imagination, not known to be merely such, the ideal life of man first disengaged itself, and became pronounced. "Personification," it is called; but of what? Of outward objects only, so many have said. In truth, it was always the thought and sentiment, the motion and emotion, of the human spirit, teeming with a life peculiar to itself, which were personified. In such personification, or picture-thinking, the spiritual history of our race began, and for the reason that the mind could utter its deeper import to itself in no other way. The process continues long, and its results are with us as traditions at the present time. As an immediately productive process, however, it is now discontinued; and its traditional deposit has to all men largely, to many wholly, become recognizable as imaginary.

In this lies an intellectual revolution and a moral crisis. Mr. Conway is conscious of the change, and is among those who most participate in it. But instead of turning with light scorn away from that past, whose imaginations have become incredible to him, he is drawn toward it by a new and irresistible interest. *Because* he cannot believe with it, he must find in its belief the human motive, the touch of nature that makes all men kin. His is not a shallow nature, which could complacently feel itself sliced off, as it were, from the past life of mankind, even though separated by superiority. Rather, he shares the best spirit of this age, the roots of whose conscious being run deep, and which therefore would feel itself wounded by a mere "solution of continuity" in history. Besides, he is aware that the modern world, hastening forward under changed mental conditions to new and unknown destinies, will be the better prepared for its future the more intelligently and effectually it is able to interrogate its past. Thus honorably impelled, he has selected the very darkest chapter in what we have called the picture-thinking of the earlier world, with a purpose to find the human principles in what may seem the most inhuman imaginations, and to recover for the understanding that which, happily, can never be restored as belief. A hard task, it has been said; but the reader will see that it is worthy of the powers he has brought to it, of the industry he has lavished upon it, and of the absorbing interest which begot his labor.

In such an enterprise it must be the first work to search out and assemble the particular facts; and it will be the voice of all readers that in this respect the writer has rather surpassed than fallen below the measure of a reasonable expectation. From the four quarters of the world; from places high and low, sacred and profane; from times so primitive that history, properly so called, does not extend to them; and from times so recent that history has hardly as yet come up with them, he has drawn together, in enormous aggregate, the monstrous forms, with which the fearful sense of dependence, imperfection, or guilt, in union with the sense of all-enveloping, infinite mystery, has seemingly peopled earth and air, — places real and places as imaginary as the beings supposed to inhabit them. He has indeed quite uncommon qualifications for this labor. A diligent explorer of libraries, a rapid and tireless reader of books, he also finds books in living men, and a library wherever human beings, learned or unlearned, are to be met with. Nature has endowed him with a singular faculty of putting himself in communication with others, and with others of all degrees. Scholars and peasants, archæologists and old wives, — he is at home with

them all, and with all can give and take. He has the art of squeezing information for himself out of those who, one would say, have none for themselves. The fool, it has been said, will learn nothing from the philosopher, but the philosopher may chance to learn much from the fool; and Mr. Conway, with his eager and alert intelligence, his wide observation and his power to open communication with men of all sorts, has often got instruction from those who themselves could neither teach nor learn. And he has been restrained in his researches by no sentiment, whether of contempt or awe. The silliest modern superstition is fish for his net, and he takes it out with no grin, but with serious inquisitiveness and satisfaction upon his countenance. Into every traditional holy of holies, on the other hand, he thrusts the same inevitable face of inquiry, neither more reverent nor more irreverent than an interrogation point. The result of all is that he has got together a wonderful menagerie, not to be seen without astonishment by such as are in a measure new to this department of natural history. And even those more familiar with it will scarcely escape a surprise when, in the midst of the strange collection, they come upon representatives of species which might be supposed to have become extinct many ages since, or, at the utmost, to lurk now only in the wild and waste places of the earth, but which this inevitable trapper has caught running in the most cultivated lands of civilization. Who could imagine the hunger-demon extant here in America? But within the decade it has been captured in Chicago and in Rhode Island. True, the creature is in somewhat reduced circumstances; it has not here the luxuriant development which it attains in cannibal imaginations; but the identity of species is quite clear.

The quality, however, of a writer is more shown in his use of material than in its accumulation. It is true, indeed, that in a work like the one before us the collection of examples sufficient in number and variety to represent fairly the whole productive activity of the human mind in that direction must be a labor of high relative importance. Just in proportion to its success, however, it calls for another labor, still more arduous. The seemingly heterogeneous mass of imaginations would be little more than a bewildering curiosity, were it not simplified by some orderly arrangement. Nor would it by any means suffice for Mr. Conway's purposes to arrange his facts in such an outward order as should render them conveniently presentable. He desires that they should be not only presentable, but intelligible. His aim is to classify them according to their interior, producing principles, so that in every group we may see at once the tie of relationship which makes its unity, and the root in human nature from which the whole has grown. Thus, the classification will be itself an elucidation, the facts explaining themselves as they come before the eye; and he will be spared the necessity of a continuous explanation in detail, which would be tedious to himself, and might probably become so to the reader. The design was excellently conceived, and has been ably carried out. Of course, room remains for doubt with regard to some particulars amid such a multitude. The tracing of genealogies, if pushed much beyond the nearest relationships, is commonly a puzzling business, and if continued far enough ends at last in sheer obscurity. The genealogy of demons and devils is certainly not to be determined with less difficulty than that of human beings. There are independent productions of the same conception, where the relationship is natural without being historical. On the other hand, imaginations which have the same historical lineage migrate in different directions, and acquire diversities of feature that disguise their relationship almost or quite beyond recognition. In such a case, a student who has a fine aptitude for his work will obtain real identifications from hints so slight as to seem quite insufficient to one less skilled in such labor, or endowed with a scent less keen; while at the same time no caution will secure him against apparent identifications, which, however, are apparent only. Mr. Conway gives us the impression of an intelligence rather daring and penetrating than circumspect and discreet, and we are sometimes distanced by his swift flights; but it cannot be doubted that his boldness is both intelligent and conscientious, nor that he has, on the whole, really executed his design.

First of all, he distinguishes broadly between demons and devils. The demon seeks only the satisfaction of its natural appetites, but is so constituted that it must satisfy them at the expense of the human race. It is monstrous and afflictive, but not, in the strict sense, malevolent. In the devil, on the contrary, pure malignity appears. It loves evil with disinterested affection, and does evil not only with delight, but with a

kind of religious devotion. The former has its occasion in the physical, the latter in the moral, experience of mankind. The more revolting conception belongs, therefore, to the higher stage of development. This may surprise, but it is quite in the natural order. Evolution, so far from being simple, linear advance, is a highly complex movement. Roman Christianity in the eighth century was a much higher form of religion than the old Norse faith; but, as Mr. Kemble has remarked, the Scandinavian Loki was an almost admirable figure compared with the hideous and disgusting devil of the Christianized Anglo-Saxons. The Roman Church first began to make a business of murdering heresy, not in the "dark ages," but at the most advanced stage of mediæval civilization. The witchcraft craze, in which it may be seen that, though there were no witches, whole nations and ages were nevertheless but too truly bewitched, was in like manner a late product. With the higher and better comes the lower and worse; and there would be forever an equal development upward and downward, were it not in the nature of the better to extinguish at last its odious concomitant. Mr. Conway's distinction, therefore, between demonic and diabological representations, with their relative position, is sound and necessary, while it signifies his recognition of a complexity in the process of historical growth of which evolutionists have been too little apt to take notice; and whether or not his terms have commonly been used in the sense he assigns them, they may be so with propriety and with advantage.

Placing the dragons as an intermediate class between the two principal ones, he begins with the most elementary, and arranges it in groups, each of which has a motive peculiar to itself. For example, hunger, heat, cold, tempest, and flood have severally begotten in human imagination a family of preternatural figures. The groups are well made out, the generating motive clearly traced, the examples abundant, striking, and often surprising. When, however, diabolical representatives are reached in the second volume, the treatment becomes still more difficult, and it may at times be seen that the writer works with less ease. Here the begetting motive is no longer outward; only in the soul itself are the hunger and heat, the tempest and sickness, that awaken its fears and give them apparent forms. For the most part, however, he is master of his material; that he is always so we should hesitate to assert. Perhaps the proper statement would be that he now and then seems a trifle *too much* its master, and subjects it to a certain compulsion. His procedure is utterly frank and guileless; the facts are in no slightest degree "doctored," but interpretations occur that seem not to come easily from the facts, but suggest an effect of mood. We have particularly in mind his new and peculiar construction of the Abrahamic legend and the chapter upon The Holy Ghost. The latter is, moreover, disfigured by a quotation of some length from Mr. Henry G. Atkinson, who has been at pains to tell in writing of a fine thing said by him one day. He was asked, "What is the Holy Ghost?" and he answered that it is a pigeon, and that Christianity is pigeon worship; adding that pigeons are held sacred in St. Petersburg, and following this observation with a trivial anecdote. Now, it is conceivable that to a serious, full-minded man like Mr. Conway, this delicate sally might suggest the question, really an interesting one, how the dove became the accepted symbol of the spirit or breath of God. So the barking of a dog might chance to suggest an important question concerning the origin of language; in which case it would not be necessary to fill one page of a consequent chapter upon language with bow-wows. But if our author may for once be "left" to borrow an impertinence from another, he has none of his own; if his interpretations are at times doubtful, he leaves, even in that case, a pregnant question with the reader; and, as Bacon said, though we forget his words, he that can ask a right question is already half-way advanced on the road to knowledge. Meantime, in the intellectual and moral courage which breathes, like fresh morning air, through the book; in the vast extent of the field traversed at every point with the step of a strong man; in the broad light cast upon many dark regions; in the exhibition of definite results elicited from scattered and obscure indications; in the not infrequent examples of searching and productive criticism; and in the influences of a quickening spirit, whose every touch provokes thought or begets inquiry, — in these and kindred features, and more than all, in the *ensemble* of the book, the whole thought and design out of which it sprang and with which, through all details and speculations, successes and short-comings it is still luminous, it has qualities to reward richly the attention it is likely to attract.

But its general character would not be indicated, even in the very slight way here proposed, without noticing the depth and intensity of that practical interest by which it is pervaded. In the first volume, where demons and dragons are treated of, the purely scientific interest is clearly dominant, though there are keen glances at existing conditions which show that the writer is far from being unmindful of them; but in the second volume, whose sub-title is The Devil, there is a marked change of tone. Mr. Conway bears in his heart a heavy charge against the establishments of the present day, whether within Christendom or without it. He sees in the present time two great evils. The first is a profitless expenditure of spiritual force. There are quite real hells here on earth, calling loudly for a mighty labor of purification. There are demons and devils, neither supernatural nor personal, but real influences nevertheless, and not haunting disreputable places only. There is a work of reconstruction and regeneration to be done, and already too long delayed; seeds of death to be destroyed, seeds of life to be sown, and time pressing. The moral force, that should uproot and plant, is not altogether wanting, but, as he thinks, is too largely wasted upon spectres. The eye wanders: instead of interrogating fact, it dwells upon dreams; what is before it, full of promise, of menace, of blessed and boding possibilities, it does not see, or but half sees, for it is looking elsewhere. Men bring sacrifices to dead gods, and are deaf to the living, eternal spirit. Worship walks in its sleep, and is the more idle the more busy. Many teach, few instruct: —

> "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed;
> But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread."

As has been remarked, Mr. Conway says little to such effect, and that little is spoken with quiet gravity; but a sense of it, not only deep but impassioned, is ever present with him; and, however widely one may differ from his judgment, it is impossible to be angry with a man whose opinion has to such a degree the dignity of moral conviction. But the higher forces of the human soul are not only wasted; in his judgment, they are also very insufficiently developed, for the reason that the methods of moral culture are adapted to psychological conditions which are not those of our time. He is profoundly persuaded that noble, effectual duty can no longer be got out of each man's hope and fear for himself, — hope of reward or fear of punishment hereafter. With large classes, those motives are dead, — dead utterly; with others they survive, but without moral virility; intrepid and intelligent duty they no longer beget. "It is very difficult," says Mr. Conway, "to know how far simple human nature, acting its best, is capable of heroic endurance for truth and of pure passion for the right. . . . But if noble lives cannot be so lived, we may be sure that the career of the human race will be downhill henceforth. For any unbiased mind can judge whether the tendency of thought and power lies toward or away from the old hopes and fears on which the *régime* of the past was founded." Seeing clearly, then, that in every age the spiritual or ideal forces are the saving ones, he believes that the great agencies through which that priceless power once operated serve now, very largely, to divert it from real to unreal objects; and, meantime, it seems clear to him that the power itself, no longer nourished by its ancient diet, and sparely fed with another, wants the vigor of health, and without a change of system is likely to want it more. Even the question whether, under the new intellectual conditions, this earth of ours can afford it the needed sustenance, — even this question he cannot answer with undoubting confidence. Such is the burden that lies upon his breast; and out of his book, even where it relates immediately to very remote matters, there issue, in another dialect, the summons of that spirit which of old might cry, "Come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

— Mr. James's new book[1] is a remarkable outpouring of profound philosophical thought and statement, in that peculiar vein which characterizes all the work of this deep and earnest writer. Those who have read the author's former works, — his Christianity the Logic of Creation, his Substance and Shadow, and his Secret of Swedenborg, — and have succeeded in getting a definite idea of their purpose, will find this last book of his to be in several respects his most mature and satisfactory as well as his most explicit and lively work. The form of it being in a series of letters to a friend helps to make it what some persons call an ex-

[1] *Society the Redeemed Form of Man, and the Earnest of God's Omnipotence in Human Nature.* Affirmed in Letters to a Friend. By Henry James Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

ceedingly "readable" book. It is certainly anything but dull, though some pages require the closest attention. Like all Mr. James's books, it is intensely earnest in expounding and enforcing the leading ideas of Swedenborg, not as the New Jerusalem church, but as the author himself, standing alone in a minority of one with respect to the Swedenborgians, conceives them. The serious reader who opens this book with the desire to see the most profound statement and illustration of the doctrines taught by the great Swedish seer will find nothing omitted by the writer that can help him over the most difficult places. A friendly hand is always extended to steady his steps and point out the road. Concise captions of subjects head every page. These letters abound in careful exegesis and plain and apt illustration, and are written with a reiteration of statement quite redeemed from monotony by their remarkable vivacity and rhetorical variety. Though so careful and eager to present his thought fully and clearly that he repeats it over and over, it is always in some new and fresh form. We do not hesitate in thinking Mr. James a master in a very original, powerful, and sonorous style. One regrets his occasional lapses into very unexpected objurgatory phrases and homely epithets, and his too impulsive flings at whatever does not agree with his convictions. The stream of his thought is far from being always clear and unruffled: it leaps up now and then in a half-playful, half-spiteful toss of foamy feeling, which is entertaining, but sometimes regrettable; yet on the whole pardonable, when we see how unavoidably feeling and thought are blended in all his utterances. He speaks in the magisterial tone of one who has a right to do so, and does not hesitate to rap soundly the knuckles of the scientific men, the sectarians, the moralists, and especially the loudly-professing churchmen and self-righteous Pharisees.

In this brief notice it will not be possible to attempt a *résumé* of this book. Its main purpose is the same as in his other books, — only here in more definite form, perhaps, — and is concisely indicated on the title-page. It is sufficient to say that the author professes to give a solution of the very deepest and most difficult spiritual problems that can exercise the hearts, consciences, and minds of men. It is a profound work of theology no less than of philosophy. And though many readers may differ with him, or feel unprepared to admit all his statements, we think no one can fail to derive from them much valuable inward suggestion, and stimulus to his highest thought and belief.

— Prince Bismarck still reminds observers of those men who carry thoughtful provision to the extent of buying, while in the best of health, tomb-stones, on which they carve appropriate statements, leaving only the date to be put on by survivors. It is not long since there were printed, with his consent and furtherance, copies of his letters to his wife during the late war between France and Germany; and now, as if he were modest about his skill with the pen, he has authorized Boswellian reports of his talk to be published in Germany, that the world may know exactly how great a man the German chancellor is.[1] In a word, the prince seems possessed with an undying curiosity about the opinions of other people, and is doing his best to keep himself a prominent figure.

The book the reader is most forcibly reminded of by these volumes is Boswell's Johnson, and the fact is satisfactorily established that Boswells are quite as rare as Johnsons. Dr. Busch proves conclusively that he is competent to do his part. Even in a land of office-holders, his servility is as nearly as possible unrivaled. His most noticeable quality is his more than human devotion to the master, the chief, as Bismarck is continually called.

Thus, he tells us, with what some will call excessive candor, that one day, when driving with the chancellor to the battle-field, Bismarck told him "that it was not proper for me to return the military salutes of officers who passed the carriage. The salute was not to him as minister or chancellor, but simply to his rank as general, and officers might take it amiss if a civilian took their salutes as including himself." That there will be no lack of faithfulness in the report of a man of this kind is perfectly evident. Dr. Busch occupies his busy pen with the account of all varieties of incident. Food and drink occupy perhaps the most prominent place. Bismarck has an enormous appetite, and, like the king of beasts and a physician in London who sent a letter to one of the English papers a few years ago, he takes but one meal a day, but that is a large one, and during the late war,

[1] *Bismarck in the Franco-German War*, 1871. Authorized Translation from the German of Dr. Moritz Busch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

at any rate, was washed down by copious draughts of beer, confiscated French wine, and spirits. Full details, too, are given about the chancellor's health: at times, and often during wars and civil troubles, he cannot sleep soundly; he wakes up, after resting an hour or two and ponders over all his anxieties till daybreak, when he falls asleep again until about ten, at which hour he takes a small meal. On the 31st of August, 1870, "the chancellor was again unusually communicative, and very accessible to questions. He spoke rather as if he had a cold. He had had cramp, he said, in his legs all night, which often happened with him. He was then obliged to get up and walk about for a while in his room with bare feet, and that usually gave him cold. So it was this time. 'One devil drove out the other: the cramp went away, and the sniveling came on.'"

Yet Dr. Busch does not confine himself to these slight matters, which possibly have their value. He visits the scene of action and gazes at the battle from a safe distance, and writes down what he sees, but this is merely incidental; his main work lay outside of the camp. His principal occupation was manufacturing public opinion according to the inspiration he derived from Bismarck's lips. For this purpose he prepared editorials for various newspapers, and doubtless it is with some such intent that this book is published.

Dr. Busch draws his sustenance from what is called in Germany the Reptile Fund, that being the pet name of the sums of money devoted to official work in an apparently independent press. It was his task to tell editors what they were to say, or rather to say it for them. If report can be believed, he had already shown considerable capacity for this patriotic duty. He had been in youth a flaming revolutionist, and had "left his country for his country's good," to visit, among other places, the United States of America. After his return, he held at one time the place of editor of a German magazine, from which it is whispered that he was removed on account of alleged plagiarism. But Prince Bismarck seems to have only condescending affection for him, and to have treated him a great deal better than he deserved. After all, even a powerful minister probably finds it easier to get men with somewhat damaged reputations to do his dirty work for him. Dr. Busch, while apparently a faithful stenographer, shows his character very clearly by his continual contemptuous reference to Abeken, a man of a very different sort.

That Bismarck's talk is bright cannot be denied. If Busch reminds one of Boswell, there is also considerable likeness between the chancellor and Dr. Johnson. It would be foolish to trace the analogy too far, but it may be worth while to point out a certain acerbity which was common to both, and in the matter of superstitions they would both do honor to the period when witches were burnt. Bismarck almost has the making of a spiritualist in him. He does not like to sit down thirteen at table; he thinks Friday an unlucky day; and, more than this, he knows the year in which he is going to die. It is impossible that he should be mistaken, for it is a "mystic" number. That of course settles it.

But outside of these trivialities there is much of value in what Prince Bismarck says concerning religion. One forgets his superstition when reading such a passage as this: "How without faith in a revealed religion, in a God who wills what is good, in a Supreme Judge, and a future life, men can live together harmoniously, — each doing his duty, and letting every one else do his, — I do not understand. If I were no longer a Christian, I would not remain for an hour at my post." And he adds: "If I did not believe in a divine order, — order which has destined this German nation for something great and good, — I would at once give up the business of a diplomatist, or I would never have undertaken it." These passages also illustrate the prince's frankness, and his frequent outspokenness concerning German pomposity and pedantry is another side of his divergence from the usual method of the eminent diplomatist.

One of the most striking of the things that Dr. Busch has noted down is the prince's virulence against the French. Prejudice is only natural in time of war, — something of the same kind has been seen in other countries, — but it seems to have found in Bismarck a very ready victim. Yet there are redeeming sides in this, and he is far from being wholly given up to hate of his foes. As he said of a *franc-tireur* who had fired from ambush and killed a soldier: "He must be hung, but we must be polite to him, — polite even to the foot of the gallows; but hung he must be." There are also instances given of his kindness to the soldiers, and to the sick and wounded of both sides.

Of this, as of other books, it is true that what the reader will find in it depends in great measure on his own feelings. But it will be hard for him to deny that he has received the impression of a great man who is not only witty, but frank to an unusual degree. The portrait is drawn by an unskillful hand, but the prince stands out as a most striking character; we may think him right or wrong, discreet or indiscreet, but the fact of his greatness no one will deny; and that is enough to make this book, with all its faults, its author's garrulity and snobbishness, a most entertaining revelation.

French and German.

A man's letters are almost always nearly like his talk, and it is fair to suppose that in these hastily written notes [1] we get a very accurate representation of the manner of the eccentric genius, Hector Berlioz. Without in the least touching the question of his value as a musician, it may be possible to call the attention of our readers to the story of a hard-working, trouble-filled life, as it is set before us in this volume. His career was a curious one. He certainly had the artistic temperament, of which we hear most frequently when it is flaunted before us Philistines in defense of all manner of self-indulgence, and his sensitiveness stands out in almost every line he wrote. A brief introduction by the editor gives us rather fuller information concerning his life than we generally get in French collections of letters. Still, the reader cannot do better than turn to the musician's own Mémoires, which fill two really extraordinary volumes. The letters show precisely the same qualities as that book, and are written with the same unbounded extravagance. It would seem as if certain qualities of the Gaul, those namely, which most strike an unfriendly observer, were never found so combined in one person as in Hector Berlioz.

His whole life was one struggle against poverty and what he considered misrepresentation. His enemies — for such he regarded all who did not admire his work — he called idiots, etc., with great freedom, but he makes it plain that he must have been what is called a hard man to get along with. His unhappiness is only too evident; he was abnormally sensitive to blame, just as he was to praise, — for in his memoirs he has put a most complete collection of the compliments that were paid him, right and left, by individuals, when the community was deaf to the merit of his music. The story of his private life, melancholy as it is, shows his character very clearly. The tale of his projected and possibly attempted suicide when he was a student, for a disappointment in love, his first marriage, etc., are curious reading. But perhaps it is in his letters to his son, a young man who was more a torment than anything else, that the poor man is most distinctly seen. The boy, Louis, was a fickle, foolish creature, apparently, and this is the way his father writes to him: "Ah, my poor Louis, if I didn't have you — Only think, I loved you when you were a mere baby, and it is so hard for me to be fond of children! There was something in you that attracted me. Afterwards, it grew less at that stupid age when you lacked common sense; but since then it has come back, and grown, and I love you, as you know, and it must go on growing." There is certainly a charming simplicity in that outburst of affection.

His vanity is so clearly marked in the letters that it seems unnecessary to do more than call attention to it. For, granting that Berlioz was right in his estimation of his own merits, he should certainly have looked with more gentleness on a cold world. If his account is exact, — and it is hard to imagine that a man of his temperament could be accurate in speaking of the ill treatment he received from others, — he certainly suffered outrageously. After all, that there was suffering there can be no doubt; the only thing open to question is the victim's right to demand admiration from every one. If he never got it in France, he certainly had the coldness of his country-people made up to him by the way the Germans and Russians treated him. Their admiration was apparently unmeasured, and the poor man had some taste of happiness and satisfied ambition in their enthusiasm. Still, the public he wanted to conquer was the Parisian public, although he knew at the same time the exact value of its opinion on musical matters.

Of anything like calmness there is no trace in the letters of Berlioz. When he reads Lear, it is with intense emotion; he rolls convulsively in the grass to satisfy his transports, and all his failures and disappointments (and they were many) call forth bit-

[1] *Correspondance Inédite de Hector Berlioz.* 1819–1868. Avec une Notice Biographique par Daniel Bernard. Paris: C. Lévy. Boston: Schönhof. 1879.

ter cries from him. He has, too, kind words for his friends. He always speaks warmly of Mendelssohn, who was a fellow-student with him at Rome. It may be said here that in Mendelssohn's published letter, dated March 29, 1831, Berlioz is spoken of as "a perfect caricature, without a spark of talent, groping in the darkness, and imagining himself the creator of a new world, while he composes the most shocking things, and dreams and thinks of nothing but Beethoven, Schiller, and Goethe. At the same time his vanity is unbounded, and he looks down upon Mozart and Haydn, so that all his enthusiasm seems to me very suspicious." In his memoirs Berlioz avenges himself for this statement, which met his eyes when the letters were published; but in general, although Mendelssohn did not praise everything that Berlioz had done, Berlioz speaks of his more successful contemporary with nothing but kindness. Failure and vanity did not make Berlioz envious of other men.

What one musician has to say of another is always of interest. Here is one of the remarks Berlioz made about Wagner, in a letter dated Paris, June, 1855: "Wagner, who is leading the old Philharmonic Society at London, . . . is succumbing under the attacks of the whole English press. But he remains calm, I hear, being convinced that he is to be the master of the musical world *in fifty* years." Of Von Bülow, "one of Liszt's sons-in-law," he says, under date of January, 1858, "This young man is one of the most fervent disciples of that mad school which is called in Germany the school of the future. They are most devoted to it, and insist that I shall be their leader and standard-bearer. I don't say a word, or write a word; sensible people will be able to see how much truth there is in it." One more expression of his views on this subject, which was possibly more interesting a short time ago than it is now, must be given; this is from a letter dated Paris, August, 1864: "There is a great festival day after to-morrow at Carlsruhe; Liszt has gone there from Rome; they are going to have some music that will split your ears [*à arracher les orielles*]. It is the conventicle of young Germany, presided over by Hans von Bülow."

Some of his later letters, in spite of the fact that one sees under their merriment the fatigue and sense of unwillingness to fight longer that marked his later years, are amusing; as, for instance, this one, written also in August, 1864, to M. and Mme. Darucke, at Brunnen, Switzerland: "My son has gone away again, my mother-in-law has not come back, and I am bored à *grand orchestre*. The city I am living in is filled with finer memories than Switzerland can offer you. There is a house in the Rue de la Victoire where lived Napoleon, young commander-in-chief of the army of Italy; it is from there that he started one day to go to St. Cloud to throw out of window the representatives of the people. On a place called the Place Vendôme is a high column which he had built of the cannon captured from the enemy. On the left of this place is a huge palace named the Tuileries, where some very curious things have happened. As to the houses in certain streets, you can have no idea of all the ideas they call forth in me. There are countries which have great influence on the imagination. Well, I am bored all the same.

"Marshal Vaillant gave a most magnificent dinner, the other day. He made me sit next him, and overwhelmed me with attentions; but the dinner lasted *two hours*. . . .

"How happy you would be in Switzerland if you could have for breakfast such cheeses as there are here! And have you any notion of the melons? Do you have any wine that is fit to drink?

"No, no; you live like anchorites; but it is all the fashion to be in Switzerland at this season. One of these days, Heller and I are going to dine at Montmorency or at Enghien, where there is also a LAKE."

But jollity is not the prevailing quality to be found in the letters, interesting as they all are, — not for straightforward, unbroken reading, such as histories receive, but for dipping into here and there. The reader will find something in this book by the side of which poor novels are very pallid and lifeless.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A Review of the Halifax Fishery Award. By Alexander Bliss.

American Communities: Brief Sketches of Economy, Zoar, Bethel, Aurora, Amana, Icaria, The Shakers, Oneida, Wallingford, and The Brotherhood of the New Life. By William Alfred Hinds. Printed at the office of the American Socialist, Oneida, N. Y.

American News Co., New York: The American Woman in Europe and the Keys to New York Society. By Mayo W. Hazeltine. — On the Wave and Other Poems. By Buel Conklin.

Annual Report of the Overseers of the Poor. 1877-78. City Document. No. 54. Boston.

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Broken Hearted. An O'er-True Tale of the Fever. By Julia Knapp Chandler. Printed by T. H. Thompson. New Orleans.

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Claremont Manufacturing Co., Claremont, N. H.: The Grocer's Manual. By P. H. Felker. — Sermons for the Times. By Charles Kingsley.

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Corporations and Taxation. By James H. Coleman.

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Elflora of the Susquehanna. A Poem. By C. Harlan, M. D.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York: Sermons by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: The Beaconsfield Cartoons. From London Punch. — At a High Price. From the German of E. Werner. Translated by Mary Stuart Smith.

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Alex. Gardner, Paisley: Folk Lore. By James Napier, F. R. S. E., F. C. S., etc.

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Hannibal's Man, and other Tales. — The Argus Christmas Stories. By Leonard Kip. Printed by the Argus Company, Albany.

Harper and Brothers, New York: A Legacy: Being the Life and Remains of John Martin, School-Master and Poet. Written and edited by D. M. Mulock. — Paul Knox, Pitman. By John Berwick Harwood. — My Heart 's in the Highlands. By the author of Artiste, Bright Morning, etc. — Henriette. Fragments from the Diary of the Marquis de Boisguerny. Collected and published by Ernest Daudet. — The Canoe and the Flying Proa. By W. L. Alden. — Epochs of English History. England during the American and European Wars. 1765–1820. By O. W. Tannock, M. A. With five maps. — The Atlantic Islands as Resorts of Health and Pleasure. By S. G. W. Benjamin. — Behind Blue Glasses. By F. W. Hackländer. Translated by Mary A. Robinson. — Guy Livingstone; or, Thorough. A Novel. By George A. Lawrence. — Time Shall Try. A Novel. By F. E. M. Notley. — Classical Period of English Literature. By Eugene Lawrence. — The Romance of a Back Street. By F. W. Robinson. — The Bachelor of the Albany. A Novel. — Evelina; or, The History of a Young Lady's Introduction to the World. By Miss Burney, Madame D'Arblay. — Auld Lang Syne. A Novel. By the author of The Wreck of the Grosvenor. — The Mistletoe Bough. Edited by M. E. Braddon. — Rare Pale Margaret. A Novel. — Love's Crosses. A Novel. By F. E. M. Notley. — Shakespeare's Comedy of Much Ado about Nothing. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M. — Percy Bysshe Shelley. By John A. Symonds. Edited by John Morley. — A Dark Inheritance. By Mary Cecil Hay. — Epochs of English History. Modern England. 1820–1874. By Oscar Browning, M. A. — Stories from Virgil. By the Rev.

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Hodges, Foster and Figgis, Dublin: Humanity and the Man. By William Sharpe, M. D.

Harroun and Bierstadt, New York: Neophonography. A Method of Short, Swift, Scientific, and Easy Alphabetic Writing. By James Richardson.

M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York: Aids to Family Government; or, From the Cradle to the School according to Froebel. By Bertha Meyer. Translated from the second German edition by M. L. Holbrook, M. D.

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C. Kegan Paul & Co., London: Canterbury Chimes; or, Chaucer Tales Retold for Children. By Francis Storr and Hawes Turner.

Madeschda. A Poem in Nine Cantos. By Johan Ludvig Runeberg. Translated from the Swedish by Marie A. Brown. Published by the Author.

Memoirs of the Long Island Historical Society. Volume III. The Campaign of 1776 around New York and Brooklyn. Published by the Society.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S LITERARY BULLETIN

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

*** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., *Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on page* 12.

A New Volume from Mr. Lewes. — For months preceding his death, Mr. G. H. Lewes had been engaged in completing his great philosophical work, "Problems of Life and Mind." Unfortunately he did not live to put the perfecting touch to it, but fortunately he left it in such an advanced state of preparation that by the aid of competent editorship it can be made very nearly what Mr. Lewes himself would have made it. Mrs. Lewes, better known as George Eliot, who is hardly less distinguished for mastery of philosophy than as a novelist, was intimately acquainted with Mr. Lewes's work from its inception, through all the stages of its progress, and as he had planned its concluding parts. She has prepared one volume for the press and others will follow. The one now ready is entitled "The Study of Psychology: its Object, Scope, and Method." Though we speak of it as a philosophical work, it is by no means a work which only philosophers or metaphysicians can understand. It appeals to all persons of intelligent and thoughtful minds, and — with such an author and with such editorship — it cannot fail to command and reward general and studious attention.

Longfellow's Poems, Subscription Edition. — Mr. Longfellow's poems are already published in ten different styles, ranging from the *Diamond* edition, which condenses these world-famous poems within a minimum of space, to the *Illustrated Octavo* edition, which is a sumptuous volume, beautifully printed, and embellished with about 300 pictures by many artists. The great fame of Mr. Longfellow has suggested still another edition, far surpassing the best in which his poems have yet appeared. This is to comprise 28 or 30 parts, of 32 quarto pages each, printed on the best paper American mills can make, in the best style of the Riverside Press, and to contain over 500 illustrations, every one of which is designed specially for this work, by the foremost American artists. It is a work of so great attractions that every American ought to have it, so the publishers will sell it by subscription in order to afford everybody the privilege and opportunity of securing it on easy terms.

Mr. Burroughs's Books rank easily among the most attractive of out-door volumes. Mr. Burroughs belongs to the same family with White of Selborne, Thoreau, and whoever else has the vision to detect Nature's secret and the literary art to describe what he sees. The Boston *Transcript* some months ago observed: —

> There are three books which no true lover of nature can afford to leave unread, — "Wake Robin," "Winter Sunshine," and "Birds and Poets." They are full of that delicious out-of-door feeling which one finds so seldom in printed volumes and which no art can simulate. To read them is like wandering in the woods and fields. The wind blows through them, the birds sing, the sun shines, and the water runs.

The *Galaxy*, before its light was absorbed in THE ATLANTIC, said: —

> Such enthusiasm and intimate acquaintance with nature is inspiring and instructive. Burroughs studies birds, books, and men with equal earnestness, and puts the flavor of the wild wood and the melody of the groves into his own musical prose.

Mr. Burroughs's new book freshly illustrates the truth of these remarks, and may safely be got now and laid aside for summer reading. All his books have the rare quality of being seasonable at all times.

Allen's "Colour Sense" attracts marked attention both for its matter and its style. The *London* says of the author: —

> Here is a scientific man who is in no way aggressive, who seeks truth with subtility and phenomenal industry, and who records what he finds with a quietness that is as near simplicity as the subject will allow. . . . He collects facts that have been proven by other men; he systematizes with a beautiful skill, sometimes adding results of observations made by himself; and he works to his conclusion with a precision that is well-nigh faultless.

The New York *Tribune* closes a long review as follows: —

> The work of Mr. Allen will be as much admired for its poetic beauty as for its scientific suggestiveness. No well-informed reader will claim for it the force of demonstration. Like the theory of Darwin on which it is founded, it can take the place only of an ingenious conjecture, sustained by a

curious and more or less plausible array of instances from the domain of natural history, and defended with admirable fairness and intelligence, but, from the very nature of the case, of a tentative character, and not reduced to the dimensions of an exact and certain science. Mr. Allen's wide information and rare descriptive power will attract readers of taste and refinement; his pictures of natural life glow with animation and beauty; while his rich collection of facts forms a valuable addition to our knowledge of the external universe.

"**The Lady of the Aroostook**" is easily "the first lady of the realm" just now in literary circles. Mr. Howells wins hearty thanks from all quarters for presenting us a being so charming, and for presenting her so delightfully. The New York *Tribune* remarks: —

The hand of the true artist is betrayed in the simplicity of treatment with which the materials of common life are made use of for an effective delineation of character in this singularly attractive story.

And it concludes its long notice with this very just paragraph: —

The "Lady of the Aroostook" will not only be accepted in the most intelligent literary circles as a production of true originality and power, but will meet with a large share of popular approval as a genuine picture of some of the quaint and homely aspects of primitive New England life. Mr. Howells's tendencies are evidently toward the refined and subtle analysis of delicate points of character, but he is not betrayed by the indulgence of a keen insight into the neglect of external scenes which open a rich fund of humor and points for vivid and expressive description. Although not "to the manner born," his command of the rustic vernacular of New England is masterly. He uses it as it falls from the lips of the native speakers, with no attempt to heighten its effect by novel artificial coloring. His skill in this respect is shown not so much in the choice of characteristic words, as in the whole tone and construction of sentences, seizing the very spirit and life of the idiom, which is almost as difficult to reproduce as the perfume of the May-flower, or the odors of the pine woods.

Sunday Afternoon says: —

Mr. Howells's last novel is his best. He would be an unreasonable and crusty customer indeed who should ask for anything more delightful than this story. In its realistic representation of New England character and its reproduction of the New England dialect, in its exquisite delineation of two typical Bostonians, in the sprightliness of its dialogue, in the delicacy of its humor, in the simple effectiveness of its plot, in the wholesomeness of its morality, and above all in the intelligent and hearty respect with which America and the Americans are treated in it, "The Lady of the Aroostook" is worthy of the highest praise.

Color-Blindness, its Dangers and its Detection, is the subject of an interesting and important monograph by Dr. B. Joy Jeffries, just published. A long series of experiments by Dr. Jeffries, many of them among students, have shown that color-blindness is by no means uncommon, — that, indeed, a quite large per cent. of people are more or less color-blind. The great practical importance of perfect vision in railway engineers, captains of steamers, and in many other vocations, makes this subject one of positive importance. Dr. Jeffries' book will prove hardly less attractive to the general reader than to physicians.

American Guide-Books. — No intelligent American thinks of traveling in Europe without a guide-book, but a host of people go about America in a helpless or half-satisfactory way because they fancy that since they live here they of course know all about the country. As a matter of fact, very few persons know any considerable part of it thoroughly, or even passably well. Multitudes go to the Atlantic seacoast, the White Mountains, the British Maritime Provinces, and Niagara Falls, every summer, with but a tithe of the satisfaction and comfort they might have, if they would confess that they don't know all about the places they visit, and would use the excellent guide-books that could supply their deficiencies. The principal areas of summer travel in America are those above named, and they are thoroughly covered in the four guide-books prepared by Mr. Sweetser, on New England, the Middle States, the White Mountains, and the Maritime Provinces. All the lines and routes of travel in these are carefully described, and all the places and objects of historical, traditionary, or picturesque interest are indicated. Hotels, railways, steamboats, stage-coaches, and (among the mountains) footpaths, are pointed out, — and, in short, every kind of information that can promote the comfort and convenience of tourists, and enable them to derive the most rememberable satisfaction from their travels, is given in these books. Maps, plans of cities, and panoramas of mountain views are given; and the books are furnished with full indexes to all the hundreds of places mentioned.

Mr. Sweetser's American Guide-Books are comprehensive, compact, minute, reliable, like Baedeker's European guide-books. The most experienced travelers, like Rev. Dr. Prime of the New York *Observer*, who has been almost everywhere, use these books of Mr. Sweetser, and commend them in the most emphatic terms. This brief word about guide-books is sufficient for the wise people who are even now preparing for their summer tours.

Historic Portraits are a very important addition to any historical work. They impress upon it a character of greater reality, as if somehow we almost saw the very men who had a share in the deeds and enterprises narrated. Besides, it is always a satisfaction to know how men looked who have taken a conspicuous part in the world's memorable epochs and events. This element of satisfaction is added to the new edition of Hamilton's "History of the United States," just published. The portraits of Hamilton, Steuben, DeKalb, Lafayette, Knox, Pickering, Ellsworth, Pinckney, Moultrie, Marion, and scores of others who did this country excellent service with sword or in council a hundred years ago, cannot fail to kindle yet deeper interest in the work and in the great story it relates.

"**The American Bicycler**," by Mr. Charles E. Pratt, is a book that will interest a large circle of readers. Those who hold to the great principle that "every man should be his own horse and wagon" will take a professional pride in tracing the history of the bicycle from its feeble beginnings as a velocipede unto its present stalwart, graceful, space-conquering perfectness. Mr. Pratt gives this history, and — not to go into details concerning his book — tells all there is to be told about bicycles, their principle and practice, their making and management. Illustrations add to the interest of the book.

The Satchel Guide grows more popular every year with those who have but a comparatively short time to travel in Europe, who do not require a trunk full of guide-books, but a single compact book that will go into a coat pocket, and yet gives all the information they need. As the Hartford *Courant* well says : —

All travelers have learned to trust the accuracy of its information on what is best worth seeing in a short tour, on routes and hotels in Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, Germany, on the Rhine, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and France. The novice will find many useful hints as to expenses, preparations for travel, books to read, etc.

The Providence *Journal* states that —

Tourists pronounce the "Satchel Guide" supreme among its class, enabling them to make the most of their time and see the most desirable objects of real interest at half the cost, under its accurate and judicious direction.

Mr. Cook's Lectures, of which six volumes have now been published, have been and are still a very fermenting element in current American opinion. Many have criticised them; a great many more have praised them, in terms that leave few commendatory adjectives for any future lecturer; nobody has been indifferent. They have caused discussion and been a stimulating influence wherever they have gone, and they have gone to the uttermost parts of the earth. The most eminent preachers and many high ecclesiastics in England; distinguished German professors; and Americans famous in science and theology, all unite in eulogy of the effective manner in which the subjects of Mr. Cook's lectures are treated.

Of the latest volume issued, the Hartford *Courant* remarks : —

Perhaps the most popular of Mr. Joseph Cook's Boston Lectures was the series on "Marriage," which, with the preludes on current events, makes the sixth volume of probably the most widely sold discourses in our day. All through these lectures runs the author's fancy of a discussion at Pliny's villa, of which there is something too much, but the lectures all sparkle with racy anecdote, and are aflame with righteous indignation. We can pardon some exuberance of rhetoric, for the sake of the stir the author is sure to make in the minds of all his readers.

The *National Quarterly Review*, speaking of "Conscience" and "Heredity," says : —

The volumes under notice are written earnestly and eloquently, and are well worth attention. They cannot be read at ease or in a sleepy mood; but will inevitably stir up many feelings of dissent and controversy, and in so doing excite that sort of mental exercise which is so beneficial to the thinking faculties.

A Cyclopædia of Art Biography. — The press and the public are prompt to recognize the merits of Mrs. Clement's and Mr. Hutton's "Artists of the Nineteenth Century." The New York *Times* says the two volumes "form an invaluable handbook." The *Tribune* observes : —

The work evinces great diligence in the preparation of materials, a familiar knowledge of the history of modern art, and opens many valuable sources of information, and will be found a useful book of reference for students of art.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* speaks of it as "a two-volumed book of unusual beauty in typography and binding, which artists and lovers of art will delight in for these qualities as well as for its literary contents."

The Hartford *Courant* remarks : —

The book is a wonderfully complete piece of editing, and embraces all the artists of the century who have the least pretensions to be included, and the names of many who call themselves as yet only students. The book at once takes its place as an indispensable book of reference on the art shelf.

And the Boston *Gazette* says : —

We shall be surprised if "Artists of the Nineteenth Century" does not leap into instant popularity as an indispensable acquisition to every well-ordered library.

American Butterflies.—It is quite in order at this season to invite the attention of all who are interested in entomology to Mr. W. H. Edwards's work on "The Butterflies of North America." Professor Agassiz commended very heartily certain Parts of the work which appeared before his death; Mr. Darwin spoke of Part IX. as "one of the most beautiful works which I have seen;" and *Nature*, the important London scientific journal, says : —

No American work of the kind has ever been printed containing in its pages so satisfactory illustrations of the various species.

It would be difficult to bring weightier authorities to vouch for such an enterprise as this. The first series contains fifty plates of butterflies life-size, carefully colored from nature, with descriptive letterpress, and is bound in half-morocco ($30.00). Of the second series, which will complete the work, seven of the ten Parts are already issued, each Part containing five plates. These Parts are $2.50 each.

Library Waverley and Dickens. — Five new volumes have just appeared in the new Illustrated Library Edition of the Waverley Novels, and five in the same edition of Dickens's complete works. The excellent typography, paper, binding, and illustrations are such as are usually found in costly editions, and rarely or never in editions so inexpensive as these. Persons who have not Scott or Dickens in their libraries, or have only editions rightly called *cheap* (being generally far cheaper in style than in price), are invited to examine these new editions.

"**Library Notes.**" — The new edition of Mr. Russell's "thoroughly charming book," as the Louisville *Courier-Journal* termed it, is a marked improvement upon the original edition, both in its contents and as a specimen of handsome book-making. It merits even more positively than before such good words of critics as these.

The Boston *Journal* said: —

Since Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," there have been few books to compare with this in the variety and comprehensiveness of the literature levied upon for its construction, or in the skill with which the utterances of so many minds are brought together, and made to confirm and support each other.

The Philadelphia *Press* described it as

A tesselated composition of value, variety, and beauty. Memory, judgment, and taste have combined to produce a whole such as ripe scholars, like Johnson and the elder Disraeli, would have rejoiced in.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* called it "a delightful and all-absorbing book." The Cincinnati *Gazette* discovered in it "an excess of richness," remarking that "there is hardly a branch of art, literature, or science, of which it does not afford a glimpse." And the New York *Observer* pronounced it "one of those books to which one returns with zest."

Three Riverside Classics. — New editions have just appeared, from the Riverside Press, of DeStaël's "Germany," Fénelon's "Telemachus," and Voltaire's "History of Charles XII." The first contains as supplementary to Madame DeStaël's work a general survey of German literature to the close of the eighteenth century, by Max Müller, a sketch of Hegel and recent German philosophy, and an account of recent German theology. The "Telemachus" comprises, in addition to Hawkesworth's translation, a full biographical sketch of Fénelon by Lamartine, and a critical essay on his genius and character by Villemain. The "Charles XII." contains Lord Brougham's "Life of Voltaire," Macaulay's brilliant account of the relations between Voltaire and Frederick the Great and of Voltaire's attitude toward the Church, and Carlyle's essay on the "Character and Genius of Voltaire." All three volumes are of standard excellence and should be in every library.

Lewes's Problems of Life and Mind is the subject of a review in *The Universalist Quarterly* for April, by Rev. I. M. Atwood, one of the ablest writers in his denomination. He does not find in the work a definite and simple solution of all the mysterious problems with which it deals, but says: —

It is unquestionably one of the ablest and most original philosophical treatises of the modern era. It is the work of a man who believes he has discovered a new way of dealing with an old problem, and who gives evidence both of profound sincerity and of ample knowledge.

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The poem is, of course, out of print, and after fifty years will be a novelty. In the mean time we have new notions of art, new codes of criticism, new artists in phrases. Let us see what comes. Here have been Aldrich, Howells, Piatt, Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Hunt Jackson, Mrs. Moulton, Joyce, and O'Reilly—to say nothing of the *patres conscripti*, Longfellow, Holmes, and the others; and you have Stedman, Fawcett, John Hay, Dr. Holland, Gilder, and how many more I don't know; and now after "Zophiel" comes out let us see who can show a more lovely love-song than Egla's! Let us see who has more sustained power of thought, more dignity, ease, and naturalness of expression. Observe, I don't defend the cantos that are not of this world.

The idea of a poem to me means more than a tiny verselet. It should show some continuous thought. A man hands me a little scrap on which he has painted a flower or a butterfly. Is it a poem? No, it is a piece of material, such as the great poets build into their verse. Suppose a young architect gives me a sketch of a trefoil or a rosace and calls it a cathedral!

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